

WEE WISDOM

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



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WEE WISDOM

STANDS FOR

The unwarped faith that believeth and hopeth all things.

"All things are possible to them that believe."

The freshness and purity that beholdeth Good always.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The joy and gladness that are fullness of life and health.

"In Thy presence is fullness of joy.....
.....Thou wilt show me the path of life."

The truth that frees from the clutches of race heredity.

"One is your Father, even God."

The knowledge that *Jesus Christ* is the subjective spirit of every child.

"The kingdom of God is within you."

The understanding that our word is the builder of our environment.

"For without the Word was not anything made that was made."

Be ye therefore perfect, :: :: :: ::

Even as your Father in heaven is perfect.

—JESUS.

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NO. 1.

Is there a cross word that tries to be said?
Don't let it, don't let it;
Just speak two pleasant words, quick, in
its stead,
And that will make you forget it.—*Ex.*

LITTLE KING COLE.

Virginia Belle Waddingham.

I know a dear little boy whose name is King, and the funny part of it is that he named himself before he could talk. Now, I know you are wondering how that could be, so I will tell you. It happened in this way:

When the sweet, winsome baby came to bless their home, Mrs. Cole decided that such a charming baby should have a charming name.

So she enlisted all her friends and relatives in the search for quaint and curious names. They read novels, fairy tales, histories, encyclopedias, and all sorts of books. They made long lists of Greek, Latin, Hebrew, old English, Scotch, and Irish proper names.

But all in vain. None were quite good enough for this precious bit of humanity. They were quite in despair, when one day Mr. Cole was reading on the broad, cool veranda, while Mrs. Cole sat near, lazily swinging baby's hammock to and fro. Bending over the hammock she stroked the dainty fingers and said, "What shall we call you, baby?"

"King!" shouted baby promptly, kicking his pretty pink toes high in the air.

"And King it shall be," said Mr. Cole, delighted at his son's ready response.

When little King began to toddle about among the flowers he evinced a wonderful liking for insects, bugs, worms, and all living creatures. But he was especially fond of the spiders who spun their delicate

silver webs in the rose bushes that shaded the veranda.

He would carefully lift a big, brown spider in his chubby hands, and pressing it against his dimpled cheek murmur, "Pitty 'pider, pitty 'pider," and never would he crush one or hurt it in the least, nor would he ever destroy their cobweb homes.

There were all kinds of spiders in the rose bushes—grey ones, brown ones, striped ones, and sometimes tiny ones of a brilliant green color—and little King loved them all.

One day he came to his mother, his face all aglow with excitement. He had found a new kind of spider—new to him at least. He opened his hand and laid it on the table. But, alas! it tumbled helplessly from side to side and could not stand alone.

It was the kind called by the children "Grand-daddy-long-legs," and some of its delicate legs had been broken in the little boy's confining hand.

"What is the matter with it, mamma?" asked King, with a troubled face. "It can't go."

"You have broken one of its legs, dear," said his mother.

"O mamma, can't you *sew* it on," eagerly inquired the little boy, while big tears gathered in his deep, blue eyes. Mamma shook her head. The tears were slowly dropping now as he watched the little insect in its futile attempts to regain its footing. But suddenly his face lighted up as in an awed tone he whispered:

"Mamma, lets ask God."

There was a solemn stillness in the room as Mrs. Cole reverently bowed her head, wondering what holy thoughts were passing through that pure little mind. And as the silence was unbroken she peeped furtively through her fingers. King sat with his chubby hands folded before him on the table, his eyes closed, and a radiant smile hovering about his lips.

And the spider—was walking across the table as if it had never been injured.

Opening his eyes, and never glancing at "Grand-daddy-long-legs," King ran gaily back to his play.

"Oh, come back, darling! See, see, the little spider is all well!" cried his mother.

A look of pained surprise shone out of the blue eyes as he said, "Why, mamma, I do believe you are surprised. Didn't you know God would do it?"

Mrs. Cole felt the reproof, and mentally vowed she would never again doubt the Father's love and power.

