

WEE WISDOM

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



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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The Five Sisters.

Aunt Seg.

There were five small girls in one house, and they did all the work. They were the family. Now, the astonishing part of it is, that they were all of an age, being born upon the very same day and the very same hour and the very same minute. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Well, it is true. The house in which they lived was called their body. One of them was the sight of the body and her name was Bright-Eyes. She did the seeing for the whole household.

The second little girl was called Pink Ears and she did all the hearing for the family.

The third little girl was named Lily Finger and by her wonderful sense of *feeling* she could tell the rest whether it was hot or cold, whether things were rough or smooth, hard or soft. She could not see the sun shine, but she *felt* it shine. Bright Eyes did her *seeing* for her, and all the rest, but Bright Eyes couldn't *feel*, so Lily Fingers was always ready to feel for her, and Lily Fingers could *do* things which Bright Eyes could only *see*. And after the same fashion Bright Eyes could *see* things which Lily Fingers could only *do*. You see they were eyes and hands for each other.

Pink Ears was always ready to do for both with her wonderful power of hearing. Bright Eyes and Pink Ears had many pleasures in common, for while one would say "I see," the other would say "and I hear." Putting the hearing and seeing together, and then calling to Lily Fingers to feel for them, they were able to enjoy things around them very much.

The other two little girls were—Sweetness, who did the tasting for the whole family, and Fragrance, who could always detect the odor of things.

These five maidens worked in perfect

harmony and the whole body or house was dependent upon their gentle ministrations.

When they were preparing dinner, which they always did together, Lily Fingers would do whatever Bright Eyes said was best, but then Bright Eyes submitted many things to Sweetness' taste, and Fragrance's smell, while all were aided by Pink Ears' hearing. Such fun as they had over their housekeeping. Sometimes Bright Eyes would spy a rose and think she could get it all alone, but she would have to call upon Lily Fingers to pick it, and could only do this through Pink Ears who was the hearing of them all, and as she wished to give pleasure to the whole family she must, of course, consult with Fragrance to see if it was perfumed and dear little Sweetness would beg to take one dainty leaf between her rosy lips to see if it *tasted* good. When all were agreed Lily Fingers must pick the rose which Bright Eyes saw, and talked about, through Pink Ears, who brought Fragrance to smell and Sweetness to taste if it were just the perfection of roses.

When they made the bed in which they *all* slept, Lily Fingers did the work but she couldn't if Bright Eyes had not *seen* the way to do it, and Pink Ears had not been present to communicate this to Lily Fingers. Then Fragrance must be present to smell if all was clean and sweet. Sweetness came along because she was so sweet that they could not do without her.

Bright Eyes was reading one day, and she suddenly called her sisters around her in great excitement saying, "I wonder if it is true that we have lived in this body all our lives and thought we were all alone doing just as we please, when all the time there is a room away up stairs which we have never discovered, which is called the mind, and in that room is a wonderful set of people called the Faculties of the mind; now I read here that we Five are just

obeying them in all we do and say, that is, —they make me to see, and you my darling Pink Ears, to hear, and you our useful Lily Fingers, they say they are really your sense of touch and feeling instead of your being your own mistress; and my blessed Sweetness, you couldn't taste a thing without they enabled you to do it, nor could our indispensable Fragrance smell but that they give her the power to do so. Now I'm told here that the people, who have all this time been our power to act, have a governor over them who is called 'Lord of the body.' Another of his names is Consciousness, and greater than this one is One still greater who is called God or Good. This Good One never makes a mistake because one of his names is *Wisdom*. And He is Goodness simply because He is *Love*. Isn't that an amazing story, sisters?"

"Let's go find the room" said Lily Fingers rising energetically.

"Alas, dear," answered Bright Eyes, "it is said here that it cannot be seen by me, nor felt by you, nor heard by Pink Ears, nor smelled by Fragrance, nor tasted by Sweetness."

