

# WEE WISDOM ~~~ Holiday Number.

## CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Come In!  
Come In!  
Come from Near and come from Far,  
Come from All the Lands that are,  
Come from Toney Realms of Snow,  
Where no Winds of Summer blow,  
Come from Golden Palestine  
Vine-clad Alp and Apennine  
Fabled Shore and Pagan Shrine,  
Come from Asia's Central Sweep  
Arie's Sand and Jungle Deep,  
Come from Western Prairies Sweep  
Come from Islands of the Sea  
Says the Christ Child unto me  
Every Child is bidden here.  
Come In!  
Come In!



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Number 5.

*How the Christ-Child was Born.*

CARLO stood by the window making pictures. He made them by breathing upon the pane and drawing upon it with his fingers. His papa was shut up in his study with all the nasty bottles and jars and things. His Mamma was where she always was now—upstairs in bed, looking so white and tired. The servants were in the kitchen laughing over the very biggest turkey you ever saw, and Carlo was just here in the parlor, alone and cross and tired. He was tired of his playthings; tired of the Christmas tree; tired of having a good time with his little cousins who had just gone home. He felt just like being a torment to somebody; that was what nurse called him when he began to fidget and ask questions.

When you are a little boy a great many questions come popping into your head, and you think grown people are put there to answer them. Carlo supposed that God put them there; He seemed to do all that was done; at least the grown people said so. But Carlo wondered why God did not make them tell things right; some of their answers were certainly wrong, because Carlo could not understand them. They made the world out to be quite another place from what Carlo saw. He had eyes; he could see very well; and he didn't see anywhere some of the things that grown people said were there.

Altogether there were many questions Carlo wanted answered, if only the grown-ups would tell him the same things. They didn't; they never did. When he asked his papa what Christmas was, for instance, he said it was "a fool's day,"—whatever that was. He said he wouldn't have a Christmas in his house if Carlo's Mamma were not so sentimental and so ill. And Santa Claus. His nurse had told him about Santa Claus, and had even shown him the real picture of the saint. But

when he had said, "Papa! what is Santa Claus?" Papa had answered in his very gruffest voice, "A lie!" Only think! But how could there be a picture of him if he wasn't alive somewhere? Carlo asked his Mamma next, and she said, "Santa Claus is a real spirit of love and kindness, who comes every Christmas to children whose parents love them." As for nurse, she just held up her hands and exclaimed, "Master Carlo! where do ye expect to go to whin ye die, if ye don't belave Santa Claus is a little, fat, rale live gintleman, what will lave yees a bunch av sticks if ye're a bad bye, Sor!" It was so about everything. The grown-ups all told you different stories and frowned at you if you didn't believe them all at once. If they only knew how tired a child gets sometimes with all their mixed-up tales, and how many new questions come popping into his head then!

Now there was one, this very minute. It was a question that was an old friend of Carlo's. He had been asking it ever since he could remember, every once in a while. He wondered what "God" was, and why he let grown-up people be naughty, and not children. Nurse was always talking about Him, and how angry He would be for every fault. "The badder a boy is, the more God keeps coming around!" poor Carlo cried out. "I should think He'd hate to be so near, always getting children scolded. Why don't he never come when I'm good? Perhaps because being good is so dreadful stupid," thought poor Carlo. Down deep in his little heart was a thought he was afraid of; a thought which he knew would draw upon him the frowns and anger of all his little world. It was a thought only to be whispered to a bird in a tree; or to the moon on bright nights; or perhaps to some trusted companion when you were both naughty and in punishment, two stubborn little rebels together. This was the thought,—if only you please won't be

shocked at it. "Perhaps there isn't any any God at all! Perhaps He's just an ogre made up by the big people, like the one in Jack-the-Giant-Killer, on pupose to make boys behave!" Some days Carlo felt sure this was true; and he knew, he *knew* his Papa would not scold him for saying so. What he feared was the sad, sad look in the eyes of his pretty Mamma. But he could *think*, and think he did, that if a boy was to behave like this God of theirs did; spying, meddling, killing people in Bible stories, and being different to everybody; always on the side of the grown-ups and always hard on the children; Carlo was sure such a boy would be put into dark closets for life. "It just makes me mad," thought Carlo, "to have them say He loves me. He's nasty; I don't want Him to love me. He made His little boy grow up so unhappy and be *killed* for me. I'm glad I ain't God's little boy, and I won't be either."

