

WEE WISDOM

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WEE WISDOM

STANDS FOR

The unwarped faith that believeth and hopeth all things.

"All things are possible to them that believe."

The freshness and purity that beholdeth Good always.

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

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

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

The truth that frees from the clutches of race heredity.

"One is your Father, even God."

The knowledge that *Jesus Christ* is the subjective spirit of every child.

"The kingdom of God is within you."

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

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

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



Volume 2.

August, 1894.

Number 1.

Wee Wisdom's Way.

11

It's been a long time since Ned told Dr. May 'bout Tom Sams. Dr. May said he had a warm spot in his heart for "bad boys," 'cause they had "stuff" in 'em.

I remember Grace told him there wasn't any *bad* boys, and he said "there must be a lot of very bad story-tellers, then."

Grace looked so "proachfully" at him, he said, that he took her up and tried to tease her and asked how she was going to manage to make her philosophy of "All-Good" cover such cases as this, "'Cause," he said, "if you insist that there are no bad boys, don't you see, you are insisting that there are bad story-tellers. The bad's bound to be owned up to, somewhere."

Grace looked like she didn't see just how to answer, and so Ned winked at her and said, "Remember how it was with Tom Sams, Grace?"

Then Grace clapped her hands and cried out, "That's it, Dr. May! That's it, and there isn't any *bads* to own up to." Then Dr. May said he'd like to know what the "it" stood for that let out the "bads," and Grace was ready with her answer.

"You see, there ain't any *bads*, cause there *ain't* any. The folkses what call Tom and 'em kind bad, is only like us 'fore we found out 'bout 'em bein' good inside all the time. That's *it*, boys *is* good and folkses *is* good and "*stories*" is only what they thought when they didn't know sure."

Then Dr. May quit his teasing and his eyes looked like some tears didn't quite come and he kissed Grace and said,—

"That's the *true* gospel. WEE WISDOM. Ignorance is the father of condemnation, Ignorance is a lie from the beginning and the *father* of it. Go on little preacher; preaching the gospel of *love* and *good*, and may all, from the least to the greatest, learn that *Good* is the only reality."

After that Dr. May wanted to know where Tom could be found and Ned told him. Aunt Joy said after he was gone, that it was 'because church people misunderstood Dr. May that they didn't see what a Christ-hearted man he was.

Well, he hunted up Tom Sams that very day and hired him to take care of Beauty Bell, that's his carriage horse, and he was so good and Beauty Bell liked him so, that it wasn't long before the doctor declared, "that anybody Beauty Bell loved and trusted like she did Tom, was good enough to sit at his table and become one of his family; 'cause he had such perfect confidence in Beauty Bell's *good horse sense*."

I heard papa tell Ned the other day that he never saw a boy come to the front like Tom Sams. Why! papa couldn't praise him enough and said, "That boy's bound to make his mark in the world." And to think what papa said *once* about him! But Aunt Joy says you mustn't remember such things, 'cause we're not to look back. She says the warning, "Remember Lot's wife," means you're liable to get "*salted down*," if you keep looking back. Remembering things keeps you holding onto 'em and if you don't want to have what you had, quit looking back at it.

Maybe that's what's the matter with Dr. Good; but I don't believe he'll keep papa holding onto to old things, 'cause I'm sure papa is too glad to have it different. He don't want sickness and like that any more, I know, for I notice he likes to ask questions and he don't tell us any more "children can't understand."

I heard Aunt Joy talking to mamma. She said, papa had been a *live* thinker in every direction but religion and that if he'd carried his arm 'round in a sling as long as he'd let his church do his 'ligious thinking for him, he wouldn't be expected to have much use of it. She said that's why people didn't "*do the works*," 'cause

they used the church like a sling, to carry their *faith* 'round in. She said, "*Faith without works is dead,*" for a *living* God's bound to work and calls for living workers and *faith carried* 'round like a broken arm is not the kind God can make any use of. She says you're bound to use every bit of yourself—your whole mind, might and strength, when you work for God. She said she could see papa was beginning to see this and trying to swing his *faith* free and that he would soon develop wonderful muscle practicing *living Good*.

12.

Everybody calls papa "Judge Day" 'cause he's a lawyer and has to tell which side beats in court.

Jim Dix told Mike (Jim's Elder Noble's coachman) that he heard Elder Noble and Elder James and Elder Sharp talking about papa and they didn't like it 'cause Dr. Good had called papa before the session. He said, Elder Sharp said, he couldn't see what a minister could be thinking about to pick a fuss with such a man as Judge Day who paid so liberally to the church and was such a credit to it. He said it was a risky thing too to rouse such a man as him just because his sister had some foolish notions about religion; he was very sure they'd better put a stop to Dr. Good's proceedings, 'cause there was no telling what harm 'twould do the church.