"Well, on the whole," said Pink Ears thoughtfully, "we have nothing to complain of, for we are well governed by the Good, who, it seems, governs those who move us to see, hear, feel, taste and smell. Of course, this Love and Goodness and Wisdom, called God, can never cause us to do wrong, but always to act wisely and well, so, for one, I'm glad to have such a great and wonderful Being back of all we do. We shall know after this, that no responsibility rests upon us, but only to do the will of Good. If this great governor, the Lord of the body, is led by One higher, surely we little people may be willing to be led also. In fact, I feel quite at ease about the whole matter."

"So do I," said Sweetness, "for it is a great pleasure to taste, and I am grateful to the One who gives me my power to do so."

"And I," chimed in the dear little Fragrance, "because it is just lovely to smell roses and violets, and to be able to avoid those things which are offensive to purity."

"My darlings," concluded Bright Eyes, "I see a great blessing for us all in this discovery, viz:— We might, as we grow

older, take upon ourselves, airs of importance, thinking we were our own power, and I perceive that if we should do this, disorder would reign in our beautiful orderly home, where now all is peace and love.

"While we are wrought upon by the Good, we are instruments of the Good. We ask no better than this, do we?"

Five emphatic "no's" rang out upon the air so harmoniously that they sounded as one.

Wee Wisdom's, there is a lesson in this, viz:— Be content to obey that Blessed Voice within you, which is the voice of God.

Rejoice and be glad of that Wondrous Power within you which is the power of God.

Fear no evil, for the Love and Wisdom which is God within you, and God outside of you, and God *everywhere*, is your protection by night and by day. Just say, my darlings, "*He leadeth me*," and you are *safe, safe, safe*."

Af-fir-ma-tion.

By Emily Brown.

Sighed the Daisy, "Dear! dear! will this rain never cease?"

I've waited since day-dawn for some signs of peace,

Say, Buttercup dear, what's your secret, I pray.

For keeping so happy this drizzly day?"

Buttercup tall, with a sympathy true

Bent over until her stalk 'most snapped in two,

And with loving touch on the sweet little face

Sent the yellow shine dancing all over the place.

"My secret is yours; in this wet sit-u-a-tion I'm happy through nodding my af-fir-ma-tion."

"Why, why," said the Daisy, "now what may that be?"

If it does this for you, it may do it for me. I might try, do you think it will help me as well?

For this long word I don't even know how to spell."

Then Buttercup said, "It is simple and plain,
The words that I sing are, "Good rain,
good rain!"
A bee hummed it to me, while gathering
store,
And taught me the way to find peace ever-
more.
I find, too, in this message breathed in me
from God,
Af-fir-ma-tion for me, means, a very strong
nod."

"Is this all there is to it?" the Daisy
replied,

"Why, I can do that; right away, I'll de-
cide."

And surely she did, for, whatever the
weather,
These kind, loving neighbors keep nodding
together.

In our everyday thinking, there's profit and
loss,

One nod and one shake of the head makes
a cross.

It is profit we want, we're not looking for
losses,

And heaven's not the place where we find
any crosses.

"All's well! All's well"—what a great
con-so-la-tion!

We guard heaven within us, by such af-fir-
ma-tion.

Crumbs for "Wee Wisdoms."

Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost.—John 6: 12

I wonder how many Wee Wisdoms have
thought of the great value of every good
thought, word and deed?

I want to tell them that it has been im-
pressed more fully on my mind in the last
few days than ever before, that every good
thing that we think, or speak, or do, is
God's thought, word and deed, and there-
fore cannot be lost or come to naught.
What a wonderful field of work this opens
up to us! What beautiful work to be
thinking God's thoughts, speaking God's
words, and doing God's work!

Not one good thought is ever lost, not
one good word ever fails to "accomplish
that whereunto it is sent."

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land."

—Zephaniah Thomas, 203 S. 9th St., Rich-
mond, Ind.

"Thoughts with Wings."

Lucy Charlton Kellerhouse.

Alice went to bed with a scowl creased in
between her eye brows, her lips in a pout
and her disposition decidedly awry. She
tumbled her little white figure into bed,
slapped the pillow and thumped her curly
head upon it. The quiet old Moon looking
into the window was surprised and grieved;
and she spread her silver mantle over Alice
and whispered, "Peace."