Carlo's last thought made him fling himself impatiently on the rug by the fire, the better to gaze up at the Christ-Child on the Christmas tree. It had wings and a star on its forehead. It was all gold and pink and white, like pretty Mamma, and Carlo loved it. He hated to think that such a lovely being had been nailed on an awful cross, had grown up to be a man, just like Papa's friend, only better he supposed, and had been so good that people hated him and killed him. "It is stupid to be good, and people hate men for it out in the big world," mused Carlo. His little brain ached with all the contradictions about him. Unknown to himself, the child felt the strain of the contest which was killing the Mother; which was rending the world all about him; the contest between Science and Theology, and, still more, between Matter and Spirit. He looked up at the shining figure on the tree, and said in his clear young voice, "Christ-child, I do wish you would tell me the real, true truth."

It was so still that Carlo heard all the clocks ticking. There was a pause. The child lay so still, with the fire shining on his curls, that you would have thought him asleep.

Then the Christ-child spoke like the chime of bells, and said: "I will, Carlo! What do you want to know?"

You may be surprised, you big people.

Carlo was not. He had always known that there are fairies, and that things can speak. He once talked with a squirrel in a tree, though neither of them made a sound. Children know well that all you can think is possible. So he simply answered in a pleased little tone, "Then tell me, Christ-child, how can you be God if you were a man, and if you're up there on my Christmas tree.

"I am not up in your tree," said the Christ-child.

"Oh! Christ-child! Do you tell stories too? I hear you speaking up there."

"That is not myself," said the Christ-child. "That is my picture. You have known before now, Carlo, that pictures could speak."

"Yes, all pictures talk to children," the boy assented. "I hope I sha'n't forget it when I grow up. But where are you really then?"

"I am everywhere Carlo. Everything is my picture, and all try to speak of me. I am in the stars and in the glow-worms; I am in the winds and in the mosses; I am in the fruits, in the oceans, in the storms, and in the heart. I am All. I am God."

"But how can you be so big, if you are just the Christ-child?"

"They call me that when I am young," the voice said. "But I am not in one little body, like yours Carlo. I am in all bodies. But they are not me. Listen! You will feel me in yours!"

Carlo started. Down in his heart he felt a stir, a strange sweet feeling that filled him so full of joy.

"Here I am," said the voice in his heart. "When you do wrong, it is I who speak to you and make you sorry."

"I thought that was Carlo's own self," cried the boy.

"It is yourself, but I am yourself, Carlo. I am the inner Voice in your heart. I live in the hearts of all men and all things. I am *the within* of all creatures and all beings. Long, long ago I slept in the Heavens. Then I awoke, and I came into the world. I came because even God wants to feel and to know the great world which is himself. When I came I was a child, because I had not grown up in that world. You know what growing pains are, Carlo! When I entered all these bodies, when I tried to

make them so pure and good that they should become myself, and when they would not, they crucified me. The nails and the thorns are their evil deeds. And when men are entirely wicked, then they kill the voice in their hearts.

"But you are alive all the same, and I don't understand that."

"I am alive because I am the Christ-spirit."

"Well, what's a spirit?"

"I cannot tell you. But you may feel it. When you gave your lunch to the beggar, you felt a spirit in your heart. When the storm howls outside and you lie listening to the music stealing through the darkness and over the uproar of the storm, and you feel safe and happy without knowing why, then you feel a spirit. When you look up at the bright stars and one shines and shines till you can't look away, but you love it and something goes out of you to the star, and something comes from the star to your heart, then you feel your spirit and the star-spirit meeting."

"Then what I feel is a spirit?"

"No, Carlo. But that which causes all these things, that which is *behind* everything, that which you cannot see or hear, but only feel when you are very still; that is Spirit and *in it I am*. I ride in that feeling as your heart rides in you."

"And why do you take so much trouble for every-thing, Christ-child?"

"Ah! Carlo! my Carlo! I love men. They may be mine. They may grow up to be me. I cannot tell you how to-day. It is a long, long story. But I will tell it every day, if you will only listen. I will teach you better than any one can if you will only ask me in your heart."

"And what will you teach me first, Christ-child?"

"To love all beings, for all are mine, and I am speaking in the heart of all. Even the stones grow through the wonderful music of my voice. If you kill the bird, you kill my picture, and you drive me out of that pretty form I loved. If you strike a child you strike my image. No one can hurt me, or pain me, or kill me. For I am God. But these creatures which I came to help, to raise up to great beings, they can be destroyed and scattered for a time. Even a little child can interrupt my work for a

while. If you do not listen to me when I speak in your heart, and believe my voice above all others, then I cannot join myself to you; then we cannot grow up to be one great, wise being; then I cannot take you home to God where we are one, you and I. And thus you can prevent my work."