Miss Daisy White.

Helin Augusta Fussell.

There was once a daisy white,
With a heart of gold,
Living in an emerald field,
(So at least I'm told.)

There she lived her dainty life,
Nodding in the breeze,
Listening to the building birds
Warbling in the trees.

She heard the drowsy bumble-bee
Whisper soft and low;
She watched the dainty butterflies
Flitting to and fro,

Till one day a restless thought
Crept into her mind—
So she tried to sing and fly,
Then, indeed, she pined,

Till there came a little maid
Going out to play,
Who plucked our little Daisy White
To grace a sweet nosegay.

Then she found that daisies white,
With their hearts of gold,
Can travel just like other folks,
(This is what I'm told.)

Pa, will you answer me a question?"

"Certainly, my boy."

"Well, Pa, if the world is round, how can it come to an end?"

"There, now, that will do; you can run out and play."

THE WELL-SWEEP.

By Hulry.

YOU children have all seen an old well-sweep, or if you have not seen the sweep itself, you have seen the pictures of one, so you know what I mean. Now, this sweep I want to tell you about was near the home of a dear little girl who had no one to play with her, and she had to make friends with all the inanimate things about her. She had one tree near her home for her horse; she had another for her friend to whom she told all her troubles; and every shrub and stump seemed to her like a friend.

But of all the things about her she loved that old well-sweep best. "You are so good," she used to say, "to work for us all day, and you are so strong, you can lift such great buckets of water. It must be beautiful to be so strong. I want to grow just like you. I love you very much, well-sweep. Do you love me?" She often used to wish the well-sweep could talk to her and tell her all about where it used to live, and whether it was happy or not.

One day her dear mamma was very ill, and little Mary, for that was her name, was very sorrowful. She wandered about the house wishing there was something she could do to make her mamma more comfortable.

By and by she heard her mamma say, "I do want some water so much. Oh, if someone would come in that could get me some." But no one came. Mary wished she was not so small. She knew she could not reach the bucket. Just then the wind blew against the well-sweep and as it creaked it seemed to say, "Try it, try it. I'll help you, I'll help you." So she softly ran to the china closet and got her pretty mug and ran out to the well. But, alas! there hung the bucket way out of her reach. Again it creaked and she thought it said, "Touch me, touch me." So she went where it rested on the ground and put her hand upon it, and joy!—yes, the sweep was rising up and the bucket going down. She could never tell how it was done, but soon a dripping bucket of water was resting on the ground just outside of the curb. Oh, how quickly she filled her little mug

for her dear mamma, and how her mamma blessed her for it!

After this it seemed to her that the old well-sweep talked to her often, and it always said such wise things. If she had done anything she feared her mamma might reprove her for the well-sweep would say, "Tell her, tell her. Don't hide it." If someone had seemed unkind it would creak out, "Don't mind it, don't mind it."

She finally got so she used to go to it for counsel and help. One day she wanted to try for a prize at school, but she thought there was not much hopes of her getting it, but the sweep creaked out, "Work, work. You'll get it, you'll get it." Oh, what a comfort that well-sweep was to her!

As she grew older they talked about taking away the old well-sweep and putting a pump in its place, but she begged so hard for the old sweep that they let it remain. She was quite grown up before she found out that the words were spoken inside her own self in her own thinker, but now she knows they were. But she still thinks she can hear them plainer when she hears the old sweep creaking, and she loves always to see one.

Ethel's Poem.

Little Lelian with flaxen curls
As light as thistle-down,
And little Estella with rosy cheek,
And curls of the prettiest brown;

As they played in the shade
Of the deep green wood,
Estella told to Lelian
The story of the good —

That the sweet Christ-child
Dwelt in the heart of everyone;
And God watched over all His children
In love, to bless the good they done.

[Written for WEE WISDOM. These verses are true, and the names of the little girls are true.—ETHEL WILMOT.]

And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever. And my people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places — *Isaiah.*

LITTLE LOG.