Alice turned and twisted in her bed; then
she lay and looked at the moon, serene and
splendid, until the little scowl disappeared,
and the pout and the passion. Then Alice
slept.

After awhile she felt something tugging
at her hair, and she opened her eyes and
sat up in bed. The moonlight made her
room bright, so that she could see, flutter-
ing about her and pulling a strand of her
long, light hair, a little winged being. It
looked very much like herself in miniature.
There was the same green dress she had
worn the day before, the same white apron,
the same long curls about the shoulders.
But the fair little face, how distorted! And
the back was crooked, and the whole little
figure all awry.

"Stop pulling my hair," cried Alice.

"I can't help it; I must," replied the
little being. "You made me. You gave
me this bump, this twist, this scowl. I am
doing your bidding. I am one of your
Thoughts."

"Oh," said Alice.

"And I, also am one of your Thoughts,"
said another small voice, a very ugly, grat-
ing little voice; and a second distorted
miniature of herself fluttered over Alice's
shoulder and sat down on the counterpane.

"You thought your brother was mean
today," cried another voice. "Here I am.
He was so guarded by Good Thoughts that
I had no power over him. But I have come
back to you."

The third Thought was uglier than the
others; and Alice cried and tried to draw
back from it. But it ran up very close to
her and looked at her with its mean little
eyes, until it seemed to her that she was
growing to look just like it.

"Ouch," cried Alice suddenly.

Something had stung her hand—a little sharp, ugly Thought.

"I am an Angry Thought," it said. "I had my revenge today. I made you throw down and break your china cup."

"And I did the work you sent me to do," said another voice. "I killed your white rose-bud. You wished it would die, because it was so slow in blooming."

"I didn't say so," said Alice.

"No, but you thought it. You thought it very hard. You sent me out, and I did the work. The rose is dead."

"I wanted to wear it the last day of school," said Alice, beginning to cry.

"Yes, here I am," said a doleful voice. "I am an unhappy Thought. I always follow the Mean and Angry Thoughts."

"Yes, here we are," cried a sad chorus of voices, like the wail of the night-wind. And a band of unhappy Thoughts flew through the window and perched, a mournful row, all along the foot-board of her bed. One had its knees tucked up under its chin. Another buried its face in its folded arms. A third was all twisted up, like a pie-crust patty. Alice, through her tears, recognized the various attitudes she had taken during the day. Then she began to laugh; she could not help it.

Most of the Unhappy Thoughts looked so ridiculous, and had so little cause for their dolor. Then she heard an echoing laugh, a tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, like a brook; and a jolly-looking little Thought bounced so hard upon the foot-board of her bed, that it knocked off several of the Unhappy Thoughts. They lay as they had fallen and did not seem to have power to rise.

"I feel rather lonesome in this miserable looking crowd," said the Jolly Thought. "But there don't seem to have been any more like me today. You see, like all the other Thoughts, I have come back to you. They have been creasing up your face; I'll turn up one corner of your mouth. It's all that I can do, because there is only one of me. One Thought is not so powerful as two Thoughts."

"Yes; you wished yourself dead today," said a pale, small Thought.

"But, there was only one of me, and that not very strong; so I did not have any effect upon you."

"Why you didn't try to make me dead!" exclaimed Alice, in a horrified voice.

"Of course I did. Isn't that what you intened me for?" replied the Thought, in a matter-of-fact way.

"Mercy, no!"

"Then I'm not a sincere Thought. You were just wasting your time thinking me. I am an Idle Thought."

"And so are we," cried a chorus of voices a very loud chorus indeed; and there was a sweep, sweep of tiny wings, and the air was full of shadowy little beings, who flew hither and thither without aim or purpose. Wherever she looked, they were; and she was appalled at all her idle thinking. They all wore her green dress and white apron, and had her long, yellow hair; and when they settled down, as the flying dust settles, the room looked like a field that is white and gold with a waste of dog-fennel. The night breeze blew in and as it stirred their lazy little wings, they murmured,

"We are Idle Thoughts. We nearly fill the world."

