

WEE WISDOM

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No. 1

Trixy's Foreign Mission.

(Continued.)

Trixy had been gone two weeks and the time for her home-coming was near at hand. Aunt Joy and the Day family were out under the "Big Oak" planning the decorations which were to make brilliant the lawn and porches and greet the eyes of Trixy upon the evening of her arrival home. Ned suggested the addition of sky-rockets and Grace a brass band, and all had laughed merrily over the Fourth-of-July occasion the children wanted to make of Trixy's return. All were glad in the thought of having Trixy with them so soon, for, to tell the facts in the case, the absence of that spontaneous little soul made a big gap in the doings of this interesting family. So this is how it was with them when the two letters came.

The first was Trixy's, and read —

Dear Aunt Joy, Mamma and all of you:

It's only a little bit of a while now till we will be having our good times together again. Why! I can just shut my eyes and be with you now.

Isn't it funny how you can be in two places at once? I open my eyes and here I am in my little white room at Uncle Ben's, with Cousin Frank whistling out doors, and Aunt Sue (I call her Aunt Sue now, 'cause she don't seem to need a long, stiff name like Susan) singing to Baby Charley. And what do you think! She's singing the very little peace song I sang that first night when baby and I went to sleep. Isn't it nice for her to sing it? I shut my eyes again and it seems as it did when I was right there, singing it with the world turned all soft and white and still. It's just like Aunt Joy

says: "You're where your thought is." The trick of it is to hold on to 'em, and not let 'em blow you round like a whirlwind. I believe I've thought of a thousand things since I sat down to write; but Cousin Frank's calling me and I'll finish when I come back.

* * * *

Uncle Ben calls me his "foreign missionary," and says if I go home now I will leave him just half missionaried, and my foreign mission in bad shape. But he took me in his arms just now and told me if I was not too homesick a little girl, I would make him very happy if I'd stay two weeks longer, and he'd promise to go home with me then and get acquainted with Aunt Joy. He said he'd write to mamma and make it all right, if I'd stay. I came up into my little white room to think about it. I want to do what is right; but oh! two weeks more seem awful long.

* * * *

Aunt Joy, I've been saying, over and over. "God is my Father and I am His child," and I have held my mind so still, now I see just how it is. If a thousand years isn't more than a day in God's sight, two weeks oughtn't to be more than a speck to God's child. I'm going to tell Uncle Ben I'll stay and help 'em all I can.

You see, baby's got a tooth and Aunt Sue talks a lot different and Cousin Frank wishes he had a sister like me for always. Nancy and all the help say I don't make a bit of trouble. So I've got lots to be thankful for. And, oh to think! What if you

hadn't ever come to us, Aunt Joy, and helped to find out about it all and everything; what would we have done?

It makes me so glad to think about all that's come to us of good, I feel as if my heart would burst wide open like the roses and fill all the air around me with something to make people glad and well.

Now remember in the silent hour that your Trixy is very, very wise and very, very happy and very, very able to show every body else how to be so.

Now please don't care a bit because I'm going to stay just that little-bit-of-a-speck-of-a-two-weeks longer, 'cause a thousand years is as a day, you know, to God.

With love and love and love, I am ever your
TRIXY.

—M. F.

[Uncle Ben's letter will appear in next issue.]

Another Cat Tale.



DOROTHY has gone to the country for the summer and I'm visiting too.

This is how it came about. One day I was out on the lawn, running after my tail and then darting up a tree playing my tail was something after me—that's my way of having fun by myself, and I'm real jolly company for myself too. You need not think because I'm wise and know so many good things about myself and this nice world in which we live, that I don't play and have a good time. It is only when one knows the inside of everything is Real Good, no matter how it looks on the outside, that one can be real happy.

I was having just a jolly time when Dorothy rushed out of the house, caught me up in her arms and said, "You dear little Bobbykins, I'm going away and I've got to leave you. Won't I miss you though?"

I tried to comfort her by rubbing my little wet nose against her cheek to show her I loved her and she understood. She always does.

Then she said: "Mamma said I could take all my dolls, but they're not you, and don't love me back like you do. They're just made by folks hands out of saw-dust and things, and don't know love and life and thinks like you do."

