

WEE WISDOM

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



REBELL - SCHWABER SC

WEE WISDOM

STANDS FOR

The unwarped faith that believeth and nopeth 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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Dr. Charlie and his Bird.

Aunt Seg.

Some of WEE WISDOM's readers are asking "Why do you call Charlie doctor?" You see, they did not read that first story about Charlie's curing his grandma's ankle; so we will just explain how he went to visit her and found that she could not move out of her chair. She had slipped down two or three steps at the back door and sprained her ankle, (so she said). Charlie's mama is a Christian Scientist, and she teaches her little boy that God is in all people and things. That if you think you are hurt, and then suddenly remember the presence of God in every single atom of space you make up your mind at once that if God is there, all is well, so the hurt and the pain go away just as a shadow goes away before the sun. Charlie thought in this fashion for his dear grandma and she thought, too, so of course she was cured right away and that is how Charlie came to be called "Dr. Charlie."

You remember about Charlie's pets, don't you? Well, his Auntie sent him a beautiful canary, all yellow except a few streaks of black on its wings; and it would sing—O my! how it could sing!!! Mama was going to buy it a lovely cage but Charlie said "Don't pen it up in a little cage, mama, 'cause it likes to be free same as any one."

Mama thought so, too, but did not see just how to manage it, but as they looked over matters they concluded to let birdie have the whole play-room to fly in. It was April now and the pets did not need a fire to keep them warm. Mr. Howard had built a little platform on the window-sill outside, for the dove and there she rested and cooed or flew to the roof at her own sweet will. She would come at once to Charlie's call for she never went farther than the roof or one of the trees in the yard. Charlie would

have liked to leave his canary, whom he named 'Dainty,' just as free, but mama said it was not best to do so at first, so they gave 'Dainty' all the play-room. To make it a very sweet place for Dainty, they moved some plants into the room and the little bird had a bower of beauty all at his own command.

You remember Katie, the little girl in the last WEE WISDOM? Charlie often invited her home with him; she hadn't such a nice play house, nor any pets, and she was 'all alone,' so Charlie told his mama; that is, she was a very shy, timid little girl and the rest of the children did not take much notice of her. Charlie always looked out for the people who did not seem to look out for themselves. Both the children had sweet voices and could sing like canaries themselves, only in a different fashion, you see, and Mrs. Howard would sometimes go to the piano and play over their school songs and while they sang, you should have heard Dainty. His yellow throat would puff out and how he would sing! You would have thought he was giving a singing lesson to Charlie and Katie. He was very tame, and if Charlie would only keep still enough, would alight in his hair, and if Charlie would throw his head back, the bird would walk gravely down his nose and look into his open mouth as if it were a small cave full of pearls. Sometimes he would peck at the pearls, upon which Charlie would burst out laughing. Then Dainty, in great surprise at such a tremendous noise coming out of the cave of pearls, would spread his wings and fly away, alighting upon a plant, where he would turn his golden head first one way and then the other trying to satisfy himself that Charlie was Charlie instead of an earthquake. Then he would begin to sing as if earthquakes were nothing to him, but joy was an eternal verity.

There was one thing Dainty did, which

neither Charlie nor his mama approved of, and that was he would peck at the plants and keep them ragged. He did not eat them for he always had things that he liked better, such as celery and cabbage, so it seemed like pure mischief. They had been wondering how to teach Dainty a lesson, when Charlie suddenly exclaimed, "why mama, I guess we forgot to 'member 'bout treating Dainty."

"Sure enough," said mama. "He can be treated to let the plants alone; we'll both treat him, Charlie."

"What'll we say, mama?"

Mama considered a moment and then gave Charlie the following statements to say over in his mind. "Dainty, Spirit lives you and moves you. You are spirit in the form of a little bird. You are a good bird because you are Spirit. You are a wise little bird because you are Spirit. You are wise enough to let the plants alone. You do not want to tear the leaves, you are goodness and wisdom in the form of a little bird."

You see, children, both Charlie and his mama in saying these things, really believed them, and so they came to pass; for *whatever* you fully believe the Good can do for you, *It* will do.

So Charlie and mama treated Dainty and for a wonder Dainty was perfectly still, with his head cocked first on one side and then on the other, just as if he were listening. Now it is a fact that Dainty let the plants alone after that. It is not difficult to believe this, when you remember that the principle of Intelligence or knowing, is everywhere, in man and beast and bird and flower; It only wants to be recognized, and then it springs into joyful action.

