

Vol. 10.

KANSAS CITY, MO., FEBRUARY, 1906.

No. 7.

# WEE WISDOM

## STANDS FOR

The unwarped faith that believeth and hopeth all things.

"All things are possible to them that believe."

The freshness and purity that sees only the Good.

"Their angels do alway behold the face of my Father in Heaven."

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

The truth that frees from heredity and tradition.

"One is your Father, even God."

The knowledge that *Christ* is the subjective spirit in every child.
"The Kingdom of God is within you"

The understanding that our words and thoughts are builders of our environment.

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

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

-JESUS.



Vol. X.

KANSAS CITY, MO., FEBRUARY, 1906.

No. 7.

# Doings of the Little Days.

SEQUEL TO WEE WISDOM'S WAY.

1.

### TRIXY AWAY FROM HOME.



'M at Uncle Ben's now. I
don't know how long I'll stay.
Things seem different when
you're away from home, and
you don't know what to do
I didn't.

Aunt Susan's got a baby, and it cries and cries She says it's 'cause it's teething, but I don't believe it. God don't make teeth with stickers in 'em. Aunt Susan worries, and keeps talking about babies dying with teeth in hot weather, and I know that's what's the matter. Cousin Frank says she's always fussing at bim, and saying "don't" all the time. I feel like you do with slivers in your fingers. Can't even touch the cat without she sticks me.

I'm real happy this morning, 'cause last night when I went up to the pretty white room Aunt Susan fixed for me, I said over and over my Truth words: God is my Father, and 1 am His child.

I am His image and likeness.

I shall have no evil thought, because I am like my Father, who is al! Good

I shall have no unkind thought, because I am like my Father, who is Love.

I shall have no thought of sin, sickness or death, because I am like my Father, who is Life.

I am well, strong, happy and wise, because my Father is all Life, all Love, all Strength and all Wisdom.

I have the mind that was in Christ Jesus, because Christ Jesus was my Father's obedient Son, and I am my Father's obedient child.

I sat a little while alone all still and quiet, and 'membered how Aunt Joy had first given us these words, and when I looked 'round, the room looked so soft and white and lovely—all the slivers were gone, and I knew Aunt Susan's heart really was all soft and white inside just like this little room,

with everything to make a body happy, all in beautiful order there. When I thought how she had done all this for me, when she had so much else to think of, I just loved Aunt Susan, and couldn't wait till morning to tell her so, though I was in my gown; so I just slipped into her room, and put my arms about her neck, and she didn't say I was "mussing her hair" or "don't." She just let me love her and thank her.

Then I remembered Aunt Joy had said it was a good time to sow seeds that would come right up when you are so full of love. So I coaxed Aunt Susan to let me take Baby Charley while she went out on the porch to see the moonlight. She looked so s'prised 'cause I had n't touched him before, or even thought of how I could help her. She gave him to me, and said it was real kind of me. I don't know much about babies. He wriggled so I was 'fraid he'd come to pieces. I guess he's s'prised, too, 'cause he quit crying. Then it came to me to sing him a little peace song. So I sang just as soft and low as ever I could:

> Peace, baby, peace, Peace, baby, peace; Sweet love is here; No harm or fear Comes to baby dear, For God, the Good, is here, Peace, baby, peace.

I sang it over and over, till baby got so still I forgot about him and everything else, and it seemed as if the whole world had turned soft and white. And then I woke up in my little white room, and it was morning. I 'spect I went to sleep singing to baby, but I don't quite understand how I got here, and how it's morning. Somebody's put a lot of roses in here with dew on 'em, and it's all so sweet. I feel like I was little Aunt Joy, and that means I must sow joy seeds all day.

### THE FAIRY FOREST.

BY LUCY C. KELLERHOUSE.



MIE lived with her step-mother and two step-sisters in a little house on the edge of a forest. On a midsummer day the forest looked cool and invit-

ing, but at night it was full of strange shadows and mysterious sounds. In winter it seemed yet more forbidding, for the trees were gaunt, the bushes bare, and only dry leaves and dead sticks were on the ground. Meta and Meg would enter the forest when there were violets and white dogwood blossoms to find; but in winter they would not venture therein, and only little Amie went to gather up the fagots for the fire.

It was one November night, when the wind made very unhappy music through the bare forest, and the dark trees came up so close to the house that Meta was afraid when she looked from the window, and Meg shivered and drew close to the hearth, that their mother, throwing on a fresh fagot, said:

"There, that leaves just six sticks left to warm us in the morning and get breakfast with. If you don't want to be cold and hungry, Amie, take your basket and go into the forest."