"I see there is hardly any room left for me," said a brisk little Thought, stepping over the window-ledge. "I came alone and have not long to stay. You sent me on an errand. You were going to send some more of us, but those idle vagabonds interfered."

Alice clasped her hands and looked at her Thoughts—the Idle, the Angry, the Unhappy, the Unkind—and sighed. She drooped her head, until she looked like one of her Unhappy Thoughts; and a tear rolled down her cheek, and fell upon an Idle Thought, and wet and spoiled its wings.

"I'm so glad I'm not in your place," said a Vain Thought.

"Alice," said a soft little voice.

Alice looked up and smiled. There was something so tender in the tone, so like the caress of the wind upon her face.

"I am a little Love Thought," said the voice.

And Alice's eyes followed the sound; and she saw where the moonlight fell upon the climbing ivy at her window, a frail small Thought, so frail and small that she feared the moonlight might dissolve it.

It was white and radiant like sparkling snow; and in the face, Alice saw her own

features, ennobled and beautiful, and radiating a smile that seemed to fill the room with sunshine, though the Love Thought was so small.

A joyous look leaped in Alice's eyes, and she stretched out her arms to the Thought.

"Come to me!" she cried.

But the Love Thought shook its head, smiling tenderly and sadly.

Then Alice pleaded; but the shining Thought replied.

"Nay, I cannot come to you. I am too small and weak. There are too many evil Thoughts between me and you."

"But I want you, oh, so much! The others are so wicked, so unkind. You are beautiful and good. They have all come back to me. Why do not you?"

"Some day perhaps I may be stronger. Then I will return to you," said the Love Thought.

Then Alice held her peace. The night-wind had chilled her; but as she sat gazing at the radiant Thought, its look seemed to warm her whole being. She sat looking at it a long while. Then she smiled sleepily at the Idle Thoughts. The wind stirred their folded wings and they murmured drowsily. Were they Thoughts, or fairies, or flowers? She did not know. She dropped her head upon the pillow, and was soon sound asleep.

Many, many nights, Alice watched for her Thoughts. She watched for them, not with the old scowl upon her brow, but with a smile upon her lips and a bright look in her eyes; for she hoped not to see the host of Idle Thoughts return, nor the Evil ones; but better, kinder Thoughts, cheerful, busy and loving.

And one night when the old Moon had taken her old place at the window, little Alice awoke and found the room full of radiance.

"We are Love Thoughts," came like a strain of music.

The room was white with them.

Then Alice smiled joyously.

"You will come to me," she said.

She held out her hands, and they thronged about her; and one, the fairest of them all, whispered,

"Alice, it is I. I was too weak to come before. But now I return to you, strong and beautiful, and I will abide forever in your heart."

Be Happy Little Darlings.

Mary E. Butters.

The day that I got angry
And hung my head to pout,
My mama said, "O darling!
You make the sun go out."

Suppose that mama—papa,
Were shut up in the dark
Because their little darling,
Went off on such a lark!

And then you see how lonely
Our lives would have to be;
Without one ray of sunshine—
Without one song of glee?

'Tis just as though 'twere night time
And every star went in;
The clouds too, growing heavy
Where joy and life had been.

O darling! do be happy,
It makes the sunshine sweet,
It brings a chord of music,
Like silver bells to beat.

Be happy, little darlings!
Whatever you're about,
It fills the day with music,
And nights the stars shine out.

What a Smile Did.

A lady of position and property, anxious about her neighbors, provided religious services for them. She was very deaf—could scarcely hear at all. On one occasion one of her preachers managed to make her understand him, and at the close of their conversation asked: "But what part do you take in the work?"

"O," she replied, "*I smile them in, and smile them out.*" Very soon the preacher saw the result of her generous, loving sympathy in a multitude of broad-shouldered, hard-fisted men who entered the place of worship, delighted to get a smile from her as she used to stand in the doorway to receive them. Why do not the working classes attend the house of God? They would, in greater numbers, if self-denying, Christ-loving Christians would "*smile them in, and smile them out.*"—*London Christian.*

One of these Little Ones.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—My name is Dorothy Lathrop. I have kindergarten at home every day. I go to church sometimes, and Ollie sings. She did sing alone one time, and the organ pipes played, and a violin, too.