Now the wonderful story about Dainty comes in. Charlie's mama had gone to town, leaving the house all alone till Charlie should come home from school. When the little boy came, he, as usual, looked around for mama. Of course he did not find her, and he ran out again to play awhile. Tiring of play, he thought of Dainty and went to have a frolic with him; but he was gone. Charlie called, but no soft flutter of wings, no sound, no sight, of his dear little bird. His eyes were so full of tears that he could not see very well, but he hunted among the plants until he

found Dainty lying on his back with his little gray legs straight up in the air as if they had been calling for help. Charlie took him in his hand but he didn't move. Charlie kissed him and called his name in a heart-broken way, but Dainty's merry voice refused to answer. Dear little Charlie, how he sobbed. He always cried in this fashion; never making a noise except in the case of Sam and the turkey, when his screaming seemed part of Gobble's defense. Presently, it seemed to him as if a voice somewhere in his mind said, "Charlie, God is here." "That's so," he said, brushing the tears away; and laying Dainty upon a soft cushion he buried his face in his hands and as fast as his aching heart would let him, he thought about God as life here and now. He declared that if God was Dainty's life, and he knew he was, then Dainty was full of life now. When he got to this thought he began to be comforted, and with a lighter heart he continued to think thoughts of life and not death. He was so absorbed with his thoughts that he jumped to his feet almost as if awakened suddenly out of sleep upon hearing a faint "peep, peep," and there was Dainty stretching his wings and feebly hopping, as if trying to gain his usual equilibrium. I wish you could have seen Charlie's face. It was all streaked with muddy tears, for his hands, as is often the case with boys who play ball and such things not very clean, and through the streaks the sun of joy and gratitude was shining in full glory. He just clasped his hands together saying, "I just wish I could see God, I love Him."

Dainty was all right and flew to Charlie's head, walked down his nose, looked into the pearl cave, and very critically examined a tear which still stood sentinel upon the rosy cheek.

This is a true story, children, so you may know that "all things are possible to God" and you may know that "All things are possible to them that believe," and putting the two together, the thing is done.

When Charlie's mama came home and heard the little boy's story, she praised the Spirit in her child—in the bird—in all people and all things, and saw more clearly than ever before the power of simple unquestioning faith in the Omnipresent Good.

Ned's Philosophy.

A thousand miles from mother's gentle care,
 Ned clasped his father's hand in sweet content;
 For Ned (wise three-year-old) is all aware
 How love enfolds him like the firmament.
 Weary at eve, outstretched the father lay,
 His black-eyed cherub nestling at his side.
 "Why do you come so close?" we heard him say,
 "Because I *love* you, papa," Ned replied.
 "Why do you love me so?" the father said,
 "'Cause you love me!" cried Ned with eager joy.
 "Why do we both love one another, Ned?"
 "Because we both love mamma," quoth the boy.
 O wisdom high and wonderful and sweet,
 Finding in love a reason for all things!
 O blessed child! beside whose eager feet
 The fadeless flower of love forever springs.

—M. E. Bannister, in "*The Youth's Companion*."

A Mission of Love.

"Halloo, little Nell! where are you going this morning?" said a sweet voice from under a large, spreading oak, near a small gate leading into the road.

"Why, Grace! are you there? How glad I am to see you. I was just going over to Mrs. Lyons'. Mama wanted me to take this basket of fresh bread and cakes over to her, and see how she is feeling today."

"Is anything the matter with Mrs. Lyons? We had not heard."

"Yes indeed, yesterday while she was crossing a street in T —, she was run into by a frightened team, and was very badly hurt. The doctors think she will be a cripple for the rest of her life, and you know there are those little ones with no one to take care of them or support them but her. I don't see how anything could have hap-

pened to such a good woman as she is, but I must go. Can't you go with me?"

"Not this time, but stop when you come back and let me know how she is."

Now, Nell was a dear, good girl about twelve years of age. She had a beautiful home, kept bright and happy by the pure loving thought of her mother, and Grace was her constant friend, living very near and being only one year older. Both girls had been taught the power of thought by their parents, and in their sweet, simple way were always sending forth loving thoughts to all whom they saw in need; even their dear little kittens are made to manifest through this wonderful power of love.

After a few moment's thought Grace ran into the house and told her mother about the poor lady so badly injured and asked how it was God let such a good woman get hurt, when all those little ones were depending upon her for food?