Now Meta was taller, and Meg was stronger than Amie, but the little girl knew the narrow paths of the forest and where the trees threw down their dead branches, and so she pinned on her ragged shawl over her head and took the basket and went out, and her bright face was all the light she had.

There was not a star in the sky, for the clouds muffled it well, and snow was beginning to fall, not big, soft flakes, but little sharp, cold snowflakes, which the wind sent a-hurrying. Amie was glad to run into the forest, for the trees sheltered her; and though she could not see the path at first, she soon became used to the dark. The winter birds were all asleep; Amie missed them, but not to feel so lonesome, she began to sing sweeter than any bird, which made happy music for her heart to beat by and quick time for her little feet. This kept her warm until she had gone for a long way into the forest. where she found many fagots and filled her basket. But now the snow was falling so fast that the path was hidden. and it was so dark that she lost her way, and at every step went farther away from home. She could not sing any more, nor run, for her load was heavy; and at last her cold little feet stopped short, and Amie sank down under a tree in a little bed of snow, and sighed, and closed her eyes, and whispering to the snow to keep her warm, she fell asleep.

Now something happened to Amie as she lay asleep under the tree, which was not a dream, but so beautiful and so strange, that it seemed like one. She lay where the tree sheltered her from the wind, where the leaves and snow were soft, and in her arms she held a large fagot like other children hold a doll; only Amie had never had a doll, and she tried to imagine that this was one, and it was company for her. She did not cry, nor think unkind thoughts of Meg, who was sitting at home by the warm fire, nor say hard things of Meta, who had pushed her outof the door that she might go the

faster; she even wished her stepmother were here to kiss her goodnight, as she had done once very long ago. And so she smiled and fell asleep; and what came to her then was not a dream; it was the last sweet thought with which she had fallen off to sleep, and which now brooded over her, with its arms sheltering her from the wind, with its wings sheltering her from the snow, and at last, when she was well rested, awakening her and leading her farther into the forest, to a spot where Amie had never been, to a place of which she had not dreamed.

It must have been day; for in the bright light, the beautiful Thought that has led Amie hither seemed to melt and fade like a star in the moonlight, and was diffused in the golden sunshine, the warm air and the verdure and the flowers. Nothing was brighter, nor prettier, nor sweeter than Amie's face, as she ran about, overjoyed, picking the flowers, gathering moss, listening to the birds, and chasing the dancing squirrels. She saw a large toadstool in the pretty place, so large that the marveled, and went to it, and saw that it was indeed a stool, soft and velvety, for her to sit on. The swinging grapevine was a real swing, the round pebbles in the brook were beautiful murbles; in fact, there was all that the heart of a little child could wish. She had brought the large fagot in her arms, and when she laid it on the green moss, it was a doll on a velvet bed, and the spiders were spinning real lace for it to wear. And so Amie was very happy, until she spied her basket of wood, when she thought of Meta and Meg and her step-mother, and the hearth growing cold, and no breakfast. With a little sigh, a regret, and something like a frown, she picked up the basket; all the fair forest scene vanished, and the woods were dark and cold. Amie found the path by the light of the snow, and reached home ere the ashes on the hearth were all gray. Her step-mother and step-sisters were already in bed and asleep, and not until morning could Amie tell them of the beautiful forest where one's dreams came true.

"You were really dreaming," said Meta.

"It's only a tale," said Meg.

"If it's so pretty, go and bring some more fagots," said their mother.

So Amie took the basket and ran gaily through the forest. But now though it was daylight, she could not find the way; so she picked up sticks, and sang cheerily, and was glad that she had such a good load; and then as she faced about, there was the fairy forest, and there was the velvet stool, and the doll on the green bed, and the bright marbles in the brook; and she knew that the beautiful Thought that had first led her hither, was in the golden air and looking torth from the sweet faces of the flowers. She wove lace garments for the doll, and the pine needles were real needles, and acorn-cups were golden thimbles. Only when she caught sight of her basket of fagots did she remember the hearth fire; and she turned and sighed and picked up the basket.

"How heavy it is," she said, and looked back at the fairy torest; but it

was gone.

And so every day Amie came to the wood for fagots, and every day she found the fairy forest and played therein, finding new wonders; for the coral berry became real coral for a necklace, the ferns were plumes, and the flowers became cups and saucers, full of nectar and honey.

[ To be continued.]

A man who was very sad, once heard two boys laughing. He asked them, "What makes you so happy?"