Then Elder James "stood up" for Dr. Good and said such teachings as Aunt Joy's wasn't any "foolish notion," 'twas the devil's new dodge to catch souls and a minister who'd sit still and let such wickedness be talked in an elder's family wouldn't be a shepherd of souls. He was sure Dr. Good was doing the right thing and papa ought to be brought to account for lettin' such things go on in his family.

Then Elder Noble asked him if he'd ever talked with Aunt Joy. He said he hadn't. Dr. Good said 'twas a dangerous thing to do, 'cause she had scripture at her tongue's end to prove everything and anyone not 'stablished in church doctring was liable to be deceived 'cause the devil himself could quote scripture to gain his point.

Then Elder Noble planted his *six straight feet* against the big oak in the yard and folded his arms and told 'em "*his mind* about it," Jim said, and when

he got through there wasn't anything left to do but to believe him. 'Cause he began at the beginning and told all about Aunt Joy and us (you know 'bout us) and 'bout Janie Smith's mother's telling his wife how she got well because Aunt Joy and us children prayed for her and how happy she was now 'cause she knew Christ was always with her and there wasn't any good thing he wouldn't do for her. She told 'em a lot of things to set 'em thinking. And then he'd talked to Tom Sams and Dr. May and he said it seemed little less than a miracle to see all those things going on right here in our midst, the work of one gentle woman and three little children. He said his eyes began to be opened to see that these were the *signs* to follow the Christ faith. Believin' in Jesus as a matter of history never'd do any of his works and when he heard little Grace say, "*Christ's 'live if you'll live 'im,*" he realized the difference between "*faith*" and "*form*."

It's awful funny how it all came out after that. Papa didn't have to go before the session; I don't know why, only Dr. Good got sick and 's gone away for his health and folks act real different—toward us.

Why! Elder Noble wants Aunt Joy to have a Bible class and teach 'em how to get into the *inside* of it.

Aunt Joy told us how to do that, she says we're all Bibles and you'll find it all *inside* you, from Genesis to Revelation.

You can't see how it is at first, but when you begin to see, it's real easy. We're way over into Exodus; we've got away from the "Egyptians" and across the "Red Sea."

Egyptians is what we call Ned's lameness and mamma's sickness and all the *beliefs* we got away from.

There's such a lot of *new* things you think when you get your Egyptians all drowned in the Red Sea.

But I was going to tell, papa and mamma couldn't understand how, when everything looked so tangled up and the church seemed 'gainst us, how it *could* all smooth out so quickly and everything come out just like the *stories* have it when they wind up and leave everybody always happy for the rest of their life.

Aunt Joy says she don't believe in *persecution*. 'Cause everybody wants Good just as much as we do and wouldn't hinder *It*

a bit more, if they only knew. She says when you realize this, you quit condemning others, (she says condemn and damn mean the same) and then they quit condemning you, *and you love them and they love you and then its all smooth.*

She says its just *opinions* that make the sharp corners you run against: 'cause opinions's all that hurt and gets hurts. She says *Wisdom* shows you that *love* and *good*'s like a circle and don't have corners; don't commence and don't leave off. Just goes round and round forever and when you see how it is, you'll always have a smooth time. 'Cause that's *Wisdom's* way and "her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." Then papa said, "Because you had to become as a little child to find your way it ought to be called:—

"*Wee Wisdom's Way.*"

Set them Free.

How often we hear it said that the future of our country depends upon the children of today, and how few people (comparatively) perceive the fact that the children of today are most marvelous creatures if given their freedom to express what they feel and know is in their power to do.

How many parents are there who allow their children to act on their own inspiration? Are they not usually repressed, repelled and forbidden to do the very things that they want to do? And with "cold water" thrown on all their hopes, all their desires, and all their aspirations is it any wonder that they are mischievous, nervous and fretful.

There must be an escape-valve somewhere for their omnipotent energy to be let off. Steam bursts the boiler if it is not allowed to escape fast enough.

What is called mischievousness in children is nothing more nor less than repressed power which can no longer be controlled, or entire ignorance on their part of how to use their power.

Many parents are ignorant of this, and punish where they should encourage, repress where they should cultivate, and repel where they should cheer. In nine cases out of ten this is because the parents are ignorant of their own capacities and possibilities; and where the blind lead the

blind is it any wonder that both fall into the ditch?

I do not believe that there is any suffering to be compared to the suffering of a child who knows that the whole course pursued with it is one of injustice and unrighteousness. Even though it innately knows that it is because of soul ignorance on the part of its parents and its loving little heart forgives them truly, yet the trial is hard to bear all the same.

I would make a plea for the children, that their aspirations may be encouraged and that they may be assisted to manifest their ideals; for aspirations and ideals they surely have.

* * * * *

A little child should always be taught never to do to another what it would not like to have done to it. Kindness to play-mates and kindness to animals cannot be too strongly inculcated in a child.

