

WEE WISDOM

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



MUMFORD - BOWMAN & CO.

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.”

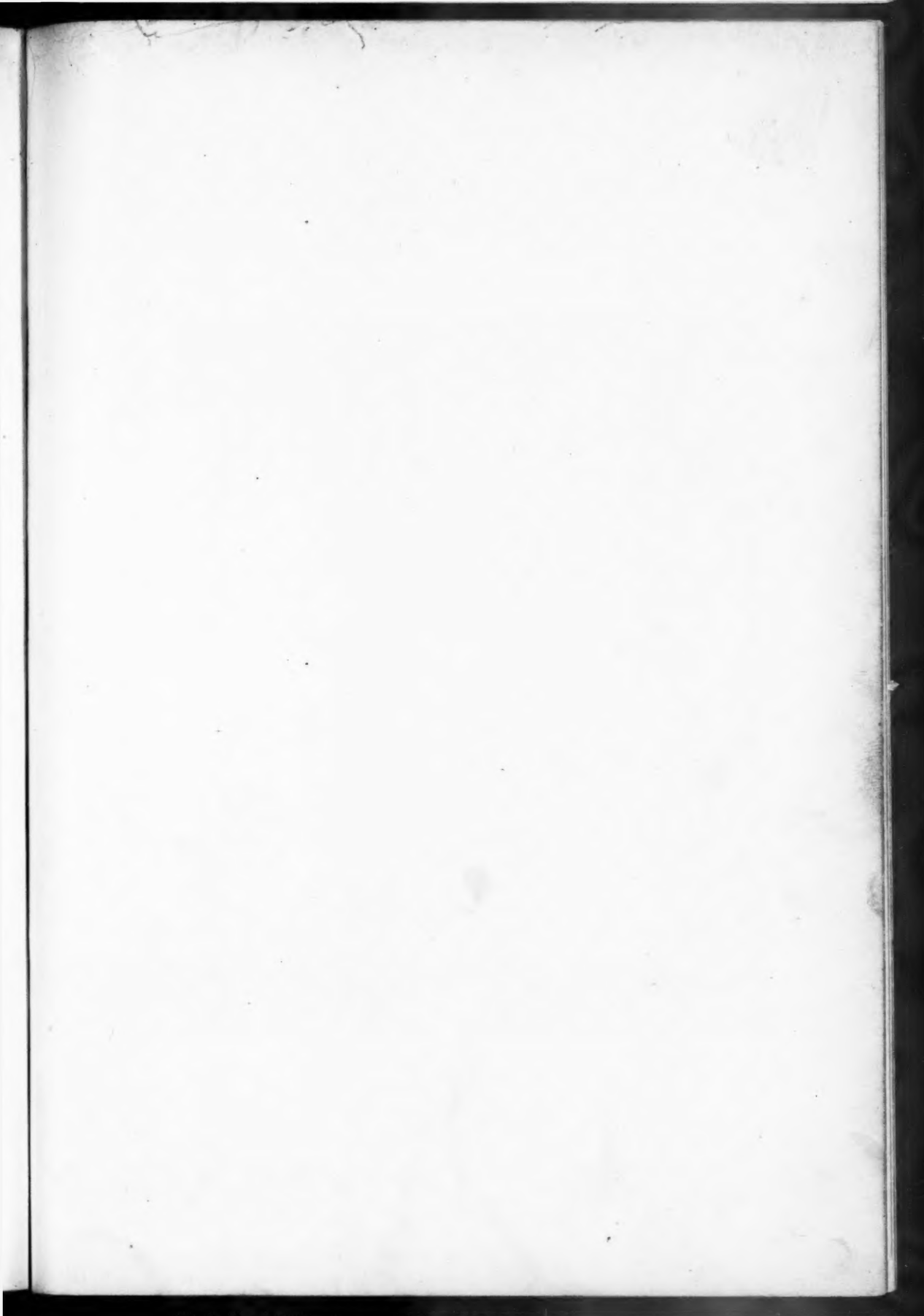
The understanding that our word is the builder of our environment.

“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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An Easter Thought.

Emily Brown.

"Little Wisdom, does the Spring
Make you think of anything?"

"Yes, I think of sparkling rills,
Crocuses and daffodils.
Violets and 'get-me-nots,
Growing up in sunny spots:—
It whispers low that Love's warm ray,
Will make my life an Easter day."

Dr. Charlie's Easter Lesson.

Aunt Seg.

Charlie crept into his mother's arms one evening just at dusk, saying, "Can you tell your little boy a story tonight, mama deary?"

"What about, Charlie?"

"'Bout the resurreeshun, please."

