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WEE WISDOM

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Trixy's Foreign Mission.

I'm at Uncle Ben's now. I don't know how long I'll stay. Things seem different when you're away from home, and you don't know what to do first. I didn't.

Aunt Susan's got a baby and it cries and cries. She says it's 'cause it's teething, but I don't believe it. God don't make teeth with stickers in 'em. Aunt Susan worries and keeps talking about babies dying with teeth in hot weather, and I know that's what's the matter. Cousin Frank says she's always fussing at him and saying "don't" all the time. I feel like you do with slivers in your fingers. Can't even touch the cat without she sticks me.

* * * *

I'm real happy this morning, cause last night when I went up to the pretty, white room Aunt Susan fixed for me, I said over and over my truth words:

God is my Father, and I am His child:

I am His image and likeness:

"I shall have no evil thought, because I am like my Father, who is all Good.

I shall have no unkind thought, because I am like my Father who is Love.

"I shall have no thought of sin, sickness or death, because I am like my Father who is Life.

"I am well, strong, happy and wise because my Father is all Life, all Love, all Strength and all Wisdom.

"I have the mind that was in Christ Jesus: because Christ Jesus was my Father's obedient Son and I am my Father's obedient child."

I sat a little while alone all still and quiet, and 'membered how Aunt Joy had first given us these words, and when I looked round, the room looked so soft and white and lovely, all the slivers were gone and I knew Aunt Susan's heart really was all soft and white inside just like this little room with

everything to make a body happy, all in beautiful order there. When I thought how she had done all this for me when she had so much else to think of, I just loved Aunt Susan and couldn't wait till morning to tell her so, though I was in my gown. So I just slipped into her room and put my arms about her neck, and she didn't say I was "mussing her hair" or "don't." She just let me love and thank her.

Then I remembered Aunt Joy said it was a good time to sow seeds that would come right up when you're so full of love. So I coaxed Aunt Susan to let me take Baby Charley while she went out on the porch to see the moonlight. She looked so s'prised 'cause I hadn't touched him before, or even thought how I could help her. She gave him to me and said it was real kind of me. I don't know much about babies. He wriggled so I was 'fraid he'd come to pieces. I guess he's s'prised, too, 'cause he quit crying. Then it came to me to sing him a little peace song. So I sang just as soft and low as ever I could:

Peace, baby, peace,
Peace, baby, peace.
Sweet love is here.
No harm or fear
Comes to baby dear,
For God, the Good, is here,
Peace, baby, peace.

I sang it over and over till baby got so still I forgot about him and everything else, and it seemed as if the whole world had turned soft and white. And then I woke up in my little white room and it was morning. I 'spect I went to sleep singing to baby, but I don't quite understand how I got here and how it's morning. Somebody's put a lot of roses in here with dew on 'em and it's all so

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sweet. I feel like I was little Aunt Joy, and that means I must sow joy-seeds all day.

* * * * *

Nancy, the housemaid, came in to help me get ready for breakfast, and she said it was so nice to have a little girl in the house; she hoped I'd stay a long time. When I went down stairs, Uncle Ben caught me up and said he'd like to know if I were girl or witch. Uncle Ben's always saying such funny things. You don't know whether he's making fun of you or not. He said I had done enough the night before to hang or burn me if I'd been in Salem a hundred years ago. I looked at Aunt Susan and she shook her head at Uncle Ben and said, "Don't be so rough with the child, she isn't used to it, and don't understand you."

Then Uncle Ben sat me down beside him at the table and asked me if I didn't miss something. I looked around. Aunt Susan was pouring out the coffee. Cousin Frank was at the table. What did I miss? Then Uncle Ben laughed and said, "I don't know what you may be called upon to answer for yet, Trixy. Baby Charley is still sleeping, it's a serious charge, his lungs must need exercise by this time, and our accustomed ears are idle and empty." Then I knew he meant baby.

I thought Aunt Susan looked brighter and happier, but that might be because I *know* her now.