Many chronic cases which have resisted all treatments will melt away under kindness cultivated in the soul; in fact, it will heal many of the ills that flesh is heir to.

Kindness lightens labor wonderfully. Little children would always be kind if the beauty of kindness was shown to them.

Kindness, if cultivated truly, would melt tumors and cancers and heal all diseases of the blood, because the very element of kindness is Love.

Many people receive kindnesses from others simply as a matter of course. Generally the one who does the kindness in such cases is in better health than the one who receives it.

Did you ever think how kind it was of Jesus to go about the country teaching the true way and healing the sick as he did? There are many now whose hearts are filled with loving kindness toward humanity and who are doing all in their power to help them. Will we treat them as Jesus was treated?

Let us learn to be kind. It is a quality which can be cultivated. Let us learn to be kind to little children. Let us learn to be kind to those who are young in understanding of the Truth.

"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

"But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."—*Fanny M. Harley, in Universal Truth.*

One of these Little Ones.



My name is MARY CONNOR and I live in Cincinnati, Ohio. I believe "God is Good and God is all."

I'm five years old now, one year older, 'most, than I was when I visited Kansas City and told "WEE WISDOM" what I said for my *grace* and *prayer*. If you don't remember about 'em, you can read 'em again. [WEE WISDOM, Vol. 1, No. 4.—EDITOR.]

I've found out the secret of happiness. I'll tell it to you: "If we want to be happy, we must try to make others happy." Mama says she thinks I'm putting it in practice, 'cause I'm trying to do kind deeds.

I don't believe in being sick or unhappy—God don't make such things.

I used to get the toothache sometimes and ask mama to treat me, and then I'd get all over it. But one day it ached *awfully*, I "believed," and mama's treatment couldn't help me a bit; then mama said:

"The time has come when my little daughter must treat herself and trust in God and not mama. Declare, God is all, and all is good, and *there is no toothache*." I did, and then I's asleep in five minutes, mama said, and I haven't had any toothache since, and that was a good, long while ago.

After that, one day I's swingin' in the hammock, by a rope tied round a post. It dropped out of my hands and I called mama to come and pick it up, 'cause I thought I couldn't swing without it. Mama was busy, and told me I could swing myself. And so I tried and what do you think! I swung ever so much nicer without the rope and I told mama so, and she said: "You see what you can do for yourself. You depended on the *rope* to swing you just as you depended on *mama* to help you in your belief of toothache." Then I saw how much little girls could do for themselves without always specting their mama's and ropes and everything to help 'em. God's all the help we need, He likes to have us have Him help us do everything.

I think picture-visits are real nice, and I hope you'll all come visitin' in WEE WISDOM, and then we'll know a lot about each other, wont we.

God love you.

Good-by!

MARY.

Good for Mary! Did you notice Mary's prompt obedience to her mama's words? Well, that's what wins. Suppose Mary had answered

her mama: "Oh, I can't treat myself, my tooth aches too bad!" Do you think she would have found the sweet ease and sleep that came to her through loving compliance. "Love believeth all things, hopeth all things." Trust and Love unite in sweet obedience and then comes *fulfillment*—always. Obedience is the sign of greatness and success, because it is born of love and trust—never of fear and doubt. Fear and doubt are the parents of *dis*-obedience.

Adam stands for disobedience.

Jesus stands for obedience.

"If you love me, keep my commandments."

"TAKETH NO ACCOUNT OF EVIL."

"There goes Marian Ray. Doesn't she think she looks fine in her new dress?"

"It's only an old one of her sister's made over; so she needn't be so proud of it."

"There comes Jennie Morrison. She has been asked to go into the choir, I heard."

"I don't think her voice is anything extra. Anyway, she can't do much but sing. She is awfully backward in school."

Just then the superintendent's bell rang to call the school to order, and the girls opened their hymn books and stopped talking.

There was a troubled look upon their young teacher's face as she joined in the spirited singing. She had often noticed the spirit of criticism and fault-finding which pervaded the class, and she was grieved to find that the girls seemed to take pleasure in detecting the faults of every one of whom they spoke. It was very rarely that they mentioned any one except in a tone of criticism, and if they did admit any good quality it was always done grudgingly and reluctantly.

Ethel wondered how she could teach them to have the charity that thinketh no evil, but "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." She had spoken to them often and earnestly about their growing fault, but they never seemed to remember her words, but let them fall unheeded to the ground as soon as spoken.

When the lesson was concluded she said: "I have a story to tell you, girls, if you would like to hear it."

"Oh, yes, Miss Ethel, we are always ready for a story," Nannie Ellis responded, and the attention of the class was at once aroused by the suggestion.