Resurrection, was a hard word for a small boy and Charlie didn't get it just right, but his mama knew what he wanted and that was sufficient. Miss Brown had been relating the story of the crucifixion and resurrection of the Savior to the children that day, but Charlie didn't get it quite clear from her, and so asked his mama to repeat it in her way.

"Charlie," said she, "If you put a little seed into the ground, what happens?"

"It grows into a plant or something, don't it?" asked Charlie.

"Yes, it goes through certain processes by which it becomes a living thing."

"Wasn't it alive before, mama?"

"Yes, Charlie, Life was at its centre, but could not become visible except it was put into the ground and the rain fell upon it and the sun warmed it; after such a course of treatment as this, it begins to swell and by and by the shell bursts open, and two tiny leaves come forth; between

these two, another pair come forth, and so on, until a beautiful flower is the result. But it is no more alive, Charlie, than when it was a hard shiny seed. It had to go through certain conditions to make its glorious life visible."

"But mama, I don't see what this has to do 'bout the resurreeshun."

"We shall see, dear, as we go on. You remember the Bethlehem baby?"

"Little Jesus? yes'm, I 'member."

"Well, he grew to be a man just as all little boys do, but yet he seemed different from other boys; can you tell me how, Charlie?"

"I 'spect he knew more 'bout God."

"That is just it, my dear. It is said that he came to bring light, or Truth, into the world. Charlie, my boy, how do you suppose he could help people in this way?"

"By being orful good, mama?"

"Yes, dear, even so, for if people do not love the Good, they do not live the Good; you can see that, Charlie?"

"Course I can, mama."

"Is it always easy for you to be good, dear?"

"I guess not, mama," said he, sitting very erect, and speaking excitedly, "you jist orter see how hard I had to try to keep from slapping Tommy Jones today when he run off with Katie's sunbonnet. I was jist goin' to do it when I 'membered that I must love him to make him good. I had to swaller so hard that it made me choke."

Mama laughed and hugged her boy a little closer, then went on, "What part of you feels like slapping, Charlie?"

"It's the boy you see, I 'spect mama."

"And is that the real Charlie?"

"No ma'am, I spect it's the shell."

"Charlie, for thousands of years the people of the world have thought the body was the real boy; now you see the body has no sense except w! at you—the real boy give it, as you told the children when the

map fell upon your head. This belief of the people has made the body seem to blame for all its unreasonable actions, and they have blamed it until it seems to really be very bad indeed. It is *that belief*, Charlie, which wants to strike and have revenge. It is only a belief, it has nothing to do with the real boy who is pure and good. This *real boy* is moved by God and cannot do wrong.

Well, after a while, the real boy wakes up—comes to the front and puts the other boy in order and keeps him so. Suppose we call this real boy the seed, and the hard shell on the outside, the body, that has to be trained and put in order so that the real boy will come out and unfold like a beautiful flower.

Now Jesus had a body that was like other bodies, and had just as many false beliefs going on about it. He had to keep putting away those foolish beliefs, one by one, and standing by the Good within. You remember, that body was laid in the tomb, and a great stone was put against the door. Do you remember who it was of all the people who loved him best?"

"Was it Mary Mag—I forget her name?"

"Yes. Mary Magdalene came to the tomb before it was light in the morning, and what did she find, Charlie?"

"The stone rolled away, mama?"

"Yes. And what else?"

"Jesus standing outside?"

"Yes, dear, the *real* Jesus. Out of the old, came forth the new. Now dear, do you see how Jesus is like the seed? All the years of his life upon the earth he was training the *outside* Jesus to be still enough for the *real* Jesus to come forth and shine like the sun. At last he made it *so still*, that while it was in the tomb, he burst all his bonds and came forth the *real son of God*. You see, God cannot be seen till the outside man keeps still."

"Well, mama, why do they call it the resurrecshun?"

"It is the new coming out of the old, Charlie. Is there not a time of the year when everything seems fresh and new?"

"Yes, in the springtime."

"Charlie, things never *die*; they simply *tie down* meekly, and out from the shell

bursts forth the Life in new and beautiful forms."

"I see, mama, all the little seeds that fall before the snow comes, get so still that when the snow goes away and the sun is warm they burst open and make plants and flowers."

The next day Charlie came bringing something in his hand very carefully. "See here, mama, I've found a resurrecshun," showing her a bean which had fallen in the Fall and now was really burst open showing two new leaves.

Charlie planted it in a flower pot and gave it great attention. During the week following, the little boy found many illustrations of the springings forth of Life into new forms, but one day he surprised them all. His mama noticed that he spent almost every moment out of school hours away at the farther end of the garden among some dwarf evergreens. At length she asked, "What are you doing out there, Charlie?"

"Please don't ask mama; I'm going to s'prise you."

