

WEE WISDOM

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WEE WISDOM

STANDS FOR

The unwarpèd 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.

—JESUS.



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Appendix to Wee Wisdom's Way.

It's but fair you should know something about the birth place of this little story that has been telling itself to you all through the year.

Well, to begin with, the author of it has been subject throughout its evolution, to the ideas of the three boys she lives with. Many tenderly budding pages of Ned and Trixy's doings have been nipped by the early frosts of these boys' criticisms. Done in love, of course! and for the good of all concerned, and offered very gently *sometimes*, something like this.—

"But you see, mamma, though it sounds pretty well, *boys* don't do *that* way at all."

Just think what a backset that would be to a story. And so Ned and Trixy had to go to work and do it all over just to satisfy these boys I live with.

You can plainly see if there was anything lacking in "Wee Wisdom's Way" it was not *lack* of counsel or counselors.

If it takes kaleidoscopic talent and versatile patience to deal with three boys ideas, what must it take to satisfy *you* thousand?

So after a whole year's strain of this kind, with moderate success so far as three boys are concerned, I quietly brought matters to a focus, dismissed Aunt Joy, etc., and was congratulating myself upon getting out of it all so smoothly, when this little episode overtook me:

[SCENE: *Author's Study. Author alone, resting on her laurels (?)*. Enter *small boy, with "something on his mind."*]

SMALL BOY (pleadingly). Don't do *it*, mama, don't you stop *that* story. There's lots more to tell yet, and nobody can say it like Aunt Joy nor tell it like Trixy can. (Emphatically and commandingly) □ Don't you stop it, mama!

(Author reasons with small boy, tells him

that long stories are not desirable, people get tired of them, etc., etc., mentioning as an unanswerable objection that the volume is already closed and given to the readers.)

(Season of silent meditation on part of small boy, then sudden springing forth of plan:) Well, you can let it go over this once and ask 'em (that must mean *you*) if they don't want Aunt Joy and the Day family to come back and tell the rest.

I have already warned these three boys that if there were any more serials written at our house, the heroes must be their own selves, and the deeds recorded the "sure enough" doings of three boys, and they might be as choice and critical as they pleased about what was done and said. You see how I turned the tables upon my critics, and they don't seem quite to enjoy it. Do you suppose there could possibly be some little passages they'd rather not have written out?

However, I was afterward invited into their room to witness a new play and given permission to take notes. But you see, that was something I was not at all skilled in, and when I walked into this strange new realm, where chalk-marks and ribbons stood for boundary lines and rivers, and where citizens, soldiers and everything that constituted life here, was represented by hundreds of paper men and women, it was rather a stunner—but I promised I would try to study their country if they'd furnish me a good chart of it. But when I found the monarch of this realm holding court on the freshly laundried counterpane of an adjoining bed, enthroned upon my very own silver card receiver, with the wealth of my hat-boxes, drawers, etc., poured out before him in a Queen-of-Sheba-to-Solomon style, I was strongly impressed it would not be wise for *me* to report the fate of such a king. Marvelous were the ways of this strange country, and nothing short of a Pliny or Macaulay could follow the rise and

fall of such a people, and I am willing to leave it for coming historians to tell.

I think these boys I live with realized that they had taken me beyond my depth, for one of them cheered me with the assuring promise that he was going to give me *something easy*.

So that very evening, when these boys had cast aside the "work-a-day, play-a-day" world and made ready for the descent of the sweet angel of rest, this one gathered me to him and astonished me with the intelligence that he would like to get out a new work entitled

"HEAVEN UP TO DATE."

He had seen an illustrated book at the neighbors' bearing the title, "Hell up to Date," and his heart swelled with the mighty purpose of showing off the other side—the side of Truth—by giving the world a view of a practical heaven.

I will give his plot in his own language as nearly as I can, though I fear the illustrations he made to accompany it must be left over till he gets out his book:

"I'd have a big arch over the entrance and on it would be the words,

"THIS IS THE WAY TO PEACE."

"Then when they came in here, I'd have a place where the old would sit down and get up young, and another where the sick would sit down and get up well. And then I'd have places right up in the top, so when folks wanted it nicer and better they'd just look up and *wish* and then *go up* like they had wings, into a nicer, better place and they'd stay there till they wanted it nicer and better still and then they'd go up higher, and so on, getting where its nicer and beautifuler all the time.

I wouldn't have horses a doing the hard work. I'd have wooden ones with machines inside of 'em to do the pulling and let the real horses have a good time in the pasture.

I wouldn't have things killed to eat. I'd have everything of that kind grow on trees.

I'd have all the soldiers turn into farmers and have nice farms. I'd have all the beer and whiskey turn back into corn and grain.