We were sitting in the swing thinking it over and I put up one paw and touched her face, thinking all the time I'd be happy while she was away if I could stay with someone as loving as she was.

Then I remembered what had been said in one of the "veranda talks," how loving always brought more love to one; so I thought, no matter who I live with, I'll just love them till they "love me back" as Dorothy says.

Suddenly she held me tight and jumped out of the swing and ran into the house where her mamma was sewing and said, "Mamma, I've had 'ninspiration.'"

"A what?" asked her mamma.

"'Ninspiration, like what we was talking 'bout last night, don't you know? When you want to know something real hard and a think pops right in you big and real, and you know it's just the right thing—Bobby caused it."

"Oh, an inspiration, you mean, child! But they say God is the cause of all inspiration," said her mamma, with that funny look on her face which she always has when she wants to see what Dorothy has to say.

"Yes, but you say all is Mind and all is God or Good, and Mind is in everything; now, couldn't the Good Mind 'spire me through Bobby as well as Mind in anything else."

"You're right, my dear. But what was the inspiration?" asked her mamma, for she'd forgotten to tell what it was.

Then she told her mamma that she was going to ask our neighbor, Mrs. Brown, to keep me while she was gone.

"This is not the neighbor where Tommy Tompkins lives, you may be sure.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown are just the loveliest folks you ever saw. They love cats and everything. I suppose it's because they're "advanced thinkers" too. I know it's because I wanted so hard to live with that kind of folks that I'm here, for it's wanting and loving things, they say, that brings them to us.

Miss Mabel, that's Mr. and Mrs. Brown's daughter, thought she didn't like cats when I first came here; but I loved her.

One day she thought she was sick and laid down on the couch and said she had a headache. The wind was blowing a ribbon from her wrapper out on the floor and, before I thought, I began to play with it—it was so tempting. She watched me, but she didn't pull it away. Then she let her hand hang over the edge of the couch and I gave it a tiny little love-rub with my side—and what do you think—she took me up in her arms and petted me and let me play with the ribbon all I wanted to. Soon she forgot about her headache and was well.

Her mother says I converted her for she loves me ever so much now.

I tell you Love, can do wonderful things.

—E. H. H.

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Wee Wisdom

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Joy.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

Once there was a maiden who longed to know Joy, but she had never seen his face nor had she heard his cheering laugh. She had been told he was clothed in shining raiment, and that she might know him by the smile within his eyes and the star upon his crown. So the maiden said, "I will go and and seek him."

She wandered far, but all the way she watered with her tears so that sorrowful sad eyed blossoms bloomed where her footsteps passed. But only for a day they bloomed, for at eventide they drooped their heads in grief knowing not how to live.

The maiden wandered on until at last she reached the moon's cold home. The moon felt saddened to see the maiden thus and asked, "Why weepst thou?"

"The maiden answered: "'Tis Joy I seek, but no where can I find him."

The snow answered, In the Vale of the Angels he walks by day.

So the maiden hastened on, but still she wept.

Then the stars looked in pity upon her, and said: "Dear one, weep not, for Joy is hard to find where there are tears."

But the maiden heard them not so wrapt was she in grief. At day break she reached the Vale of the Angels but an angel guarded well this gate with flaming sword. The maiden fell upon her knees and begged with sobbing voice that he would give her entrance. The Angel shook his head and answered:

No one enters here who knows not Joy. Return to earth and wipe away your tears, return to the drooping flowers, and heal them with your smiles. Those only may meet Joy who know how to give joy to others."

The maiden turned and retraced her steps. Her heart was heavy within her, and the way was hard to find, but she thought upon the words of the Angel: "to find Joy she must give joy to others"

Thus thinking she dried her eyes, and hastened on her way, And turning her face to the blossoms of earth she smiled upon them through her tears and a rainbow sparkled in her eyes, giving the promise of victory and a new day.

* * *

Again the maiden stands before the entrance of the Vale of the Angels; but her face has grown in

beauty, and her eyes gleam with a new light, and a smile plays upon her lips. She speaks with a clear and ringing voice, "I have returned, and I know you will grant me entrance."