"All right," said mama, laughing, "I can wait."

Charlie had two or three very *openly* secret interviews with his papa, who seemed undecided whether to grant a certain request or not. "I don't know what Charlie is about" said he, "but I suppose it's all right, eh! mama?"

Said mama: "Gratify him if you can; we may safely trust him, I think."

That evening, Mr. Morton brought two mysteriously shaped packages for Charlie, and mama pretended not to be looking while the little boy got out of sight with them as quickly as he could. On Easter Sunday, Charlie was in a state of repressed excitement which he thought no one noticed, and papa and mama very kindly turned their eyes upon most anything except their Charlie boy.

It was evident that breakfast was a trial to him that morning, but at last it was over and Charlie said as quietly as the occasion would admit of, "Now papa and mama I've got a s'prise for you, and oh! (clapping his hands together) *won't* you be s'prised?"

"I expect we will. Come mama; lead on Charlie." Over to the dwarf evergreens they followed the child and there—well,

they were surprised. In the prettiest spot of all, just beneath a spreading evergreen bough, was a little tomb, the new earth covered thickly with trailing vines. A stone at its entrance was rolled away and just at the right stood a pure, stately white lily. It was neatly planted in the ground. At its feet (as one might say) were English violets in full bloom. Both parents were silent for a moment, for, without a word, they understood the child's thought, but mama knew he wanted to explain so she said softly "Charlie, is the lily the resurrection?"

"Yes, mama, and can you guess about the violets?"

"Are they Mary Magdalene, Charlie?"

"Oh, you darling mama," said he springing into her outspread arms, "what a good guesser you are!"

Charlie's idea was so beautiful, and he had worked so hard to bring it forth, that mama would not have it spoiled, and watered and cared for it all summer herself. She never saw it, that she did not remember the words of Jesus, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

After a few days the lily bloomed itself out and faded. Mama did not want Charlie to see it so, and she cut it down. When Charlie saw that it was gone, he had a very big thought, and came running to his mama to share it with her.

"Mama," said he, "the resurrecshun is gone, I 'spect it's gone up to heaven like Jesus did."

"Where is heaven, Charlie?"

"Why, mama, it's everywhere, isn't it?"

"What is heaven, dear?"

"I 'spect it's being happy."

Charlie had talked often upon the subject with his mama, or he would not have been able to answer so promptly.

"It is said, 'He went up, out of their sight,' said she, which means that he *disappeared* from their sight, because his new body was Spirit and Spirit cannot be seen by the eyes of the body. He was seen by his disciples a few times, because he had power to make his body visible to those who were spiritual enough to see it."

"Mama, I guess I'll put a new lily there, 'cause Mary'll be lonesome 'thout Jesus, she loved him so." And a lily bent its stately head over the violets, and the *violets bloomed all summer*. Was it because the lily was there?

A Little Boy's Opinion of "Don't."

I might have just the mostest nuj
If 'twasn't for a word,
I think the very worstest one
'At ever I have heard;
I wish 'at it'd go away
But I'm afraid it won't
I 'spose 'at it'll always stay,
That awful word of "don't."

It's "don't you make a bit of noise"
And "don't you go out doors;"
And "don't you spread your stock of
toys,
About the parlor floor;"
And "don't you dare play in the dust,"
And "don't you tease the cat"
And "don't you get your clothing muss-
ed"
And "don't do this and that."

It seems to me I've never found
A thing I'd like to do,
But what there's someone close around
'At's got a "don't" or two.
And Sunday 'at's the day that "don't"
Is worst of all the seven;
O goodness but I hope there won't
Be any "don'ts" in Heaven.

—Nixon Waterman in *Harper's Young People*.

A Crocus and Crutches.

Lucy C. Kellerhouse.

Thump, thump came Freddie's crutches up my garden walk. I opened the door, and lifted the dear little fellow up and carried him to a great easy chair. He scowled a little bit, as if he did not like it.

"You treat me like a baby," he said.

"Well, dear, I won't carry you any more; but you did come to my door on fours, like a baby, didn't you?"

Freddie looked down at his two dear, God-given feet, then over at the two man-made ones lying, disgraced, upon the floor.

"Well, you are going to make me so as I can walk all right, ain't you?"

"God will," I replied.

"I didn't feel like coming out to-day—yes, I did feel like coming; but I felt, oh, so tired."

The little fellow sighed, and leaned back
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were as white as lilies, and his body as frail. The dear child-face was thin and drawn and sad. But I could see the brave child-spirit shining back of the clouds from the boy's eyes; and knew that he, God's child, would conquer.

The lids dropped over the big blue eyes: then spiritually, I took the child in my arms and carried him to the Father.