"When I want to be bad, is it you who speak to me then?" said Carlo, puzzled.

"No. It is yourself, that thinks it does not know me. It is because you do not know that I am really Carlo; I am what Carlo may grow up to be, but what he is not yet."

"How shall I know which voice is you, then, Christ-child."

"You may know by this; I shall never tell you to treat any person, or anything, any different than you would me myself. I will only speak to you in gentle quiet hours. And often you will make mistakes, for that is just what you are put in the world for, Carlo; you are put there to learn my voice from all the rest. If you try you will know. When people have puzzled you so much, it was I said down in your heart, 'Never mind! Let us go play.' For it was not time for you to think of those things. Often I whisper to you, '*Carlo! it is not true.*' I am always speaking from your heart and from the hearts of all things. Listen for me. Try to know me when I speak from the lips of other people. For I love you! I am yourself. And you, little Carlo, you may grow to be everywhere in the great world. Wait, try, and you will understand."

"I will try, Christ-child! I will!" cried Carlo, springing to his feet. The room was quite still. The shining figure hung upon the tree. Everything seemed as usual. Yet down in his heart Carlo felt a strange warm feeling, a something bigger than himself. When he tried to tell his Mamma, he could not make it real, and she said it was a dream; but whether or not, on that Christmas Day the Christ-child was born again.—*From Wonder-Lights. By Mrs. J. Campbell Ver Planck.*

"Lo in the silent night, a child to God is born,  
And all is brought again that ere was lost or lorn."

## The Magic Daisy-Chain.

It was a sad day at the farm. Mrs. Giles shook her head mournfully from side to side, so did farmer Giles, so did Tommy Giles, so did also his little sister Esther. They were sad because somebody else was sad, very sad, indeed. This somebody was a poor woman who lived in a small cottage at the farther end of the village, and she was sad because she had very little money, and very little food, but she was still more unhappy and broken-hearted because she had no comforts to give her little daughter—her poor little daughter who lay ill in bed at home all day long this beautiful summer weather.

Farmer Giles had just returned from the cottage, having taken the poor woman a jar of soup that his good wife had thought would do the little one good, and he had met the doctor in the village, who had looked very grave, and had shaken *his* head mournfully when he spoke about the poor woman and the little brown-eyed girl.

When Tommy and Esther went to play they did not rush out of the house with a shout and a laugh as they usually did, but walked along in silence, both little minds thinking about the poor sick child.

"I wonder if she'd like my dolly," said Esther, after a long pause.

"I'm sure she would," said Tom. "Let us walk over the hill and give it to her. And let us make her a lovely daisy-chain: she'd like that, too, because she cannot get up to pick the daisies."

"Es, that will be lovely," said Esther. "We'll make her a great long one, so big that it will go two times round her little neck."

The children walked on across the field together, Esther with her doll under her arm, until they came to a shady bank beside a wood, and there having gathered a pinafore full of daisies, they sat down to make the chain. "This daisy," said Esther, picking up the first flower—"this daisy is to make her quite well again."

"And this daisy is to give her plenty to eat for ever and ever," said Tom, as he handed his sister a second flower.

"And this one is to give her heaps and heaps of silver pennies," said the little girl. "Oh, wont it be a lovely daisy-chain!"

"Rather," replied Tom. "And what's this one to do?" "That one," said Esther, after thinking some time, "is to make her a good girl always, always, always. Praps that ought to have been with the first daisy," she added, doubtfully.

"Praps so," said her brother, "but it doesn't matter if she *is* good always which daisy makes her so."

"And the next one shall be plum cake for breakfast, dinner and tea," cried Esther, gleefully.

"And the next one a cage of white mice," chimed in Tom.

"And the next—oh, it will be a booful daisy-chain—must give her a good fairy always to look after her," exclaimed the little girl, excitedly.

And so the daisy-chain went on getting longer and longer until there was not one good thing left to wish the sick child.

If only these good wishes had come true she would have been more lovely, more fortunate and happy than any princess in the whole wide world. When the children rose to go they discovered for the first time that they were not alone. A lady was standing behind them, leaning against a tree, at the edge of the wood. She was a very pretty lady, and had such a sweet smile and such a pretty dress.