Uncle Ben said we were to have a morning ride. Cousin Frank took me out among the roses, first.

"Oh! Oh!" I said right out loud. "How *could* we ever believe God put anything but joy and goodness into folks, when He's filled the roses so full of beauty and fragrance." Frank said, "Say, Trixy, do you think God makes folks good and happy?"

"Of course, don't you, Frank?"

"Not much, if God'd made people happy why wouldn't mamma be happy? She believes in Him. Papa don't, and he's always jolly. It don't make me happy to hear 'bout God. It makes me wish I was big enough to lick 'im, for mamma says He's always watching, and I hate eavesdroppers."

I asked Frank if he hated the air and sunshine, and thought because they were alwas 'round that they were eavesdroppers. He didn't understand, and so I asked him if the roses, or us either, could get along without air and sunshine. Then I told him God was more to us than air and sunshine, for He was our life.

I think Frank got some new ideas about God.

Uncle Ben has the loveliest horses, and how they did skim over the long, wavey roads. Aunt

Susan looked happy, and she said if it wasn't for thinking of baby's teething she believed she'd enjoy the ride. Uncle Ben said to her, "For the love of humanity, Sue, do forget teething babies and be happy while you can."

Then I asked Uncle Ben if he didn't think we ought *always* to be happy. He pinched my cheek and said, "Are you pious, Trixy?" I thought of Dr. Good, and said, "No." Then Uncle Ben drew down his face and said solemnly, "You'll be happy here then, but you won't go to heaven when you die." I told him I didn't have to go to heaven for heaven was *in* me.

"What kind of talk is this. Are you then a young heretic? Better not talk that way before your Aunt Susan. She's pious and believes it's wicked to be happy till you go to heaven. But if heaven's inside of you, where do you locate the other place?"

"I don't *believe* in 'the other place,'" I said. Then Uncle Ben laughed right out and said, "That settles it, Sue."

I wish Uncle Ben wouldn't say some things he does. Aunt Susan says he's profane.

Uncle Ben knows about everything. Folks call him a great naturalist. Aunt Susan says he knows about everything but God and his soul.

* * * * *

When Uncle Ben was out with Frank and me telling about the wonderful things of nature, I asked if he really believed in nature. He said "Of course." Then I asked him, "Why do you believe in nature?"

He said, "Because it is all there is to believe in."

"Uncle Ben" I asked, "don't you believe everybody must have a father as well as a mother?"

"That's quite the fashion," he said.

"Well, Grace calls nature, Mother-God. Don't you think there ought to be a Father?"

Uncle Ben said, "Well, Trixy, trot on a Father-God that's as useful and tangible and I'll own him."

"Don't you believe in Mind, Uncle Ben?"

"To be sure."

"Aunt Joy says Mind is the Father of All."

"That beats the Jews, Trixy, but Mind is in the head."

"Yes and everywhere else. Don't you think the trees and flowers grow as if they *know* how?"

"But where's their brain?"

How I wished for Aunt Joy and Ned and Grace to help me out. But I *know* God is Mind, and so I did the best I could. I told him brains weren't

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Mind, and that Mind ~~was~~ Life and Spirit, and that brains without Life and Spirit ~~wasn't~~ any account.

I said a lot to him, and I 'spect he thinks I'm an ignorant little girl 'cause I don't understand all those big nature-things he talks about.

But Cousin Frank told me his papa said *I had ideas*. Well, I 'spect I have and I'm going to keep em. I wouldn't swap 'em off for all that nature stuff of his. But it does seem funny he can't see that nature is just the *outside* of God.

—M—C

Lessons in Truth.

BY AUNT SEG.

Roscoe Franklin, ain't you ashamed to play with that black nigger?"

