

# WEE WISDOM

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No. 4

## Trixy's Foreign Mission.

(Continued.)

Sometimes when you're away from home a long time a big lump comes up in your throat and you forget for a little while the *Really So* and think you're homesick. I did, 'cause a lot of things happened, or seemed to happen, and I wasn't a bit happy, and that's why the lump got into my throat. I don't know how it started, but it felt like a big black cloud swallowing up the good and bright in everything and everybody and me too.

I told Cousin Frank I wished I were home, and he said he wished so too, and then I cried and he got mad and tore up the letter we'd been writing to Ned and scattered it all over the carpet. Aunt Susan came in and called him "a bad boy," and said "he worried her to death," and locked him up in the library.

So I came up to my ~~little white~~ room. Isn't it funny, just as soon as I stepped into my little, white room and shut the door there wasn't any more clouds. It was like the walls and everything in it were saying to me:

Pure and white;  
Good is bright;  
Love is light:

Welcome, welcome to the light.  
To the good and to the bright,  
Welcome, welcome here.

Then I knelt right down by my little bed and said: "Dear Lord, I'm so glad it wasn't Cousin Frank or me or anybody but shadows that acted so down stairs."

I sat in the little white rocker and kept so still that what Aunt Joy said about darkness and light

<sup>back</sup> all came to me. She said nothing but light could put out darkness, and where the light kept shining darkness could never come. She said the Christ-light was in us, and our true thoughts and words were the rays that went out from us and put out the darkness and shadows made by wrong thoughts and words.

Now I see why I got lost in the dark down stairs today, for when Baby Charley cried and everybody called him "cross" my thought didn't shine out and see that he was good and sweet and not cross at all. And when Aunt Susan got fretted and Cousin Frank got mad, I didn't remember that wasn't the true of them. And just to think of it! I even believed I could be unhappy and homesick. That was such an ugly shadow. If I had only shone out with the thought of love and harmony everything would have come all right.

I see, too, it is because I always hold just good, true thoughts in my little white room, that the shadows couldn't follow me into it.

I'm so glad, it seems as if it will always be easy to shine after this. I never, never want to forget again.

\* \* \* \*

You don't always know what's coming next. So it's best to feel very certain that God is always on hand everywhere and always. I can't get it all straightened out yet, it was so sudden and looked so dreadful; but I did keep my true thought shining and everybody got over the scare. It was right while I was so happy the other day thinking about letting my light shine that Cousin Frank put his

head in at the door and said, "O Trixy, something dreadful's happened to papa, and they're bringing him in like he's dead!" I had to think awful hard not to let my light go out, it was so sudden; but I said, "No, he's not dead, God is life." I told Frank if he'd think about *life* and keep saying, "Life, life, life," we'd bring him out all right.

Well, after I thought awhile, I went down stairs. Everybody was so scared and running everywhere, waiting for the doctor to come. They all said, "He's dead," but I wouldn't believe it. I slipped into the room where they'd put him. Dear Uncle Ben, he did look so white and still, but it didn't scare me any for I *know*. So I got as close to him as ever I could and whispered, "Uncle Ben, Uncle Ben, you're all right. God is your life, Uncle Ben, and you're all right." Then I said "Life, life, life," as fast as I could, and it seemed as if Uncle Ben *were* coming back and back and back from somewhere 'way off, and he *were* saying "life," too.

After while somebody touched me and said, "Little girl, wake up and go into the other room."

It was the doctor, he thought I was asleep. I told him I was just thinking hard. He asked me what I was thinking about and if I couldn't think somewhere else just as well. Then I told him that I was helping Uncle Ben *know* he was alive and all right, and if he'd just let me alone awhile I'd show him.

He said it was no place for little girls, and he couldn't go on with his examination while I was there. I asked him to please let me stay there just a little while longer, for Uncle Ben *needed* me so, and I wouldn't look or anything if he'd let me stay. Then I put my face down on Uncle Ben's face and kissed him and told him he was so full of life he couldn't keep still any longer.