Throwing wide the gate the Angel answered: "You have returned as Joy, not grief, and unto Joy I give way. Go unto thine own, for well hast thou earned thy reward. The children of earth have ceased to weep for thou hast given unto them a new name, and that name is Joy"

Out of the Mouth of Babes.

A lady in Belleville, Ill., writes: "One of the friends of my little daughter Mabel found a bird which to all appearances was what the world calls dead; but he wished so much for life for it. Mabel came along just then and he showed her the bird. She said, 'It will show life if you will say Life, Life, to it real fast.' They held the word for a few seconds when the pretty thing hopped away to its mother. How often I am reminded since coming here 'Except ye become as a little child,' " etc.

I have a neighbor who is a scientist. She has a little four-year-old tot. One morning she went over to a neighbor's where two women were discussing their ailments. The little one commenced to rock as hard as she could and say, "Jesus keeps me well, Jesus keeps me well, Jesus keeps me well, I don't get sick, Jesus keeps me well." If she hurts herself she will say, "God is good, God is love," over and over. Soon she will say, "It's all well now, mamma."

—J. G.

"My twin boys (7 years) are happy little souls. I was saying to them a few days ago, 'Oh boys, you seem to be so trying today!' One of them said, 'I think we must have forgotten to say our little prayer today.'" We give below the prayer which they learned at the Alameda, Cal., Home of Truth for Children.

God is my help in every need.
God does my every hunger feed.
God walks beside me, guides my way
Through every moment of the day.
I now am wise, I now am true,
Patient, kind and loving, too.
All things I am, can do and be,
Through Christ, the Truth, that is in me.
God is my health, I can't be sick,
God is my strength, unfailing quick;
God is my all, I know no fear,
Since God and Love and Truth are here.

The Children of a King.

THERESA B. H. BROWN.

"Oh, it is so warm!" cried Peter Pepperkin, as he fanned himself with his straw hat.

"Oh, it is so warm!" exclaimed Polly Popper, as she wiped her hot face with her white apron.

I hate hot days," said Sue Snarley; and she flung herself in a heap on the ground.

Just at that moment Lilly Lightfoot came dancing up to the group, her apron filled with ferns. "See my lovely green feathers," she cried. I found them over there by that spring of cool water under that beautiful, great, ragged, moss-covered rock. The trees made a thick shade over head and it is a delightful spot. The other boys and girls are coming. They all have some, and a few beautiful specimens of rock, and Anna Belle Blake found some pieces of petrified wood."

"Aren't you warm?" said Sue Snarley.

"Why no, I haven't thought of heat. I am quite comfortable," replied Lily.

"After climbing all those hills, too," cried Peter Pepperkin. "I hate picnics, 'cept when the table is set."

"Then the next time, don't come with us. Just set yourself at a table somebody has set with victuals in your dad's dining room, and get some one to feed you. But, poor fellow, you'll have to keep your jaws working or they'll get set, and that would not be pleasant, would it now, to our set, say?" and Willie Wilkins looked around with a wink and a merry laugh.

"What do you mean, you senseless gump?" yelled Peter Pepper, rolling up his sleeves.

"Oh, nothing, if you mean to get mad," said Willie.

"Coward," said Peter.

"I wouldn't be called a coward," snarled Sue Snarley.

"Don't, don't, boys!" cried Lily.

And just then the other boys and girls came up and flocked around, asking excited questions, and then a tall, handsome man, whom we will call Uncle Ray, came among them.

He was greatly beloved by all of the boys and girls. Their parents felt perfectly safe when Uncle Ray went with them on their summer excursions.

Peter Pepper dropped his arms to his side and looked foolish, while Uncle Ray said cheerfully, "What is all this excitement about?"

"We don't like hot days," said Polly Popper.

"And Will insulted me," cried Peter Pepperkin.

"Look at that hateful old sun burning up those window panes," said Sue Snarley.

"How beautiful they are, just like burnished gold!" exclaimed Anna Belle.

"We've had a hateful old hot time," said one.

"We've had a fine time," sang out many gay, young voices.

"Gather up your baskets and we will sit here in the shade while the sun is going behind that hill,"

said Uncle Ray. When all were seated he said: "Now let us see if we can get our bearings."