"I will tell you, dear. Don't you see this woman was not trusting the Father to lead her, or he would have kept her in perfect peace? She was hurrying; she was anxious; feeling that she really had so much to do, and so many mouths to feed, forgetting our Father is full supply. Now it is being proved to her that her children are fed, though she is unable to do the first thing for them. Who was it prompted Mrs. May to send food to those little ones? Truly it was the all wise Father and he always looks after his children. It is only when we neglect to listen to Him that we meet with seeming harm, which often leads us to see our folly. But there comes Nellie, you had better run down to the gate and inquire how she found Mrs. Lyons."

"Yes, mama, I will. I asked her to stop and let us know." Off she ran to see Nell, for while her mother had been talking, a beautiful thought came to her. She met Nellie at the gate with the new thought shining out all over her face so brightly that Nellie said, before Grace had time to speak a word, "What is the matter, Grace? How happy you look."

"Oh, I'll tell you, but first tell me how you found them all over there."

"Not so badly as was thought, for the dear woman can use her arms, but her

limbs are useless and will be the remainder of her life, so the doctor says. But you ought to see how thankful she is to think her hands are spared, for now, she says, she can earn bread for her little ones when she gets strong again."

"Well, I'm glad she is thankful. But I have been taught, while you have been gone, that those children are not dependent on her for their supply or they could not have had any breakfast this morning."

"Mama says our Father in heaven is our supply and He put the good thought in your mother's heart, and caused her to send to them, from her bountiful supply which is from Him also. Now, Nellie, we will tell her in the silence that the Father is *her* supply and she shall not want, and I know she will be supplied even though she does not get a thing to do for a whole month after she is able to work." So they agreed thus to do and both were faithful.

The days flew by and each day either little Nell or Grace would go to see Mrs. Lyons, and found her so bountifully supplied that they continually gave thanks, till at last she was able to sit up all day and do light sewing. Kind neighbors gave her plenty of work and they lacked not for work or food.

Then said Nellie, "what next can we do for Mrs. Lyons?"

"I've been thinking we ought to show her how to let God be her sufficiency in every way; if the Father can give one thing he can another and he will supply the lack or seeming lack of vitality and make her every whit whole. We will hold to the truth, good and strong for three days, then let us both go and see her and tell her all about it."

Again the little workers have a mission of love. Both go on their way rejoicing.

Three days soon pass by, and the girls meet in their favorite nook, under the large willow at the foot of the lawn near a trickling stream where they, in days gone by, had made their mud pies and many other strange things.

"Have you heard from Mrs. Lyons, since we began thinking the good and truthful thoughts for her?" said Nell.

"No, not one word, but some way I feel as though something wonderful has happened. Let us go at once and see her."

As they quietly opened the door, there stood, yes, actually stood, Mrs. Lyons. She kissed the dear girls and told them to be seated, for she had a strange experience to tell them.

Grace and Nell were seated and listened to much they had expected to tell.

"First, I must thank you for all you have done for me, in coming so often to see me, bringing me the very things I was most in need of."

"But," said Grace, "we never should have thought of bringing anything if God had not put the good thoughts into our hearts; so after all it is not we that should be thanked."

"Very true," said Mrs. Lyons, "and I have learned a wonderful lesson. First, He made me to see that He was our supply and while I have toiled so hard to clothe and feed my, or His, little ones, He has taught me, that in Him is perfect supply."

"Many days I have thought of this and given thanks. But just three days ago while I was giving thanks, the words came to me, 'If He can supply one thing he can another, and He can make me every whit whole.' Well, I listened and thought but could not quite understand. The next day it came so strongly and plainly that I gave thanks just for the beautiful thought; then came the desire to try and walk. It seemed that some one spoke to me and commanded me to walk; then came the confidence, and immediately I stood up and from that moment have been able to walk as freely as ever.

"I hope I have not wearied you, but it seems as though I must tell every one of this wonderful blessing; my heart is so full of thanks and praise I cannot keep still. I know only God could do such a wonderful thing."

Both girls told her how glad they were to see her so well and happy, then bade her good-bye. As the little girls parted at the gate that day, they both said they had never been so happy in all their lives before.—Margaret.

We have bound last year's *WEE WISDOM*'s together, and whenever anyone comes 'round enquiring, "What is Christian Science?" our little Edith immediately answers, "I will get *WEE WISDOM* and let Aunt Joy tell you." The result is, she keeps them out most of the time, doing missionary work 'round the neighborhood.
—Mrs. G.

