

WEE WISDOM

Vol. III, Published monthly by Unity Tract Society,
1315 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.

October, 1898.

Price: 50 cents per year,
5 cents for single copy.

No. 3

The Real Boy.

A True Story of How Little Gaby Was Healed.

THEKESA B. H. BROWN.

"Mamma, look at that pretty horse and that nice buggy."

"Yes, darling," said mamma.

"When I'm a man, I'll walk on both my feet, 'cause God heals me now, don't He, mamma? The lady said so. I'm better now, ain't I, mamma?"

A little figure is sitting in a chair by a window watching the passers-by. He is small, and seems younger than he really is. He is about six and one-half years old, and his little face is very pale and wan, although lighted up with a pair of luminous dark eyes that seem almost too large to be handsome.

It is a very small house of two rooms, one of a row of tenement houses, all exactly alike, standing on a hill-side in the southern part of the great city of St. Louis. There are tiny yards in front and back of each building, and so many little children swarming in the yards that you think they must huddle together at night like birds in their nests.

"God is good, ain't He, mamma?"

"Yes, Gaby," says the mamma as she busies herself about her household duties.

Against the chair in which little Gaby is sitting leans a crutch that seems to point to his tiny leg that dangles helplessly from the knee like a stick fastened to a string.

When Gaby was only three years old an accident happened to his little left ankle, and since that time he has not been able to rest his weight on that foot,

and the leg has withered and become utterly useless.

Two other little boys younger than Gaby, with eyes that look like his, only not so large, and brown faces glowing with health, come into the house and stand by his side. Then Gaby continues in a plaintive little voice, "I'm going to buy the lady a silk dress and a horse and buggy like the one we saw just now, so she can ride around and heal all the other little boys who are lame, like me. Can't I, mamma? I was going to get her a watch, but she has one; but I don't think she has a horse and buggy else she would ride in it when she comes here, and I shall give her some money, too; 'cause I shall have it. I'm rich, ain't I, mamma? 'Cause I'm God's boy, ain't I?"

A few days before this story opens, a baby in the neighborhood had been given up by the doctors to die; but, to the joy of the mother and her friends, a lady healer had with the True Word, brought forth into sight the health of the little one.

Mr. Lattray, Gaby's papa, is a laboring man and when he can get work he labors hard to support his family.

He and his wife are French-Americans, and belong to the old French element of St. Louis, but Gaby and his three brothers are growing into American citizens.

They had heard of Divine Science, and as a last resort had thought of trying it, if they could only

find someone willing, under the existing circumstances, to take the case. They believed themselves very poor and that they had been growing poorer all the time, because it cost so much for doctors and medicines for Gaby's leg.

When they heard of the lady who had healed the baby, Gaby's mamma felt she was the one, and the healer gladly answered the call.

When she went to their humble home, and the little boys gathered around her with their sweet, wondering eyes, the little French mamma, in a hopeful but tremulous voice, told the story of how her baby was hurt, of what a dear little boy he was and had always been and how patient he was through all his suffering. She told how good his papa was to them, and how discouraged he had become, because he had tried so hard to have Gaby cured, and every trial so far had failed. The healer found herself saying, in her mind, "No, no!" to many statements; for, as she listened, she looked back of the white face of Gaby and below the seeming distress to the *real* boy—the perfect boy within. Her heart was filled with a strong, loving purpose to *set that perfect boy on his feet*.

Then the Spirit of Truth spoke through her mouth and directed her words, and in child language which they all understood she told them the story of Lazarus.

If tears were in her eyes, it was not the white face of Gaby that brought them there, but the fullness of joy that the conditions she seemed to see were unreal. She understood how Jesus felt at the tomb of Lazarus, and how His heart yearned over the people standing about that they might know the Father as He is.