Irene Ackerman.

I've got the dearest doggy,
His name is Little Log;
Used to be a kindling-wood
'Fore he was a dog.

Grandpa made him for me
When I had the cough;
Had a face of red paint —
Baby washed it off.

My birthday soon is coming,
And so I oughtn't care,
For papa then will give me
A hobby-horse with hair.

But I can never love him
As my own pretty dog;
Grandpa is an old friend,
And so is Little Log.

Little Dorothy sat perched on the bed beside me, as is her wont in the early morning, her face all aglow with interest as I told how Christian Scientists were being persecuted all over the country; how the editors of newspapers were writing against them; and how eager the doctors were to prevent them from healing because they had gotten so powerful that the doctors were afraid the sick people would all want Christian Science treatment instead of medicine.

I told her also of the recent arrest of some scientists in a city in New York, and of the trial that was soon to be held which would decide whether Christian Scientists would have any right to heal any more in New York state.

As I talked I saw her face begin to shine with genuine amusement, and her eyes fairly danced as she said —

"Why, they might as well try to reach a star with a ladder. They cannot stop thought."

Then up went her curly head, and with a merry laugh she said: "Why, if they should put me in prison, they could not keep me from treating." — *I. L. P.*

"Cheerfulness is an offshoot of goodness and of wisdom."

Our Birthday Visitors.



This is Nina Violeta Lee-man. She has come to attend our Birthday Party. And we have only to look into her sweet, pure face to know that only beautiful and loving thoughts dwell with her.

We have seen Violeta before, and have rejoiced as we looked into her great blue eyes to see how wonderfully beautiful is a soul that from the depth of its inherent purity looks out to see only good and beautiful things everywhere.

Dear little Violeta had Truth on her side even before her blue eyes opened to the light of this world.

Her papa and mamma had been thinking about Truth many years before they knew God was going to send them this little girl. So while her good mamma was hiding this dear little budding life safely under her warm, tender heart, she was thinking like Mary did, about God the loving Father of All and how His beautiful life was filling the everywhere, so there was no place for pain or evil. So full of love and peace were Violeta's parents that when the dear baby came there was great joy, and everybody laughed, and it looked as if the little new baby laughed too. Because so much truth and love were formed with Baby Violeta, she brought only pleasure and peace with her. There was no need of extra care for this tiny baby; she was perfectly at peace in her new world, and left mamma free to go on with her work of telling to those who came to her the blessed truth of life and health. The very first day Violeta opened her blue eyes in her mamma's home, her mamma spoke words of truth and healing to people who came there. So there was no break in the dear mamma's truth-work because of this beautiful babe's coming to her.

Violeta is four years old now, and has always helped in all that is good and true. As soon as she could talk she called herself "Dod's dopd baby." After repeating her little prayer —

"I am a child of God. I am under the law of good.
God loves me all the time. God gives his angels care over me.
Blessed be His name. Amen!"

she would say over and over again, "I am Dod's dood baby, I am Dod's dood baby," and the more she said it the happier she seemed. When only one year old if she were asked her name she would say, "Rose Bud," or as near that as she could, and then would add, "Oh, I's Love, t'ause I's Dod's baby." Then after questioning she would confess "'ey tall me Nina Yoeta." She liked her spiritual name best, her mamma says.

Violeta is fond of WEE WISDOM's Pillow Verses, which she repeats till she falls asleep. Her favorite verse is—

Wee, wee stars, so far above us,
Do you shine because you love us?
When we're full of love and true,
Can you see us shining, too?

When Violeta falls down and hurts her, which is not often, she will ask mamma to speak the true word for her; if mamma is not there, her seven-year-old sister, Lavernia, will do it, and she will be all right in a minute and run off to her play with a laugh. Once in a while she forgets that she's "God's good baby," but soon remembering goes off in a room by herself, closes her eyes and thinks as hard as ever she can about God, and comes out with a smile on her face.