"Little ones," said she, "I have been watching you make your beautiful daisy-chain. Who is the fortunate person to whom you are going to give it? Come and sit down beside me and tell me all about it." Down the three sat; and the lady was so kind and gentle that the children were not a bit shy, and told her all about the sick child, and how poor her mother was, and how they had made the daisy-chain to make the little girl well again.

"And where does she live?" asked the pretty lady.

"At the last cottage in the village, over there," replied Tommy, pointing over the green hill.

"And now, I daresay, you wish to be off to take the daisy-chain. Perhaps we may meet again some day." So saying the lady kissed the two children, and leaving them went down a path in the wood and was soon out sight in the distance. "I wonder who she is," said Esther, as the two trotted along. "She's almost as booful as a fairy." It was not long before they arrived at the cottage, when Esther gave her doll to the little girl, who was so pleased with it, and listened with delight to the story of the daisy-chain.

"Oo must get quite well first," said Esther, as she put the chain round the child's neck, "and p'raps the the good fairy and all the other nice things will come." The loving mother listened to the children's prattle with tears glistening in her eyes. "Now, good-by," said Tom; "we will come again to-morrow." And after many kisses all round, Esther and her brother returned to the farm.

To-morrow! I think it was the most wonderful to-morrow that ever came; so the poor woman and her child, and Tommy and Esther and so, I am sure, will you, dear. First of all a great big basket arrived at the cottage, a hamper full of jellies, and soups, and crackers, and fruits, and ever so many other nice things—comforts enough for a princess.

And then as they were all wondering where the hamper could have come from, in walked the pretty lady with the sweet smile upon her face. And she kissed the children, and, sitting down by the bedside, stroked the little girl's long brown hair.

"Do you feel better, dear," she asked.

Yes, oh, yes, she felt much better, was the reply. "That was a wonderful daisy-chain," said the lady, turning to Esther and patting her head. "Es, it sent such a basket this morning, and it sent oo, too. Oo must be the good fairy," replied Esther.

It was indeed a wonderful daisy chain, because from that day more baskets came, and the pretty lady came also every afternoon. And best of all, the little girl grew better and better, until she was quite fat and strong, and able to run and romp merrily with Tom and Esther.

And so it came to pass that the sweet prattle of two loving little bairns brought health and happiness to a sick child, comfort to a worn and weary mother, great good to many, and joy to everybody.—*Selected.*

## "Whatsoever."



Homer and Norman, aged respectively four and three years, were the recipients of a beautiful little kitten, which they tenderly loved, and especially enjoyed taking it to bed with them; and the kitten equally enjoyed cuddling between the little boys in their soft warm night-gowns.

One night after the little boys had fallen asleep, their mother requested the servant to remove the kitty to the barn. They awoke early next morning, and missing their little play-fellow, sprang from their bed and hurriedly dressed to go in quest of it.



*"They especially enjoyed taking kitty to bed with them."*

The first real blizzard of the winter had come that night, and it was bitter cold. The plants were all frozen in the window, the little pigs were frozen in the pen, and when Homer and Norman opened the barn door and called "kitty! kitty!" there was

no familiar "m-e-w!" in response; but to the right of the door they found their kitty dead, frozen stiff; its paws stretched out, its teeth set, its eyes glaring, and all covered with frost. Pitiful sounds of weeping came up from that barn. The funeral procession started to the house—the two heart-stricken little mourners carrying the frozen cat between them as they would an iron rod. Entering the sitting-room they cried out: "O, mamma! how *can* we live without our kitty?"

"Don't you *fink*, mamma," asked dear little Norman, as he held the cat by its frozen tail with one little hand and wiped his tears with the other,—"don't you *fink* that the Good Father would gim it back to us if we ask him? You know you said *whats'ever* we ask the Savior for He will gim it to us."

The mother saw that her little sons were ready to take God at his word. But as she looked upon that frozen, dead "whatsoever" she stood a moment hesitating, when dear little Homer came to her rescue and said: "Brother, I speck its this way: If the Good Father thinks



*"Two heart-stricken little mourners, carrying the frozen cat between them."*



it best for us to have our kitty, he will gim it back to us if we ask him in the dear Savior's name."

That settled the question; and down went the little boys on their knees, side by side, two little gingham aprons with pearl buttons up the back, (I see the picture now as vividly as I did the real, twenty years ago) two pairs of dimpled little hands folded in prayer, two little heads bowed low and quivering with the very intensesness of the heart's petition, alternately praying and rubbing the dead kitty with warm flannels.