From time to time the healer taught Gaby to say: "I am God's boy." "God is in me." "God is love." "God did not make my leg sore." "God heals me now." "The Father and I are one." "God in me can do all things for me." "God in me has made me a well boy now." "God's life is my life." "God's spirit flows through and through my leg." "I am perfect." "I am well." "I am health." "I praise God." "Christ lives in me now."

Often Gaby, his mamma and the healer would go into the beautiful silence together, and very soon little Gaby told his mamma that God talked to him. The healer told his mamma not to deny or criticise the statements made by little Gaby, for surely he was taught of God.

Although the healer and Gaby lived some distance apart, and she did not make a great number of visits, they often communed in Spirit. She held him in healing thought for many months. She went there and helped him when he first began try-

ing to walk on the lame leg after all sense of pain had left the ankle.

After the first treatment Gaby did not moan with pain any more at night, but slept, and his mamma said that if the healer did nothing more than that she had given them a wonderful blessing, for it had broken their rest for many, many nights. After the third treatment Gaby could rest his weight on his lame foot for the first time.

At once, Gaby and his mamma absorbed the beautiful Word of wholeness and love.

The idea of paying the healer seemed uppermost in Gaby's mind from the first. This would have seemed strange in so young a child only that it proved that the Spirit was teaching him, and she felt that she was paid a thousand times for her efforts in his behalf. He often amused himself with conversations like the one at the beginning of this story.

The Christ within went forth to meet the Truth and it began to manifest at once in his little body.

Gaby is now nine years old. It is more than two years since he sat in his little chair, with the crutch leaning against it, moaning every now and then with pain.

About five months ago his healer received a postal card signed "Mamma and Gaby," requesting her to visit them.

Leaving the center of the city she went a long way to South St. Louis, got off the car and walked along until she came in sight of little Gaby's home.

Who was that hardy-looking, brown-faced boy who came running down the hill to meet her? His face was shining with joy, and he put up his rosy mouth for a kiss.

He said, "On the fourth of last July God told me I could put away my crutches, and I did. I have not used them since. I do not need them any more."

He was barefooted, and he proudly walked around the healer and stood in different positions to show her how much alike both legs were. In fact there is no perceptible difference between the two little, sturdy, bare legs.

The healer now saw the Real Gaby, not a limp even in his walk. Praise God!

This is not quite all of the story of Gaby. His mother told the healer that her children were exposed to the belief in measles last spring, and she did not know it. One night it first began to show on their skins and they had been running errands and playing in the rain all day long. Some of the relatives thought that it would go very hard with Gaby, but some of the other children were seemingly quite ill while Gaby was not sick at all, although the appearance of breaking out was over his body.

His mother says that his disposition is lovely; that he does not get angry or quarrel, and never forgets to repeat the thoughts the healer gave him, after he has said his other prayers.

He keeps himself well with the beautiful Word of love and life and harmony, in that noisy tenement yard of little people. When the healer goes there they run to meet her, and they are being taught of God, and great things are to come forth from that little hill-side in South St. Louis.

Gaby's father says that he consented to have a Divine Science healer for his little boy to please his wife, and he was astonished when the child ceased crying with pain. Then when he knew the corruption was gone from the ankle, and saw the swelling go down, and the little calf began to grow, he knew God was doing the work.

I hope all the children who read this story, when they see that which appears to be suffering, will remember to say, "That is not true; God made all there is, and only the Good is real."

Then pain, anger and grief are not real, and when you see them deny their truth and declare only the good of the little friends you meet. You will thus help them to realize the blessing of a perfect body, living a perfect life, showing forth from within a haven of happiness, sweetness and love.

The above is a true story of a real healing. See letter from Gaby's papa and mamma.

Epistles.

Dear Wee Wisdom:

I'm awful glad you're back, but you didn't tell us what you're doing all this time, nor where you've been. Somebody said you's down in Egypt. I wonder if you saw that stone woman's head sticking up out of the sand, and if you found out what's inside those hay-stacky looking houses always close by 'er in the Egypt-pictures.