She says God's name for her is "Love." A good name for her, isn't it? for she seems to be always running over with love for everybody and everything. We are so glad of her visit, and we, too, will call her "Love" when we look into this sweet face, and we will remember that Love is everywhere present, for God is love, and "Ye are of God, little children"—all of you.

RAWLINS, WYO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:

I am now on a trip, and like to visit all the little Wee Wisdoms. I am ten years old the 15th of this month. My dearest pet you see with me is only one year old. He is a monster kittie, weighs fifteen pounds. The other day I took him up to a photograph gallery, and



as he never saw one before he was a little bit afraid, but I only had to say, "Tricky, be still," and our picture was taken. My name is Juna Ellanora Nicholson, and my sister's name is Emma Maria. We both would like to have a moss card, and we both pray that Mother Sparr shall never be tired of making them. We dearly love to read *WEE WISDOM*, and will always remember its birth month. May showers of blessings come over *WEE WISDOM*.

With love to all, JUNA E. NICHOLSON.

Little Harry's Go-to-Sleep Song.

Copied verbatim by his mamma, July. 1895.

Christ and God is with you all the time.
God is only — is only — the true.
God and Christ is with you wherever, everywhere you go —
Christ and God is with — with you — with you.

(Mamma, this is the first verse.)

Yes, oh yes, do be true.
God is goodest.
Christ is with you, too.
God is good and God is true,
God is good and God is true,
Christ is good and Christ is true.
You can't be harmed or hurt.

(Mamma, shall I sing to you some more? Of course I answered, yes.)

He don't like people to be bad.
He is everywhere, you must take a care.
He is Christ who was risen 1895 years ago —
Do you remember? Do you remember?
He was the strong, the goodest, and the brave.
Six months ago was he born,
The best day of 365 days.
Oh, he was born on that day.
We must all be brave and true.
Hurrah! Hurrah for Christ! and for his glorious truth.

—*Harry Irving Day.*

(There, mamma, that is all I will sing now.)

How Bert Got a Moss Card.

It was this way, you see, and that's why Bert's letter has to have a place all by itself.

Bert's a Kansas City boy, and an idea came into his head, which he worked out all by his own dear self. That idea had at the bottom of it "a hankering" after one of "Mother Sparr's" moss cards. He had seen Morris' card, and he had heard about all the letter writers of WEE WISDOM getting cards, and he wanted one. Bert kept his own counsel, for wasn't he man enough to write a letter? It didn't matter if he hadn't ever been to school. Didn't he know print, and wasn't print good enough for anybody! Wasn't WEE WISDOM and all the books made of print? So Bert *printed* a letter, and folded it all nice and put it into an envelope and directed it to "Unity, 1315 McGee Street."

Bert was perfectly independent. He knew where he wanted his letter to go. What did he care for "Uncle Sam's" help. He wanted *his* letter to go, and go quick. So he wrapped it, oh! so safely, in a great many folds of newspaper till it looked most as big — no, not quite so big as the postman's bag, but it looked big enough to satisfy Bert. And then —

Well, there arrived that morning at Unity Headquarters an extra mail. To be sure it came in an *extra* way, flushed and happy with a "hipity-hop" bearing one packet. When there was an end to the unwrapping of strings and paper Bert's letter came to light — a genuine letter it was, too, plain as print. Indeed, it was print — with such a variety of type! Why, Bert must have a regular type foundry in his busy head! It was a-very-much appreciated letter, I can tell you, and I wish you might all see it in its original, clear, brave, bold print. It tells the story of a boy who is full of resources, and who will never know defeat, who is swift and prompt and brave and clear, and who walks on his own two strong leg sright into success. Bless the dear bright face and clear blue eyes! They are brave and honest, facing the good they bring good to pass every time. You may be sure he had his pick of all the moss cards then on hand, and when he had made his choice he said, "This is the one I like the prettiest."

[BERT'S LETTER.]

DEAR WEE WISDOM:

I love WEE WISDOM. I and my grandma went to Aunt Rosa's and I had such a nice time. I fed the chickens. I picked up corncobs for the fire.