A half-hour later, Freddie opened his eyes with a sigh of contentment. The child-spirit shone braver and brighter from the little face.

"I am going to be well, I know," he said.

"Yes, dear, you are. Will you come out and look at my garden?"

"Garden!" cried Freddie, "why there's nothing but snow growing in it now."

"Are you quite sure? Well, let's go and look at it, anyway."

"All right, but I s'pose—I s'pose—I've got to have my crutches."

He looked doubtfully at his legs of painted wood still lying on the floor.

"If you want them, have them." It is too bad that they can't walk over to you, isn't it Freddie? They are not of much account. See, I have to carry them to you."

Then Freddie adjusted his crutches, and thumped out after me into my garden. There it was, all white and smooth and still with snow.

"It does seem as if nothing would ever grow here, doesn't it?" he said, "just as it seems sometimes that I never will be well and strong. But away off in the summer time, everything will be growing here; and I s'pose away off, some day, I'll be well."

"Why say, away off? I am not going to wait until summer for flowers in my garden. My crocus will bloom long before the weather is warm. There is Life down under the snow, only we cannot see it just now. But we know it is there. So there is Life and Health and Strength in you. We may not be able to see them just yet but we know they are there."

A few days later, Freddie's crutches tapped, tapped upon my porch.

"I'm almost frozen stiff," he said, as I opened the door; and Freddie and a cold gust of wind came in together. "My wooden legs don't feel this cold, anyway."

"Then perhaps God made a mistake in

not making all your legs wooden, and putting a coat of paint on them."

"No, no," said Freddie.

He sat down in the big, soft chair and closed his eyes. And this time, in the beautiful Silence, I did not take the child in my arms and carry him to the Father; but I took him by the hand, and led him into the Healing Presence.

He fell asleep; and for a long while I left him slumbering in the great chair. When at length he opened his eyes, they were bright and shining; and one small pale pink rose had bloomed among the lilies on his cheek.

"I feel better," he said.

"You are better. Come, now, let us go out and look at my garden."

"It's dreadfully cold. I just thought of scurrying home, but I guess it won't take long to stop and look at your garden. There ain't a remarkable lot of things growing in it yet."

The wind blew sharp and biting into our faces as we stepped out. It had blown the soft white snow all off of my crocus garden, so that only the bare, brown earth was to be seen.

"My crocuses are almost ready to bloom," I said.

Then Freddie laughed disdainfully; and he thumped the hard cold ground with his crutch.

"Yes," I repeated, "my flowers are almost ready to bloom; and my boy is almost ready to be well."

A few days before one early Easter Sunday, Freddie came to my door again.

"Still on fours?" I asked.

"Yes" he replied, a little cross thought scratching a scowl upon his face: "my baby sister can walk better than me, I am filled with 'scouragement.'"

"I am filled with encouragement. That is what you meant to say, isn't it Freddie?"

Freddie blushed a little as he settled down into the big chair.

"I wish you would talk to me," he said.

"I have been talking to you a great deal, only your mortal ears have not heard. And my garden has been talking to you. It talks through your eyes. But I will talk to you with my spirit through my lips, if you wish."

And I sat down close beside him, and

told him of God, whose beautiful Presence is everywhere; and how all we have to say is, "Thy will be done," and that it does not mean that God would will sorrow and suffering for us; but that He will will us health and strength and joy.

"Now, dear child, hold the thought of God's beautiful will—His willingness to bring you health and strength and freedom; and we will go into the Silence."

And this time I did not, in spirit, lead him by the hand into the Presence of the Father; for I knew, with his white strong thoughts, that the child walked by my side.

"Now we will go to see your garden," he said, as he opened his eyes. "I have a mind not to use my crutches; but perhaps I'd better."

"If you really and truly had a mind not to use them, you would not. Well out into the garden we go."

"Whew!" exclaimed Freddie, as I opened the door; "it's still awful cold, isn't it? I guess there ain't much in the way of flowers yet."

"Let's see," I replied.

"Well, there is something growing here," cried Freddie: a tiny green plant. How ever did it push itself up through that hard ground? I s'pose it'll have a flower on it when the weather is warm—if it don't freeze to death before."

"You s'pose a great deal—I know."

"This is a very spirited little plant, Freddie. I doubt if it waits for such luxuries as warm air and plenty of sunshine before it blooms. It has life in it, and is willing to manifest it. It says, *"I am and I will."*

Freddie hesitated before grasping his crutches firmer to walk home. "I am growing stronger every day," he said, "but it just seems that I need my wooden legs yet."

"It *'seems'*, that is true, but it only *'seems'*. It never seemed so to my little crocus. It just pushed bravely up through the hard cold ground. It didn't use crutches."