I told the doctor, if I was a little girl and he a big doctor, I believed in God more than I did in him, 'cause God was life, and God's life was in Uncle Ben and couldn't be put out, and that's what I wanted to think about.

I kissed Uncle Ben again and whispered to him that he was all right, and then he shivered all over and opened his eyes and looked at me.

Then the doctor took hold of his wrist and said, "He is regaining consciousness," so I went and told Aunt Sue.

\* \* \* \*

Uncle Ben's able to talk now and I stay with him a lot, for he says he likes to have me. The doctor says Uncle Ben's all right now. Why couldn't he said so all the time?

Uncle Ben says there's something about it all he can't understand, for when he was thrown from his buggy he seemed to be thrown clear away from everything into the dark where he just drifted and drifted way out and out like he was on on a big, big sea and couldn't feel anything or didn't care for anything. All at once he heard me calling him and something like a rope of light *coming* out and out to him across the darkness. When it came near enough he caught hold of it and then it pulled in and in till it seemed to pull him back into himself, and he felt me kiss his face and heard me say, "You're all right, Uncle Ben."

What was it all? where was he? and what brought him back? are questions that the doctor can't answer to satisfy him.

He asked me today if I thought that big black sea was death. Then I thought about the light and darkness and told him what Aunt Joy had said; and because everybody was thinking darkness or untruth 'bout him but me, was why he saw my little true words like a rope of light coming to him in the darkness and bringing him back where he could think for himself.

He said, "Trixy you're a strange little girl, but I believe I begin to understand you. That was a hard knock, but anyhow it's knocked something new into my head."

Then I was so glad for I knew Uncle Ben was beginning to *know*.

### Thinking Makes It So.

Hugging her old toy house,  
My darling came to me,  
The blue eyes soft and sweet,  
As she looked up pleadingly.

"Mamma, O, don't you think  
That the dolls and houses, too,  
Have a little life in them?  
I think they have, don't you?"

As I looked at the earnest face,  
I hadn't the heart to say no,  
So I told my child that "Perhaps—  
Perhaps it is even so."

Now of a truth do I know,  
My darling's dolls and toys,  
With her own little life are aglow,  
That they *are* alive with her joys.

—K. L. C.



*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.*

### *The Butterfly's Mission.*

JANE GRAY SYME.

One warm June evening, little Nellie, growing tired of play, climbed up into the big hammock and watched the gay-colored butterflies as they flew merrily around among the flowers. She had not been lying there very long when one of them, a big fellow with black and gold wings, flew directly towards her and alighted among the daisies on the large, broad-brimmed hat which she had taken off and laid in her lap.

"You beautiful creature!" she exclaimed, "Where did you come from, and aren't you afraid that I will catch you and put you under a glass?"

"Not I," replied Mr. Butterfly, blinking his funny, little bright eyes. "I am not afraid of little girls; I love them dearly, for in the country where I live they are my playmates."

"Do you ever tell them stories about fairies and goblins and wonderful things?" asked the curious child, much interested.

"Oh, yes," replied the strange visitor. "Would you like to hear a true story about the land where I live?"

Nellie clapped her little hands with delight and begged him to tell her a good, long one.

"Well," began Mr. Butterfly, "there was once a good prince who was blessed with an immense fortune, and he thought the best way to spend it would be in making other people happy. So he bought a large country in which were luxurious plants, flowers, magnificent trees, wonderful lakes and rivers, great mountains, and all things beautiful that the heart could desire; but beyond this there were no living creatures of any kind.

"For some years he lived there all alone, thinking beautiful thoughts and dreaming beautiful dreams; then he felt that the time had come to send out invitations into the big world and invite all who desired to come and dwell in a land where there were no tears and darkness was unknown. The first to come and knock at the gate were myriads of fowl, fish, and all kinds of amphibious animals who wanted to make their homes in the broad mountain streams and rivers.

The prince went down to the gate when he heard the knock, for he was eagerly listening for that welcome sound, so joyfully he looked forward to the time when the first guest should arrive.