I'd have sharks and such things so's little boys could ride on their backs, 'cause there wouldn't anything want to hurt anyone, for all the bad would go into

good and I think, mama, that's how we'd make "Heaven up to Date." Don't you think that's the way, mama?"

I quite agreed with the young author that the way of peace led us right into just such a country—consciousness—as he had tried to describe and I felt glad to see him fall asleep full of "*Heaven up to Date*."—*M. F.*

Of Such is the Kingdom.

MARY E. BUTTERS.

I was looking into Wonderland
One beautiful night of stars,
And I saw a sweet host playing
Upon Truth's musical bars.

And I listened to the story—
The wonderful, magical tale—
While over them fell a glory,
Like a white, transparent veil.

Then I knew that the sin or error—
The mists that had veiled their eyes,
Had changed to pure white robing,
Like they wear in Paradise.

Their voices rang sweet anthems,
These children of truth and song,
And I saw God's glory shining,
And making them brave and strong.

And I said, "O host of children,
Sing on, of Christ, the story!"
And I felt the theme transforming
The whole world into glory.

Everett's Science.

(One day a man with a hand-organ was at the door, his every appearance indicating poverty and want. Everett asked his mama why this man was in this condition, and said:) "I guess he swims into the ditches sometimes, instead of swimming into God's pure water of life."

"If you would just hold on to God you could change sick and dead to life."

(Instead of recognizing a hurt of any kind Everett says: "It isn't a bump, it's only a bumble kiss. I'll take whatever God gives me, and I wouldn't want God to take it away again. But not what the wrong thought gives;—I'll throw that right into the wrong thought's river again.")

Doctor Charlie.

It was Saturday and Charlie went to visit his grandma. He lived in Boston and grandma lived in a pretty country town called Newton. Charlie was a school boy six years old, and could only go to visit grandma on Saturdays and Sundays. She was the "dearest grandma" Charlie said, and four whole weeks had passed since he had visited her.

Now, what do you think had happen since his last visit, and Charlie never knew of it until he got there? Well, grandma had slipped down the back steps and could not walk around the house. Charlie never remembered seeing his grandma helpless before. He hugged her twice over, then stood with his hands behind his back (a habit he had when thinking) looking very steadily at a red figure in the carpet. Grandma watched her little boy wondering what he was thinking about.

Suddenly he looked up with very bright eyes. "Grandma" he said, "what'l you bet I can't cure your ankle?"

"I don't bet, Charlie, you know."

"Oh, 'scuse me grandma, I didn't mean 'bet'; I meant—meant—why, grandma, I meant *I can*, so now."

"How, Charlie?"

"Well, you see, there isn't anything but good, now is there?"

Grandma wanted to hear what Charlie had to say, so she answered "How about my ankle, Charlie?"

"Why, grandma, your ankle didn't say it felt bad, did it?"

"No dear, but I said so."

"How'd you know, grandma, 'bout its feelings; can it talk?"

"No, Charlie, but I felt it ache."

Charlie looked very soberly at the red figure in the carpet. He was thinking the matter over. Pretty soon you could see that his mind had caught the idea.

"I guess I'll have to tell you a story grandma. You see that place on my thumb?" Yes, grandma saw it.

"Well, I cutted it with my new knife, and it bled just like anything. I cried, just a little, you know, and my mama said, 'What you cryin' 'bout Charlie? Are you that thumb?"

Well, I thoughted about it, and 'course I

knew I wasn't such a little thing as a thumb, and so I guessed I must be cryin' cause the thumb couldn't. It was so funny that I just laughed, and course I couldn't laugh and cry too, so I stopped cryin'. I looked at my thumb and I said, 'Mama how 'digious you are to ask such a question;' 'course I couldn't be such a little thing as a thumb."

Then she said I was spirit; you know what that is, don't you grandma?"

"You tell me about it, Charlie."

"Why grandma, spirit is—is—good—that's it—you see. Now good can't be hurt, can it?"

"Well, no, Charlie, I suppose not."

"That's what mama said. She said I was full—yes, just *full* of the Good—that's God, you know, and a little bit of a cut on my thumb wasn't a cut on *me*, and if I would 'member that my thumb was full of God it would get well quicker'n a wink."

"Now, grandma, what'l you bet—Oh, scuse me, I forgot. I mean when I looked at my thumb it had stopped bleeding, no rag nor anything, so I said, 'all right, mama, its done bleeding.' So off I went to play. Now, grandma, you see I forgot about it, playin' so hard, and *true's you live*, I never 'membered to look till it was all well. Now, what d'you 'spose cured it?"

"What did?" asked grandma.

"Why, God," said Charlie.

"How?"

"Cause he was in it."

"In what?"

"In my thumb, *course*."