Why don't you have the Christ-Child and the whole lot of 'em that used to be on your cover? I liked to see 'em, and wish you'd have 'em some more. I want to see Coonie and know where "Mother Goose" is "at," and when you're going to give another reception and when you're going to have picture-calls again, and let us all talk in 'em like we used to?

I want to have Aunt Seg tell us some more about Dr. Charley. I liked him, too.

I know something I didn't use to know, and I'll tell it to you if somebody else'll tell something first. I've never forgotten the "pillow" Warren set to music:

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

Here is some poetry I made myself:

I should
Always be good,
And not fuss,
And not muss,
But a good me
Always be.

You can use it for a pillow if you want to.

JENNIE.

Dear Wisdoms:

Here is a letter from Gaby's papa and mamma. Mrs. Brown took her little story and read it to them first that they might see if she had gotten it all right; and this is what they say about it:

"The story Mrs. Brown has written about little Gaby is all true.

"Our little boy, Gaby, sprained his ankle when he was three years old, and we had many doctors. (Here they tell their names.) But they did him no good. His leg was nothing but skin and bone when Mrs. Brown began treating him. It began to grow better right away, and now it is as large and well as the other leg, and he is well and strong.

JULIA and JOSEPH LATTY

South St. Louis, Mo.

* * * "Words utterly fail when I try to express my pleasure at the re-incarnation of WEE WISDOM.

The best I have ever received, and I have read everything and listened to our best teachers, I have received from you, dear WEE WISDOM, with your dear pillow verses and your simple, child-like faith-teachings."

[So writes our Wisdoms' old-time friend and benefactress, whom Wee-Wisdoms learned to love as Mr. and Mrs. Coonie's mistress and our "Mother Goose." There's already a call to know "where she's at" and about the Coonie family. Wonder if she won't please tell us some more.—ED.]

Dear Wisdoms:

What a fortunate set you are! Here comes another blessed friend to you from where the white sands are kissed by the ebb and flow of the great Western sea, and brings you an offering of beautiful sea mosses, with their delicate, feathery, ferny forms spread out like exquisite paintings upon little panel shaped cards. There's such a lot of them, and with them comes this message:

"We are for the little Wee Wisdoms who write for the little paper. We think it is so good, and we want the dear little minds to think of us by the sea, and see how beautiful we are from the garden of the deep sea. The deep is not so far as you may think sometimes. Love and Good are always with us here, and the sea is another form of the boundless love of God—so beautiful and grand,

"Mother Sparr' gathers us with her own loving hands. She lives here by the sea, and her heart is as full of love for you and all God's children as the ocean is full of water. She wishes you could all come and see her and play in the white sands and pull us out of our watery cradle for yourselves. So she sends us out to tell of the sea and its beauty and love, and of God's great goodness everywhere."

San Pedro, Cal.

[We shall be glad to distribute "Mother Sparr's" sea moss and love cards among you; but the letter explicitly states they are for the little *writers* for *WEE WISDOM*. I wonder if we can't fix it up this way: Those who would receive one of these cards, write a little love-message to "Mother Sparr," in our care, and enclose a stamp to pay postage on the card?—Ed.]

Brightside.

Did you ever know a family with a hundred boys in it? No?

Well, I know of one, and it is such an interesting one I want you all to know about it.

And are they all brothers?

If they all have the same Father, and they have, they ought to be brothers, hadn't they?

Well, this wonderful family of boys all live together, and their home is called *Brightside*. Here they work and study and play and eat and sleep and are kind and unselfish and obedient, and every-one of them has his mark set to become a noble, useful man.

They were not always dwellers at *Brightside*. Dear little fellows, they all have known what the *dark* side of life is like, and what it is to be without home and friends, without food and care. No wonder they are glad God put it into the hearts of a noble man and woman to make a *Bright-side* for homeless and unlucky boys.