"What do you wish?" he enquired of the strange looking crowd.

"Wish!" they exclaimed. "Why, we received your invitation and have journeyed far to dwell in your land of promise."

"The prince smiled kindly and said, 'You can inhabit my land only on one condition, and that is, that you love one another, for my home is a home of joy and only those who know how to love may enter.'

"They all looked sorrowful and turned to leave, but just then a sweet breeze laden with the beautiful thoughts with which the prince of Love had filled the country breathed upon them. Though they knew him not, he knew them every one, and had formed a thought for each to receive when he had journeyed as far as the gate, which would give him the knowledge of how to love.

"A cry of joy arose from the vast throng as the Spirit of Love (for that was the name of the breeze) gave to each the thought which was to be to him a passport into the realms of joy. The great gates opened wide, and mid thanksgiving and rejoicing they entered. Next came the beasts of the field, the reptiles, and all living things which God had made. The last to come was a band of little children, and the good prince blessed and loved them. Their happy songs and voices made him feel that his fortune was not spent in vain, for there

was no cry from pain or hunger among them, and they knew not the meaning of sorrow.

"Now," continued Mr. Butterfly, "if you would like to see this marvelous country, just seat yourself between my wings, and before you can say 'Jack Robinson' we will be on our way."

Nell jumped up and did as she was told. She felt like a fairy queen as they glided swiftly through the air. On, on they went, over trees, streams and valleys until they came to a high mountain. As they went higher and higher, Nellie, growing faint and dizzy, closed her eyes. To her great surprise when she opened them again she was no longer on the back of the butterfly; he had disappeared and she was walking in a beautiful yard filled with flowers; little children played among them, and the air vibrated with the music of singing birds. Great snakes, bears, panthers, lions and all kinds of animals she had been taught to fear were feeding there. In the distance she could see great crocodiles and alligators sunning themselves on the banks of a beautiful river, and all seemed so happy and contented. The children seemed to love the hideous-looking snakes, and showed no fear when the wild animals approached them.

"How strange," she exclaimed.

"What is strange?" asked a sweet voice beside her.

Turning she saw a beautiful prince, and remembered she was in the land of Love. Just then the faint tinkle of a silver bell was borne to her ear. Louder and louder, nearer and nearer it grew, until she was startled by someone giving her a tremendous pull, and she wakened to find herself in the big hammock, and brother Charlie calling, "Wake up, wake up, Nell! Can't you hear the supper bell?"

### *The Song of the Sunflower.*

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

A sunflower stood on a great long stem,  
And looked up into the sun;  
He said, "My friend, you have far to go  
Before your day is done.

"O sun, you are great and good and wise;  
You shine with a golden light;  
The Moon has borrowed her beams from your eyes,  
For thus she lightens our night.

"I look on your face from morn till eve,  
As God has bid me to do;  
From you both strength and beauty receive,  
'Tis thus in wisdom I grow."

### *The Pony's Tale.*

I have a real long tail. All horses do who belong to kind and sensible people like my master, Dick.

I heard Dick ask Mr. Jones whose barn is right across the alley from mine why he had his horses tails cut off like brushes—docked they call it. Dick thinks it's awful cruel, and so do I.

Mr. Jones said he did it because Fashion says it is the proper thing to do. I don't know who Fashion is, but I don't think, whoever it is, it knows what's proper or is very kind. It must make lots of folks do as it wants 'em to, for when Dick takes me out on the boulevard for a drive I see so many horses disfigured in this way.

I wonder if their owners think Fashion knows more about what looks nice than the Infinite Mind which designed horses.

I'm going to ask Dick who Fashion is, as I did about what faith was, when his mamma said I came to him through faith. They were talking about it while sitting out on the lawn where I was eating grass, and she said, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, and I was the thing he hoped for and I came through that faith or substance." Now, I didn't see anything that I came through, so I asked Dick about it and he said it couldn't be seen but just felt inside of one.

Dick's got lots of this substance in him for he knows the good things are for him, and everything he wants comes to him.