"Happy?" said the elder, "why, I make Jim glad, and get glad myself!"

### CHILD GARDENING.

BY LIDA H. HARDY.

[Introductory to a series of Truth Lessons for the Wee Ones.]

Every week and every month I recognize more and more strongly, as do many others, the urgent need for a training specially adapted to children under the age of six, that they may through such training secure for themselves a firm, sure foundation upon which to build the beautiful and lasting mansion of Truth.

The first lesson should bring to the child that quality of spiritual food which the tender mind can understandingly grasp. By these lessons the soul of the child should be reached, and should be reached through his own natural activities. The teacher of these wee ones engages not in superstructure, but in foundation work. She helps the child to practical Christianity from the first, by pointing out the reasons why he should love the Christ-child, and why he should try to follow in his steps.

The child's spiritual ideas and understanding should develop according to the laws of his own unfolding mind. This course of lessons will aim for such

development.

The child gardener should attempt no definite teaching, but rather the aim should be to nurture and fan into a flame that divine spark, which comes with every child that comes into the world. This is the Christ within; this is the "light that lighteth every man." God's children are sent into the world to shine it out. God's best earthly

gifts are the little children who are intrusted to parents and teachers to be built up by them physically, in tellectually and spiritually, in a manner befitting the highest and noblest of God's creations.

Human nature in its full harmony is more perfectly produced when due attention is given to each side. The spiritual draws the others up to equal perfection with its own. What we, then, as parents and teachers, seek for our children is a harmonious education — an all round development.

The little children's department of the Sunday School should truly be a child garden. Here the little souls should unfold as sweetly and as naturally as the flowers bloom in the garden. The careful gardener sees to it that his flowers receive the best possible soil, plenty of rain, fresh air, shade and sunshine; he provides them with anything, nay, everything, that will in any way contribute to their growth and development. Just so should the child gardener provide her little immortelles with all that is true and pure and beautiful and good, that they may grow in harmony and blossom in Truth.

Wee Wisdom's Child Gardening for the Sunday Schools will begin with the story of the Creator, "God the All Good;" then comes the lesson on "Heaven;" then "Who Am I?" The next lesson will be, "God Made All Things Good." This will be followed by lessons of "God's Gifts to His Children," "Light," "Flowers," "Trees," "Fish," "Birds," "Animals," "Insects." This series closes with, "Man, His Image and Likeness." Then comes, "God's Loving Care Over All," "Daniel Thanked God," "Elija Thanked God," "Let Us Thank Him," "A Kind Woman Gave a Gift," "The

Children of Israel Gave," "Let Us Give Our Best," "God Gave His Son." These lessons will be tollowed by the life and works of Christ, which will about cover the first year's work.

The Baroness Marenholtz Von Bulow says, "Education to be worthy of a human being should be continuous, should proceed upon the same plan from the beginning, though in progressive sequence, according to the natural stages of development."

I shall endeavor through these lessons to carry an uninterrupted, unbroken sequence, from the first lesson through the last. My aim shall be to have each lesson grow out of the one preceeding it as naturally as the blossom follows the bud. Another feature which you will notice is the scarcity of darkness, just enough shadow existing to bring out the high lights of God's Truth.

This is a two-years' course, and has been arranged to begin in July, but may be commenced at any time, always beginning with the particular lesson which has been arranged for the day on which the lessons are taken up. This is important that the Christmas, Thanksgiving and Easter lessons may occur in regular order.

Dear ones, who take up this beautiful work, let us at all times be led by the children, as Frobel did, who said, "My teachers are the children themselves, with all their purity, their innocence, their unconsciousness, and their irresistible charms. and I follow them like a faithful, trustful scholar."

There is no mission on this earth more divine and more holy than that of pointing the wee ones to the shining path of God's love.

Behold, here is a beautiful flower! nothing could be whiter! nothing could be purer! It is called the Soul of a Child. Let us study it together that we may, perchance, through contact with it become ourselves better fitted for the Kingdom of Heaven.

# Youth's Department.

CONDUCTED BY THE JOYFUL CIRCLE.

# MUSIC AND MUSIC MAKERS. SKETCHES BY HARRIET AYER SEYMOUR.

.....

W. A. MOZART.

When Mozart was three years old he used to sit and listen to his sister's music lessons, and amused himself for hours picking out thirds. His father noticed this, and commenced to teach



W. A. MOZART.

him, almost in play, and to write little airs for him. Mozart, like all children, was seized with a desire to imitate, and it is at this age that he commenced to compose.