I had a birthday party. I am four years old. I had ladyfingers, and candy, and a birthday cake with four little white ducks on it, and candles, too, and myrtle, mama says, fresh from Bronson Alcott's yard. She says that Alcott and Emerson were great friends and that some day I will love to read what they wrote. I have pussie willows just coming out, and flowers in my garden. (Make a picture of the flowers, will you, mama?)

I love WEE WISDOM. It is a nice paper. I am going to give Jessie one.

Your friend,

DOROTHY.

.....
I have written just what Dorothy told me, and have made a picture of the flowers, that were brought from the woods last year and planted in her garden. I cannot tell you how delighted she was when she saw their bright little faces this spring. She loves flowers, and has her little garden bed planted with several different kinds—pansies, mignonette, sweet peas, sweet allysum, forget-me-nots, and nasturtiums. She especially loves the fragrant flowers, and every morning has a new cluster of lily-of-the-valley buds to show me.

She looks like a serious, quiet little girl in the picture, but I wish you could see her shining eyes and happy face, as she runs in to capture me, and show me her treasures. She plays, in the kindergarten, that she is a little flower, and she knows that she really is something like one, for God's beautiful spirit is the life within her, making her grow big and strong and sweet, just as the tiny plants grow. In every little seed, God has placed his life; and the life that is all about it, in the sun-

shine, and in the air, coaxes it to come out, and show forth its strength and beauty. The little seed obeys, and the little life comes out to be one with all the life.

Then what happens?

Before the little plant knows it, something springs out of its heart in a new, beautiful form, quite different from the leaves; clothed in bright, lovely colors instead of the green of the plant; and best of all, such a sweet perfume comes from it all the time, that people love to be near it.

Then the little plant knows that it is God's beautiful thought becoming revealed to the glad eyes of the world. Happy little plant, because it was willing to let God bring out of its own little heart, its lovely crown of flowers. God knew it was there; the little seed did not. It only knew enough to let God live it, and that was just enough.

So in every little child is the Spirit of God; and all around about, in everything, is the great loving spirit of the Father, coaxing the spirit of the child to come forth and show its strength, and power, and beauty. When the little child obeys, it becomes stronger, and lovelier, until, some day, it is surprised to find that sweetness and love are stealing out from it like the perfume from the flower; and people wish to be near it, because love blesses and heals all whom it touches.

Isn't it nice to let God's beautiful thought shine right out from your hearts, little children?

Dorothy is getting like that. She is very loving and unselfish and thoughtful for others. Although she is an only child, she has never been selfish with her things. From the very love of her heart, she gives up her playthings to others. She has a little playmate who lives next door. Her name is Jessie. When a little cake is baked for Dorothy, one is always made for Jessie too, and if the best one is ever handed to Dorothy, she always changes with Jessie and gives her the best. Sometimes one is slightly scorched. Dorothy always keeps it.

At Easter, she had a large duck given to her. A dog was bought for her to give to Jessie, because there were not two ducks to be had. She thought the duck was the nicest, and presently came up to me, and said, in the shy



Wee Wisdom

sweet way she has when speaking about God: "Mama, God told me to give Jessie the duck." When Jessie came in, she gave it to her with glistening eyes.

She is a true little Christian Scientist, and knows that God heals her and gives her good thoughts. She is so staunch a believer that she expects the pain to go immediately. If it does not, she is surprised that "the wrong thought don't go."

It is cute to hear the long talks she gives her dollies on the subject. She tells them that nothing can hurt where God is, and God is all around and in them, so nothing does hurt them.

All of her little songs are Christian Science treatments. She thinks that God helps in every way.

One day she could not remember the name of a new playmate, and asked me what it was. I did not know. Presently she came running to me, joyously and excitedly, saying: "Myra! it is Myra! God told me. *Didn't* God tell me, mama?"

Some other time maybe I can tell you more about her. She sends you some some sweet arbutus that her father brought her; with a verse written by Elaine Goodale while only a child:

"Close to the damp earth clinging,
Tender and pink and shy;
Lifting her waxen blossoms
Up to the changeful sky;—
Welcome! our Springtide darling,
Fresh in thy virgin hue;
Long as the oaks stand round thee,
Yearly thy charms renew."