Eight years old Roscoe, was having a lovely time with a little colored boy whose bright eyes, white teeth, and happy smile, made his dark little face very sunshiny, for he was having *such* a good time with Roscoe, who had never discovered that there was any difference between a white and a colored boy. Tommy Brown *did* see a difference for he had been taught by his parents that he was better than the little dark skinned boy whom he called a black nigger

As for Charlie Ainslee, the little colored boy who a moment before had been *so* happy and bright he was used to being called a black nigger by the boys, but he had for a few happy moments forgotten the color of his skin in his frolic with innocent Roscoe, and now his face was black indeed and his small hands were clinched in anger, and his poor little heart was filled with hate for the boy who had taken his joy from him; and can you wonder why, for he had not been taught lessons of love and forgiveness; but then—neither had Tom.

Roscoe turned on Tom with great indignation—"He's good, Tom Brown and I like him! I should think you'd be ashamed to make him feel bad!

"I don't care, he's only a nigger," retorted Tommy, as he sauntered away.

Roscoe tried to make 'amends to Charlie, but the child was too hurt and angry to play, and so Roscoe went home to talk over the matter with his mother who always set his mind at rest and made his heart glad, no matter how disturbed he might have been. She was sitting on the porch with her sweet baby, Roscoe's little sister, in her

arms. She saw that her little son was troubled, and asked what was the matter.

"What is nigger mama?"

"A negro, is a colored man, dear."

"Is he bad because he is colored?"

"Why no, darling, how came you to think of such a thing?"

"Well you see, mama, I was playing with Charlie Ainslee, and he is a colored boy, but he is just as nice as a white boy, and ever so much nicer than Tommy Brown who called him a black nigger, and said I ought to be ashamed to play with him. We were having such a good time, and Charlie was so mad he wouldn't play any more."

"Not angry with you, dear surely,"

"No, but I s'pose he felt abused. Mama, what is the difference between a white boy, and a black boy?"

"Only the difference of color, my little son."

"Well mama, today your dress is white, but sometimes it is black, while *you* are always the same. Why do the white people despise the colored people and call them niggers?"

"There is no reason for it, Roscoe; it is only a prejudice"

"Whether they are white or black, mama?"

"Yes Roscoe, whether they are white or black. You will see among the white people those who seem wise and those who seem foolish. You will see the same among the colored people. What is the truth about all people Roscoe?"

"God is in *everyone* as wisdom, mama."

"Each person has a mind of his own, my son, or he power of thinking, and as each thinks according, to his own way whether his skin be white or black, he *seems* to differ from the rest, while in truth it is only his thoughts. There is only *one* Good in all the forms we see."

"I suppose a colored man's body is made like a white man's body is'nt?"

"Certainly, dear; there is only the difference of the color, on the outside. I think the time is coming Roscoe, when all people will be white."

"I do hope so mama, because I should'n't want a colored skin, and I am sure that Charlie Ainslee would be glad to be white."

He is white, Roscoe. Charlie is not that colored skin, nor even that body. He is Spirit just like you, dear."

"How glad I am! Then, I may play with a white boy, who has a colord skin' mama," said Roscoe laughing.

Mama laughed too, as she kissed her pure souled little son.

Cat Tales.



I'm only a little kitten-cat, but I know a whole lot of things folks don't think I know. I know that cats were not made to catch and eat mice, for mice are only our little gray cousins. How would you like to be made to eat your own dear little cousin by some big ogre who can make you do and think as they want you to? Men say they are the "crown of creation," whatever that may mean. I suppose that means something about ruling, for kings and queens and rulers always wear crowns to show their power; at least so Dorothy told dolly and me one day when we were looking at a queen in Dorothy's picture book. Now, just common people don't wear the sign of their power or crown on the top of their heads, like kings and queens, but on the inside. It's queer about this inside of things! Dorothy's papa says every *thing* has an inside which is an idea—a "think" Dorothy calls it. He says, too, that the idea or inside is what makes the outside, and then the outside has to be like the inside.