"What do you mean, Uncle Ray?" said Willie.

"I mean find out who and what you are."

"I know who I am," snapped Polly Popper.

Uncle Ray did not notice the interruption but began: "Once upon a time"—the children knew he was going to tell them a story and turned interested faces to his—"there lived the son of a king. He might have been very happy, for his father had surrounded him with wealth and all beautiful things. He could say to his servants, 'Come,' and they would come; and, 'Go,' and they would go. But instead of letting himself be cared for and happy, this son of a king found fault with everything, and no matter how much his father gave him he was dissatisfied. The most beautiful things he called ugly, and told his servants to cut the most absurd capers, until they in turn became dissatisfied with his performances. He found so much fault with everything that at last he became quite blind, and he seemed to lose his reason altogether. His wealth seemed gone, and he mourned over its loss, and yet, it was not lost. He complained that he could not see; that was only because he shut his eyes. He complained that the sun scorched his flowers, and that his servants refused to obey him.

"But one day his eyes were opened and he saw things as they really were. He found out how much his father loved him, and that he had never been blind, sick or poor, but always rich, and he knew himself as happy. He knew that he had power over all things, and he wondered that he could have blinded himself with false words so long.

"My children, you too are sons and daughters of a King, and by your own words you can make your happiness, or its opposite which is the unreal condition of mind.

"All things are your servants—dominion means power, and you can gain it even over the weather, so that it will never be too hot or too cold. You see the power is really over yourselves. All sensations will obey your voice."

The faces of all the children looked very earnest as Uncle Ray ceased talking. Then he said, "The sun has gone. Look at those billows of crimson clouds."

"Listen to the katydids," said Lily.

"And those old frogs down by the spring," said Peter.

"Can we have a song before we go home?" requested Uncle Ray.

And Polly Popper's sweet voice rang out, "I'm a Child of a King." Peter Pepperkin struck in with a rich alto, and all the young voices joined in the singing.

At the close Sue Snarley, with face shining, said: "Listen to the whip-poor-will. How I love him!" And then they said "Good-night, Uncle Ray," and took their several ways to their homes in the village.

And as their happy tones were wafted back to him Uncle Ray said, "God bless the King's children. May they know their Oneness with Him and with the whole expression of His Love, thus coming into the realization of their dominion over all things, and their Heaven of joy within."

A Story for Dolly.

Dear Dollie you're restless. I'm so sorry.
Listen! I'll tell you a wonderful story,
Grown folks never heard — "It's raining," they say,
But Dollie, the angels were washing today.

This morning the clouds were as black as the night,
For nursie said twice, "Will it ever be light?"
The angels must really have worked very hard.
To have them so early hung out in their yard.

First they rubbed them and rubbed them with all
their might,
And the clouds pretty soon began to grow light;
They emptied their wash-tubs right down through
the air,
And the water went splashing round every where.

Then they boiled them a little, to make them all-
right;
When they lifted them out they were shining white.
Next they rinsed them out of the loveliest blue—
Now I saw this myself, so 'tis true as true.

Then the angels pinned the clouds out good and
high,
On a rope of bright colors set high in the sky.
There were all sorts of clouds, some such funny
shapes;
There were angel's big wings, and there were little
apes;

There were some like the mountains with lofty tops,
Some crinkled, some plain, some with heads like
mops,
Some like piles of ice-cream made in forms rare—
There were miles upon miles of clouds everywhere.

What was that you remarked, Miss Jerusha Jane?
Only said I'd been dreaming today again;
Not a cloud to be seen and you've looked all 'round;
You wonder wherever the story I found?"

You're an ignorant doll, let me tell you, Miss,
Why you can't see a cloud, the reason is this:
They are gathered, folded and sprinkled when dry,
So the angels can iron them by and by.

—WM. MILLS in *Jenness Miller Monthly*.

If! If!

If every boy and girl,
Arising with the sun,
Should plan to do this day alone
The good deeds to be done—

Should scatter smiles and kindly words,
Strong, helpful hands should lend,
And catch each other's wants and cries,
Attentive ears should lend—

How many homes would sunny be
Which now are filled with care!
And joyous, smiling faces too
Would greet us everywhere.