"Oh!" said grandma. "And do you mean to say I am not my ankle?"

"Course you aint."

"And you think God is in my ankle."

"Course he is."

"Well, how can I cure my ankle, Charlie?"

"You don't have to, Grandma. *Just let God tend to it.*"

"Won't I have to ask him?"

"I spect he don't have to be told, grandma; he prob'ly knows all 'bout it; but grandma, you just say this *lots of times*. Say it right in your *think*, you know, and I'll say it too. 'Mr. Ankle, you're just *full of God* and God can't fall down or get hurt, *so now*.'"

Charlie closed his eyes and *thinked*. So

Wee Wisdom

did grandma. Charlie was thinking very hard, you could see, for his smooth white forehead had a number of little puckers on it. Grandma was doing some big thinking, too.

"Now, grandma," said Charlie after his think was over, "you just take hold of my hand and I'll help you to walk." Grandma was willing to try, for Charlie had taught her a beautiful lesson of faith in God, so she tried, and, sure enough, she could walk. Charlie shouted triumphantly, "I told you so, grandma."—*S. E. G.*

A Child's Prayer.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I know that God his child doth keep;
I know that God, my Life, is nigh,
I live in Him and cannot die:
God is my health, I can't be sick,
God is my strength, unfailing, quick:
God is my ALL, I know no fear,
Since Life, and Truth and Love are here.

Song of the Flowers.

I am little Butter-cup,
Blooming by the wayside,
I wear a golden dress
And on the winds I ride.
My name is Dandelion,
My dress is yellow, too,
Butter-cup and I are twins,
Joyous greeting I give you.
I'm a little violet
And my dress is violet blue,
Butter-cup and Dandelion
You love me, and I love you.
I am called a daisy,
My dress is white and yellow, too,
But I'm not proud, you see, and so
I turn my golden eye on you.
Dear sisters, you are very fair,
And all the world is fond of you.
You're always modest, sweet and bright,
And little Wild Rose loves you, too.
All—We are flowers fair and bright
Blooming in the bright sunlight.
Nodding gaily as we sway
In the wind from day to day.

Growing all along the way,
Nodding, nodding all the day,
Thus we add our little mite,
To make the great world fair and bright.
—*S. E. G.*

Budge's Prayer.

• "Dear, Lord, we thank you for lettin' us have a good time to-day, an' we hope all the little boys everywhere have had good times too. We pray you to take care of us an' everybody else to-night, an' don't let 'em have any trouble. Oh, yes, an' Uncle Harry's got some candy in his trunk, cos he said so in the carriage.—we thank you for lettin' Uncle Harry come to us, an' we hope he's got *lots* of candy—lots an' piles. An' we pray you to take good care of all the poor little boys and girls that havn't got any papas an' mammas an' Uncle Harrys an' candy an' beds to sleep in. An' take us all to Heaven when we die, for Christ's sake. Amen. Now give us the candy, Uncle Harry."—*"Helen's Babies."*

Many times what is said to children either causes or prevents a disease with them in after years. The mentality of a child is fertile ground in which what is sown will grow and bear fruit, let it be wheat or tares.

Example is better than a precept, yet is the precept mighty.

Our character is the sum of our qualities.

Quality can be acquired, therefore health can be acquired. A Christlike character would manifest health divine.

I have often heard excuses made for people who were cross and selfish, that it was because they were sick and felt so bad; when it should have been put the other way, that they felt so bad and were sick because they were so selfish and cross and so regardless of other people.

One of the first things that should be taught a little child by example and precept is kindness. Kind thoughts are healing wherever they fall, and are a tonic to whoever thinks them.—*F. M. Harley.*

As this parable has been ringing in our ears, down through many centuries, we have been slow to understand that the kingdom of God is within us, and that spiritual development is always an unfolding, and a looking on to the best that is yet to be.—*Samuel Richard Fuller.*

A Fairy Godmother.

"Oh, dearie me!" one morning sighed our merry little Lou,

"I have n't got a single—a single thing to do!

I wish a fairy-godmother would come and talk with me,
And let me wish three wishes; I wonder what they'd be?

"Well, first,—now let me think a while,—I'd wish for bags of gold;
A hundred million dollars I guess I'd make them hold.

And then I'd wish for golden hair, and beautiful blue eyes,
And a real grown-up lover to praise me to the skies.

I'd wish—oh, yes! to be a queen, and he should be the king,
With courtiers, and trumpeters, and all that sort of thing.

We'd ride on milk-white palfreys all dressed in gold and green,
And the people everywhere would shout, 'Long live our gracious Queen!'

Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?" sighed foolish little Lou;

"I wish the fairy-godmother was here, and it was true."