Mozart was undoubtedly the most

wonderful of all the Mozarts in his childhood, playing before many courts during his very earliest years to the astonishment of everyone who heard him. His father realized that music was his life work, and helped and encouraged him in every way, travelling with him and finding suitable masters for him. When he was twenty-one Mozart was a skilled performer on three instruments, and at home in every branch of composition.

The time had now come for him to go out into the world and earn his own living. It was not all easy by any means—he found life a hard school, and though success often came to him, money was scarce; he lost his mother, and many disappointments came to try and develop him. He braved everything cheerfully though, and gave concert after concert, playing his own compositions, and ending with an improvisation which always brought down the house.

Hayden and Mozart were the best of friends, and once played together. Hayden said to Mozart's father, "I declare to you before God, as a man of honor, that your son is the greatest composer I know."

Mozart's operas, "The Marriage of Figaro," "The Magic Flute" and "Don Giovanni," are full of delightful music, and are enjoyed by large audiences to this day. We find Mozart at this time writing symphonies, quartettes, sonatas, songs, etc., and yet not occupying any settled position, and always in desperate straits for money. His wife Constance was sympathetic, but unpractical, a poor manager, and consequently the household was in a continual state of disorder - poor Mozart. Music was ill-paid in those days, and even his operas brought in small returns. But what rich returns the hearts of those who listen to his exquisite, pure music have given and are giving him!

Mozart was a lover and student of Bach. His thoughts were always occupied with music. "You know," he wrote to his father, "that I am swallowed up in music; that I am busy with it all day long."

Mozart insisted on a singing touch in his piano teaching, and this is what we strive for today, and what makes good piano playing. His favorite saying was that "Melody is the essence of music."

Hayden said that as long as he lived he should never forget the way Mozart "It went to the heart," he played. said, and no one who had ever heard him could forget the impression.

All pianists should, I think, study some of the lovely sonatas. All singers sing some of the airs from his operas.

Mozart has been compared to many great men. He and Raphael are really alike. The influence he exerted on his art was immeasurable. "As painting has but one Raphael, so music has but one Mozart."

#### PADEREWSKI.

TOPEKA, KANS.

Dear Wee Wisdom — Not long ago when Paderewski was in Topeka, papa took me to hear him play. After having heard him I wrote a short sketch of his life, and thinking that some of the WEE WISDOM readers would care to read it, I send it to "Youth's Department,"

Ignace jan Paderewski was born in Padolia, Russian Poland, on November 6th, 1860. He weat to Warsaw in 1872, where he studied with Raguski and lanotha, and when about 16 years old he made a concert tour in Russia. at the close of which he went back to Warsaw, and took his diploma from the Conservatory. He also studied at Berlin, and in 1878 he was made professor of music there, and in 1883 occupied the same position at Strasburg. He made his debut at Vienna in 1887, and at New York in 1892. He is particularly successful in his interpretation of music of Liszt, Shuman, Chopin and Rubinsten.

I enjoyed Paderewski's piano playing so much that it made me wish that all music lovers could hear him.

One of the vocal instructors at Washburn College says, "When one is singing, that person is thoroughly good." It seems to me that the same is true of good instrumental music. I think that there should be music in every home, for the more music there is in a home happier is that family. Music certainly carries something with it that lifts people higher.

I enjoy WEE WISDOM very much, and now as I am getting so old, I mean young, I am glad that there is a Youth's Department. With best wishes for all the little Wees,

EMILY ALDEN HARDY.

# Little Author's Department

### LITTLE ALICE.

BY HARRIET NEWBERRY MC CREARY (10 years old.)

Watch Alice on a bright summer day, Sitting on the green grass at play,

Which she has given
Don't you think Alice
Don't you think
she is dressed

Holding her sweet

quite neat?
She's really very
good and dear;

little baby doll; the name of Moll. is very sweet?

> She always knows that God is near, And because she knows that God is kind,

There's no room for fear in her mind.

### SALLY'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

BY EDITH YOUNG (age eleven).

Two ladies were sitting on a porch, and noticed a little girl hurrying down the street of Baltimore, and one of them asked, "Miss Cooper, will you please tell me who that little girl is?" said one, whose name was Miss Miller, and pointing to a little girl whom we will call Sally.

"Why, that is the little Stommer girl," replied the other lady. "Her mother is very poor, and has six children besides Sally. Sally runs errands for people, because they have not even enough money to buy a stove, and they are trying to get one for Christmas."

"Will you call her over here so we can talk to her?" asked Miss Miller.