*A Talk with the Little Ones.**Clara Conklin.*

"My children, stop and listen—do you hear that still small voice within you?"

"Well, that is the voice of God pointing out the way, telling you ever the right from the wrong. He is ever present, ever watchful, knowing every thought you think, every deed you do."

"But, Aunt Ellen," said little Rob, "what if people do naughty things in the dark, does God see them then?"

"Yes, child, for wherever God is, Light is, for He is the Light of All things, and as He fills all space, so all must be Light."

"Well, then," questioned bright-eyed Sue, "why is it we have darkness here, why can't we be like God and shed light wherever we go?"

"We can, dear child, if we try. God, our loving Father, created us in His image and after His likeness and 'tis our right to manifest or bring into action all that God gave us, and when we begin to lean on our Divine Father, and to trust Him to bring all things to pass, then our chimneys shall have been cleaned and the light within us that God gave shall shine forth."

"Well, then, Aunt Ellen, that's why Jesus always did so much good, wasn't it—because He looked to God for everything?"

"Yes, child, Jesus knew that God was his life, and without Him, he could not exist. You know that Jesus Christ was given to the world to show us the way, that we might know we had the same Light within us and to inspire us with the desire to become like Him,—that we might rend this veil of mortality and look to the higher man, the *inner* man, the Christ within us to do all things."

"I don't understand, Auntie, what you mean by rending the veil of mortality," spoke the truthful Madge.

"Well, it is like this, suppose you were in a dark room and mama should bring in the lamp, the darkness would be all gone, wouldn't it?"

"Of course," came the quick response.

"Well, then, that is the way with the people's minds, they have been plodding on for ages in the dark and now this grand Truth has come and we all see that as we realize

that God is all causation the darkness disappears."

"Then if God is Good why does He let papa be sick?" queried Agnes. "God does not send sickness upon His children, my little girl, for He is a loving Father. Do you think your papa would want to send sickness upon you?"

"No ma'am, because he loves me."

"Of course your papa would not want his girl to be ill, and Oh! how much greater is God's love than even papa's—now do you see that God watches and cares for His little ones?"

"You remember where Christ said, 'Who-soever doeth it unto the least of these, doeth it unto me,' meaning that those who helped one another, no matter what their station in life, or what they were doing, it helped Him, because it proved to the Christ that His teachings had not been in vain; that He had shown the people how to conquer themselves by doing good to others."

"Now, my little sweethearts, it is your bedtime, come kiss Auntie good-night and always remember that Christ said, 'Little children, love one another!'"

"When a naughty thought comes to you, speak to it, tell it evil has no power over you, for you are the child of Love, and are Good, because you are God's child; and the knowing that God and His angels are ever with you, will keep you good."

"Good night, my little ones."

Truth Song.

As sung by Mary Conner and her mama.

TUNE—At the Cross.

Through the Truth, Through the Truth;
I first saw the Light.
And the Burden of my heart rolled away.
It was then by Faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

Through the Truth, Through the Truth,
I have found God is Life,
And that Life is ever present with me here.
Now by Faith I'm kept in the arms of Love.
And know there is nothing now to fear.

"The Lord is my Shepherd;
I shall not want;—
He maketh me to lie down in green
pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters."

One of these Little Ones.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—My name is Melville Wood, and this is my picture. I was a little fellow when this was taken and I'm five years old now. Aunt Seg says it looks just like me now.



Sometimes, when she is talking to the folks, she looks at me and smiles. I suppose its because she likes me. One Sunday my Grandma left me looking at the pictures and went to meeting. After awhile I went to meeting, too. They all seemed s'prised when I walked in alone. I don't see why, do you? I'm a big boy.

My dog's name is Budge and I've got a harness for him; he draws me on the sled.

I've got a pony too; her name is Fanny. She run away with me and Budge this morning and broke the buggy, but I'm all right and Budge, too. I expect God took care of us.

I like WEE WISDOM and Dr. Charlie and the dove, and the little Peace baby; and I'm going to learn the pillow verses. I guess my letter is about long enough, so good-bye,

Your little friend,

MELVILLE WOOD.

.....

This small Wisdom is quite a remarkable boy. Quite unlike most boys, he rarely ever mispronounces a word, and takes it upon himself to correct his grandma if she is not equally particular. He said to his mama one day, "Mama, I just worship you." Mama replied, "My son, I worship you more fondly than you do me." Said the Wee Wisdom, "That would be impossible."