They are working to pay for a farm now, and are planting out fruit trees and raising chickens. They have a shoe shop and a carpenter shop, and they publish a little paper once a month that tells all about what they are doing. You could help them along ever so much by subscribing for their paper and getting others to do so. The paper is called *Brightside*, too, and it is \$1.00 a year.

I was thinking how nice it would be for all of you to save your pennies till just before Thanksgiving and then send them to the *Brightside* home for a Thanksgiving offering.

What a help a few thousand pennies would be toward paying for the farm—6,000 pennies would

be \$60.00, that would be about one penny apiece for you: ten pennies apiece would be \$600.00. Don't forget *Brightside* at Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Field are the noble souls who through privation and self-sacrifice are bringing forth this *Brightside* home and school for boys, and making of these boys intelligent useful citizens, instead of allowing them to grow up in error and to fill our reform schools and prisons.

These boys are taught the truths of Being and to know that only the Good is true.

We hope to hear from them every month and also to have some picture visits from them.

Their address is *Brightside*, 2642 Champa St., Denver, Col.

Meditations

By a Home of Truth Boy.

One of the pupils in the Home of Truth for Children, Alameda, Cal., a lad of nine years, teased a playmate because he was born in England. The first young gentleman considered America superior to England. The child's words caused quite a little disturbance, and as soon as one of the teachers saw the trouble he was sent to his room to find his True Self. In a short time he returned with his slate covered with writing and the following is his own composition on the subject, spelled and capitalized as the original:

1. I will mind.
2. I will do right.
3. I will love Englishmen, chinees, japiniese, amerikans, and all things that God made come forth.
4. The Englishmen are as good as the Amerikans.
5. Truth is in me.
6. Charity thinketh no evil.
7. Blessed are the meek for theirs is the kingdom of God.
8. I love the divine.
9. Charity worketh no evil.
10. He is my rock.
11. God is good and I am his child, so I am good.
12. Amen.

The fairest action of our human life

Is scorning to revenge an injury:

For who forgives, without further strife

His adversaries heart to him doth tie.

—Lady E. Carew.

*Poem.**

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

A little kingdom I possess
 Where thoughts and feelings dwell;
 And very hard I find the task
 Of governing it well,
 For passion tempts and troubles me,
 A wayward will misleads;
 And selfishness its shadow casts
 On all my will and deeds.

How can I learn to rule myself,
 To be the child I should,
 Honest and brave, nor ever tire
 Of trying to be good?
 How can I keep a sunny soul
 To shine along life's way,
 How can I tune my little heart
 To sweetly sing all day?

Dear Father, help me with the love
 That casteth out my fear,
 Teach me to learn in Thee, and feel
 That Thou art very near,
 That no temptation is unseen,
 Nor childish grief too small,
 Since Thou, with patience infinite,
 Dost soothe and comfort all.

I do not ask for any crown,
 But that which all may win;
 Nor try to conquer any world,
 Except the one within.
 Be thou my guide, until I find,
 Led by a tender hand,
 Thy happy kingdom in *myself*
 And dare to take command.

A Lesson From Life.

BUENA.

A wee child coming in from play,
 Brought to my room one winter's day,
 A stick both dry and brown,
 And rolled in a leaf seemed a bunch of down.
 She placed it in an empty vase
 Standing beneath the window case;
 The outside world was cold with snow.
 Against the pane dry leaves did blow;
 Old King Frost with his breath of ice
 Painted the window with strange device —
 There were mountains and castles rare,
 There were trees reaching high in air,
 There were flowers beside running brooks,
 There were deep dells and cozy nooks.
 Inside was warm with ruddy cheer

Our hearts were light, we felt no fear.
 An icicle with pointed tip
 Into the empty vase did drip.
 Swiftly by ran the winter days,
 Forgotten were the twig and vase.
 One morn in sunshine bright was seen
 The crisp, brown branch in living green;
 Buds had opened of sweet perfume,
 A subtle fragrance filled the room.
 From the dry leaf — that ugly thing —
 Came a bright creature with painted wing;
 It fluttered on the window pane,
 It slowly fell, then rose again,
 And through the open window flew —
 That winged creature, with life anew.