"Sally!" called Miss Cooper, and at that moment Sally came running toward them.

"What is it?" Sally asked.

"What do you want for Christmas?" asked Miss Cooper.

"Well, we would like to buy mamma a stove, but Christmas is next week, and we have only two dollars, and the stove costs twenty-five dollars and five cents — but I must hurry on now so I can deliver this letter."

"Why," exclaimed Miss Miller, after Sally had gone. "Don't you think

we could buy the stove and a few presents for the children?"

"Oh, yes," cried Miss Cooper. "Let's go right now."

A week had quickly passed, and the Stommer children had been crying for their new stove, for tomorrow was Christmas. Christmas dawned, and the six rosy-cheeked children arose, and trotting into the kitchen all of a sudden stopped and clapped their hands, for there was a new stove, a doll, a Christmas tree and, oh, so many things, but best of all was Miss Miller and Miss Cooper.



GRANADA, COLO.

MY DEAR MRS. FILLMORE - I hope you received the little doilies Violetta and I made for you. Our love went with them. We received many lovely presents for Christmas. We were not forgotten; all of us got our share. I remain your loving LAVERNIA LEEMAN.

[Lavernia and Violetta's dear little hands wrought two beautiful little pepper and salt doilies, which Ye Editor received for Christmas You would feel as if you could pick the little violets off them, they are so skillfully embroidered .- Ep. ]

TYABB, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA, DEC. 10, 1905.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE - I have just received your kind letter asking me to renew my acquaintance with WEE WISDOM, which has proved to be very happy and instructive to me, but I had already sent her an invitation, and please accept my thanks for your nice letter. The story entitled "The Grumble Bag," was highly instrective and very interesting, but then the whole contents of WEE WISDOM from cover to cover are delightful, teaching us most pleasant and peace-Both Elsie and I are very fond of the dear little paper, and I do not think we could do without it, and my parents also approve of it. We enjoyed reading Mrs. Militz's letter about the Japanese very much. I have searched ardently in your Epistle page for a letter from Australia, but I found none, and this leads me to think I am one of the first to subscribe to this nice paper. I enclose a story which I composed myself, and I hope it has enough merit for it to be printed. I will write after Christmas again to you. I will now concluded with dearest love and heartfelt wishes to the Wees, yourself and Mr. Fillmore. Your loving little Australia friend, ROSE EVELVN FOLEY.

[Here's a letter that's made a long voyage to reach us and it's a good one, too; beautifully written without a misspelled word or grammatical mistake. They must be careful students tralia. We thank you, Rose, very much for this letter-visit, and we hope you will follow it with others of like kind, and slip in your photo next time. Your story, too, is good and will find place in WEE WISDOM later on .- ED.]

BOISE, IDAHO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - This is the first time I have written to you. The first time your dear

little paper found me I was up on a high hill at a saw mill. In August a friend sent it to me, and I read it till it was all rags. When I came to Boise Mrs Johnson sent it to me for a Christmas present. With love to all the little Wees I Your loving friend, will close. ALMA CHESTER.

st st st

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - I am going to write to you, although this is my first letter to you it won't be the last. I like the story about the "Water Fairies" very much, also the story about "Pearl Drop." I am very much interested in the Sketches of Music and Music Makers. I am going to learn the Pillow Verses, because they are so pretty and show such a beautiful thought, make you feel you want to do everything that is good. I am twelve years old. My two dogs, Tray and Ginger, are very cute, only Ginger has a broken leg, but it is much better now that the cast has been removed and the air can reach the skin. Lots of love to all the Wees. I am your PAULINE LOCKETT. interested reader.

SHERMAN, TEXAS.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM - I received your kind and welcome letter this morning, just before I went to Sunday School, I have enjoyed you very much. Yes, we certainly have had a lot of good times together. Father said he would invite you to come another year. Then we shall keep up our acquaintance for another year. I am twelve years old the 10th of April. I am in the fifth grade at school. I would like to have all the children who invite you for another year write to me. I have enjoyed all the nice letters the Wees have written. Yours truly,

HELEN E. NELSON, 302 E. Pecan St.

Sc. Sc. Sc.

BLACKLICK STATION, PA. DEAR WEE WISDOM - I received my book and paper. I have read it through. I like the story of I think WEE WISDOM is a very Pearl Drop." nice paper. I have two kittens. I like them, and I am kind to them. I call one Daisy and the other Skip. I like my book. I think it is a very nice Christmas present from my Aunt Jennie Walling. I am going to read "Elsie's Little Brother Tom ' to Grandma With love to every-MARGARET STIFFEY.