I Freddie did not say any more; but knew that he was thinking. "Come to me Easter," I said.

On Easter morning he came to my door, plumper, brighter, sweeter than ever before.

"I feel so well, all except my legs; but

they're getting ever so much stronger."

"I will not treat you to-day Freddie," I said.

"Why, 'cause it's Sunday?"

"No, dear child," I replied, laughing. "I will just give you another little object lesson, and then if you think you need a treatment, you may have it. Come out to my garden."

"Why," he said, "it's bloomed."

There was my little crocus plant, holding aloft its glorious crown of golden petals. All around it were other budding crocuses, sprouting up like a fairy forest. We said nothing, but looked at the brave little plant that had conquered the great forces of winter. It had caught the sunshine out of the cold air, and held it triumphantly aloft. There was no bud or tree, no grass blade on the ground, but here was Life.

Presently Freddie spoke: "It is a miracle," he said.

"No dear," I replied, "There are no miracles—unless it is a miracle to be weak and sick. God's beautiful Law is Life."

For a long while Freddie stood as in a dream; but I knew that thought, like Life, was at work within. Then he turned toward me a face as radiant as the sunshine of the crocus-flower.

"True," he said; "with God, there is never any waiting. I don't need to wait and wait to be well, I can be well quick—right now."

He studied the little golden miracle again; then he dropped his crutches upon the ground.

"You can use them for kindlings," he said.

He walked to my side; and, putting out his arms toward me, he drew down my face to his and gave me a dear kiss; then he went home with radiant face and the brave conquering child-spirit shining through his eyes.

"Little deeds of kindness,

Little words of love,

Make our earth an Eden

Like the heaven above."

Heaven within is heaven above,

God is there and God is Love.

One of these Little Ones.

Dear WEE WISDOM, I want to tell you, I love you such a lot. You come to my home every month, and my dear mama and sister reads you to me. My name is Raymond Philpott



and I live in Kansas City. Mama says it's my birthplace, and I guess that means I'm *borned* here.

Now, I'm going to let my grandma tell the rest 'cause I can't think of it all at once and she can.

Bye-by,

RAYMOND.

Our Raymond is a born Christian Scientist. When he was a very little over two years old, one day when his sister was lying ill on the

couch, he went out door for a moment and then came hurriedly in, walked up to her with his face glowing in a halo of light and said, "Sister, I brought Ged in to make you well. I asked him to come, and" (with a gentle wave of his little hand) "*here He Is.*" His mama asked, "Where did you find him, darling?" His reply was "O, out 'e door, up in 'e trees tendin' to His leaves."

Again, when hearing his mama complain of headache, he jumped quickly to his feet saying, "Let 'im in. Let God in *quick*, mama." Then opening the door he welcomed in God, after which he climbed into his mama's lap and kissd her with an air of great satisfaction, and said, "You're all right now, mama, for God is here."

He persistently refuses to take anything like medicine. His mother asked him to take a drink of something one day. He inquired, "Is it medicine? God made me well once and He will do it again. I don't want to drink anything." He will never admit that he is sick or hurt.

One day after being out with his brother, he came in looking sad and remarked he just hit his leg a little, and said no more about it. When undressing him for bed his mama found the skin had been knocked

off. "Never mind, mama," he said, "I didn't mean anybody should see *that*; please don't tell grandma—its all right."

Once he slipped from his high-chair and bumped his chin on the table. For a minute he couldn't keep back the cry; then a happy thought struck him and he ran and got the picture of little Charlotte Wolf and put it up in front of him to treat him. In a moment the smile shone through the tears and he cried out, "I'm all right now," and went on and finished his lunch. (I promise you, Wee Wisdoms, that you shall all see little Charlott's picture, for she is coming to make you a photo-visit next month.)

He is very much in love with WEE WISDOM, and never tires of telling those who come in about little Dorothy who had a new pair of eyes for a Christmas gift.

We heard him telling his brother one morning that little children had a whole lot of little arrows, and they started 'em with a bow called the *will*, and they were covered with sweet rose petals, etc.; which he had heard read from December WEE WISDOM.

One day he took his little paper and seemed to be reading by himself, and said, "'God giveth the increase.' What does that mean, mama?" His mama is always being plied with grave questions by him.

There is no end to the sayings of this small wisdom of ours. But I must not omit telling you about his appreciation of WEE WISDOM. He follows his mother and sister around with it under his arm telling them what he wants most to hear about. He loves the little Sunbeam song and often calls himself "mama's little love-beam," or in winter, her "winter-beam." He always makes sunshine even in darkest days.

He was trying to dress himself and was told how nice it was for a little boy to help himself so much; his answer was, "Why! that's only one of those good little thoughts you know, that's started by a bow called the *will*."