I do believe the very sun
Would shine more clear and bright,
And every little twinkling star
Would shed a softer light.

Juvenile Bible Lessons.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

Lesson 8. August 21.

Naaman Healed. 2 Kings. 5:1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed, save me, and I shall be saved.*—Jer. 17:14.

This lesson teaches us to believe in God, to trust Him, and to love Him. If we put our faith and trust in God, then we will know that He is our health.

The lesson also teaches us obedience. If Naaman, who had leprosy, had not obeyed Elisha he would not have been healed. At first Naaman did not want to bathe in the river Jordan, but his servants told him it would be wise for him to try it, for it was such an easy little thing to do. So Naaman bathed in the river Jordan seven times and was made perfectly well.

We must all think of God often and always if we would keep well and happy. The way to think of God is to say words of truth over and over to ones self. These true words such as "God is here," "God is Love," will help you to remember God. Your thoughts are your servants for they serve and help you.

People nowadays do not have to jump into a river to be healed, for we all know that God is the one who heals. He is the great Power within us that keeps us well. If we are obedient to God we will not be sick.

To be obedient to God is to be obedient to mother and father in whatever good thing they say to you. To be obedient to God is to be gentle and loving, sharing your playthings with others, and helping sister or brother, anyone in any way you can.

I know a little boy who knows so well what obedience to God means, so I will tell you a true story about him.

One day little Frank who is six years old was playing with a cousin near a pond where the water was not nice and clear and all around it the ground was muddy and damp. Bye and bye the little boy's mamma came along and called "Frank, Frank this is not a good place for you to play, come away for, you are spoiling your shoes." Then the mamma left her little boy, for usually he did just as she said.

But Frank did not come away for some time, and the next day when he waked up he found his hands all chapped and hurting him.

Some one noticed them and said "Why Frank how did you get your hands so chapped". Frank

answered, "They're chapped 'cauth I dithobeyed my mother. I didn't do what she told me."

Frank knew that it took more than just playing in water to roughen his hands and make them bleed. It was disobedience. Let us try and do as God tells us and never forget He is our health.

Lesson 9. August 28.

Elisha at Dothan. 2 Kings 6:8-18.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The angel of the Lord encampeth around about them that fear him and delivereth them.*—Psalm 34:7.

To fear God means to love God, for we have been told to love and not to fear. Where God is there is nothing to be afraid of, and God is everywhere.

Once a little three-year-old girl named Muriel was playing with her two-year-old brother. They were playing in mamma's closet when the door suddenly slammed to on them.

"Don't be 'fraid, Charlie," said little Muriel, "God is here."

Charlie, who had begun to cry, stopped, and then some one opened the door and let the two children out.

Nothing can hurt us when we remember God is with us to care for us and protect us. Our good thoughts are our heavenly angels that watch over us, so let us think many good thoughts. If we think kind, loving thoughts about people, then they will think kindly of us, and be glad to help us, and so we help them to be good angels. Any one that helps another is like a good angel to that one. Sometimes we hear a person say, "She is my good angel." That means she is kind and loving and does good to that one.

We must always wish good things for people, and send them our loving thought, for if we send them out hateful thoughts and say unkind things, then things we do not like will happen to us. Once I knew a little girl who disliked some one so much that she stuck a pin into her. This little girl, whom we will call Jennie, was not allowed to go out with a number of children to see Tom Thumb, and from that day to this Jennie has never seen Tom Thumb. Now if she had been a good child she could have gone with the others. So you see how if we are naughty to others something comes to us that we do not like. But we must also remember not to be unkind to any one who has hurt us, for if we give back kind thoughts and words for unkind ones, we will soon find good friends everywhere.

God never punishes any one, for when people do wrong they punish themselves.

Lesson 10. September 4.

The Death of Elisha. 2 Kings 13:14-25.

GOLDEN TEXT:—*Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.*—Psalm 116:15.

Little children, God has created or made all life, so we say, God is Life. We know that what we are living is not dead, but we sometimes hear people speak of death and dying.