My pet name is Kittie. I forgot and signed KITTIE STIFFEY. my long name.

TYFFE, ALA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - I will write a little letter. I am going to school, and enjoy it very much. I want to do my best all the time. I think every little boy and girl ought to read WER WISDOM, for there is so many good things in it. I enjoy the Wees' letters so much, and Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons, too. I enjoyed the Pearl Drop story. I want to be kind to everybody and everything. With love to all, Lucius Graves.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE - I thought I would write you a few lines. Now I want to tell you what we ate for Christmas. First we had peanut roast, peas, potatoes and some fruit. Now I want to tell you what I got for Christmas: An air gun, "Peck's Bad Boy and His Pa," a tailless donkey and some other things. But I wish I only got one thing, and that one was to quit stammering. I tell you we had lots of fun in the summer We went up to the country, and holidays. cooked our own meals, and we went swimming every day, and we played football. Now I want to tell you that I hold your thoughts every night. I think I am getting better. I thought I would tell you that if I were the king I would give all the castles I had if anybody could stop me from stammering. But I shall hope on until I get quite cured. With best wishes for the New

. . . .

Year. Yours sincerely.

RATON, NEW MEX.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I hope you had a merry
Christmas and a happy New Year I got a typewriter for Christmas, and I would have written
this letter on it only I wanted to learn to write
on it better. I am your little friend,

GLADYS TROY.

CECIL AUBREY.

VALMEYER, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — With much pleasure I will write a letter to you to let you know that I like you very much, and I think that all the other Wees love you, too. I will write you a composition, "How I Spent my Holidays." I will close my letter now, wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

ANNIE SCHELLHARDT.

[Annie tells of a very nice time at her uncle's during the Holidays. We would like to have our little contributors hold themselves more to the line of telling their demonstrations in Truth.— Ed.]

st st st

[Extract from Joseph's letter.]

DADEVILLE, Mo.

DEAR EDITOR OF WEE WISDOM — I write to renew for UNITY and WEE WISDOM. I am now in school in the district of Speight. I am a student in the seventh grade. . . I was in Kansas City last September, and stayed a week! I was working. I expected to visit Headquarters but am coming again sometime . . . Yours as a friend, J. G. ORTLOFF.

Solsberry, Ind.

Dear Wee Wisdom — This is my first letter to you. I will be ten the 20th of January. I have three nice brothers. We have good times together. We have two kittens and a dog. I am like the other little Wees, I wish our little paper would come every week instead of every month. When it comes I read it through. I think so much of the letter you sent me. I have learned that pretty little prayer that you sent mother. I say it every night just before I go to sleep. Mother and father read Wee Wisdom and Unity. Ezra takes Our Dumb Animals. It teaches that cruelty is wrong. Stewart takes Youth's Companion. John is not big enough to take a paper. Yours in Love and Truth,

A. A. A.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I like to take the little
paper very much, and enjoy Aunt Mary's Bible
Lessons. I have taken it for two years, and
want to take it right along. I will write a little
verse:

Father, we thank Thee for the snow, It is pure and sweet, we know; And to us it does express The beauty of Thy holiness

Yours with love,

Doris H. Drew.

GEORGIA BALDRIDGE

N N N

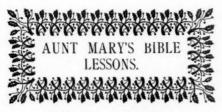
Tracy, Cal.

Dear Wee Wisdom — I hope Santa Claus has been very good to all Wee pets, because he remembered me so well. Sometimes I think I am not deserving of all his kindness to me, but many times I try to be so good in order to make him love me. I often wonder if mamma thinks me as good as I do myself. My holidays were spent at home in a delightful manner, and as it is drawing to a close the thought of returning to school makes me a little sad. I am going to study real hard both my music and school work. Lovingly your little friend,

Vesta Ludwig. (11 years.)

[Vesta must learn to sing the little song on the cover, and then she will love her work as well as her play, and have it all holiday.— Ed.]

"This world is like a looking-glass,
And if you wish to be
On pleasant terms with all who pass,
Smile on them pleasantly.
Be helpful, generous and true,
And very soon you'll find
Each face reflecting back to you
An image bright and kind."



LESSON V. FEBRUARY 4.

The Temptation of Jesus.-Matt. 4:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT — In all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.— Heb. 4:15.

Remember, children, that the devil is not a person, but a wrong or evil thought in the mind, that tries to make one do something that is not right. When your thoughts are all mixed, or confused, then is your mind like a wilderness, for a wilderness you know is a place where there is a tangle of vines and bushes, and where one may become so confused that it is hard to find the way out.