"Two pairs of dimpled hands folded in prayer."

One, two hours sped by, with no abatement in the zeal of the two little believers: now they prayed, now they rubbed, never stopping to doubt or question.

At the end of the third hour, the mother, who was quietly "pondering these things," whispered to her husband—

"I just now saw a pulsation in that dead kitten!"

"Impossible!" replied the husband; "your sympathy for the boys



has made you nervous; that thing is as dead as a door-nail; and—and—but—my! Did you see that? It *did* breathe, *sure!*"

By this time the entire household was interested. A pulsation at intervals of fifteen, ten and five minutes, and by noon the kitten walked across the floor and the prayer-meeting closed with: "We thank you, Good Father, for giming us back our little kitty. Amen." N. M. A.

"You think I'm dead,"  
The apple tree said,  
"Because I have never a leaf to show;  
Because I stoop  
And my branches droop,  
And the dull, gray mosses over me grow;  
But I am alive in trunk and shoot;  
The buds of next May  
I fold away—  
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I'm dead,"  
The quick grass said,  
"Because I have parted with stem and blade;  
But under the ground  
I am safe and sound  
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.  
I'm alive and ready to shoot,  
Should the spring of the year  
Come dancing here—  
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I'm dead,"  
A soft voice said,  
"Because not a branch or root I own;  
I never have died,  
But close I hide  
In a plummy seed that the wind has sown.  
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;  
You will see me again—  
I shall laugh at you then,  
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."—Selected.

*Wee Wisdom's Way.*

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Before Grace and I were up this morning, Aunt Joy came into our room with her hands full of blossoms. She kissed us and said:

"Well, Trixy, you were right when you told us those little seeds were balsam seeds for see what I've found where we planted them."

"Why, of course, Aunt Joy, anybody could have told you that," said I.

"Then you are not surprised to find balsam flowers where you planted balsam seeds?" said Aunt Joy.

"How could I be? What else could I find," I asked.

"That's true, how could you find anything but what you had planted? When you *know* your seed you *know* your harvest, and in knowledge there is no room for surprise," said Aunt Joy.

"Little seed never forgets, do he, Aunt Joy?" said Grace.

"No, dear, 'whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' Do you know *why* the little seed never forgets?" asked Aunt Joy.

"'Cause he aint got any torget in 'im," said Grace.

"That's just the truth of it, 'Wee Wisdom.' It knows only *like*-ness. But suppose it were possible to get something else into it. What then?"

Grace looked so distressed that I laughed.

So Aunt Joy asked me if I hadn't seen "torgots" and doubts enough to know how they work.

"I never saw them in a seed," I said.

"No, the wisdom of the seed forbids anything but *singleness* of heart. But have you not in mind some other *like*-ness, not so well and wisely kept?"

I felt ashamed, because I knew she meant *my* heart. But Grace said, "Aunt Joy, I's bein' that way, I's left out the torgots and Ned's that way, 'cause way in the *night-time* he got that way and God made 'im all over."

Grace was in Aunt Joy's arms, and her face had that strange, sunshiney look on it. Aunt Joy looked so amused, too, that I just couldn't stand it any longer, so I jumped

right up and fairly screamed, for I was sure that Aunt Joy knew something she didn't tell us. I was so excited, I wanted to know if what Grace "knew" about Ned was *really* true. Aunt Joy held me off and looked at me and said:

"I thought a few minutes ago, Trixeey, that you were a very wise little girl, to have such unwavering faith in that little balsam seed that you were not at all surprised at these beautiful blossoms from it. Now you are all excitement over the possible blossom of Ned's faith. Tell me, Trixy is that little seed *alone* to be trusted with the Divine Promise of *unfailing fulfillment*?"

"But Aunt Joy," I cried, "I have seen so many seeds grow."

"Dear child," said Aunt Joy, "have you found the yield of your own thought any less faithful to its kind?"

"I 'member 'bout finks," said Grace "Cause when I finks *bugoos* I get scared, and when I finks *God I's* unscared."

"That's it, darling, our thought is just as sure to bring forth of its kind as the little balsam seed. So if our *thought* was faithful to our *words* last night, what must it yield?"

"O Aunt Joy," said Grace with that shiney look again, "Ned would be all straighted up a-walkin'."

"And would there be anything unnatural or surprising in that, Trixy?"