His grandma, who is a Christian Scientist, did not like to have Mel-

lville find out that animals were killed for food, and one day she was quite startled to hear this: "Grandma, bears eat us, and we eat chickens."

There is never any calculating what a five year old boy is going to say and do, but Melville is a sweet little fellow and every body loves him. WEE WISDOM has to be read a great many times over to him.

Ye Editor to Wee Wisdoms.

Sub Rosa.

You are doing nobly. Your dear letters come pouring in freighted with blessings, and I want them to *pour*; for the promise is "I will *pour* you out a blessing." I like that word *pour*; there's nothing skimp or slack about it, it always brings such a sense of abundance.

The sun *pours* out radiance and warmth; the clouds *pour* down refreshing showers. God always *pours out* His gifts. They are never offered in a slack, skimp way and it is only because of our own slack, skimp way of accepting them that we have imagined He did.

"*Believe in*" is what opens the way for receiving. *Believe in* blessings and they will *pour* out upon you: *believe in* Good and the "Father of every good and perfect gift" will shower it upon you. *Believe*, BELIEVE, BELIEVE and the windows of heaven are open for you.

Do you tire of the Love Banner and its message, hung upon our page from month to month?

You want to know God and the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, don't you? Well, that's why WEE WISDOM "Keeps Love's banner floating o'er you."

"God is Love" and to know what Love is like, and how Love deals with everyday experiences, is to know what God is like and how God deals with us.

I earnestly desire that you shall hang this little banner in your memory-room and have a wise answer for that satan-self that tempts you to forget whose child you are. When satan-self whispers "There now! I wouldn't stand that—I wouldn't take a dare," just let the Jesus-self repeat, "*Love suffereth long and is kind.*"

Why, you will be surprised, how these wonderful words will help you out. Just like Jesus Christ's words helped him to get the satan-self behied him. "Ye are of God, little children, and greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world." Greater is the God-self than the satan-self. Believe in the God-self and say to the other self, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

You will find this month's pillows filled with what some of our friends have experienced to be the *downiest down* of all the Wee Wisdom pillows yet slept upon. Among them is the one Warren has glorified with his little melody. These pillows are doubly filled with healing and harmony. All who have sent in orders for Easter pillows will receive them on the very first of April.

Mother Earth's House-Cleaning.

"O dear!" murmured old Mother Earth, "how annoying!
The winter has ended and spring has begun;
There's all my spring house-cleaning waiting before me,
And not a thing done.

"There'll be sweeping and scouring in every odd corner;
I must lift my brown carpets and put down the green,
Clear my ceilings of cobwebs, and wash all my woodwork,
Till everything's clean.

"My servants are willing enough, but so plodding;
My daughters are idle; I have but one son,
And he looks as if he considered my trouble
Just nothing but fun.

"There are garments to make; yes, there's the spring sewing,
Great heaps upon heaps, and I almost despair,
With spinning and weaving, and no one to help me
Or lighten my care.

"Then think of the guests I am hourly expecting,
What beves! and every one's room to prepare;
Whole families of birds, flocking in all together,
No trouble will spare.

"I must worry and work in the kitchen preparing
A separate dish for each separate guest;
For their tastes always differ; what one fails to relish
The other likes best."

But the south wind brought water, and all the winds helped her,
Even her sun kindly proffered his aid;
Till, at last, every parlor and chamber made ready,
She proudly displayed.

Then the bluebirds, the blackbirds, the robins and thrushes,
Came hurrying past in a chattering throng.
They greeted her warmly, and uttered her praises
In cheeriest song.

The crickets, the frogs, and the ants, and the lizards,
The bees and the butterflies, every gray moth,
Found his place ready waiting, his dinner to suit him,
Whether bread, meat or broth.

—Selected.



Love suffereth long, and is kind;

Love envieth not;

Love vaunteth not itself,

Is not puffed up;

Doth not behave itself unseemly;

Seeketh not its own,

Is not provoked,

Taketh no account of evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity,

But rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things,

Believeth all things,

Hopeth all things,

Endureth all things.

Epistles.

DEAR CHILDREN:—

How kind of you to call me 'Sunbeam.' If I am a truly Sunbeam to you, I am so glad, for that is exactly what I wish to be, not only to little children but to large ones, also.