Jesus was in the wilderness in a great network of many thoughts, when he was tempted of the devil, or a false thought. These thoughts were all about him, but not in him, for Jesus had just been engaged in putting away all worldly thoughts from his mind, for that is what a real fasting does. It is when our minds are clear that the tempter comes sneaking in. Jesus knew that he was greater than to need just bread. He remembered that God's words, or the true thoughts of his soul, would feed him.

When Jesus was tempted the second time he again remembered that there was only God, and that he (Jesus) was too great and powerful to fall under temptation, therefore did he say to that wrong thought, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." In the last temptation Jesus had a thought that perhaps it would be nice to be king over all the earth and to worship worldly things, and thus dwell with and be over the people; but, again his true Divine self saved him from such a thought. So he declared, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

At that every false, mistaken thought fled from his mind, and beautiful angels came and cared for him and comforted him, and so he no longer felt hungry or alone. If we give up our own way and serve God, angels will come and care for us, and comfort and bless us, for they are God's messengers.

#### LESSON VI. FEBRUARY II.

Jesus Calling Fishermen.-Luke 5:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT — Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children. — Eph. 5:1.

This is a pretty Golden Text, and reminds us all of that which we must do to know God. Here you read the story about the wonderful quantity of fish that Simon and his partners caught after Jesus had entered into their ship. It was Jesus' great faith that caused this to happen, for Jesus always believed in the good, and wished others to have faith in good also. Jesus wanted his disciples to know that all of good was intended for them and all people, who believed in good.

Simon Peter was so greatly astonished at this miracle that he was awed and fell at Jesus' feet. Then did Jesus say, "Fear not, for from henceforth thou shalt catch men," for Jesus saw that one day Simon would be a leader of men and teach them the truth.

After this the men followed Jesus to hear more that he had to say. It is good for us to be willing to listen to the voice of the Christ, that speaks from the soul, telling us ever what we should do. That voice is a loving tender voice and will never tell us anything except that which is right. Is it not good to know that there is a voice within to ever lead and guide us in the true way, and that we can make no mistake when we listen to it. Love leads us all the way; therefore let us follow love.

#### LESSON VII. FEBRUARY 18.

A Day of Miracles in Capernaum, -- Mark 1:21-34.

GOLDEN TEXT - He healed many that were sick, - Mark 1:34.

When one thinks often of God one grows in understanding. Then is one wise, and one shows great wisdom in teaching others, for we must first know ourselves and put into practice what we know before we can help another. Jesus was such an one. He continually thought of his Father, God, and knew truly that he was God's son. With this knowledge he could do wonderful deeds, such as driving out unclean spirits, healing the sick, and raising the dead.

This chapter tells of many acts of healing: first, the unclean spirit; then Simon's wife s mother cured of fever; and the healing of crowds that flocked to him. The people soon came to know of Jesus through his works, but a few loved him and followed him because of his beautiful teachings of love and the Christ within each and all.

Dear children, Jesus left us word that we, too, should heal the sick, cast out demons, and do many mighty works, remembering always that God doeth the works, for without Him we can do nothing. But it is our part to speak the word of healing in Faith, believing that nothing is impossible with God, then it shall be done for us. Jesus has said, "If ye ask anything in my name I will do it." That is, God, the Father, does it, for the real I is God within:

Our part is to follow Jesus, to do as he did.
"And, greater works than these shall ye do,"
he promised, but we must have faith to do
them. "Ask in faith, nothing doubting." Read
the lesson carefully, like good children, and see
what more beautiful thoughts you can find in
it, for there are many.

#### LESSON VIII. FEBRUARY 25.

Jesus' Power to Forgive.—Mark 2:1-12.

Golden Text — The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins.— Mark 2:10.

Who is the son of man? The son of man is each one that lives, whether man or woman, boy or girl. The son of man is the one who has Christ, or Truth, within his soul, and everyone has Christ within, for each and all are made in the image of God. So we may forgive the sins, or mistakes, of others, and also forgive ourselves. To forgive is to give for, that is, give good in place of wrong. Never have hard feelings towards any one, no matter what they may do, but give to them kindness in place of unkindness, for that is the law of Christ—love.

In this lesson we learn that crowds went to hear Jesus preach, and as there was not room in the house for all, they pressed about the doorway. In those days, the roofs of houses in the Holy Land were made of branches of trees, palms, and a layer of earth; so you may see how it was possible for the four men that carried the sick man to break through the roof, that is, they easily made a hole in it, and let down the bed on which the man lay, so that he might be near Jesus in the room where he preached Jesus saw their faith and healed the palsied man.