Can you realize the wonderful good coming from WEE WISDOM? Raymond loves the little restful pillows and wants to be taught every word that's on them. His dear mama often feels that much of her work is done between the pages of this little love messenger, for she can seldom sew half an hour before WEE WISDOM is fluttering its wings between her and the window, and is pretty sure to settle down so as to hide the place where the next stitch would be taken. Yet she thinks she is gaining a wee bit of the wisdom herself; "for out of the mouth of babes and sucklings" we shall be taught. I think WEE WISDOM the most perfect work we have ever had done for little folks. God bless its editor and her co-workers.

PAYMOND'S GRANDMA.

["Who, is Raymond's grandma?" Why of course you have a *right* to know. She is our dear Mrs. D. L. Sullivan—Ed.]

Wee Wisdom's Reception Room.

This is our Aunt Seg. I thought it would be so nice to have her at our Easter Reception, and we needn't be one bit afraid of her saying "don't" to us if we do get noisily happy.



Why! What do you suppose she says about Dr. Charlie? It makes me think a lot more of her and Dr. Charlie, too. She says that his real home is in her heart, and that he is *sure enough* her childhood in pants, and that he only steps out to tell us the beautiful truths and experiences that shine in upon him there.

Now, aren't you glad? 'Cause, you see, if Dr. Charlie is there, there's room for all of us.

Somebody said once you had to have a little child in your heart, or your heart like a little child, or something like that, before you'd get where you wanted to be—in Heaven.

Well, anyway, I think we're a wonderful lucky set—we children—with *God* for our Father, *WISDOM* for our Mother, and such a wonderful set of relatives—Mother Goose, Aunt Seg, Aunt Emma, and Aunt Joy, beside a host of the dearest nurses and teachers that ever were.

Oh! What an Easter, life is to us! God with us always! Always ready, always loving, always able to do all things for us. And only think! 'Tis just such pure, trusting hearts as ours that can *behold* His face—the face of our Father *in* Heaven. Now, if Heaven were *way off*, how could he behold His face?

When we get out of thinking we are shut away from God, then is Christ risen in us, and then it is EASTER DAY.

A Letter from Our Mother Goose.

Easter April 14th
My Dear Little Friend

The dear Coonies send you
a special Easter greeting
and their picture once more

Perhaps you will like to
frame this and hang it in
your own Wisdom corner
among the pillows and banners

If they could speak in words
that you would understand,
I am sure this is what they
would say

Little children be kind
to all animals birds and
insects. Respect all life for
it is God-life

Inasmuch as ye have
done it unto the least of these
ye have done it unto me

Your devoted friend
Mother Goose

Our dear little Wisdoms must know that the above letter is *our* Mother Goose's *very own*, written by her to every one of you individually. Out of the fulness of her love for you, she sends Mr. and Mrs. Coonie to deliver her Easter greeting. Your editor thought you would doubly appreciate the gift if accompanied by a word from her own heart and pen. You have a right to know that it has cost her a great many dollars to give you this Easter surprise, and I trust you will take great pains to keep it very nice and have it framed. You will see she has left a little place for each one to write, or have written, your *own* name at the head of her letter. God bless our dear, loving Mother Goose.—Editor.



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.

PARKER, OKLAHOMA.

DEAR READERS OF WEE WISDOM:—It is a year since I wrote my first letter for WEE WISDOM and sent Wag's picture to you. I read all of your letters and like to hear from you and have your pictures too. We had another dog given us when he was small. We made his bed in a market basket; we cannot call him Wag for he does not look one bit like Wag, and is a very spunky, mischievous little fellow, but of course we like him. I am glad there is a "Humane Society" for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Many people seem to think animals have no rights. I believe in "animals rights" and think they have a good many. They are God's creatures, and serve man faithfully and well; in

return he owes them enough to eat and a comfortable place to rest. Mama says, she often thinks how true the saying, "A merciful man is merciful to his beast." I have been well all winter and have been to school. One day for declamations I recited "The Edelweiss," printed in WEE WISDOM. We thought it a beautiful poem; another time I spoke "The Ship and the Sea Gull." When "Wee Wisdom's Way" is printed in a book I hope a great many, both young and old, can read it and I hope little Lovie will receive her eye-sight. We who can see cannot think what it means to be blind, it must be worse than having asthma, and that seemed bad enough to me, when I could scarcely breathe God's fresh air which is for all—this means me I know. I wonder if we cannot have our Editor's picture in WEE WISDOM, let us all take a vote on the question. I am sure all hands are raised. CLAYTON S. HINMAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 29, 1895.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—You have been coming to our house almost two years, so I thought it was time to write to you once, to let you know how much we love you. Every time you come, I love more and understand better that God our Good is everywhere. We love the little pillows ever so much. I have been saving my pennies and soon mama will send them to those dear little children, Mrs. Van Fossen spoke of, and also to the Christ Child Day Nursery. I am just ten years old. With love.