DOROTHY'S MAMA.



Wee Wisdom's Reception Room.

DEAR WISDOM:—It's time to be getting ready for our birth-day party. I'm two years old next month (August).

Everybody, most, dresses in white and brings flower-gifts to birth-day parties. Shall you?

We'll ask Mother Wisdom about it. Mother Wisdom says, "Wear white—put on the shining garment of righteousness (*right* thought), clothe yourselves with the beauty of holiness (*whole*-ness), and for floral offerings, bring the fragrant blossoms of loving words."

So, ho! That's the way we're to dress. Don't forget it. Come early with your flowers—that's the kind of blossoms I love. Some of you sent me this little verse, last year, about that kind of flowers:

"Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits."

Remember this verse and keep your heart-gardens always budding and blossoming—yes, and fruiting, too. Think what a garden would be like, full of nettles and thistles and all kinds of bad-smelling weeds! Who would cultivate such a garden as that? No Wee Wisdom, surely. None of *you* want to keep thought-roots in your hearts that yield stinging words and selfish deeds. No indeed, we all want kind hearts, kind thoughts and kind deeds, and we're all going to look carefully after our gardens, aren't we?

But I must say to you, that when you come to my reception next month, don't be disappointed because you find just my plain door-plate and no lovely Christ Child standing outside to welcome you in, for it *seems* now as if that would be the way our dear, little Wisdom-house would have to look after this. "Why?" you ask. Well, you see, *they* (the Book Co.) do say I have been very extravagant in my way of serving you and that it has cost quite as much to keep up my visiting expenses as it has for my big brother THOUGHT (he pays his own way). I have only wanted to make you as happy as ever I could and show you the beauties of Love and Truth. I never thought anything about expenses. But you see *they* have 'em to meet, and so I want to do what is right by them, though my love for you would gladly make my entertainments as wonderful and beautiful as anything you can imagine.

We'll have just as much *love* and just as much *truth* in our littler and humbler Wisdom-house as we have now, and maybe some day there will get to be such a host of us that we will be compelled to have a new and larger house, and then we'll pay our own way. The beautiful Christ Child has not left us. He will always wait upon and welcome you, though his dear form does not appear longer at our front door.

Little children, let us love one another.



*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 WEE WISDOM:—I want to tell you I'm so glad Mother Goose sent us Mr. and Mrs. Coonie. I'm going to hang mine in our own little room where I sleep. Then I will always be remembering when I wake up and look at the little cute things, that I'm to be kind to all—everything, everyday—for Mother Goose said in her letter that's what the kitties try to say to us. R. F.

They haven't left us much room for letters this month and there are some beautiful ones, too.—(EDITOR.)

KENWOOD, CALI.

I want the first volume of WEE WISDOM bound or otherwise—also all the numbers of the second volume up to date and—and

away on as long as ever it is published. I want it for a little child twelve years old and for another child fifty years old as we count time. Surely WEE WISDOM is the "little child" that shall lead the great and strong into the Heavenly kingdom.

M. A.

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—

Can you give me the name of any children's hymn book? My little boys enjoy you every month, and now we have decided to have a Sunday-school by ourselves at home each Sunday and we do not know any Truth hymns to sing. If you would tell us of a good collection (for little people—my boys are seven and three,) we would be very grateful. Yours in love,

MRS. J. H. H. C.

We do not know of any. Here is a need, Aunt Seg, which we hope you and Warren and other musical friends will hasten to meet. There have been repeated calls made for exercises that shall be suitable for our Sunday-school entertainments. Here's a fine opportunity for giving your genius a chance to shine out for Truth. EDITOR.

TOPEKA, KAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—

My little daughter, Mabel, composed a thought-pillow and wishes me to send it to you. She is nine years old and to please her I enclose it.

Love is great,
 Love is All,
 Love will come
 At every call.

MRS. M. F. C.