Just then her own real mother called: "Oh, Lulu, child, come here!

I wish you'd rock the baby a little while, my dear.

He's dropping off to sleep, you see,—he'll soon be quiet now.

And then I wish you'd shell the peas, while Bridget milks the cow.

She says she's 'clane bewildered' to know which way to turn,

For Sandy's in the mowing-field, and Nora's got to churn.

I wish you'd set the table, and see what you can do

To help us with the little things—that's mothers' daughter Lou!"

Up jumped the little maiden, with a twinkle in her eyes,

And a merry notion in her head both whimsical and wise;

"My mother wished three wishes! Now I shall have the fun
Of being fairy-godmother, and granting every one."

As cheery as a cricket she went about all day,

And out of every little task she made a sort of play,

Until her happy laughter, and the tuneful song she sung

Had sweetened Bridget's temper, and stopped her fretting tongue.

The baby, too, she humored in many a baby whim;

He cried for her at bed-time to go up-stairs with him;

And her mother kissed her fondly when she found her nodding there,

With his chubby fingers tangled in his sister's curly hair.

"You've been my comfort-daughter this livelong day," she said;

But Lulu hardly understood—the little sleepy-head!

"It was such fun," she murmured, in a dreamy, drowsy way,

"To be a fairy-godmother! I've had a lovely day."

MARY BRADLEY, in *St. Nicholas*.

One of these Little Ones.

:: :: :: :: :: :: Myrtle is a little girl six years old. She wants to tell all Wee Wisdoms that when she was a baby she was almost blind. She could not open her eyes at all and



they pained her day and night. Her mother took her to many doctors, but her eyes grew no better. When she was two years old a lady saw her and told her mother that God could heal everything, and that He would cause Myrtle's eyes to be bright and full of light. Then the lady helped her to believe and trust that God is light and health. Now Myrtle is a happy little girl with eyes as bright as anybody's. She loves to see the sun, the bright daylight, the stars, the flowers, the shade trees. She delights in romping and playing with

other children and she is going to learn to read and write. She loves WEE WISDOM and gets her mother to read it to her. How lovely it is of WEE WISDOM to tell all the children who read it that Good can heal all our diseases and that no one needs to be sick or in trouble for if we understand God as the All Good and know that we are his children, it is easy to see that we are well taken care of. WEE WISDOM has told us more of love than anything else, and it is well, for love is God. Love is the highest we can think of. How happy we are when we have none but loving thoughts toward everybody and everything. How happy it makes us to know that only the good is true and all else will disappear and vanish like a shadow if we hold the true thoughts about it, which are love thoughts. We are a strong band already, we readers of WEE WISDOM, but we want to become stronger, we want to tell more children of the beautiful trust and love life that WEE WISDOM teaches and tells us about. You all know that next month is WEE WISDOM's birthday [which is now past. ED.] Now let us go to work and get others to take the paper so that twice as many can read it. Do you know how this can be done? I will tell you. Take one of the numbers of WEE WISDOM to your schoolmate or your neighbor's children, or send it to your cousins in the country or those in the State of Maine, or California, or some other State. Tell them what you like best in the paper and in

what it has helped you most, and how much happier you are since you understand its teaching—the glad gospel of true living. Then tell them to subscribe for it so they can get it twelve times in a year, and they'll find out that you could not tell them half of the good things that are contained in it. You see if we love our neighbors we want them to have all the good things we have, and there are many and many people, young and old, who have never heard that we can be well and happy right here in this world, for they have been taught differently, and this is why we want to spread the little paper, for it can talk to so many every month. This is a long letter for the first time, but I hope WEE WISDOM will have room to put it all in.

A LOVER OF CHILDREN.

Mamie's Lesson.

:: :: :: :: :: :: ::

Mamie loved flowers. She had one little pot of pink geraniums which she was very careful to keep in the full sunshine, for it had a marvelous way of keeping full of fragrant blooms.

Mamie was a dear little soul, but had gotten into the dark habit of pouting when things did not go to suit her.

Mama tried vainly to make her little daughter understand how sadly these dark moments affected the little life that should blossom into gladness and make all about it happy.

One day as mama was looking from the bright little plant in the sunshine to the unhappy little girl in the corner it suddenly occurred to her how that little flower could become Mamie's teacher. And this was the way she brought it about. She called Mamie to her and told her to take the little pot right down into the dark cellar and leave it there until she was through pouting. And every time Mamie would pout the little flower was banished from the sunshine into the dark cellar. This was done so often, and it spent so much time in the dark that it began to tell sadly on the little geranium. The bright flowers quit coming, and the little stems grew thin and pale, and it was almost leafless when Mamie came crying to her mama wanting to know why she made her spoil her dear little flower. Then it was mama sent Mamie to the little plant to learn her lesson. Mamie put the pale little geranium back into the sunny window, and sat down beside it. Mama went out and shut the door, for she knew the flower could tell its own story.