Now, God cannot die, for God is Life, nor can anything God has created die, for Life always lives; it is everlasting, and grows more beautiful as it thinks of God. Remembering God makes us grow in beauty, so the longer we live the more beautiful we should become, that is, if we think all the time of God.

There is something that does die in people and that is the naughty self. If we are God's little children in act and deed, the naughty self cannot live in us, but must die.

No one can see the life of anything, any more than we can see God, for God or Spirit cannot be seen. But we know that Life is real and true.

Once there was a little girl who took two peaches from a plate without asking if she might have them. Then she ran away and hid, for she knew she was letting the naughty child act in her. Bye and bye her mamma called, and said:

"My little girl forgot the Christ Child when she took what was not hers. The peaches were mother's. You should have asked for them. Now that naughty act is passed, suppose we let it die, and remember another time that the Christ Child acts in you, for God's little girl always does what is right."

The little girl listened to her mamma, and was never known to take anything that was not her's again. So you see that naughty act died, and the Christ Child lived in her heart. The Christ Child is the good self. Any one may become a saint who is good and true to God. God rejoices in the life of His saints. Only the naughty in us can die, and if we think often of God, we grow more Christ-like every day.

Lesson 11. September 11.

Sinful Indulgence. Amos 6:1-8.

GOLDEN TEXT:—*They also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way.*—Isaiah 28:7.

There are some little children, and grown people too, who are always trying to please themselves. They want to have a good time, no matter what others do. This is being selfish, and people that are selfish do not often have a very good time.

But those that think of others, and try to do kind little acts for brothers and sisters are much happier. I hope all the boys and girls who study this lesson are trying to make some one else have a good time.

I once knew a little girl who used always to think of others, and now that she is a young lady she is so generous and kind that every one loves her.

Once when this little Carrie was three or four years old she went out with her mamma to call on her auntie. The aunt had a few pieces of candy which she gave little Carrie. After playing about the room awhile, Carrie went to her aunt and holding out the candy said, "Please put it in a bag."

"Why," said the auntie, "are you not going to eat the candy?"

"I want to take it home to little sister," said Carrie.

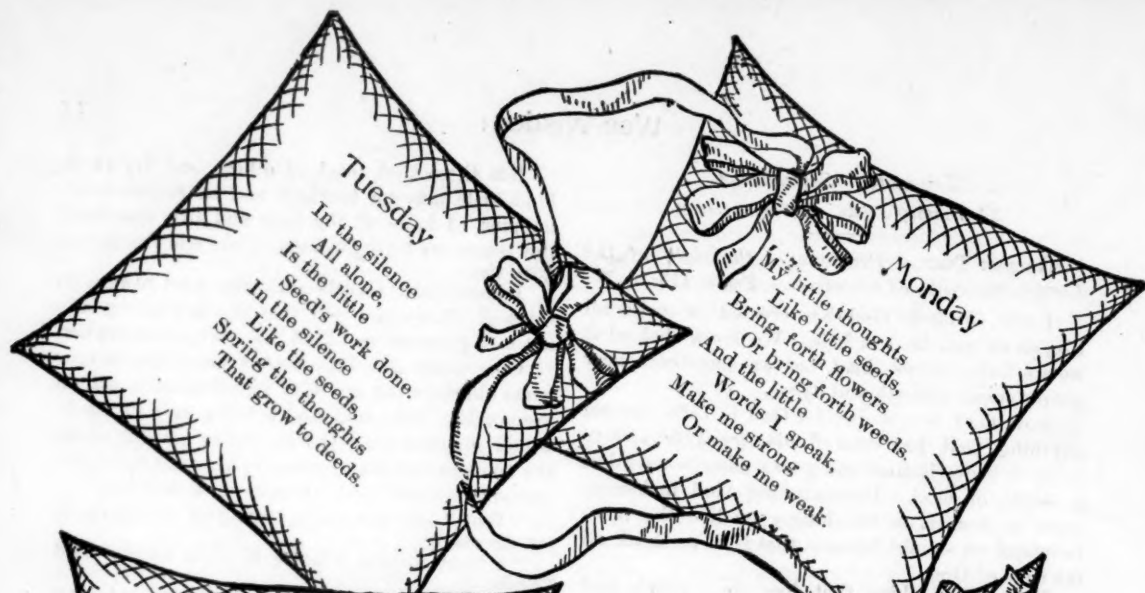
This little girl found greater happiness in taking home her candy to little sister than in eating it herself, and that is the way we should all do—think first of another—and the good will come to us anyway, for God loves all His children.