Good for Mabel. Her thought-stuffing shall go right into a pillow. Who'll send us some more?—(EDITOR).

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—

I send the enclosed letter to you feeling sure that you will be glad that WEE WISDOM is such a pleasure. The writer of it is a dear little friend of mine and is devoting her life to visiting the very, very poor in their own homes.

MRS. D.

[Extract from letter]. Little Rosy to whom you sent WEE WISDOM, passed away last week; in her hand she held the paper

to the last; it made her so happy—her older sister read to her what she could not read herself. It did not seem possible she could appreciate it so much, but I fully realized she did, when she recited one of the little verses to me one day. I am so glad that she had something from outside to make her so happy, for there was so little in the home and she suffered so much.

Our Wee Artist.

Here is a sketch by Ralph himself. You remember Ralph? He made us a photo-visit just one year ago and preached us a *big* sermon. He's most four now, and his sketch is wholly ideal. Ralph likes Sunday most because it is the one day of the week when his papa and mama have leisure for



a long stroll with him. So Ralph has "thought" out a way, and here it is, to hurry up Sunday.

The first figure of the sketch, he says, is "Old Sol," and the others are the moons all come down out of their holes to chase old Sol 'round to Sunday.

His mamma wanted to know who told him this would make Sunday come any quicker; his reply was, "*Didn't anybody tole me; I just 'membered it.*"

It's a funny little spree Ralph gives the staid old sun and the moon family. You see he has 'em all out, full moon, half moon, and quarter moons. What a nice little change it must be for 'em to quit their sailing for a while and have a little exercise on their legs. Isn't it an idea, though? And aren't you glad we have a wee artist, full of jolly surprises for the hard-working families of the skies? Three cheers for Artist Ralph!

Aunt Seg's Catechism.

WEE WISDOM.—Auntie, why, do you suppose, the lions did not destroy Daniel when he was thrown into the den?

AUNT SEG.—Is there no reason given in the Bible?

W. W.—Yes, Daniel told the king that God shut the lions' mouths, and again it is said, that it was because Daniel "believed in his God."

A.—Just repeat that last statement using Good instead of God.

W. W.—He believed in his Good.

A.—Where was his Good?

W. W.—Everywhere, of course.

A.—Well, then, if Daniel's Good was everywhere, it must have been in the lions also, must it not?

W. W.—Yes, I suppose so, but I don't see how lions that eat people can be very good.

A.—Who is the life of the lion?

W. W.—God must be the lion's life, since He is *all* life.

A.—And God is the Good. Now I

will tell you how Daniel was protected, and how everyone may be protected not only from animals but from every danger. *Daniel was not afraid.* He believed in his Good as *Omnipresent*, and he believed his Good to be omnipotent or all power, therefore, he had no fear of anything. If one little bit of fear had crept in he would not have been safe. Don't you remember that wise saying of Solomon? "As a man thinketh so is he." Where there is not one mite of fear, there is not one mite of danger.

W. W.—I wish we children could get so that we would have no fear.

A.—You can when you know God so well that you *believe* in him as Daniel did.

Have you never seen a baby who was not afraid of anything?

W. W.—No ma'am. I don't know as I have.

A.—Well, *I have*, and I'll tell you some of the escapes from what seemed great danger, this baby had: he was my own

little boy, so I know what I am talking about. His name was Willie. (It is yet, but he is big Willie now.) He was never afraid of anything and we were never afraid for him, he was such a brave little chap. When he was one year old, we had a colt who was as frisky as she could be, and just *would not* be caught except she was cornered and couldn't get out. If any-one of us were to go near her, she would jump up and run like a deer. One day I happened to go to the door, and there lay the colt, Master Willie astride of her neck, pulling her mane and ears. I didn't believe my baby would get hurt, and so I just stood still and watched him. Finally he pulled the colt's nose around and kissed it, the colt seeming to enjoy it as much as baby did. The little one was never in one place long at a time, so, pretty soon he slipped off and trotted away, the colt, never attempting to rise until he was well out of reach.