Mamie sat very still and looked at the slender little arms of green, reaching up toward the sunshine that poured in through the window in warm golden floods. Little Mamie felt its waves of light and gladness dash over her in delightful sensations. It seemed not to stop with

Wee Wisdom

touching the outside; it shone way in through her, till she seemed to see and know as she had never seen or known before. "Oh, you dear little flower," she cried "oh, you dear, glad sunshine! You shall never be parted again. You can't grow in the dark; you can't be happy in the dark, for the *glad* and the *light* must go together." Then she remembered what her mama had said about dark words and thoughts that shut out the light of happiness. And was it the flower that spoke to her then, and told her that it was as bad for little girls to stay in the darkness as it was for little flowers? And did it show her that *love* was the sunshine of little hearts and made them blossom with sweet kindness? It must have been, for little Mamie then and there resolved she'd never hide away anymore in the dark cellar of pouts, and she told mama so a few minutes afterwards. And to this day Mamie and the flower have been companions in sunshine and happiness.

M. J.

What the School Bell Says.

It is wonderful what unlike things
The school bell says to the boys, when it
rings!

For instance, the laggard, who drags along
On his way to school, hears this sort of
song:

Oh—suz—hum!
Why did I come?
Study till four—
Books are a bore!
O how I wish
I could run off and fish!
See! there's the brook.
Here's line and hook.
What's that you say?
Hurry up—eh?
Oh—hum—ho!
S'pose I must go.
Study till four—
Books are a bore!

Then the boy who loves to be faithful and
true;

Who does what his parents think best he
should do.

Comes bravely along with his satchel and
books,

The breeze in his whistle, the sun in his
looks;

And these are the thoughts that well up
like a song,

As he hears the old bell with its faithful
ding-dong:

Cling, clang, cling—
I'm so glad I could sing!
Heaven so blue,
Duty to do.
Birds in the air,
Everything fair,
Even a boy
Finds study a joy!
When my work's done
I'm ready for fun.
Keener my play
For the tasks of the day,
Cling, clang, cling—
I'm so glad I could sing!

These are the songs which the two boys
heard,

When the school bell was ringing, word
for word.

Which do you think was the truer song?
Which do you hear, as you're tugging
along?

Don't be a laggard—far better I say,
To work when you work, and play when
you play.

—James Buckham, in *Journal of Education*.

Do you know,
As to and fro
Sways the bell,
It must tell

With its tongue,
When it's rung
To you just what 's
In your thoughts?

That is why,
If you sigh,
Must the bell
Sigh as well.

Or if you,
Glad and true,
Love school well,
It must tell.—M.

WEE Wisdom's Reception Room.

Once more, welcome all!

There are so many good things promised us for the coming year that we are sure to get our Wisdom-house well filled.

You see we want ideas that'll work. If we're anything we're practical. If there's a *faith* that works we want it; if *faith* isn't made to work we don't want it, 'cause we know there's *something* that's bound to work.

A lady said, she was sorry about the story's being told us, how those two boys, Homer and Norman, prayed their frozen kitty to life, 'cause she's 'fraid we'd all be prayin' for dead cats and they wouldn't do like that one did, and then we'd get discouraged and quit believing in *faith* and prayer.

Now what do you think about it? Every Wee Wisdom 's free to tell what they think about it.

Jennie:—It strikes me, if *faith*'ll work once, it ought to work again. I was awful glad for the boys 'cause it's nice to have your cat alive, you know. But what gets me about big folks, is, if they's so afraid about a story like that discouraging us, what makes 'em keep talking about what Jesus did. Seems like he'd discourage us more'n anything else, if *faith* aint going to work for us, 'cause *his* *faith* worked every time.

Well, *Jennie*, that's straight WEE WISDOM goods and if Jesus is to be believed, we have just as good a right to have our prayers answered now as he had, 'cause he said you could pray for whatever you wanted and get it, too, if you'd just believe it hard enough, and that's *faith* and if you haven't got it hard enough, why its your own fault and not the cat's, that it don't come to life. What is it, *Dollie*?

Dollie:—I's thinkin', folks 'ad better be a lookin' out for 'emselves, 'cause we'd be all right if they didn't keep saying, "Children believe everything you tell 'em." Now if we's to *not* believe, how's we going to be like *love*, and how's we to believe *hard*, like Jusus said would do works?

Dollie's question will do for us to think about all the month, 'cause we want to know if it's "so or unso" about "believing all things," and we want to be on the side of Wisdom, 'cause you see WISDOM is our *sure-enough*, *real* mother and she always knows. Let us all, every one, ask her about "*believing all things*," and see who are the wise ones, those who believe everything, or those who don't believe anything.