When he was a real little boy he wanted a cow, and he kept thinking he'd get it and it wasn't long before he had it. Then when he wanted a pony he knew it was for him and he got me. I'm so glad he did for my other master was cross and abused me, and I got so ugly they could hardly do anything with me, for I'd kick and bite so. I guess you'd kick and and bite too if you had to work hard from five o'clock in the morning till way late at night, and not be fed more than half enough, and be whipped all the time.

My other master's wife didn't want him to sell me to Dick for fear I'd hurt him, but you may be sure I didn't though when I learned how he loved me. I just let him climb all over and under me. I know he does not intend to hurt me, and its more in what one intends to do than in what one does.

He thinks I'm the nicest pony anyone need want and I think he's the kindest master a pony could have. We kiss each other just as lovingly as anybody can. How could I be anything but good when he thinks so much of me?



If folks understood about this faith, or "substance of things hoped for," they wouldn't worry about the things they think they are going to need, and build big graneries in which to save up corn and oats, but instead would be building up faith in the good things that are for them.

I never worry while I'm eating my oats for breakfast where the corn is to come from for my supper. I know Love will supply me with all I need through Dick.

I hear him now getting the corn out of the bin and now I'll have my supper.

\* \* \* \*

I've had such a good meal, and I found out who Fashion is, or rather who it isn't, for one of Dick's friends was with him and they were talking about how cruel it is to dock horses' tails, and they said this Fashion wasn't anybody, only the idea of some man or woman. Then other men and women catch the idea, and soon it becomes a fixed custom and everybody thinks it can't be done any other way.

Wisdom is another thing that faith brings to us. You see I was expecting to find out who Fashion was, and I did. Expect is just another name for faith.

—E. H. H.

### *How Kitty Felt a Thought.*

Expecting to move from the city to the country and not wanting to take kittie along a member of the family remarked, "We can't take that cat with us; it has got to be killed."

It left the kitchen then and we never saw it again and we supposed it was dead.

We moved to our new house and were settled a month or more when once in a while we would hear what seemed to be little kittens mewling. We hunted several times, but failed to find them, so concluded we had been mistaken. Later on I was sitting alone in the dining-room when that same cat whom all of us had supposed dead walked in at the door, and, not seeing me, went to a store-room.

I followed her and found her babies which were carefully hidden there. When she knew I had found her little ones, such a piteous wail went from her heart. She went from me to them and back again and again, trying to tell me not to hurt them, and she did. When I took up one and caressed it, she saw I loved it. She mewed and purred and kissed my face, hands and even my dress. I never saw such an expression of gratitude. You may be sure she and her family were well cared for after that. But how she got to our new home, had her

kittens and fed them and herself remains a mystery to this day; but it shows the wonderful power of thought on animals; and if on animals, why not on mankind?

One don't have to tell children you love them, they know it. Words are useless then, and words would be useless if one said it and did not mean it, for they would know the truth. It is the pure love of the good in all humanity that brings them up to our standard, and brings us up to the Christ standard. Deep true love does not express itself in words, but is, and you feel it. —Flora P. Howard

### *Dame Cricket.*

Old dame cricket,  
Down in the thicket,  
Brought up her children of nine,  
Queer little chaps,  
In glossy black caps,  
And brown little suits so fine.

"My children," she said,  
"The birds are abed;  
Go and make the dark earth glad;  
Chirp while you can!"  
And then she began,  
Till, oh, what a concert they had!

They hopped with delight,  
They chirped all night,  
Singing, "Cheer up! cheer up! cheer!"  
Old Dame Cricket,  
Down in the thicket,  
Sat awake till dawn to hear.

"Nice children," she said,  
"And very well bred;  
My darlings have done their best;  
Their naps they must take;  
The birds are awake,  
And they can sing all the rest."

—Selected.

### *Epistles.*

*Dear Wee Wisdom:*

Please find enclosed a love-message to "Mother Sparr." I shall love to have one of the pretty "sea-moss cards." I learn the pretty pillow verses and they keep me from being afraid at night. Mamma reads the *UNITY*, and it is helping her to get well. I am 8 years old. Your loving friend.