This lesson also teaches us not to be lazy or idle. We must serve God in all ways, little ways as well as great. When you study and learn your lesson nicely for your teacher then you are doing the will of God and letting the Christ Child act through you.

An omission was made in the Lesson in Truth by Aunt Seg in last issue owing to one page of the copy being mislaid. Just whose the fault we do not now know, but we beg our readers pardon for the error.

It was the intention as announced to make WEE WISDOM a supplement to UNITY, but certain requirements of the post office, as to the character of supplements, make this undesirable. Hence with this issue we resume the publication of WEE WISDOM, which was discontinued in July 1896. For the present it will contain but eight pages, with a promise of enlargement when the income will warrant. Subscriptions are coming in quite freely and we are assured that WEE WISDOM will find that place which has been prepared for it in the hearts of the people. The subscription price for WEE WISDOM alone will be 50 cents per year. Both UNITY and WEE WISDOM will be sent one year for \$1.00.

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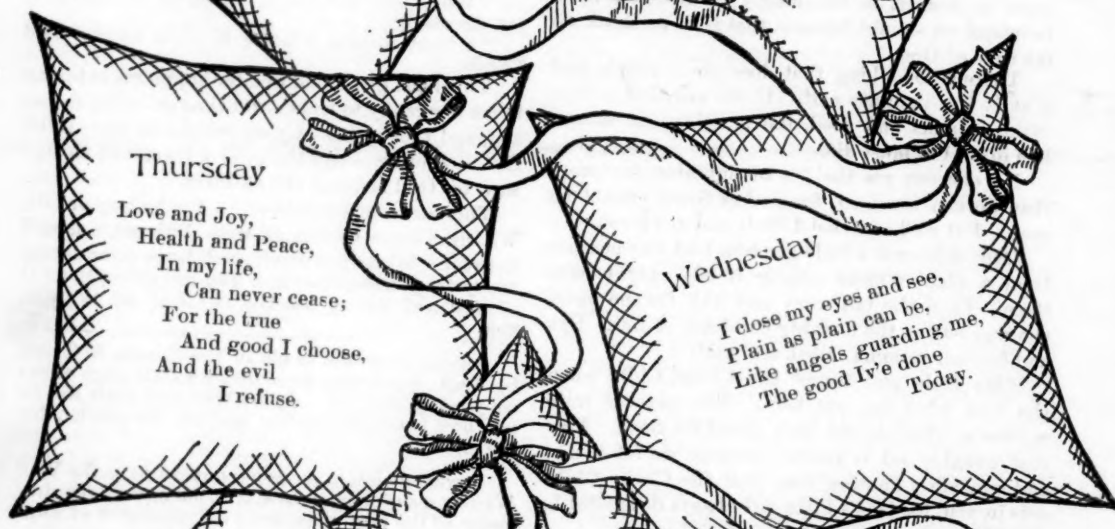


Tuesday

In the silence
All alone,
Is the little
Seed's work done.
In the silence
Like the seeds,
Spring the thoughts
That grow to deeds.

Monday

My little thoughts
Like little seeds,
Bring forth flowers
Or bring forth weeds.
And the little
Words I speak,
Make me strong
Or make me weak.



Thursday

Love and Joy,
Health and Peace,
In my life,
Can never cease;
For the true
And good I choose,
And the evil
I refuse.

Wednesday

I close my eyes and see,
Plain as plain can be,
Like angels guarding me,
The good I've done
Today.



Sunday

Sweet peace,
Sweet rest,
Dwell in my breast,
Upon this day,
So calm,
So blest.

Friday

When I'm good,
Then I'm glad;
When I'm naughty,
Then I'm sad.

Saturday

God, our life,
Is always here;
God is love,
We need not fear.
Pure in heart,
We cannot part.