I hid my face; it did *seem* plain, yet how could it be really so?

"What were the words you repeated?" asked Aunt Joy.

"Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard me. And I *know* that Thou hearest me always," I said.

"Who said these words first?" asked Aunt Joy.

"Jesus Christ," I answered.

"And what followed them?"

"Lazarus came out of his grave."

"What *Father* did Jesus speak of?"

"God."

"Is God any farther away now than He was then, when Jesus said 'I *know* that Thou hearest me always'?"

"No, Aunt Joy."

"How do you *know*?"

"'Cause everybody says so."

"Does everybody *prove* it, like Jesus did?"

"Why, of course not."

"Then how do *they* know, and how do you know He 'always hears' without He answers?"

"Because the Bible says so."

"Does your little balsam depend upon a record 1900 years old to prove its blossoms?"

"Of course not. How funny!"

"Yes, extremely funny, since God is *God of the living and not of the dead.*" Trixy, does it occur to you that you put yourself right in that same "funny" position when you say that you believe God 'hears always,' *because the Bible says so?*"

"Well, everybody does, then."

"Yes, if there's any comfort in that, so they did in Jesus' time, although he *proved* to them differently by His works, and tried to lead them into understanding that God, their Father, was ever-present, ever-helpful Spirit, and to know Him thus and His Son, Jesus Christ, (His spirit in themselves) was to have power over all flesh and life eternal. Now, Trixe, which shall satisfy you, to know and prove these thing of your heavenly Father, or to hold to that dead faith that keeps its God away from all *practical* life, locked up in Bibles and forms, as useless as the ornaments upon its altar?"

Aunt Joy seemed to grow so big while she was speaking, I felt as if God had filled the room with Himself.

We sat a while and I seemed to "know."

I said, "Don't you think, Aunt Joy, we must *tell* folks *this* about God?"

Aunt Joy smiled and said: "Can you prove it to them?"

"I *feel* it so in *here*," I said.

"But you know spiritual things must be spiritually discerned; they will be just like you were a while ago back in the *letter* of life. Better finish dressing now."

So when we were all dressed Aunt Joy went out, telling us to wait for her. She came back with Ned, and he *was walking alone*, and it didn't seem at all strange to me, then. Grace and I kissed him, and oh, we were all so happy we didn't want to talk. So Aunt Joy said we would *be still and know*, and then go up and see mamma.

Mamma expected us, but she just cried

when Ned walked up to her without his crutches. We all wanted to know what was the matter, and she said God had dealt so wonderfully with Ned that she almost feared He was going to take him. Ned laughed right out, and put his arms right around our dear mamma, and told her God had already *taken* him and that was why he could walk.

Then mamma kissed us all and we told her God had *taken* all of us and we were going to have Him *take* her too. She smiled and asked where we were going to have Him take her. Ned said, "Out of bed;" then we all laughed again and said, "Out of doors, too." Mamma said that *would* be delightful, almost like heaven.

Ned whispered to Aunt Joy and she asked us if we felt our Father near enough to hear us ask for health for mamma. We *knew* He was.

We went down stair,—Papa had seen Ned before. He kissed us all, but looked as if he didn't see any of us. He read and prayed like a dream, and then sat down and seemed to forget all about us.

So we went out where the balsams grew. We told Ned how Aunt Joy *proved* to us that if we would keep the Father's *likeness* in ourselves we must do like the little balsam had done, keep out everything else.

When our gardener saw Ned walking without his crutches and heard how he was cured, he crossed himself and said, "If God done it he'll die, if the devil done it, the Lord hev mercy on his poor soul."

Aunt Joy said, "The poor man believes that God is too great to do an unselfish good for man and the devil too clever to refuse a good turn."

She says we are sure to find out now, everybody's ideas of God.

Begin with your own family. This is the unit. Believe in their nobility, their greatness, their wisdom, their health, their beauty. Never cease believing in it. You have a reason for so believing in them. From them it will slip out to the world. There is a reason for your hope of them. Then, finally, seeing them as they are, all over the planet, you will see no evil to compare the good with, and you will find a world where another quality reigns, unknown of good and evil, exalted out of their reach.—EMMA (CURTIS) HOPKINS.