BERT PRATHER,

406 Landis Court, Kansas City, Mo.

Wee Wisdom



*I will not disobey my Good,
Because my Good loves me;
It leads me truly day by day,
So I can close my eyes and say,
My blessed Good leads me.*

*My lessons are so easy learned,
Because my Good I see;
'Tis blessed just to close my eyes
And enter into God's clear light,
And know my Good leads me.*

*I wish that all my schoolmates knew
Their blessed, blessed Good.
There's nothing else in all their world
So little understood.
There's nothing else they need to know
So much as their own Good.*

*Sometimes I try to tell them how
In lessons and in play,
My heart is full of peace and joy
Because I know the way to find
My Good from day to day.*

*I sometimes find among my mates
One who is glad to see
How she may put her hand in God's,
And every hour of every day
Be led as He leads me. —Aunt Seg.*

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

Epistles.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I send you fifty cents for I want you another year. I never could get along without you. I should like

to have one of Mother Sparr's moss cards. My birthday is in August, too. I hope we will have many happy birthdays, and I think we will if we are good.

Your loving friend, GRETA GYER.

GALENA, KAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a girl of fifteen years old. I have four brothers and three sisters. We are all workers of God. Christian Science has done a great deal for our family. I must tell you what it has done for me. Last winter I was very sick and suffered a great deal. At that time we lived seventeen miles northeast of Springfield, Mo. Papa and mamma did all they could for me, but I did not seem to get any better. Then Mamma wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Priestly. They began treating me. I began to get better right along and soon was able to go back to school. In about a week afterwards, one night I awakened with pains as before. I could not go to sleep or lay still. I began saying to myself as fast as I could: "Satan, depart from me! I cannot be sick, for God is my Health. There is no room for you, so begone, Satan! God dwells with me." I kept saying that until I went to sleep. I got up in the morning and went to school and have not been sick since. I thank God first for my health and then Mr. and Mrs. Priestly. I read the WEE WISDOM and like it very much. Wish you would put this in WEE WISDOM, so other boys and girls can read it and know how to get rid of pains and aches. I would like very much to have one of Mother Sparr's sea moss cards.

Yours truly, LETTIE LANE.

VINELAND, N. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I would like very much to have one of Mother Sparr's moss cards. We get WEE WISDOM every month. I like to read it very much. I am a little girl eleven years old. We are the only family of scientists in this neighborhood.

Yours in Truth, CORDELIA ORR.

SANDSTONE, MO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I received your beautiful moss card and was thankful for it, and hope to be able to write some more verses to WEE WISDOM. All my little friends

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Wee Wisdom

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that have seen my moss card think they will write and get a card. I love to read WEE WISDOM, and tell all my little friends about WEE WISDOM. With much love,

ETHEL WILMOT.

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RAYMOND, KAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I would like to have one of Mother Sparr's moss cards. I have been reading WEE WISDOM, and UNITY some. I am nine years old. We have lots of apples and a nice garden. I have a large doll and a little brother to play with.

Your little friend, EVA O'NEILL.

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RATHBONE, N. Y.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM—I like WEE WISDOM very much. I have been taking it ever since last fall. My auntie sends it to me. I am a little girl eleven years old. I go to school every day, but my school is out in about a week. I have a very nice teacher. Her name is Nellie Shattuck. I will be sorry when school is out. I would like one of your moss cards.

Your little girl, NINA M. COLE.

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VICTORIA, B. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—We have been living in Wellington for the last year, and there was no Home of Truth Sunday School there to go to. So we used to read the dear little stories in you and have a little Sunday School at home. We have now moved back to Victoria. We are glad to be back in Victoria again. We have got a nice little garden. My little brother and I have to water it before we go to school. Mamma has a nice lot of plants. We love the WEE WISDOM so much, and we would like to have one of your nice moss cards. I was ten years old last March and my little brother is eight. I shall be glad to hear from you. I am your little brother in Truth,

WALTER CLAYTON.