But I think I'll be 'Aunt Seg'. It won't hurt if it only scratches out wrong thoughts and scratches in right ones, will it? It certainly has the merit of being quite unusual, but I don't want you to think of 'Sarah' as common, for it has a very profound significance which I will explain. If you will open the Bible at Gen. 17. 15-16 you will see that this name was spelled Sarai and that God is said to have changed it to Sarah. Names in the Bible mean principles, and you know I told you the meaning of a principle in the catechism.

It means that which works out things, therefore when God changed this name, it is said He took the letter H from Jehovah, and by it Sarah became a divine principle. I did not like my name until I knew this, and now I would not exchange it for any other.

It also means Princess, and putting the two together, it means the Princess of Jehovah.

So, my dears, do not scorn it as common, for it is full of a beautiful truth, viz: it unites the human to the Divine, which is the highest office of every daughter (Princess) of the King of Life and Love and Peace. But, children, I am always your true and loving friend no matter by what name I am called.— *Aunt Seg.*

DEAR WEE WISDOM:

I am very glad somebody wants me to explain the "Sunbeam Society," because it makes me feel that the time has come for the Sun of Righteousness to shine so bright that soon the mists will all roll away, and we will see the truth and beauty of these lines of a dear post friend.

"Heaven is here, here within us,
Not in some far off distant land,
And our souls are swinging censers
Flashing lights on every hand."

The idea of the Sunbeam Society originated with the editors of the Mail and Express in New York City. Kindergarden Sunbeam Societies were started and people were asked to send boxes of clothing for the children to distribute among the destitute. The object of the Society is to make others happy, and the members must have smiles, loving words, and kind acts for all. They must also be kind to animals. I spoke of the beautiful work to some little girls in our city, and they began holding weekly meetings which made them look about for something to do that would hasten the reign of love on earth. They have learned to watch for opportunities to be useful at home and abroad. One little girl could sing well, and she wanted to be a missionary to one of the poor families and sing to them. All had some plan for making others happy. I have been visiting people in different places, and feel like suggesting that some of the older people help the children to enlarge their field of usefulness. Wherever I show WEE WISDOM to the people they say, "Oh how nice!"

but very often dear children are too poor to take a paper. I think it would be very nice if we could organize Sunbeam Societies all over the world and teach the children to save some money for the editor, that WEE WISDOM may visit many homes where they have never seen a copy of it, and its angel reaching down to the children of all races will help them to look up and see the Kingdom of God descending. The mottoes for each month will give light and life, and the children will learn to live so near to the loving heart of God that they can feel at all times that He that is in them is greater than he that is in the world. The money saved by loving hearts will have great blessing resting upon it, and I am sure that all who unite in such a work will feel a new joy. "Little children, let no man deceive you, he that doeth righteousness is righteous, *even as he is righteous.*"

"Little children keep from idols,"
Is the dear disciple's word.
Abide in Him, as hath been taught,
For He comes as ye have heard.

MARY FRAME SELBY.

CANTON, OHIO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—Through the kindness of a friend, I receive a copy of your paper every month, and I like it very much. I like it because it teaches me about God and how to know which is my real self and to see the good in others. Some times my teacher in school is cross, but I have learned to know that it is not her real self and so I do not mind it and I love her just the same.

From your friend, MAY RUTH WHITE.
(9 years old.)

DULUTH, MINN., March 10, '95.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—I am a little girl nine years old. I love WEE WISDOM so I do not think I could get along without it. I have learned to play Warren's piece and sing it. When I was ten months old I fell on the stove and *seemed* to burn my face. It left a scar which drew my nose to one side. When I began to read WEE WISDOM the scar showed very plain. I said, "Spirit is perfect," and it is nearly all gone now. I think a nice name for S. E. G. would be Lovebeam. Lovingly,

JENNIE BROWN.

(If dear little Jennie will affirm strongly

everyday, "I am the perfect child of God and I shine with the beauty of Holiness," her little nose will grow straight and whole. ED.)

SING SING, N. Y., March '95.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—Would you not like to hear about some work I am doing for little children? I have opened a day nursery where little boys and girls, whose mothers go out to work, and who are too young to be in school, can be taken for the day. We have a good warm dinner for them at noon time, and luncheon for them before they go home; and I teach the little things to say before they eat:—

"God is Love, All is good,
We thank our Father for this food.
Amen."