W. W. — Well, Auntie, I should have thought you would have been frightened.

A. — I don't remember of being afraid. I had great faith in my baby being protected from harm. I will tell you another instance where he seemed in great danger. We owned an old horse who was cross and would show temper when anyone came near him. One day, Willie's sister, who was a big girl, saw our dear, fearless baby lying on his back under old Bill and the horse resting one foot lightly on the little soft chest. Baby was playing with the foot and as happy as a lark. Now just see how wise old Bill was. The sister ran screaming to rescue Willie and almost any horse would have been moved by her screams, but even though she rushed up to him, never thinking of anything but her little brother, the good, wise, old horse never moved until she had snatched baby away.

I believe our baby would have gone right up to a lion and patted his face without a mite of fear. Now, when I spoke of a little child I was going to say this:—that the baby sees *all is good*, therefore, the Good in all responds to his sweet confidence. If grown people believed in the Good as the little child does, they would never be afraid to trust the Good to take care of them just as Daniel did.

Little children like Willie, are so innocent that they believe in everybody and everything.

When the grown man or woman believes in the Good as Daniel did, it is because they are wise as well as innocent. They have learned to *know their good*, and from *knowing* they cease to fear.

The children who read *WEE WISDOM* are old enough to learn to *know their Good*. And to *know* is to *trust*; to be sure of protection, to have no fear. Now this means no fear of *anything*; neither of danger, of sin, of sickness nor of death. It is a good plan to put these words away instantly and say instead of sin—*Truth*, instead of sickness—*Health*, instead of death—*Life*.

God is my life, health, strength, support and defence.

A Short Sermon.

Children who read my lay,
This much I have to say:

Each day, and every day,

Do what is right—

Right things in great and small:

Then, though the sky should fall,

Sun, moon and stars and all,

You shall have light.

This further would I say:

Be you tempted as you may,

Each day, and every day,

Speak what is true—

True things in great and small:

Then, though the sky should fall,

Sun, moon and stars and all,

Heaven would show through.

Figs, as you see and know,

Do not out of thistles grow;

And though the blossoms blow

While on the tree,

Grapes never, never yet

On the limbs of thorns were set;

So if you a good would get,

Good you must be.

Life's journey through and through,

Speaking what is just and true,

Doing what is right to do

Unto one and all,

When you work and when you play,

Each day, and every day,

Then peace shall gild your way,

Though the sky should fall.

—Alice Cary.



Tuesday

The good farmer
Sows good seed—
So must we.
If we 'd harvest
Loving deeds,
Loving we must be.

Monday

The little thoughts
I think,
The little words
I say,
Are the little seeds
I scatter
Day by day.

Thursday

God, the Good,
Is always here,
But we hide Him
With our fear.
When we love,
Then we see
God is here
And we are free.

Wednesday

Love is great,
Love is all;
Love will come
At every call

Friday

When Good I'd see,
Good I must be.

Sunday

Fear is darkness,
Love is light;
Love makes day,
And fear makes night.
Fear shines out—
Love is gone,
Like the darkness
At the dawn.

Saturday

I cannot be
Sick or sad,
I cannot be
Cross or mad,
When my heart
With love is glad.



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Publishers' Department.

This number is a combination of June and July. All subscribers will be allowed an extra month in consequence.

With the next number *WEE WISDOM* will begin its third year, and we presume that many of its readers will be disappointed to see it reduced in size. The fact is that this little paper costs us more than we get for it, and during the past two years the cash outlay over and above the income has been \$700; not allowing anything for editorial services. It has been a debatable question whether to discontinue its publication, raise the subscription price or cut its size. We are daily reminded by appreciative letters that it is doing a good work among the little ones, so we dismissed the idea of discontinuing its publication. Then it was not deemed wise to raise the price, so the one thing was to reduce its expense until it shall at least pay printing bills. The subscription list is steadily increasing and just as soon as the income is sufficient, the former size will again be issued.

We sincerely thank the friends who have given the editor and publishers their encouragement in both word and money.

For \$1.00 we will send *WEE WISDOM* one year and all the numbers of Vol. 5 of *THOUGHT*, being April 1893 to March 1894, unbound. This unbound volume of *THOUGHT* contains over 500 pages of interesting matter.

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