ALMA BISCHOFF.

RICHMOND, KY., March 10, 1895.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—I had never known anything about you until yesterday. Mama subscribed for you for me, and I have been reading you. I am delighted with you. Mama has been in the Science four years so I am a little Christian Science girl. I am eight years old. I have a little brother, he is three years old. I think the "Story of the Babe" is beautiful. I also like the pillow-thoughts too. I am waiting to hear from you next month. Yours in Truth.

ALMA DODD WECKESSER.

LA MOILLE, ILL., March 28, 1895.

DEAR WEE WISDOMS:—Would you like to hear from me again? My theme this time is the beautiful thought taken from

Christ's Sermon on the Mount: "The meek shall inherit the earth." These words have been in my mind a great deal of late and I thought I should like to give you the benefit of my thoughts concerning them. I once heard a father say he wished to bring up his children to take their own part, that is, he meant, if they were struck, to strike back, etc. Though it be all right to defend ourselves, yet to me it seems, more and more, the best defense is, "resist not evil." It is the meek, they who seek not after their own, who receive the good things of earth, who are favored by God, and their fellow beings, not those, who are continually asserting their "rights," elbowing and pushing, afraid that they will be imposed upon. Though they may oftentimes appear to obtain more in a worldly way than others, yet it is at the expense of so much. The love and respect of their associates, besides the loss in themselves of so much that is beautiful and that might be a power in the world, that it cannot properly be called a gain. Dear Wisdoms, cultivate love in your hearts and meekness will follow as a natural consequence. Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not, is not puffed up, seeketh not her own, beareth all things, and endureth all things.

FRANCES.

Allie is four years old. A friend gave her a WEE WISDOM and her mama read it to her. She was much impressed with Lewis McBride's letter in which he said, "Our puppy was in the habit of biting little sister Clara and she was afraid of him, but one day she said to him, 'Doggie wag your tail and say 'God is love' and then you won't want to bite.'" Now Allie has a dog by the name of Pretty and he had been very quarrelsome with the other dogs of the neighborhood, so Allie at once began to practice little Clara's statement of truth upon him. Her first lesson to him was.—"Pretty, you're God's dog and God is good, so you mustn't bite your neighbors any more. You must *love* your neighbors.—Now sit up Pretty, and wag your tail and say, 'God is good.'" Next day Mage, a neighbor's dog came in with his mistress but Pretty lay perfectly still by his little mistress' side and never a growl escaped him.

Aunt Seg's Catechism.

AUNT SEG. Well, children, have you discovered what God is to you and in you?

W. W. Yes'm: God is Life Love, Intelligence, and Substance.

A. S. What kind of Life, Love, Intelligence, and Substance?

W. W. Perfect and unfailing. But please explain what makes things *seem* to fail all around us?

A. Yes, I will tell you how it seems to me. If life seems to fail, that is if the body dies, it does so because mankind as a race believe in death or failure of life. This belief from *many* minds, has the effect of multiplying the power of one mind to any extent. Now suppose a boy is taken sick, (as we say) and he has many friends around him who believe in the death of the body. They love this boy very dearly and because of their love they begin to fear that he will die and leave them. They call in a doctor, and he believes in death too, and is never sure his patient will not die. He is anxious also. Anxiety is fear, you know. Add to all this, the belief of the whole race, and the boy stands a good chance to pass out of their sight. In fact, they are putting him out as fast as they can. If people don't care very much about this boy and so are not fearful nor anxious, he is pretty sure to get well.

W. W. But he *must* die some time, mustn't he?

A. If he believes in death he will.

W. Mustn't people die when they grow old?

A. It isn't necessary for people to grow old.

W. Why, Aunt Seg!

A. No, my dears, it is wholly unnecessary. Let me tell you. Our bodies are being made over every day of our lives, and the material used is our thoughts. If our thoughts are of old age and death, or if we believe in failure along any line, we are putting that kind of thought-material into our bodies. Those are the thoughts that help to make wrinkles and feebleness; Another kind of thoughts that help to kill the body, are thoughts of distrust. Just as soon as you get into the habit of thinking unkindly of people, watching for their faults and condemning them, your face will begin to harden and look old.

W. Yes, I can see that would be so. Will you tell us, please, just how to keep from doing this.

A. Do you remember what Jesus said about the pure in heart?

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

A. Please repeat your quotation and use the word Good instead of God."

W. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see Good."

A. Now children, do you not see how full of meaning that is? Now add to that two other sayings, viz.: "Love thinketh no evil," and "Perfect love casteth out fear." What do you learn from these quotations?