Some folks who come to our house and have long talks about these things call this inside of everything Mind, some call it Principle, some Truth, some God or Good, some Nature, and some The Real. At first I couldn't quite make out how it could be all these things at once, but now I think its this way: My name is Robert, but Dorothy calls me "Bobby Bobkins" and "Robby Robkins" and all sorts of pet names; her papa calls me "Sambo," because I'm black all over except the little white spot under my chin, and her mamma calls me "kitty." Now, I'm always the same cat no matter what they call me, and I s'pose this inside of things is always the Real Good no matter by what name they call it.

You wonder how I know so much about these things? Well, the folks I live with, Dorothy and her papa and mamma are thinkers. They call themselves "advanced thinkers," and every evening they have just the finest talks out on the veranda. Dorothy and I always curl up in the hammock and listen as long as we can, but sometimes we go to sleep. Once Professor Knowmuch visited at our house, and he told how people were learning to make others know their thoughts without having to speak or write them. He called this a great long word, but I remembered it. It was telepathy. He thought it was something great, but as cats and other animals get all their knowing this way, it did not seem very wonderful to me. That's the way Tommy Tomkins, our neighbor cat, told me to go for help when a big plank fell on his leg and held him fast. That, too, is how I told Dorothy to come and

help him out. Of course I couldn't tell her with words, for I can't talk; but I just mewed and pulled her dress and thought real hard what I wanted her to do. It's by telepathy that my amanuensis, who is writing these tales, knows what I want her to say. By this I know what they are talking about in our lovely veranda talks, and that is why I am such an advanced cat.

This way thoughts are catching, and, you see, I catch the wisdom which they are thinking. It's better to catch wise and loving thoughts than rats and mice, don't you think?

Then Dorothy loves me so, and she shows that love by giving me plenty of nice milk to drink. So I don't have to kill anything to eat for Love supplies me.

Love is the inside and the milk the outside or "showing forth," they call it. This, I think, is the "milk of loving-kindness" which Dorothy's papa read about in a big book.

I always listen closely when they talk about milk and things I know all about. If they talk of things I don't understand, I don't say they are not true. I don't think it shows much sense for one to say a thing is not true because they don't know all about it. If they want to know and keep still they'll learn what is the truth.

There's Tommy Tomkins, who sits on our back fence and sings the ugliest tunes every night. He says they think fight-thoughts at his house, and say that cats are good for nothing but to catch mice. They don't give him anything to eat, and when he gets so hungry he catches the little birds and things and kills and eats them.

Oh, how he does fight and scratch. He says every time he goes near anyone somebody says, "Be careful or he'll scratch you." That makes him mad all through and through, and he just does scratch. He doesn't fight and scratch me though, for I know he wouldn't be bad if he wasn't ruled by the bad thinking of the people at his house. So I just pretend I don't know anything about his ugliness.

As people do the thinking they are the rulers. Every thinker is a ruler and the difference is all in the kind of ideas or "thinks" to the things they rule.

The queen we saw in the book had a stick in her hand. Dorothy said it was a scepter, but it looked just like a stick to me. I don't like stick-ruling, do you? Tommy Tomkins says that they try to rule him that way but it makes him so cross he just goes out on the back fence and howls.

I'm glad I live with folks who rule by loving thoughts and who give me wise thoughts to feed upon.

I know now since I have told you all about how your thoughts affect us, you will have only loving and kind thoughts for your pets.

—E. H. H.

The Hugglety-Snugglety Arm.

When we've romped all the day,
And are so tired of play,
How nice in the hugglety-snugglety
Arm to lay.

There's naught can harm
In her sheltering arm.
That's where hugglety-snugglety
Lies your charm.

All our toys put away
At the close of the day,
And then in the hugglety-snugglety
Arm we lay.

Where there's love true and warm
No evil can harm;
For God is all love, and this love's
Just his arm.

While mother rocks slow,
And sings, Oh, so low,
In hugglety-snugglety
To sleep we go.

When mother's away
And we's growed big, we'll stay,
Held safe, in the All-Good's arm
Always.