I have two pretty play rooms for them, and a sunny piazza. Some of the merchants have given me playthings—toys, dolls, books, blocks—and the dear little children do have such good times. I have to believe in, and trust the All-Good, constantly to keep up the funds for this work, and I want every dear WEE WISDOM child who reads this letter to send me many loving thoughts that all the little children at the "Christ Child Day Nursery," (that is what I have named it) may be well and happy, and learn to love the good, and that I may have all the money I need, and clothing for the little children who come so poorly clad. If any of you want to send me money for this work, and your mamas and papas will let you, I shall be most happy to have you do so. My address is,

MRS. WILLIE J. L. FITHIAN,

25 Broadway, Sing Sing, N. Y.

When I started this work I did not see the way clear at all but the thought kept coming to me about the dear little children whose mamas went out to work everyday, and I wanted so much to do something for them and while I was thinking about it, and trying to decide what to do, a dear friend not knowing anything about my desire, gave me some little pictures, one of which was a sweet babe representing the infant Jesus. As soon as I looked at it, I said "Surely, I am to work for the little children." A gentleman, hearing me say there was some work I wanted to do, gave me a little money and I made some little pincushions and

sold them, and one morning, while thinking about it, and wondering where I would find a house, there came to my mind, the little house, which I now have. I walked by it that day to see if it was suitable and found it vacant with a card up, "To Let." Some dear friends then became interested, one beautiful woman in particular, and gave me money. I hired the house, and found a good woman with one little daughter to live in it, and take care of my Nursery children, and I realized how sweetly tender and divinely mysterious the All-Good was working, opening beautiful gates for Love and peace, to flow to the homes, and hearts, where little children have wanted food, and mothers been pressed with care. But I must not make my letter too long, so more anon, dear children, about my little "Christ Child Day Nursery." However, before I close I will ask you to send healing thoughts to a dear little lame girl who comes with her crutch and cane. Her name is Belle Tuttle, she is five years old, and a sweet child. I know the beautiful Christ-truth can heal her.—W. J. L. F.

ASHLEY, O., Jan. 1895.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—You are a dear, sweet little messenger of love to all who may have the pleasure of your acquaintance. I enjoy you as much as the children can. As I have no wee ones of my own I send you to a dear little fellow who calls me Aunt Sape, and thinks when anything is the matter with him, Aunt Sape can cure him. I am Aunt Sape to "the three boys," too. I like their suggestions about story writing and look eagerly for their bright, cute sayings. Your frontispiece shows your love for *all*, without distinction of race, color or condition. You carry love and peace wherever you go. God bless you.

AUNT SAPE.

Wee Wisdoms, I will tell you of a little Messenger sent from God. She is four years old. Her name is Gladys. She is one of those dainty, blue-eyed, flossy-haired darlings, so loving, so gentle, so full of merry little ways. Her dear, loving mother calls her Sunbeam. I call her Blue Eyes. She is so unselfish. She has an older sister who always wants all for herself. Little Sunbeam will say, "Never mind, mama,

let sister have—whatever it is—Gladys does not care," then she will give up her chair or anything she has, with such a loving little heart. *Truly of such is Christ's Kingdom.* Christmas afternoon while she was in the yard playing with her new dollie wagon, she fell, her dear mama hearing piercing screams, ran out, and carried in her little Sunbeam, and a pale little Sunbeam it was. She took off her cloak and a little helpless, broken arm fell down. Her mama commenced to cry, too, at the sad sight. Little Gladys forgot her own grief and pain instantly at her mama's tears, and said, "There, don't cry, poor, sweet mama, it don't hurt Gladys one bit"—stilled her own distress to comfort her dear mama. I have a number of cages with canaries. They are usually very timid and will fly very much alarmed at strangers. Gladys will come over, sit right down among the cages, put her little hands in the bars. They don't mind her at all, but will jump around, turn their heads side ways and chirp. I guess they think her a little Love-Bird, with her gentle loveliness so like their own. AUNT J.

Aunt Seg's Catechism.

WEE WISDOM: "Suppose a boy strikes you, what would you do?"

AUNT SEG: What caused the boy to strike you?

W. W. He got angry.

A. What caused his anger?

W. He thought I didn't want to play with him.

A. And did you?

W. No Ma'am.

A. Why not?

W. Well, he's ragged and dirty and he says bad words.

A. Let me see. In our last lesson, I asked you this question, "What will you say if someone behaves in a way you do not like?" Do you remember your answer?