*"As lives the flower in the seed,
As in the cone the tree,
So, praise the God of truth and grace,
His spirit dwells in me."*

*"As rays of light from yonder sun
The flowers of earth set free,
So life and light and love come forth
From the living Christ in me."*

—Selected.

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—I'm glad you gave us some questions to answer, for I think I can answer them.

Q. Can you stop thinking?

A. I've tried to see if I could, but it would think. You stop when you sleep, though, 'thout dreaming is thinking in your sleep. Is it?

Q. Can anyone eat your dinner for you?

A. Why, I gave my dinner to a hungry little girl at school one day and she ate it for me, but I was awful hungry afterward.

Q. Can any one think for you?

A. They're always trying to do it, but you don't like it much better than having 'em eat your dinner for you.

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

A. We might, 'cause you see we might feel like eating him up and we wouldn't the berries.

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

A. Yes, it would, and you ought to have it, too.

MELL.

"Our Brothers and Sisters."

"Think how bleak a world this would be if it were quite empty of birds and animals! Imagine a broad field of grass without a living thing in it! Picture a forest with boughs and branches and leaves all dancing in the sunshine, and never a robin, nor a sparrow, nor a linnet: think of a hillside without a squirrel or rabbit to run and frisk.

The busy bees, the merry crickets, the grasshoppers and speckled butterflies, the curious little squirrels, the shy rabbits, the bluejays, the woodpeckers, the chattering sparrows, the cooing doves and the quails—all are filled with the same life which animates us. They are our little brothers and sisters in feathers and furs, and we owe them love, care and remembrance."

We were so pleased with this small scrap of big truth which we found in "The Sunday School Visitor, that we want all our Wee Wisdoms to hear it.

Much as we have talked about the One Life in all, we had never thought to call these wee-er sharers of it—"Our little brothers and sisters." It is a wonderful name for them and really makes us feel a family pride in them, as well as compels us to have a care to their life-rights.

If you think we have all the wisdom, you are fooling yourself, for they are sharers in the One Mind as well as the One Life.

Why, the tiny ant you so unthoughtedly set foot on, was held up as a teacher of wisdom by Solomon. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, and be wise."

* * * * *

Here is a true little story about our wee ant brothers and sisters. There was a community of them once made up their mind that pie was a good thing to have—which goes to prove their relationship to us—and they were not long in locating a pantry where pie was always to be found on the shelf. They made that pantry their dining room. They were very regular in their habits, they came to breakfast every morning at 7 o'clock and had pie for breakfast.

They came to dinner every afternoon at four and had pie for dinner. The cook objected, they had never hired him to make pies for them and he had no idea of passing them off for relations. So he walled the pies all round with a ring of molasses,

and then watched the result. Next morning the little hive of ants came marching in from a corner to breakfast as usual, headed by their leader. When he reached the molasses he halted, about 40 out of 500 ants stepped out with their leader. They seemed to be taking counsel together for a time and then proceeded to examine this wall that shut in their breakfast. Certain portions of it seemed given to the different ants and each selected the point in his part where the stream of molasses was the narrowest. Then the leader seemed to make a tour of inspection and then gave marching orders, when the ants all made their way to a hole in the wall where the plastering was loose. Here they broke ranks and set about carrying pieces of plaster to the place in the molasses which had been agreed upon as the narrowest. To and fro, to and fro they went from the nail hole to the molasses.

They worked at this bridge-building steadily for nearly five hours before they passed over in triumph to breakfast on pie. Their energy and perseverance softened the cook's heart. He felt sure that they were willing to *work* for their pie.

* * * * *

There is a beautiful story in the June number of *Our Dumb Animals*, written by a French lady, in which she tells her experience while visiting a friend who was living in an old castle. It seems the invitation sent her said "I wish to introduce you to some of my very dear friends." She took that to mean, that she was expected to meet lords and dukes and duchesses, and so carried with her to the castle an elaborate wardrobe. But to her surprise *toilets* were not in order, for these 'dear friends' were just her friend's lovely and intelligent dogs and cats, mice and birds and bats. Her friend she called Rosa, and a lovely soul she was. We can not tell you all she saw and did, but we will give you this little description of her introduction to some of our very accomplished little brothers and sisters.

"The fire burns lower. Rosa, who has been scattering bits of sugar on the hearthstone, suddenly bids me remain perfectly quiet and watch and listen. I obey her, feeling very nervous for fear some apparition may appear from behind the drooping curtains, or some stately dame may step out from her gilded frame. I notice

that "Dandy," the sleek little rat-terrier, pricks up his pointed ears, and that "Mother Puss" opens her big yellow eyes and stares expectantly into one of the dark corners of the chimney, while Rosa leans forward and points in the same direction.