There love comes to our aid,
And we can't be afraid
For in God's hugglety-snugglety
Arm we're laid.

—E. H. H.

Sleepy Time.

Birdies, now, are gone to rest,
Nestled 'neath their mother's breast.
Lambkins, now, are in the fold,
Safe from storm and robbers bold.
Children lay their little heads
On soft pillows. Mother spreads

Fine white linen over them,
While she whispers, "'Tis an emblem
Of God's everlasting love,
Underneath, around, above,
Birdies, lambkins, children too,
Mothers, fathers, sisters true,

And brothers, dear, in our home,
Where no evil, nigh can come."

—THERESA B. H. BROWN.

Juvenile Bible Lessons.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

Lesson 3. July 17.

Elijah on Carmel. Kings 18:30-39.

GOLDEN TEXT:—*And when all the people saw it, they fell on their faces: and they said, The Lord he is God; the Lord he is God.*—1 Kings 18:39.

We know that God is Love, and Love is so great and powerful that it is like a flame of fire, it will destroy or burn up anything that is not good or true. You can find this out for yourselves by saying "Love" over and over to any naughty little thought that troubles you. You will soon find that the naughty thought is no longer there, but a good true thought is in its place. This is the way we may worship the true God, for all naughty thoughts are like idols—in thinking them we are forgetting the Good or God.

We sacrifice these wrong thoughts to God by burning them up with our true thoughts of love. Where Love is no ugly thing can stay, and no one likes an ugly, untrue thought, therefore we gladly give them up. To make a sacrifice is to give up something, to do without it.

It should be very easy to give up being cross or fretful, to give up quarreling and scolding, to give up being lazy or careless; for if we are good, gentle, kind, loving and helpful every one will love us and we will love every one.

This is the true way to serve God, for God is Love and Love is God.

Lesson 4. July 24.

Elijah's Flight. 1 Kings 19:1-6.

GOLDEN TEXT:—*Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently on him.*—Psalm 37:7.

This lesson teaches us that God who cares for us is always near to lead and guide us. He will not let any harm come to His children.

Never be afraid of anything hurting you, for nothing can hurt you. Some little children don't like a dark room. Just think God is in that room and when you know His loving arms are about you, how can you be afraid?

The angels, our good thoughts, are ever near, to care for us. The angels are God's messengers. Sometimes a little child may be an angel messenger for the Lord. When you give some one food or carry a letter for mama, or bring papa his slippers, then you are a little messenger of Love. When you are making a great noise, crying, screaming, or

fretting, then you cannot hear God's voice, for God always speaks in the silence when it is so still.

We do not find God in the noisy, disagreeable things, but always in the still small voice. Loud cross speaking is like a stormy wind or an earthquake that destroys, but gentle quiet words and loving thoughts make us feel that God is very near. So let us remember to be gentle and quiet in all we say or do if we would know the presence of God's love.

Lesson 5. July 31.

Naboth's Vineyard. 1 Kings 21:4-16.

GOLDEN TEXT:—*Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house.*—Ex. 22:17.

It is very wrong for us to want that which belongs to another. We ought to be pleased that our little friend has something nice, but we must never want to take it away from him. If we do wrong to another, then surely some harm will come to us; for thinking evil brings evil, and thinking good brings good.

I once knew a little girl who was playing beside her mother who was sewing. The little girl had been rather noisy in her play, so at last the mamma said, "Now be a good girl and keep quiet and you shall have this pretty box to play with."

So the little girl was very quiet and good. By and by she took off the cover and found a pretty card in the bottom of the box. She asked her mamma if she might have the card. Her mamma said she might keep it. After a little while the mamma heard her little daughter talking to herself, and this is what she was saying:

"Now you see, Baby Alice, you was a good girl, that's why you found that pretty picture. If you'd been naughty, you wouldn't founded it. People that's good always gets good, that's how!"

If we are good we find good, but if we are naughty we bring things to us that are not pleasant. We must be true to God, and if we are true to God then we are kind to His children.