Sabine Pass, Tex.

EVA M. BALL.

## Juvenile Bible Lessons.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

### Lesson 8. November 20.

*Manassah's Sin and Repentance. 2 Chron. 33:9-16.*

**GOLDEN TEXT:**—*If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*—1 John 1:9.

Whenever you feel that you have made a mistake, and said an unkind word, or have done some wrong deed, it is good for you to go to that one to whom you have been unkind, and say that you are sorry and that you did not really mean it. The Christ-Child is never unkind or sinful. It is when one forgets the Christ-Child that the naughty self seems to act. But to say one is sorry and then to send out the loving, blessed thought is the true way of confessing a sin. This wipes it all out and makes it nothing. God is all Love, so God always forgives; that is, God always gives good to his children. His love makes us clean and pure. He never scolds or says "naughty child," for God's eyes are always looking at the pure, good child that He has created or made in his image and likeness. When we are sorry for our mistakes and show that we want to be better in thought and act, then we feel how close and near we are to God, for he is ever present with us to help us. God is our very life, without Him we could not live or breathe.

Once there was a little girl who was rude to a lady, but when bed-time came this little girl could not sleep, for she kept thinking of the naughty way in which she had acted, and how she really and truly loved the lady, so the little girl crept quietly down the stairs and went to the parlor door where the lady was sitting reading. "I am so sorry," said the little girl, "I didn't really mean to be rude to you."

The lady answered her very lovingly: "That's all right, dear, I knew you didn't mean it."

If we ask to be forgiven with a heart full of love we are always forgiven, and we must also remember to forgive others.

### Lesson 9. November 27.

*Temperance Lesson. Prov. 4:10-19.*

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—*My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.*—Prov. 1:10.

If we think good thoughts it is the same as thinking of God, who is The Good. If our thoughts are good we cannot think of wrong-doing.

The Christ-Child is ever within your heart telling you that which is right and good for you to do. Always listen to the Christ-Child, for this is your True Good Self, and then you will surely be doing that which is right and good. When a naughty thought comes into your mind that is the time to shake your head, and say to it, "No, you are not mine, I will not listen to you, for I am God's child, and I love to do that which is pleasing to God." If you think in this way the naughty thoughts will not stay with you, but good ones will come in their place. The good thoughts are like ministering angels that come to help us. If we listen to a wrong thought and follow it we bring ourselves into so much trouble and are so unhappy.

Once there was a little boy who would not go to school, because he couldn't play and do as he wanted to in school, and so he stayed at home. That little boy shut so much fun and pleasure out of his life. By and by the school gave a party and he was not invited, for he was not one of the scholars, and so then he had to stay at home when he did not want to, and he wished he had been a good boy and gone to school with the others.

So you see if any little child is willful or naughty that they just shut the good right out of their lives, and make themselves so unhappy. No one else makes them unhappy. If they are letting their Good True Self act they will be obedient and willing to do as mother or father or teacher says, and then there will be no trouble.

It is good for all children as well as grown people to think some good thought all the time, for then all sin will be wiped away and they will be truly acting as a little Christ-Child should act. Jesus Christ dwells in every heart, let us ever remember this.

### Lesson 10. December 4.

*The Book of the Law Found. 2 Kings 22:8-20.*

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—*Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.*—Psa. 119:2.

God's testimonies are words of Truth, or good words that are helps to us in our life. These good words make things easy for us to do, and if we think of them often we will find there are no hard disagreeable times, but only pleasant happy times.

Here are some of the testimonies of God the Good for you to think of:

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.

Love thy neighbor as thyself.

The pure in heart shall see God.

I AM the way.

God is Love.

The last one is a nice short one to say over and over in your own heart. You can't think it too many times. It will help you to be loving and gentle to think these words:

God is Love.