"I once saw a beautiful garden," began Ethel. "It was very carefully tended, and there were many varieties of choice flowers in it, and some plants that had been brought from distant lands. There were

several gardeners who gave all their time and attention to the cultivation of this garden, and it was celebrated for its beauty. One day I saw an old man walking in this garden, apparently enjoying the perfume of the flowers. He would pause before some beautiful lily and lean over it as if he were drinking in its sweet breath, looking at it as earnestly as if he wished every tint and hue to be indelibly painted upon his memory. Every now and then I observed that he would eagerly snatch something from the flowers and drop it into a large bag that he carried over his shoulder, and at last my curiosity was aroused and I determined to see what it was for which he was seeking.

"These are beautiful flowers, are they not?" I said, as I saw him bending over a rose bush laden with glowing crimson roses, each one perfect in its beauty and fragrance.

"They look so, they look so," he answered, 'but they are not so beautiful as they look. See, here is an imperfect leaf,' and he pointed out a place where an insect had disfigured one of the green leaves. 'I will show you what ugly things find refuge here,' he continued, peering into the crimson petals of a beautiful rose. 'Aha! I thought I should find it. Look here!' and with great satisfaction he drew out a slug that had hidden itself in this fragrant retreat, and after showing it to me he dropped it into the bag he carried.

"They're all so, every one of them," he said, with a malicious smile. 'They may seem very sweet and beautiful, but if you only hunt long enough you will find something ugly about them. I love to hunt for the ugly worms and slugs that they harbor.'

"He opened his bag and showed me that it was nearly full of worms and slugs, and he looked at them with more delight than he showed when his eyes rested upon the beautiful flowers. I was glad to leave him to his chosen task of finding all that was ugly, and I went away where I could enjoy the beauty and fragrance of the flowers without any one to show me their defects.

"Why, Miss Ethel, he must have been crazy," exclaimed Nannie Ellis. "The idea of just hunting for ugly worms instead of admiring the beauty of the flowers."

"Miss Ethel meant something by that story, I think," said May Howard, thought-

fully. "I don't think any one could really be so foolish."

"Don't you think, dear girls, you are just like that old man whom you call crazy and foolish?" asked Ethel, gently. "When you are so eager to find fault with every one, and instead of admiring what is good and lovely, only criticise every fault and imperfection, don't you think it is very much like seeking for slugs in the heart of a beautiful rose?"

Four faces grew very red as their teacher asked this question, and after a pause Nannie spoke bravely:

"You're right, Miss Ethel, but I, for one, will throw my bag away and stop hunting for all the ugly things I can find."

"And so will I."

And I," promised the others in eager chorus.

They did not forget their promises this time, either, as they too often had before. They remembered the story when they had forgotten their teacher's words, and if sometimes one or another was betrayed into a criticism, however slight, one of her classmates would ask laughingly,

"Where is your bag?" and the unkind remark would be checked at once.

And Ethel had the happiness of seeing her girls trying in earnest to break themselves of a fault that was marring their characters and making them more unlike the great Example whom she daily prayed that they might try to follow.—*Minnie E. Kenney, in S. S. Visitor.*

Owen's Demonstration.

Owen let a heavy iron bar fall on his foot; the force of it came on the great toe and seemed to crush it so as to take away the nail. He removed the shoe and had a cloth wound around it to exclude the dirt. Next morning he began to put on his shoes and was told not to do it as it would bruise his toe. "*There is no science in that,*" he said, "*It cannot hurt my toe and I will wear them.*" And so he did and there was never a word heard of his toe from that moment. When his mamma looked at his toe again in the course of a few days she saw only perfection.

"On the heaven heights of Truth
The true soul keeps it's youth."

The Story of the Edel- weiss.

Eben E. Rexford.

ON one the hand of misfortune fell,
And they led him away to a prison cell;
He met in the street a little child,
And she looked up in his face and smiled;
She saw that to prison his pathway led:
"May God be with you!" she softly said.
"God!" with a scornful laugh, cried he,
"Who is this God that we never see?
There is none. Yet you believe as true
This tale they have told. Well, I pity you."
"I need no pity," she bravely said;
"'Tis you have need of mine instead,
For a dreary life and a desolate heart
Is that in which God can have no part."
She took from her basket a little flower—
"It may seem like a friend in a lonely hour,"
And she put in his hand an Edelweiss
She had dug that day under mountain skies.
The prisoner paced his cell of stone,
But somehow he seemed not to be alone.
In his grated window the Edelweiss
Turned ever its face to the far-off skies.
He watched the leaves of the plant unfold,
And this is the story the Edelweiss told:
"There is God on the hills where my life began,
The God of the flower and the God of the man.
He is here with us now in this prison cell.
Oh, this dear God loveth his own so well!
Ever I turn to the wide, free skies,
So near to the home of the Edelweiss.
So a longing stirs in your breast alway
For the heart's true home on the hills of day."
"Can a flower be wiser than man?" cried he;
"Has this brought a message from God to me?"
He bowed his face on his hands and said:
"God of the living and God of the dead,
God of this flower and God of me,
Lead me out of my darkness up to thee."
He felt his doubts and his yearnings cease,
His heart was flooded with sudden peace.
"There is a God!" and his face was bright,
And his heart, like the Edelweiss, turned to the light.
He bore with him from his prison cell
The flower that had lived its mission well.
"Your God and mine is the same," said he;
"You shall share the freedom that comes to me."
And back to the hills and its own dear skies
He tenderly bore the Edelweiss.
And he knelt to kiss the flower and say
These good-bye words ere he went his way:
"You have led me from darkness into the light."
And the heart of the flower was glad that night.