*These lines were written by Louisa M. Alcott when she was a child, were found by her in later life in an old diary, and sent to a friend whom she thought would be interested in the "working of the childish brain and childish heart."

Juvenile Bible Lessons.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

Lesson 3. October 16.

The Temple Repaired. 2 Chron. 24:4-13.

GOLDEN TEXT: *And the men did work faithfully.*—2 Chron. 34:12.

The real, true temple, or church of God, is your body. As the Christ lives in your temple, or house, you want it to be very strong and beautiful. The way to have your house strong and beautiful is by thinking good, true thoughts. If our thoughts are good and beautiful, then our bodies will be beautiful.

We must not think about being sick, for if we do we will have sick and aching bodies. The only way to make our bodies strong and our hands and feet helpful, is by thinking of Christ, the Truth, that dwells within our heart. God's love is with everyone, and the more we think of God's love the more loving and helpful we shall become, and then the body will grow lovely because of these lovely thoughts. Let us call together all these good thoughts, just as we call together so many masons and carpenters. Now let us tell our masons and carpenters to go to work with their tools, that is, with more loving thoughts, and make beautiful the house where God dwells.

Do not leave any sick thought about, for sick thoughts are just like loose boards or falling plaster; and we do not wish a weak and tottering house. We want it to be strong, so we will call our men together and have them improve our house, and if we keep all these thoughts—men—thinking always of God, and saying over and over good words, then the work will be done well, and we can say "the men did their work faithfully."

Lesson 4. October 23.

Isiah Calved to Service. Isiah 6:1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT: *I heard the voice of the Lord saying, whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.*—Isa. 6:8.

A vision is a picture that comes to the mind to teach some lesson. In the days of long ago, good men had visions that taught them about God, and what He would have them do.

People have visions now-a-days, and little children may have them as well. Some times a vision is like a dream, and again it is like a picture that comes to the mind to teach something.

Suppose you should dream of a beautiful angel flying towards you. Suppose this angel should carry a red hot coal in its hand and lay it upon your lips. This would be a vision to teach you not to let any unkind or untrue thought or word come through your lips, but that you must think and speak kindly always.

The angel is God's messenger and the hot coal is God's Love that burns away the naughty, and leaves only the good.

Suppose the Christ-Child should speak to you in your heart and say, "Whom shall I send?" Then you must answer, "Here am I, send me." This means that God has put you here in this world to do good for Him. The Christ-Child helps you remember that you have something to do for God. You do not have to go away anywhere to serve God. No, you can be sent by God in every little thing you do.

If you walk to school quickly and happily, thinking kind thoughts all the way, then you are God's little messenger of Light. Remember in all you do that you are sent by God to do His will.

Lesson 5. October 30.

Messiah's Kingdom Foretold. Isiah 11:1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT: *The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.*—Isa. 11:9.

If we know God, and think of Him always, then nothing can make us afraid, and nothing can hurt us. Never be afraid of any living thing for God's life is everywhere. The life in a dog is the same life that is in you; it is the life of God.

We should be kind to all living creatures when we remember that they belong to God, and that the Life in them is the One Life—God. Even snakes have the same Life. Snakes would not hurt people, if the people were not afraid of them.

Once there was a little girl who used every morning to take her bowl of bread and milk and sit on her door-step and eat it. What was called a poisonous snake had his home in a pile of stones near by. This snake used to crawl out and look at the little girl eat. When she saw that he was hungry she gave him part of her bread and milk, and after that they had their breakfast together every morning. This snake never hurt the little

girl for she loved and trusted him. Nothing will hurt us that we love and trust.

If we are wise children, we will know that God's love in our hearts will keep us safe from all harm. You remember Daniel when he was in the lions' den, was not afraid of the lions, for he knew that God would take care of him, so the lions' mouths were closed and they did not hurt nor touch Daniel.