Lesson 6. August 7.

Elijah's Spirit on Elisha. 2 Kings 2:6-15.

GOLDEN TEXT:—*How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him.*—Luke 11:13.

This lesson tells us about the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit is that within your heart which teaches you about God. The Holy Spirit makes you know God. We have the Holy Spirit if we would serve God, and love Him truly.

To serve God is to feel His Holy Presence and to give all our thoughts and deeds to Him. Let us try and remember always to give to everyone: "Little deeds of kindness little word of love," for then we shall know and feel the presence of God's Holy Spirit, for His Spirit is all love. When you have a beautiful, happy, holy feeling in your soul or heart, then do you know a little of what the Holy Spirit is like.

When mother puts her arm about you and says: "My boy has pleased me to day, he has been so good and helpful," how happy you are, for then you feel God's love is right here. His Holy Spirit is with you, and has made you show forth the Good. The Holy Spirit teaches us wonderful things if we will listen to its tender love words that speak to us telling what to do. If you listen to the Holy Spirit within you and try to know what it will have you do you will grow up to be a wise man or woman, and then you will be able to help others to do good deeds.

The Holy Spirit will make your little tasks light and if you listen to its advice you will remember your lessons, and be able to do what seemed hard before so quickly and easily. Now I know a little girl who says to herself whenever she has to recite in school, "God teaches me; the Christ Child knows the lesson, so I know it," and truly she does know it and has a perfect report card every month.

Every one has the Holy Spirit of God within them, but every one doesn't know he has It. Elisha asked to know the Holy Spirit and so his prayer was answered, and he was able to do what Elijah did.

Elijah knew enough of God to make the waters of the river Jordan roll back, so he could walk over on dry land, and Elisha did the same, for he also felt the wise Holy Spirit within him. If we think a great deal of God and love Good we shall all be able to see and know wonderful things just as Elijah and Elisha were able to do this wonderful act of making a way through that great river Jordan.

No good thing will be to hard for us to do when we know that God gives us the power and strength to do it. It is God who acts through us. His Holy Spirit is the Great Teacher—that Spirit of Christ within each and all.

Lesson 7. August 14.

The Shumanite's Son. 2 Kings. 4:25-37.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.*—Psalm 40:22.

This lesson teaches us that any good thing we ask of God He will give to us, but we must have

great faith when we ask, and know that it is for us right now. Gehazi couldn't do what Elijah did for his faith was not great enough. But when Elisha, prayed for the Shunamite woman's little boy, the child got well, and sneezed and opened his eyes. The woman was very thankful to Elisha.

We also must remember to be always thankful for whatever is done for us. You know when we thank the Lord in people then we are thanking God, and showing Him our gratitude. Let us remember also that no matter how ill any one may seem to be, that if they think of God, they will surely be better, for thinking of God is praying to God. When you see any one, or hear of any one who is said to be very sick you must begin to think right away for them, "God is your health; you can't be sick; the Christ Child in you is never sick; and you remember the Good within you." It is forgetting God the Good, that gives people pains and aches, and then they say they are sick.

To keep well we must always think of God the Good, for the Good is always with us. Good can never leave us, for It is every where. Look at the little flowers that grow out in the fields and wood: see how healthy they look and how pretty they are. Is it not because they think of God always and love Him. They keep their little faces ever turned to God's sunshine; and that is the way the children should do; and we will think how you may do this. To turn your face to the sunlight is to turn all your thoughts to the sunshine in your heart or soul, and the sunshine of your soul is the Christ Child who never leaves you alone. He is always Good and always loving. He never does anything naughty nor is He sick or unhappy for He is your own true good self.

The golden text teaches us not to cry or fret or be unhappy, but just trust in the Good, and know that the Christ Child will lead and guide us in the beautiful sunshiny paths of God's love.

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UNITY TRACT SOCIETY.

1315 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.

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.

Wednesday

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

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.

Friday

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

Saturday

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

Sunday

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