COUNTING APPLE SEEDS:

"Love never faileth."
One,
I love,
Two,
I love,
Three,
I love. I say;
Four,
I love with all my heart.
Five,
I love alway.
Six,
She loves,
Seven,
He loves.
Eight,
We all love.
Nine,
Love in health,
Ten,
Love in wealth.
Eleven,
Love prevaileth.
Twelve,
Love never faileth.

WEE WISDOM'S RECEPTION ROOM.

Welcome, dear Wee Wisdoms! Welcome, everybody! This is my first *birthday* reception. Mother says Father will deny us nothing today; ask what you will and it is yours.

Love and Joy are serving us and this is our carnival of Life and Health and Abundance.

Our voices clear we raise	Thou art our life, our health,
In one glad song of praise	Thou art our strength and wealth,
To Thee, our Good!	O God—O Good!
To Thee, and Thee alone!	No other power we own
Our pure hearts Thy throne,	But Thine, and Thine alone,
O loving Good!	O God our Good.

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DEAR WEE WISDOM:—I will just run in to your birthday party to wish you a happy, happy day and very, very many returns of the same. I can't write a letter myself as I am too little yet, for I have only had two birthdays myself, but auntie is my—a great long word she calls it, which I can only say in pieces—am-an-u-en-sis. She makes the pen go right, but I tell her what to say.

I hear some frogs singing, but they wont hurt me, because they luf me and I luf them. I luf everything and there is nothing but luf everywhere. When I dug in the ground one day with a knife, I cut my hand. I 'iped the blood off wif a towel and said to it: "'At's all wite, Jonny, 'at's all wite," and it was all gone. I'm Jonny when I falls down or bump myself. I never hurts or crys when I falls and mamma says it's 'cause there's nussin but Good, and of course Good won't hurt me, even if it is a stone and I do fall on it.

I luf to listen to the little stories in WEE WISDOM. Once I learned a little poetry 'bout

"One little word to tell it,
Four little letters to pell it—
Luf,"

and when Colonel Bill—that's our rooster—stood on a stump and crowed, I drove him off and got on the stump and tried to crow, too, but the crow wouldn't come, so I said that little "luf poetry," and mamma came and caught me up and kissed me.

I hope all the little Wisdom's live in a world full of love, like I do.
Your loving little Wisdom,

RUTH HARRINGTON.

* * * * *

LA JUNTA, COL., Aug. 17, 1894.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—I like WEE WISDOM ever so much, I wouldn't like to have it changed at all. I want to tell all Wee

Wisdom's that God is my helper in trouble and when I feel badly, all I have to say is, "Lord heal me" and "Praise God!" and I feel well immediately. I have a pretty

black and white kitty and when it first came it wanted my fish and would jump up to the globe where the fish were and try to get them. First I tried to frighten her out of it by putting her head in the water, but that didn't do any good. Then I said to my kitty, "You are a *good* kitty, you will not hurt my fish," and kitty understood and now she will sleep in the window by them and not try to get them at all.

Yours with love,

PEARL HIGHNOTE.

,

PARKER, OKLA. TER.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—I will drive that *bad boy* who gets sick right out of my house, if he tries to come in again in all my life. I don't know how he got in this time without he crawled through some hole for I would never let him come in the door ("I am the door," Ed.) for anything. I would like to see Mrs. Coonie and have a talk with her. We would all be so happy to have our "WAG" dog down here, but we think he would be so sorry on the way and he has a good home where he is. My Auntie writes and tells us about him. She says he comes in to his meals with the men and takes a chair as near the table as he can find one. Tell little Ralph Barton that I think he is a pretty good preacher and his sermon is a good one for everybody to learn. I would like to have the Editor's picture in WEE WISDOM too. Good bye with much love

CLAYTON HINMAN.

Our Birthday.

"Believeth all things."

With us children—I mean all WEE WISDOM children—our first birthday is an important time. We must look back very carefully over the year and see how well we have remembered all the lessons we have learned, we must praise the Good in us for all the joy and happiness we have received, and must see where we can be more helpful in the coming year.