Whatever we love will love us in return, and can not hurt us. Remember always that God's love is everywhere, for this is real knowledge.

Lesson 6. November 6.

Hesekiah's Great Passover. 2 Chron. 30:1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Yield yourselves unto the Lord, and enter into his sanctuary.—2 Chron. 30:8.*

Every one should be willing to think of God often for this is the way to be good and to do good. To yield ourselves to God we must think of God and listen to the words of Truth that are spoken in the heart. By doing this we will draw all good to us.

I know a little girl who loves the flowers dearly. She told me once that she talked to a little flower, and that the flower had told her a very pretty story; but to hear it she had to keep very still, for this is the only way we can hear true words spoken.

Another time, this little girl seemed to have a bad cough and was lying awake in her bed at night when she heard her name called. At first she thought it was her big sister, so she answered; but she found her sister was fast asleep. Then she knew it was the little Christ-Child speaking in her own heart. So she listened and heard the Christ-Child say, "Be still, Nellie, and I will treat you. God is your health." She went fast to sleep listening to the words of the Christ-Child, "God is your health," and when she wakened in the morning she was all well.

You see how still we must be to hear God speak to us. This is what it means to enter into His sanctuary. We must be still and think of God and Love, and then we shall feel a holy, happy peace and be able to make ourselves well of anything that seems to trouble us.

Lesson 7. November 13.

The Assyrian Invasion. 2 Kings 19:20-22, 28-37.

GOLDEN TEXT: *God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—Ps. 46:1.*

Let us try to remember that God will help us out of every trouble, no matter how hard it may

seem. All we have to do is to think of God and His great love for us.

God is always loving us every minute of the day, for He is All Love.

If any little child seems sick, let that one think of God's love enfolding him from harm and see how soon that little one will feel better. Crying or fretting never helps us, but thinking of God heals every ache or pain.

I know a very small girl who used to cry at every tumble, but when she was three years old she learned to think about God for herself. After that different ones noticed that she did not cry so much. One day her big sister saw her fall down and then she picked herself up and began to whisper to herself, "God is wif (with) me; I can't be hurt."

So you see this little girl had learned to make God her refuge. His love, she knew was about her so she could not feel any hurt.

Let us all make God our refuge and know that he is always with us.

"My grandpa tells the queerest things.

He's seen a little house with wings.