It is seeking God with the whole heart when we think of him all the time. No matter what you do, and no matter where you go, you must always remember you are a child of God, and nothing can harm you, nothing can hurt you. Every little child whether rich or poor, is a child of God and God loves all his children alike. We are all living in God's great heart of love. We must try and think of this always for that thought will keep us happy and safe from sickness. God is never sick, therefore His children should never be sick. Whoever is sick forgets God's Love.

We make ourselves sick by disobeying our Heavenly Father, for our Heavenly Father never makes us sick or unhappy, but only gives us the Good, therefore let us love Good with our whole heart, and think of Him always, for by so doing we will keep well and happy, and be acting as true children of the All Wise Father.

### Lesson 11. December 11.

*Trying to Destroy God's Word. Jeremiah 36:20-32.*

**GOLDEN TEXT:**—*The Word of our God shall stand forever.*—Isaiah 40:3.

Nothing can destroy or hurt the Word of God. We all know this. If every Bible in the World was lost, still God's true word's would be in the hearts of His people. No good thing can ever be really lost. You might think you lost it for a little while, but it would soon be found.

The golden text tells us that the "Word of our God shall stand forever." The Word of God is any true, good word. These words are like tiny insects, they fly through the air and may be found anywhere.

Good words and thoughts are also like little fairies. We do not see these faeries, but they fly from one person to another and are so helpful and kind that we feel the good they do. I will tell you how you can send out these fairy messengers, and indeed you have so many of them that their name is Legion. When you hear any little child crying and seeming very unhappy, then call out the little fairy Joy and send him quickly to that little one, and say in your heart, "Do not cry, dearie, Joy is with you. God's joy is all there is." Perhaps you may some time hear sister or someone say "Oh, dear,

I feel sick." Now you must call up your little health messenger. Tell him to spread his wings and fly quickly. This is what he will whisper in the ear of that one who says she is sick: "You are not really sick. God is your health. The child of God is always well." These are true Godly thoughts, and God has given us many, and they will last forever and ever. Other true words are life, peace, strength, wisdom, and love. See what beautiful sentences you can make with these Godlike words, and then send them forth into the world to help people, for if we help others then do we help ourselves to be good and true.

### *A Prayer for Children.*

We thank our Father, the All Good,

Who supplies us with this food.

May the blessings we enjoy

Come to every girl and boy.

—J. R. Bransby.

### *A Barrel of Pennies for Brightside.*

"Our Royal boy" has a barrel of pennies saved already for the Thanksgiving offering to the Brightside boys. True the barrel is not very large but it holds twenty-five pennies, and he has started to fill a second barrel. If every one of our little readers would fill at least one barrel, how soon Brightside would be made brighter still by those bright pennies and the loving thoughts that go with them.

Don't forget to make your Thanksgiving bright by sending an offering to Brightside, for the promise is: "Give and it shall be given unto you." We know a blessing will come to you in return for anything that you may do to help this noble cause.

WEE WISDOM is published monthly by the Unity Tract Society, 1315 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo., where all subscriptions and communications should be sent. The subscription price is 50 cents per year; 75 cents per year to foreign countries. The aim of this publication is to make the gospel of Jesus Christ so plain that even a little child may understand it.



Tuesday

Thankful I will  
Ever be,  
Thankful for  
The good I see  
And the good  
That comes to me.

Monday

Thanks to God,  
The Good,  
For my clothes and for  
My food;  
For my joys  
And friends, so dear;  
For all things  
That bring me cheer.

Thursday

Blessings here,  
And blessings there,  
I find blessings  
Everywhere,  
As I look but for the good,  
Just as everybody should.

Wednesday

If I see a *seeming* ill,  
I will then be thankful still,  
For the *real* good that does  
fill.  
All my days.

Friday

Thanks to God,  
For all I need,  
When I thank Him,  
He does heed.

Sunday

Thankful  
Not one day  
In the year;  
But every day  
I fill with cheer,  
For all is peace—  
I have no fear.

Saturday

A thankful heart,  
A happy mind,  
Makes me loving,  
Gentle, kind;  
What good I seek  
I shall find.