We shall find that we have been taught a great many things which have seemed very strange and sometimes very funny. The very first question we should ask ourselves is, "Have I really believed these strange and funny things WEE WISDOM teaches?" This is a very important ques-

tion as all the success in the future depends on the right answer; and all the good there is in looking back at any time is to find where we can do better the next time.

Another very natural and practical question is, "Why do I believe all these strange and funny things?"

Now I think the true answer to the first question is in the second. We really do believe these things, first, because our papas and mammas and best friends have told them to us, and they never tell us anything but what is true and is for our good. They stand for the real Good which teaches everyone what is the right thing to know. If we should ask our papas or mammas why they believe these things they would tell us that they had proved them to be true. That means that they have been told the same things by other wise people, and then have tried them for themselves and have found that what they had tried never failed. This is proof. We at once would remember that we, too, had proved our Good, for we have always found that we are happier and enjoy ourselves better when we think the Good than when we think otherwise. When we have thought that there was only Health, only Joy, only Good we have always proved it.

If we did not believe what our best friends tell us we would be like the man who lived "way down south" where there never is any ice. He was a very rich king, and hearing about the northern country wished to know more about it so he sent one of his best trusted men to find out. When he came back he told the king that water sometimes became so hard up north that a horse could walk on it. The king did not believe him and had him killed for telling what was, as he thought, not true.

Now it is just so with us, when our best friends tell us that we must only think joy and Good, if we say, "Oh, that is not so, I don't believe that" we shall seem to kill out all the Good in us and all the Happiness.

So we find it is altogether best for us to believe these things which WEE WISDOM teaches, and we want to find out just how to grow strong and sure in believing them. Now a very wise man once said in that very

strange book, the Bible, "Out of Judah cometh thy strength." Now what does that mean? Judah means simply praise. So we might read that "Out of praise cometh thy strength." That is very simple and very good for a birthday lesson.

We are to praise our blessed WEE WISDOM for all that it has taught us in the past and praise it for what it will teach us in the future. We are to praise everything. When the other children laugh at us or try to annoy us, we are simply to find out something good about them and praise them. We must praise our teachers, our lessons, and thus they will become a pleasure to us at all times. Let us always praise the Good and thus we shall "increase in wisdom and wax strong."

ROMEO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—You seem so bright and happy, we think your reception-room must be a good place to visit. We should like to bring little Mary Roberts to make your acquaintance. Her father is a preacher and her parents are both of them teachers; Mary is a cute thinker too; she had just stepped out of her fourth year, and an only child. Her mother wishing not to be disturbed for awhile, put the book of Martyrs down for her entertainment. The child studied for a long time over one of the pictures, at length she caught up the book, and ran to her mother in distress, saying, "Oh mamma, mamma, here is a man with a great black crown on his head but there is not one star in it. "O mamma, I don't want such a crown as that! Lifting her tear-wet face to her mother she said, pleading, "O mamma teach me how to get stars for my crown." I was spending a few weeks near the Professor's home, and learned of the above through a note from Mrs. Rogers.

A few days after this occurrence, Mary was sent for her father's mail, and the postmaster told her there was a letter for her too. She could not read it, but ran herself out of breath in her haste to have mamma read to her the letter that was 'all her own.' She was too happy to speak when the letter closed with a little poem.

As soon as the dear child could collect her thoughts, she said, "Well, I love her for all that is in this letter." "How much?"

her mother asked. The child looked puzzled to find a satisfactory comparison, presently she looked up very wisely and said, "I think I love her just like maple sugar." Her mother afterward told me the child's love for maple sugar was so great that those words expressed the ultimatum of everything desirable. This is a true story and I do not wonder the dear Lord said we must all become as little children before we could enter into His kingdom.

The last half of the rhyme in her letter comes into my mind and seems to want me write it for you to read.

Dear Mary, would you then appear
With gems upon your love-lit brow?
Ask Jesus to be with you here,
And teach you how to serve him now.

If you for other's sorrows care,
In words and deeds are always kind,
God's angels will the crown prepare—
Stars grow of love; bear this in mind.

S. D. N.

Some Questions for the Readers of Wee Wisdom.

Can you stop thinking?
Can anyone eat your dinner for you?
Can anyone think for you?

If a fruit dealer shows you a box of fresh berries and sends home a box of stale ones can't you think him pure and good if you choose?

Would not the "Love that taketh no account of evil" decide in his favor?

Will some one answer all these questions in one sentence? A FRIEND

How the Corn-Grinder Became a Miller.

A PARABLE.

In ancient times when corn was ground into meal by a small hand-mill there lived a man and his family whose name was Homo. He made a livelihood by grinding daily, from morning till night. But his wages were very small, so that his wife and children had to help work—to get enough to eat.