He says a vine can climb a tree,

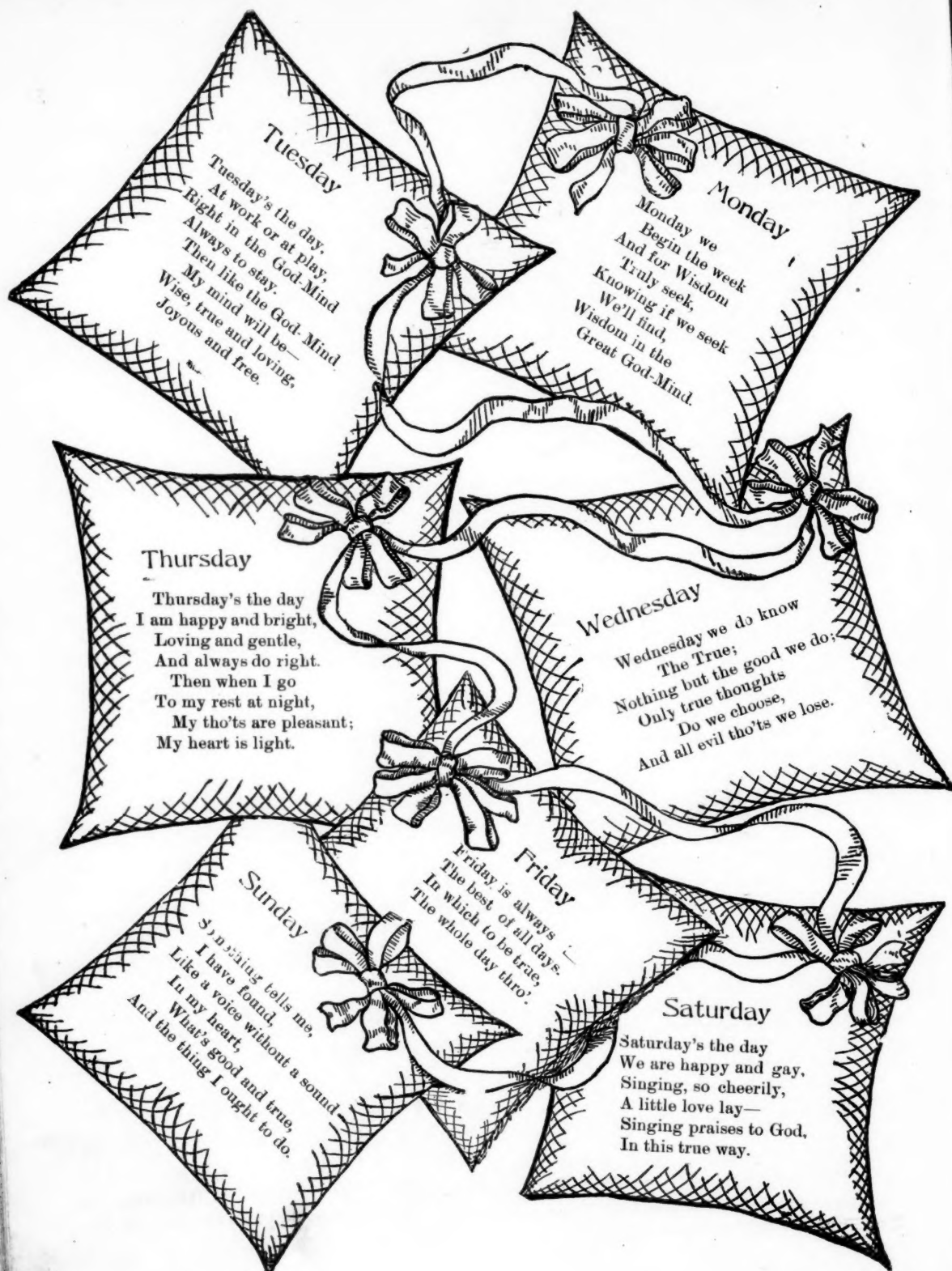
And rivers run till they find the sea.

He's often seen a rope-walk, too,

And a horse fly on the avenue."

We had so many other good things to tell you this month, that the continuation of what Trixy is doing in the missionary line had to be left out; but she is still "missionarying" and will tell you all about it next issue. There is also a real, live pony's true tale switching around getting ready for our next number, beside ever so many other interesting things.

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Tuesday

Tuesday's the day,
At work or at play;
Right in the God-Mind
Always to stay.
Then like the God-Mind
My mind will be—
Wise, true and loving,
Joyous and free.

Monday

Monday we
Begin the week
And for Wisdom
Truly seek,
Knowing if we seek
We'll find,
Wisdom in the
Great God-Mind.

Thursday

Thursday's the day
I am happy and bright,
Loving and gentle,
And always do right.
Then when I go
To my rest at night,
My tho'ts are pleasant;
My heart is light.

Wednesday

Wednesday we do know
The True;
Nothing but the good we do;
Only true thoughts
Do we choose,
And all evil tho'ts we lose.

Friday

Friday is always
The best of all days.
In which to be true,
The whole day thro'.

Sunday

Singing tells me,
I have found,
Like a voice without a sound—
In my heart,
What's good and true,
And the thing I ought to do.

Saturday

Saturday's the day
We are happy and gay,
Singing, so cheerily,
A little love lay—
Singing praises to God,
In this true way.