In a moment I see a tiny pointed nose, the end of a little mustache, the twinkle of two little, bead-like eyes. There, in the corner, peeping out between those large stones, a little, silky, white mouse, with ears as pink as sea-shells, creeps shyly out, and soon is followed by another, then by more and more, until ten at least of these pretty creatures are scampering close to our feet. Their little black eyes shine and their nimble feet run rapidly over the warm hearthstone, as they dispute the bits of Rosa's sugar. When the last morsel is gone, these odd little mice coil their long, pinkish tails close around the tiny feet, as though they were going to sleep. Then a slight murmur rises gently from the midst of the little group. At first scarcely perceptible, it increases, until we easily distinguish low, sweet, musical sounds, reminding me of the soft, light touch of a passing breeze over the chords of a harp. Oh! the dear little singers, rosy and white, cuddled there together!

"Mother Puss" closes her eyes to shut out the temptation to taste such daintiness, while "Dandy" passes his tongue regretfully over his lips, both of them knowing that these little white mice, pink-eared and silver-voiced, are sacred to their mistress and must not be harmed. A firebrand falls upon the hearth, sending out a shower of sparks, and the singing mice flit away through the crevice in the stones. People say that only *sick* mice sing, but Rosa, who is good authority, affirms that hers sing every night after she has fed them with sugar. * * * * *

"And now she beckons me to come with her to assist at the second part of the concert.

Crossing the great antechamber, she opens wide the latticed door, and we step out upon the balcony overhanging the moat where the water shimmers in the moonbeams. The park is flooded with silvery light. Peace and profound quiet reign over all. Not a leaf is stirring; not a sound breaks this wondrous stillness, where the

nightingale only may sing while nature sleeps. Listen! From out the mass of deep foliage there in the distance rises slowly a gentle note, one alone. It ceases, but is again repeated, that same sad note, in which there seems to quiver a shade of regret. Once more that low, strange note is flung out into the night; a lone sigh from some poor suffering heart, so human in its tone of woe.

"Suddenly, like magic, there bursts forth a ripple of song, joyful and melodious as strains from a heavenly choir. Glorious, triumphant, it rises higher, grows sweeter and more intense. The universe seems to be filled with this one little songster's melody until the highest note flashes out from the bird's sweet throat, as if in defiance of past sorrow, a supreme call to happiness, and the all-conquering notes soften into a thrilling song of passionate love. Now sweeter and gentler, it tells of pardon, of forgiveness, of trust everlasting, of faith beyond death. Like pearls dropping singly from a silken thread, priceless in their purity, so these precious notes, beautiful beyond description, fall one by one from the warbler's throat, out into the still night, and cease, *never* to be forgotten.

"I am weeping from the emotion caused by this magnificent solo. Rosa draws me away from the enchanted scene where I fain would linger, and we descend into one of the lower dungeons under the moat. Here all is damp and dark as midnight. I feel the chilliness from the slimy walls and hear the gurgle of the waters rolling in the moat above. I shiver with fear and cling to Rosa, who carries a torch in her hand to light this dismal retreat. As the flame creeps into the nooks and corners, I catch glimpses of great, round eyes blinking out from underneath tufts of brown and white feathers which rustle impatiently at our entrance. We are evidently unwelcome visitors, for the old owls slink back into the deep shadow of their niches in the walls, and their offspring, the white-breasted young owlets, thrust their comical round heads far from the edge of their nests, and salute us with a feeble "Hoo-Hoo!" as though to frighten us away. Rosa declares that the owls are also her friends, and answers back the baby owl's salutation by such a loud and sonorous "Hoo-Hoo!" that

it brings all the wise old philosophers out from their sleep, awakens the echoes of the dim old dungeon, and a general chorus rises, in which I cannot distinguish Rosa's voice, so perfectly does she imitate the unearthly hoot of the owl.

"I plunge my fingers into my ears, and rush away after Rosa. Passing through a narrow corridor, I am again much disturbed by seeing what appears to me in the flickering torchlight to be a long black rope, hanging from the high oaken rafters. As it sways to and fro, I recollect certain tales of miserable prisoners confined for years in these deep dungeons under the water, and whose tortures were ended only when they were hanged until dead from these same black rafters. I shudder, and fancy that the seeming rope, swinging there in space, may have served the horrible purpose! Fascinated in spite of my dread, I step nearer, and am just on the point of touching it when, to my amazement, the black rope suddenly separates into different pieces; each piece becomes endowed with a pair of fibrous, hooked wings, a little mouse shaped head, and ears sticking up in surprise; black eyes snap wickedly at us and a whole company of bats fly silently away through the long stone gallery. Rosa says these bats join themselves together by the ends of their wings, which are armed with little pointed hooks; and being sociable by nature, they suspend themselves together in this friendly manner from the ceilings of all the quiet nooks in the castle. She leads me back through wide halls and along winding passages, full of mystery and fantastic shadows, back to my apartment, where I fall asleep and dream that I am a little brown nightingale, hidden from sight in a mass of dark foliage; that Rosa's "friends," nature and animals, so long unknown and unloved by me, are faithful and true friends, and that I am singing their praise to all mankind in the thrilling notes of the King of Song!"