One day when he was anxious about bread and afraid that they might not have

enough, he fancied he heard a voice, which seemed to come from the mill mingled with the grinding of it and this is what it said—

“Grind away miller,
Though wages be small,
God never fails you
He careth for all.”

That cheered him and gave him new strength. Now the corn-grinder lived in a small house built beside a large, swift, running river and a little below there was a big water-fall, of which he could hear the roaring noise when standing or sitting before his cottage. One beautiful summer evening when he had done his daily work he sat down on his bench before his cottage thinking how he might improve his lot, when again the mysterious voice seemed to come from the roaring noise of the water-fall and this is what it said:—

“I’m flowing, I’m flowing
Never weary night or morn;
I can turn your mill easy,
I can grind all your corn.”

When he heard the voice saying this, he was very much astonished and not knowing what it might mean he told it to his wife.

Mrs. Homo was a good wife and mother, managed her home wisely, was very good at making ends meet and besides had a quick understanding and a practical turn of mind. When she had listened to what her husband told her she said: “John, why not try the river and take him at his word? You are something of a carpenter; can you not place a big log so that the water will turn it, and then fix it so that it can turn the handle of the mill inside the house?” That settled it. John saw it all at once and it wanted just his wife’s wisdom to give it the right direction.

So John set to work as a carpenter and laid a big log just a little above the water, fastened boards of wood all over the log to catch the water as it rapidly flowed by and so he got the log into a turning motion; then he found out a way by which the log was made to turn the mill and the first water-mill was made and the corn-grinder had become a miller. He could now grind ten times the quantity he could before.

He could live in ease and comfort and reserve his strength for the higher purposes of life.

So when his mill was in good running order and he was thinking over days gone by, the little voice came again from the mill singing:

“Grind away miller
Though wages be small;
He giveth the increase
Who careth for all.”

This little story my dear children has some meaning in it for each one of you in Christ Science.

The flowing river stands for the power of God that brings blessings whenever it is recognized and made use of. The still small voice is the divine consciousness in man. The mill is the human mind or intellect and the grains of corn are the words of God, for it is written “man shall not live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.”

CONRAD.

A True Fairy Story.

Once upon a time there was a very good little boy who lived with his Mamma, a very poor widow, in a large city. One day she took him down town and, as they paused in front of a toy-shop, he noticed a bright story-book whose page was open at the picture of a beautiful fairy, with wings as thin and as clear as a butterfly’s. The little boy had heard of fairies before but had never seen one. He wanted this book very badly so his Mamma gave him ten cents and he went in and bought it for his very own, took the book home and enjoyed the stories very much.

That night as his Mamma prepared him for bed he asked her if God would let him see some real live fairies if he prayed for them.

His mamma was puzzled, but answered, “The true fairies are in your own heart, dear. Every time you speak kind, gentle, or helpful words these fairies come from out their home and hover about your lips.” “There are many different fairies but they all have one grand, noble Queen, whose name is Love, by whom they are guided in their good works.”

“Do they work, Mamma?” eagerly enquired the child?

“Yes, dear. Their Queen keeps them very busy. She has them all trained like little soldiers and when she wishes any one

of her fairies to do something for her she simply thinks the wish—and out from its bright, happy home flies the fairy willing and eager to do its very best for Love's sake."

"And do they all have bright, happy homes with plenty of everything, Mamma?" asked the child wistfully.

"They do, darling," replied the mother with a sharp pain in her heart, for the child's question showed very plainly that he was not only often without bright, happy surroundings but that he also knew the meaning of hunger.

"Mamma, does Love ever send her fairies to poor people's hearts and make them happy again like we were before Papa died?"

"Sometimes she tries very hard to do so but it often happens that some unhappy hearts are so full of little demons who make the atmosphere so impure that Love's fairies cannot live there long enough to clean the heart out. And then she has to call upon her King, whose name is Wisdom for aid. Wisdom always works very cautiously and begins first by cleaning the windows of the heart."

"What are the windows, Mamma?"

"They are the perceptive faculties; that is, these poor hearts have been allowing little demons to come in whenever they chose till finally they crowded the fairies out of the heart and now all is dark, cold and dreary. As soon as these demons gain a foothold in the heart-home sickness, poverty envy, hatred and unhappiness begin to rule."

"But couldn't some of the good fairies have staid in the heart so as to not let the demons be so bad?"

"I was only citing extreme cases. There are very few people who have not several good fairies. I will tell you who these fairies really are, dear, then you can more clearly understand."

"Then you know them, Mamma? Oh, how lovely!"

"I fear I have not opened my heart to them as I should have done, else we would not be so poor," replied Mamma; then she was very quiet for awhile. Soon she looked down at the child and with a tender smile, softly said:

"Love has called Wisdom to help her

clean the windows of Mamma's heart and has already sent a bright ray of light into it showing Mamma that there are two demons in her heart. One is Anxiety, the other is Doubt."