W. If we are pure in heart we shall see only Good. If we are loving we shall think no evil, and if we have perfect love we shall not fear anything."

A. All that you have just stated simply means thinking truly and purely, does it not?

W. Yes'm, and is that all we have to do to keep young?

A. Just that, and one thing more viz.:—God is Omnipresent, unfailing Life—life that has not a possibility of age or death or failure of any kind whatever.

W. Well Auntie, what about Love, unfailing, that seems to fail as much as life, doesn't it?

A. I know that there are many appearances of failures to be loving; but do those appearances effect Love itself?

W. No Ma'am, I suppose they cannot, if God is Love, but it would be nice if we children could be always loving, wouldn't it?

A. It would indeed, and you can be so if you will always remember that every person is truly lovely and loving in their inmost true Self. Let us call to mind again one of those sayings about love. Can you remember it?

W. It is about Love that thinketh no ill?

A. Yes, it is that kind of Love which is failing. It is such love that makes one pure in heart; pure enough to see only Good.

W. Yes, I see very plainly how we can be always loving if we think only true thoughts. But how about Intelligence? It seems to fail, doesn't it, when people are foolish and ignorant?

A. I am glad you asked that question, for it is a very important one.

Let us take for example a boy at school who appears stupid, or gets behind in his lessons. Is that boy really lacking in Intelligence?

W. No, I suppose he is really just as intelligent as the rest.

A. Certainly he is or we might say God was partial and gave more to one than to another. The boy's appearance of stupidity is due, like all other false appearances, to wrong thoughts. Sometimes these thoughts date a long way back. Perhaps

his mother had a way of accusing herself of not knowing as much as other people. If she thought that way long enough, she would really get to appearing stupid or ignorant, and others would think thus of her. Now this boy comes along and gets the full benefit of his mother's idea that God can be absent from some people as Intelligence. She sees in her boy the reflection of her idea and condemns him as stupid also. He begins to think so too; perhaps his teacher calls him so, and if she does, his school-mates will be sure to do so, too. He gets discouraged, and no wonder, with so many heavy thoughts bearing down upon him. There isn't a word of truth in it all, as you can see; and if just one person happens to get hold of the situation and boldly declares its falsity, realizing the truth for this boy, he can easily be redeemed from all this condemnation and made to see that he is just as full of God as other people. When he is sure of this, all their mistaken ideas lose their power and the boy is free to manifest his own God-like intelligence. Many a boy is picked up out of the mire of false thoughts now-a-day, and placed upon his feet and his mind trained to true ways of thinking, and not boys only, but all kinds of people. We have that to rejoice over, children.

W. Yes indeed, Auntie, and I'm ever so glad that I am finding out how to help myself and others. You told us in the other lesson about Substance unfailing, but will you please tell a little more about it?

A. Dear child, God is the Substance of all we have been talking about. He is Substantial Life—Substantial Love and Substantial Intelligence.


God is Substance Itself. Whatever is eternal and unchanging is the True Substance. Your hands grasp objects and those objects change and decay. Your thoughts grasp a great truth which is changeless and eternal, and that is the True Substance. For example:—You so firmly believe that God is Life unfailing, that you can say you know it is so, can you not?

W. Yes'm.

A. There what has your thought grasped?

W. The True Substance, I suppose.

A. Exactly, and every true thought is Divine, imperishable Substance. I will give you a beautiful thought to hold. It came to me the other night, and it makes me feel very strong and happy. I am going to ask you to say it every day until you get your next lesson. It is this:—*The abundance of the Good satisfies every living thing.* You see that the Good is that only True Substance but He is also that abundance which satisfieth all.



Tuesday

Who am I,
That I know
Why the bud
And blossom grow?
Who am I,
That I see
Life the same
In bird and me?

Monday

Soft the winds
Of spring are blowing;
Like my thoughts,
The streams are flowing:
Bird and blossom,
Share in happy life
With me.

Thursday

Like the lily,
Pure and white,
Blooming in
The sun's glad light,
Father, in Thy Light are
we,
Like the lily, pure and free.

Wednesday

I am I,
"I am He,"—
I in Christ
And Christ in me,
Life and Living.
Two in one—
God the Father,
God the Son.

Friday

Seed and shell only mean
Life is waiting to be seen:
Bird and blossom only tell
Of the Life within the shell.

Sunday

Glad our songs
Shall ever rise,
Warm our hearts
As Easter skies;
Only Good with
Us abide,
At our joyous
Easter tide.

Saturday

There's no sadness,
There's no gloom,
There's no weakness,
There's no tomb,
When the living Christ in me
Is by loving thought set free.



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