W. Yes'm. I suppose I would say, it is only an appearance, but if *he strikes*, what then?

A. What strikes?

W. I should say it is the temper.

A. What is the temper?

W. Only an appearance, I suppose.

A. What causes a bad appearance?

W. Wrong thoughts.

A. What kind of thoughts have you been holding about this boy?

Wee Wisdom

W. Why, just what I said. He is ragged and dirty and says bad words.

A. About how many other boys have been thinking the same way do you suppose?

W. Oh, about forty or fifty.

A. Well, suppose you multiply your own wrong thoughts by forty or fifty, and pour them all upon the head of this one small boy, who very likely has no one to see that he is clean, or has whole clothes, or is taught how to think pure thoughts. How do you expect him to behave under such circumstances?

W. Why, I never thought of that. I don't see how he *could* be nice while so many were thinking badly of him. I'm awful sorry I had any hand in it.

A. I knew you would be as soon as you saw the truth.

W. Do you see any way that I can make it up to him?

A. See the Good in him.

W. Its pretty hard to see what isn't in sight.

A. Is it difficult for you to remember that the sun is shining just the same when it rains?

W. No ma'am, but that is different.

A. The clouds rain on you, and the temper strikes you, and both are bringing forth good.

W. You don't mean that it is good to get angry and strike, do you?

A. The Good causes the rain to fall and the Good in the boy pushes the temper out so that he can see how hateful it is and learn or be taught self control. The Good also, is showing you that you must think purer thoughts if you would see purer actions. It is teaching you that if you would follow the example of Jesus and live the Christ-life, you must love your enemies and by your love redeem them so that they will be your friends, and learn to love you. If you really love the Good in this boy, your true thoughts will be more powerful than the untrue thoughts of the other forty boys, because one single grain of truth has in it more power than whole armies of error. There is more still that you can do, for you can send out your thoughts to every boy who shows that he despises this one. You can say to them in your mind, "He is full of the Good, so are you. You are both

the same Good, you love the Good in him for it is your own Good;" and don't you see, dear child, that in this way, you are truly the Son of God, and manifesting Divine Love by habits of true thinking?

W. I will try, indeed I will.

A. And you will be sure to succeed, for the Everlasting Good is your own Substance and Intelligence.

W. What do you mean by Substance, please?

A. That which is firm and unfailing. You say God is your Life, do you not?

W. Yes'm.

A. You believe God the Good, to be unfailing Life, do you not?

W. Yes'm.

A. If your Life was full of failure you would say it was unsubstantial or without Substance.

You believe your Good is health; now if your health gives out, you may know that the true Substance—God—is covered over with wrong thoughts, and so can not work for you on the line of health. In the same way, if your Intelligence seems to give out so that you cannot learn your lessons, and you are called stupid or foolish you must have covered up the God-Intelligence with stupid and foolish thoughts so that it cannot work for you on *that* line.

Now if some one were to ask you if your Good is substantial, what do you think they would mean?

W. They would want to know if my Good was firm and unfailing.

A. You are right. You see, God is the only substance which never disappoints us. You have a new suit of clothes; they wear out. You see a new house burn to the ground in half an hour. You see the grass and flowers killed by heat or frost. The things which you see with the eyes of the body, do not seem substantial because they fail. What, then, is the true substance?

W. God is the true Substance.

A. Yes, and if you know this, you can say to your new suit of clothes, "You are full of God, for God is everywhere," and you can make it last much longer than if you say, "I am afraid it wont wear well." And the same with your shoes. If a man were to say of his new house, "You are full of God, you are substantial Good," I do not believe it could possibly burn down, for the God Substance never fails or disappoints.

Now, dear children, here is a new lesson, namely: praise everything as being full of the perfect unfailing God-Substance, and see things stand by you and satisfy you.



Tuesday

Let the truth
Guide my way
Every day.
Then delight
Will crown the night.
All is good
I do or say.

Monday

Loving Good,
Bring to me,
Peace and rest,
Glad and free.
Not a fear,
Not a tear,
Comes when
Loving Good is here.

Thursday

Gladness, not sadness,
Love, not fear,
Folds me and holds me
For God is here.
Sickness or weakness
Cannot come near;
Strong health enfolds me,
For God is here.

Wednesday

I love to love the true,
I love the good to do;
I'm glad, so glad,
And thankful, too,
That only Good is true.

Friday

Where I go
I will show
Mercy to
All things I know

Sunday

Unto others
Gentle, kind,
I would always be,
Doing just the same
To them,
I'd have them,
Do to me.

Saturday

I am well,
I am strong,
I know no weakness,
Fear no wrong.
Love and joy
With me stay.
I am happy
Night and day.



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