*Sun Down.*

~~~~~

The pink is all gone from the sky, dear,  
And the clods are of leaden hue,  
But don't be sorrowful, dearie,  
To-morrow the sky will be blue.

And when the sun's shining in China.  
So the little Chiese can play,  
The stars will come peeping and glean-  
ing.

Twinkling the long night away

A beautiful story they tell us,  
With their cheering, silvery light,  
Of the love of the Father in Heaven,  
Who cares for us all through the  
night.

So when the sun bid you, "Good morn-  
ing!"

And the little Chinese are in bed,  
Wake up and be merry and glad, dear,  
Be glad the blue sky's overhead.

ALINE NORTH.

*Truth about Childhood.*

~~~~~

Except ye become as little children, ye  
shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

. . . . . Whoso shall receive one such little  
child in my name, receiveth me. . . . .  
Take heed that ye despise not one of these  
little ones: for I say unto you, that in  
heaven their angels do always behold the  
face of my Father which in heaven.

JESUS CHRIST.

\* \* \* \*

Teachers of psychology tell us that it is  
impossible to teach a child what he does  
not clearly know. The teacher's duty is to  
uncover the knowledge that has been cov-  
ered over, and let it shine in its bright  
purity.—EDITH MARTIN.

\* \* \* \*

O for boyhood's painless play,  
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,  
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,  
Knowledge never learned at schools!

For eschewing books and tasks,  
Nature answers all he asks;  
Hand in hand with her he walks,  
Face to face with her he talks.  
Part and parcel of her joy.

WHITTIER.

\* \* \* \*

Many children do not want to hear this

*Truth of Being* any more than grown people  
do. You cannot force it upon them,  
they must *desire* it for themselves.  
I believe our work with them must be the  
same as with older ones. We must give  
them the Silent Word, the written word  
and the spoken word and stop thinking  
they have to be *trained*. Are they not  
God's children and can He not speak to  
them for Himself?—M. E. W.

\* \* \* \*

I hold that the true age of wisdom is  
when

We are boys and girls, and not women  
and men—

When as credulous children, we *know*  
things because

We *believe* them—however averse to the  
laws.

It is faith, then, not science and reason,  
I say,

That is genuine wisdom. \* \* \*

So I simply deny the old notion, you  
know,

That the wiser we get the older we grow!  
For *in youth* all we know we are *certain*  
of—Now

The greater our knowledge, the more we  
allow

For skeptical margin. \* \* \*

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

\* \* \* \*

We must cease thinking that our children  
are ignorant of Truth and cannot under-  
stand our highest statements of it. They  
are children only to our consciousness,  
and are as old in wisdom as we ourselves.

There is a story about a brave boy whose  
mother sewed forty golden dinars into his  
coat and sent him to the great city to start  
in business. And this is what she fastened  
into his heart.—"My son, fear God and  
never tell a lie." Before he reached the  
city a band of robbers stopped him and  
asked what he had, he answered, "I have  
forty golden dinars sewed up in my coat."  
The robbers did not believe this and rode  
on; soon the robber Captain came back,  
put his hand over the boy's breast and felt  
something round, and counted till he made  
sure the boy had told the truth. Then he  
asked, "Why did you tell me that?" The  
boy said, "Because of God and my moth-  
er." And because of these true words  
from this pure hearted boy, the robber  
said, "I have long wanted to do something  
for God and my mother and now I forever  
renounce my robber's life."



God  
is  
Here.

*God is here!*  
*God is here!*  
*God is with me*  
*Night and day.*  
*God is here!*  
*God is here!*  
*God will chase*  
*All doubts away.*  
*God will guide me,*  
*God will guard me,*  
*God will lead me*  
*All the way.*  
*I've no fear—*  
*God is here;*  
*He is with me*  
*Night and day.*  
*God is here!*  
*God is here!*  
*God surrounds me*  
*Night and day.*

M. W. L.—

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

*Truth Workers.*

*“Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength.”*

ANNA'S VISION.

I had a headache, or rather a seeming one, and did not go to school to-day. Ma-ma told me to lie down and treat myself,

which I did. I treated myself quite a while with my eyes closed when I seemed to be going down in a dark, deep dungeon, but I did not feel alone although I could not see any one. Pretty soon I came to the bottom and looking around me I saw a man standing on the other side of the dungeon. Instead of weeping and wailing he was praising God. Then he looked up and declared he was *not in the dungeon* and suddenly a ray of light flashed down to him and a doorway opened a little above him and he climbed up the ray of light and went out of the dungeon and I went out too.

After leaving the dungeon I seemed to come back on the bed and was still, without a thought.