Heed how thou livest. Do no act by day
Which from the night shall drive thy peace
away.

In months of sun so live that months of rain
Shall still be happy. Evermore restrain
Evil and cherish good, so shall there be
Another and a happier life for thee.

—Whittier.

Five Questions Answered.

In the last issue of *WEE WISDOM* some one who signs "A Friend" asked five rather curt questions. They are good questions, too, because, if you try to answer them at all you must pass through a process of systematic thinking, taking up the questions in mind thread by thread, weaving them together till the answer lies before you whole and perfectly woven into cloth of gold. And when you earnestly meditate on any certain point or question, you are sure to come out with a *clear idea* of what you sought to know.

Have you ever been through this experience? When you first try it you will feel a sense of deep mental satisfaction. You will feel a thrill of glad surprise in *knowing* and learning some certain thing "all by your own self." Then, as you more earnestly and faithfully keep up this exercise, you will find your very soul expanding and there will be such a sense of freedom as causes the soul to cry out "I am free! I am free! The Wisdom of the Universe is mine!"

So true is it that meditation on questions pertaining to Divine Life is the *only true educator*, that even Jesus Christ retired apart from men to bring himself into oneness with the Divine Master Mind. Having attained to this high standard of soul development, Jesus came again among men to teach them the difference between the mortal mind and the Divine mind. And when we fully understand that there is a difference, we are led to choose the Divine rather than the mortal mind or nature. Some may object to this statement, but the questions answered below are just the very material needed to illustrate what is meant.

Can you stop thinking?

The mortal mind, or Adam nature, of us often falls into habits of thinking which are even more pernicious to moral health than some very bad habits of action are to physical health. There can be no true healing of such a state of mind until its mode of thinking is changed. It is then that we must stop thinking on that plane and rise to the Christ plane. All the old thoughts of anger, resentment, jealousy, or greed must be converted into thoughts of love, forgiveness, praise and thanksgiving.

When we pass through this change of mind we are truly "born again." Then when we look back to the old life we realize that we have put off the corruptible and put on the incorruptible. Nothing can

harm us now, for we have become "hid with Christ in God."

Can anyone eat your dinner for you?

The Adam nature answers, "Why, no! Of course not!" Who can say otherwise on the spur of the moment? And yet when you think of it, some one *can* eat your dinner for you. For instance, suppose you have a nice, warm dinner spread before you on a cold winter evening. Just as you are about to partake of it there comes a rap at the door. You leave the table and opening the door find a hungry lad before you. He asks for something to eat. You hesitate, while through your mind passes the thought, "Shall I give him my dinner? I am hungry and have just enough for myself." Then a quick glance at the hungry eyes fastened eagerly on the food before him, and—your heart melts. The Adam selfishness is converted into a Divine sympathy and compassion. You bid the lad to be seated and eat freely. Do you think you could continue to feel hunger yourself while you watch that hungry brother before you being so fully satisfied? I believe in that way some one can eat your dinner for you.

Can anyone think for you?

Some one has said "Each man must think for himself." Yet, is there not a way in which one may think for you? Did not Christ think for many of those he healed? All Scientists use the expression "holding thoughts for" such and such a person. Healers think for these persons until they have roused the Christ consciousness into action and the patient comes into direct communication with the Divine Mind. Having once been helped to that height he will never choose to go below to the mortal plane of thinking.

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?

We will suppose that you have already come into the true way of thinking. Then there can be but one answer to this question. You would know that in reality the dealer is pure and good. Like the Savior you would say quietly and compassionately of such actions, "Lord, forgive them for they know not what they do."

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

It would. But how about the Adam or mortal mind? What would it say? Many unkind things, to be sure. And what good would it do? None. For while we condemn anyone or anything we simply stand still and alone. We must put all this to its *right use*,—convert it into compassionate forgiveness before we can take a single step toward that Divine Christhood within reach of each one of us. Truly, love is the best of all good things.—Marcia.



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In the October number of UNITY, H. Emilie Cady commenced a regular course of lessons in Science that promises to be very instructive.

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