"And will Wisdom help Love drive these demons out, Mamma, and send fairies to fill their places? And where do the demons go to?"

"No, dear, I do not want to drive Anxiety and Doubt out of my heart. The true Christ way is to convert them into good fairies. Anxiety is undeveloped Patience because when one overcomes Anxiety he becomes full of Patience. Doubt is undeveloped Trust because when one overcomes Doubt he becomes full of Trust."

"In the undeveloped state these are named Evil, but as soon as they are put to their proper use they are developed into Good. Therefore, I am led by Wisdom to see that just as soon as I have trained my demons to work according to the law of Wisdom—Love, they will become two of the most helpful Fairies. Their names will be changed from Anxiety and Doubt to Patience and Trust and it is the special mission of these two Fairies to supply the heart-home with Peace and Plenty."

"And then we shall always be happy and have plenty to eat and a nice warm fire in the winter, Mamma?"

"Yes, darling, yes. How Mother wishes she had realized this before. There shall be a transformation in Mamma's heart. The demons shall be changed to Fairies and there shall be no more inharmony, but Peace and Plenty shall fill our home. 'Tis then we shall "prove what is that good, that acceptable and perfect will of God."

"But you have always done God's will, Mamma, because you always say, 'God's will be done' whenever we are sick or our coal is gone, or we get hungry for something good to eat?"

"I said the words with my lips, dear, but never until now have I been able to understand *how* to say it in my heart. You see, little one, always before when I have uttered the words, 'God's will be done' I have not said them with *all* my heart because dwelling in it were these two demons Anxiety and Doubt who refused to have Faith in God's Wisdom and Love. Consequently they were traitors and did all they could to

influence the good fairies to come over to their way of living. Thus, while all the fairies would really unite with me in saying 'God's will be done' yet the voices of Anxiety and Doubt created confusion by calling out, 'God does not hear you,' 'You had better use your own judgment.' And so, while I allowed them to remain in such ignorance they ruled me. But now I have been shown by Wisdom just how to transform them into noble, faithful fairies who will unite with the others in bringing my heart into a perfect Oneness with God's just and holy will. It is then that 'All that the Father hath is mine and mine is thine.' There can be no sickness, no hunger, no sorrow, for we are now supplied from God's bountiful store-house of Health, Peace, Joy and Plenty. All is ours."

Such a flood of Divine Wisdom, Love and Peace fills the mother's heart as she sees her boy fall asleep with a bright, happy smile lighting the delicate face.

While he is sleeping, I will tell you some of the names of these true Fairies. They are Patience, Kindness, Generosity, Humility, Courtesy, Unselfishness, Good Temper, Guilelessness, Sincerity, Forbearance, Faith Hope and Endurance.

You have been reading about these fairies from the Bible because WEE WISDOM has given you "Love Never Faileth" to memorize.

In this chapter you will find the duty of each of these fairies. 1 Cor. 13.

MARCIA.

Ridley's mamma asked him what answer he would make to Coonie's question, "What is Life?" Ridley looked at her thoughtfully a moment, then a great light flamed up from within and glowed out through his eyes and cheeks as if a revelation too great for words had come to him. After wrestling with it awhile he closed his eyes and clasped his hands and this is what he answered, "LIFE?—*Life* mamma is this way, it seems to me—Like God *up there* was holding a great big rope and the little ends come down to us and we all had hold of one and couldn't live without it."

'Tis Heaven alone that is given away—

'Tis only God that may be had for the asking.

—Lowell.

The Lord's House.

Eva Watrous.

"Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh in vain."—Psalms 127:1.

Who builded these temples we now behold?
Who fashioned each different part?
Who is it has laid the foundation stone?
Whose thoughts are the guiding chart?

We all are laborers building for God
And our bodies the buildings are;
God's grace working through us, the work
 well done,
No enemy ever can mar.

Our thinking is building each moment of
 time;
Take care that the work is well done;
No selfishness, anger or fear should be
 used
In these temples, built by each one.

Our temples, you know, are built for a king,
The rooms must be spacious and grand,
The foundations placed on the rock of
 Truth,
That the walls forever may stand.

The work we have done will all be in vain
If God's grace the tools does not wield;
Love will try every part the same as by fire
That the perfect alone be revealed.

All that proves worthless must then be re-
 built,
Letting Love be our only guide;
A beautiful mansion will surely appear,
With rooms both lofty and wide.

And we must let nothing defile the place,
These temples are holy ground.
No other must ever enter in;
Naught else but the King be found.

A seal we must place every entrance to close,
God's seal that no other can break;
His Holy Spirit of promise, the seal,
Than this you none other need make.

Then will the Kingdom of God be on earth
Sin, sickness and sorrow be o'er
God and His people together will dwell,
And there shall be death nevermore.



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