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DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have taken WEE WISDOM a long time and I love it so much. I have "Wee Wisdom's Way," too, and Grandma has read it to me so many times and I never tire hearing it. I love Grace, Trixy and Ned. Aunt Joy is lovely. All of the Day family are dear and I love them

all. I am seven years old, but cannot read very much yet, nor write alone yet. My Grandma reads to me about the moss cards and I would love to have one if you please. I have a little brother almost four years old, and he loves to hear WEE WISDOM read to him. We both go to Sunday School and hear about the Truth and love to go. Our word was: "Be ye doers of the word; not hearers only." That means when we hear the good we are to *do* good. My Grandma takes UNITY and she reads beautiful words from it, too. I live at 1930 Sherman Ave., Denver, Colorado. Your little friend,

LEAH M. WOOTON.

[Dictated.]

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AUBURN, WASHINGTON.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write for the pretty moss cards. I have got one little kitten and a dog. I have got four dollies. I have got a brother eight years old, and I am nearly eleven. I think I will close. From your friend,

ALMA WAKHE.

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SENECA, MO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—School closed Friday. I was glad. The entertainment was held at the Opera House Thursday and Friday nights. I was in two songs called, "Stars and Stripes" and "Good Night Song." I passed from the third grade to the fourth. I have had my picture made and I will send you one. I have my colt now. She is so much company for me. I put a halter on her and she leads like an old horse. She is gentle and kind. I call her Lady. I dearly love WEE WISDOM, especially the paper that had the story about "Lady Chrysanthemum" and the "Pony's Tale." I love all of them. I have sent them out to my little friends. I almost wish sometimes I had them again.

Your little friend,

MARY C. PRICE.

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CLAREMONT, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I and my three sisters read your paper and like it ever so much. I have one pet, a dog, which I call Dewey. I would like one of the moss cards which Mother Sparr sends to all girls and boys who write to WEE WISDOM. I am thirteen years old. Yours in Truth,

HAZEL ROBERTS.

Juvenile Bible Lessons.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

Lesson 6. August 6.

The New Heart. Ezekiel 36:25-36.

GOLDEN TEXT—*A new heart also will I give you.* Ezekiel 36:26.

God alone can make us pure and good. This He has already done in the beginning, but sometimes we forget we are God's children. Then it is that we must think of the Good, and remind ourselves that God has created us in His image with all good within us. God helps us to remember the pure and holy self within when we turn to Him. The Christ-child whispers in your heart, "You are God's little boy (or girl). You love to do right."

When your heart is kind and full of warm and loving thoughts it helps you to have a strong and healthy body, for the warm loving thought keeps the life-blood flowing in all directions to and from the heart, and when the blood flows in the right way then one is well and healthy.

We don't want to have a hard heart, for then we would be so unhappy, but we love to have a tender heart, full of God's thoughts, making us ready to help and bless all we meet.

If we have been cross and bad in our actions, and have not done as mother or father has asked us to do, then we should be very sorry, and try and not do so again and be ready to turn to the Good, and obey the Christ-child. The Christ-child lives right in the heart, and is never disobedient, but loves to do the right. We must let the little Christ-child act through us.

When we are good then good comes to us. If we are generous and love to give, then others will love to give to us. But never give expecting to get something in return, for that is selfish and not at all nice. To give in a generous manner is not to think of receiving anything back from any person. If we are tender-hearted and kind to animals, then animals will neither hurt us nor be afraid of us, but will love us. Let us ask God to help us to remember that His Holy Spirit of Love is within our hearts, for this is the new heart that God gives us.

Lesson 7. August 13.

Ezekiel's Great Vision. Ezekiel 37:1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT—*I will put my Spirit within you.* Ezekiel 36:14.

The Spirit of Christ is in every heart, for God has made all of His children alike—in His image and likeness.

The Spirit of Christ is a loving Spirit, good and true and righteous, always thinking God's thoughts, and willing to do God's way.

When you speak crossly and say "I won't," and "I shan't," and "I don't like this or that," and "I don't want to be good," then you are covering up the Holy Spirit of Christ.