This man had no doubt done much wrong, or, perhaps, he felt he was wicked and felt unhappy over it. Then when Jesus comforted his heart with words of forgiveness he was able to walk. How glad he must have been to be so quickly healed! If we feel and know that God's love is greater than our mistakes, we, too, will know forgiveness, and health of both mind and body.

# YE EDITOR'S SANGTUM.



NE of our Wisdoms writes:

I was always very fond of Wee Wisdom. and if it were as helpful still as it used to be, I would continue to take it. It used to have such helpful stories in it that even

the grown-ups found it more helpful than any other paper. I am twelve years old now, and I do not find much in it I care for except the Bible Lessons. They are beautiful — Auntie misses the old-time good, helpful stories.—Henrietta

Where is this change, in WEE WIS-DOM or Henrietta? Maybe both, but we thank her for speaking out her mind about it; friendly criticism is always beneficial. Ye Editor realizes that in the stress of many demands she has not been giving WEE WISDOM the time and thought necessary to keep it up to its original intent. Maybe the "sincere milk of the Word" has gotten pretty well watered by too much indescriminate matter. She will promise to look more carefully into this. WEE WISDOM was born of a high purpose, and its ain, i to bring forth the best and highest in every child, for with every child born into the world is born anew the Christ Possibilities. It was the bringing forth of these that made Jesus of Nazareth pre-eminent among men. We could never know what was in the little acorn if we had not given it a chance to grow. Jesus the Christ is the one man who has given the acorn of his divinity a chance to show what was in it, and all his teachings are that we can do the same. We find disease and sin and death were obedient to his word, even the winds and waves obeyed him. Our children are to know that this same Spirit waits in them to come forth and have dominion over the things of time and sense. "Ye are of God, little children. Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world."

We cannot give the child anything but the chance to take possession of its own—the freedom and right to bring the wisdom of heaven to earth, to unfold the image and likeness of the God-germ power within. This we will do successfully when we plant them in the thought of their oneness with Spirit—then will they obey and be led by the eternal voice of Truth, and "The Spirit of Truth shall lead them into all truth."



50 cents a year.

5 cents a copy.

Foreign Subscription, 3 shillings a year.

Published on the first of each month by
UNITY TRACT SOCIETY,
913 Tracy Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Entered at postoffice as second-class matter.

# February, 1906. St. Valentine!

WEE WISDOM'S VALENTINE TO YOU.

Cupid is a naughty myth
Armed with cruel darts,
Going 'round this time of year
Puncturing people's hearts.

Will you choose a love like his, Or a love like mine— Gentle, tender, faithful, true, To be your Valentine?

Mine will bring you blessings dear, Joy, and strength and health: Mine will give you peace and cheer, And multiply your wealth.

Choose me, then, and I will know Your fond heart is mine, For you'll ask me all the year To be your Valentine.

Let every Wisdom, big and little, be sure to learn the Love Song on the cover, and sing it till all the dark places are radiant, and all the hands and feet are willing, and all the hearts have learned to do their part because of Love.

Let every reader do something toward helping WEE WISDOM to a new subscriber.

We would like to have our Wee Wees and our larger Wisdoms study well the picture on the cover of WEE WISDOM, and tell us what it means to you. We will publish the best thoughts given about it.

I have received my order of your publications in full, and am very much pleased with them all, especially WEE WISDOM. It is the dearest little paper for the little ones I have yet seen.—MRS. I. P.

We have been greatly helped during the past year by the coming of UNITY and WEE WISDOM into our home once a month, and we want them both for the coming year, 1906.—MRS. E. B.

#### REMEMBER,

Remember that for three 50-cent subscriptions you can have Elsie's Little Brother Tom; or Wee Wisdom's Way, or Drops From Wee Pens, or Summer Stories; or any one number of Wee Wisdom's Library, or an extra subscription to WEE WISDOM.

Remember every new subscriber you get and every home you put WEE WISDOM in, you are sowing the seeds of harmony, health, happiness.

Remember to watch the date on your Wee Wisdom wrapper, and renew promptly. Unless you notify us it will be stopped at expiration of year.

Remember WEE WISDOM'S address is 913 Tracy Ave., Kansas City, Mo., and always direct your letters good and plain.

Remember to always give your full address in every letter you write us.

# LOVE THE GOOD YOU SEE IN ALL.