Suddenly a thought flashed through my mind with such force that I shivered; the thought was:—“I can be shown the works of the Father and I will.”—Then I stretched forth my hand as if grasping for something, and something fell in my hand, *it was a silver dollar* and a voice said, “When you become stronger you will be able to receive direct from your Father in heaven a part of his plentiful supply which he is waiting to give to his children.” Then the silver disappeared, and the voice died away. After I had waited awhile to see if that was all I was to be shown. I got up well. ANNA M.—, *Kansas City.*

We have left this just as the child wrote it. It is her very own experience in the realm of her marvelous genius.

She is an infant Swedenborg, and to her the *ministering thought* ascending and descending the ladder stretched from heaven to earth, or from the invisible to the visible, are as clear as the already manifest are to us.—[Ed.]

\* \* \* \*

A friend gave little Ione, aged four-and-a-half years, a pet bird. The cage stood on the floor while her papa put up the hook. The pet cat coming in, saw the bird and made a bound at it, upset the cage and was trying to get the poor, frightened bird when little Ione came to the rescue. She caught the cat up in her arms and said: “Why, Harry, oo musn't do 'at. Oo musn't hurt Dennie. Dennie's dood an' so is oo, an' I 'ove oo both. Dod's in Dennie an' Dod's in oo. Harry, oo dear, dear kitty, oo wont hurt Dennie now, will oo?” And Harry never did. He was often found near the cage but never showed the slightest inclination to hurt the bird.

*The Tongue.*

~~~~~

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,  
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek,

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,  
The Turk asserts, 'than does the sword.'"

The Persian Proverb wisely saith,  
"A lengthy tongue—an early death."

Or sometimes takes this form instead,  
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose  
speed,"

Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sages this impart:

"The tongue's great storehouse is the  
heart."

From Hebrew wit this maxim sprung:

"Though feet may slip, ne'er let the  
tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole;

"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his  
soul."

REV. PHILIP B. STRONG.

DEAR LITTLE READERS OF WEE WISDOM:—  
Some kind friend sent me copies of Wee Wisdom and I was so delighted with it that I read it to my friends, and I want to tell you that I went yesterday to a house where there were two sweet little girls whose papa was out of work, and he has no faith, and they could not take your beautiful paper, but I read them the story of little Norman and Homer and their kitty and you should have seen how close they got to me, and how eagerly they listened, and how pleased they were. Their mother and the old grandmother were as pleased as they were, and we all felt very happy, and I was so glad that it had been put into the hearts of the UNITY friends to publish such a nice paper for the children. I was once a school teacher and I love the children, and have wanted so much to help them to see that Jesus is alive for evermore and will give life to all who ask in his name. The other day I received a letter from my brother, and my little niece who prayed for rain this summer, said to her papa when he was writing to me, "Tell aunt Mary that God is keeping me well." Dear children, we all want a God who will keep us well. You must ask Him in faith,

and do His will, and He will keep you well and give you good things and come to dwell in you so that you will be God's houses filled with his glory, and you can say as Jesus did, "I and my Father are one." Then there will be no sorrow, pain or death, but you will be sure of joy and reign on the earth. I once had two little boys who have grown to be men, and I may tell you sometime how we trusted the Lord for all things, and we found that all His promises are true. He was a good Father to my boys and a kind husband to me, and we never lacked any good thing, and to-day my heart is so full of love to Him that I want to help all his children to see how good He is and He wants us all to be happy. With love to all, I am your sincere friend,

MARY FRAME SELBY,  
Richmond, Indiana.

*Wee-lets.*

~~~~~

The readers of the first issue of WEE WISDOM will remember this statement made therein.

"We know of a case of actual resurrection of the dead by a couple of children. The "dead" was a frozen cat and the little owners prayed over its body until it came to life."

Some of our good friends were so much disturbed over this little item that they would not distribute the papers we sent them and took us to task for making such an extraordinary statement. We answered this charge in the second issue under the title, "O ye of Little Faith," and in a foot note promised that our readers should some day have this true incident of boys' faith related by the mother herself. We are rejoiced that we can fulfill that promise in this our Christmas number. You will find it in the mother's own beautiful words under the title "Whatsoever."

When "Wee Wisdom's Way" is completed it will be published in book form.

We should like to have all the children write to the editor about their experiences in proving the laws of the All-Good.

Little Don, when told that he must not play with a certain child—"Because he is not a good little boy for you to play with," replied, "Yes, but I am a good little boy for him to play with."

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