The Holy Spirit is like a beautiful pearl. If you had a pearl you would not wish to bury it in the mud, but you would keep it in the light so that all might see its beauty and so be made happy.

Naughty thoughts and actions are like mud, they soil your pearl, they hide the good, but kind thoughts shows forth the good.

If you should have some beautiful plants given you, you would wish them to grow in beauty always, so you would place them in the light, and water them, and love them Oh, so much, and this would keep them fresh and charming. But if you had ugly, cross and selfish thoughts and would give no one a flower from your plants, then they would wither and die, for you would starve the poor little plants with selfish thoughts no matter how much you watered them.

God can do all things well. No matter how naughty a child may seem to be, if we pray for that one, and send him a good thought such as, "You are God's child and love to do His will," then that child will change and show forth the loving Spirit of Christ within him.

Let us all try to be good children. Fill your heart with love thoughts, and be generous and kind to all.

Here is a thought for us to think this week: "The Holy Spirit of the Christ-child is within my heart."

Lesson 8. August 20.

The River of Salvation. Ezek. 47:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.* Rev. 22:17.

The water of life is the Holy Spirit of Christ within us. When one knows that God is with them always they will neither hunger nor thirst, but will know the love of God that blesses them and makes them happy. God's Love, or the water of life, heals all those that feel and know they have it.

We can have God's love freely. It is right here for us to have. You have seen the little fish, perhaps, and also the big fish swimming in the great ocean. Suppose a little fish should ask, "Where is the ocean?" What a silly question that would be some one says, for fish live in the ocean, and it is all about them. But that is not any more foolish than for a person to ask, "Where is God's love?" Why His love is everywhere.

We breathe in it, and live in it, just as the fish breathes and lives in the ocean.

As we know about God's love being all about us, we must be willing to help others to know this Truth. Send out good thoughts in all directions, for good thoughts are healing. If you hear someone say, "I am suffering and in pain," then let your loving little heart do God's work and send forth your true thought. Your thought will fly forth like a winged messenger of light and will say to that one, "No, you do not truly suffer, for way deep in your heart you have peace, for you are God's child."

Suppose you see a naughty, quarrelsome child, then you must send forth a little peace thought, and it flies to that one and says, "Dear little one, you love peace, you love to be good and gentle, for you belong to God." Then if you see little sister crying because she has broken a toy say to her, "Do not cry, little dear, God is with you and comforts you. Brother will try and mend the toy for you. We will ask papa for the glue and he will show us the way to fix it."

Wherever you see trouble send out a loving thought, and then you will be a little comforter. We can all be comforters if we will, and thus help on the work of Truth.

Lesson 9. August 27.

Returning from Captivity. Ezra 1:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.* Psalm 126:3.

Our Golden Text tells us that God has done great things for us. When we remember that God has made us in His image and likeness, then will we remember that we have within us health, strength, wisdom, peace, joy and love—all gifts from God. These gifts should make us glad and thankful, for God gives only good unto His children.

Sometimes we have a strong wish to do some good thing. When this feeling comes we should know that God is leading us, therefore we must listen to what He says to our heart and do the good deed.

Sometimes the Christ-child will whisper beautiful words of Truth to you. If you know how to write, it is nice for you to write those true words down on paper, so that others may be helped by them as well as yourself.

Let us never fret about not having things, for God has given us all, not only beautiful gifts in our heart, but also beautiful pictures outside that we may look upon and enjoy. If you feel lonely run out in the garden and talk to the little flower, and notice the pretty colors in its dainty dress; and perhaps you may also find Dame Spider there

making her house. If you cannot go out of doors do not fret, but go to the window and look out. The first thing your bright eyes fall upon send a blessing to. Perhaps it is a horse, then say, "God bless you, dear horse, and God give you strength to pull your load." Then you may say, "God bless the dog and cat," and "God bless you, little boy," and so on, and soon you will be so interested you will be surprised it is so late when some one calls you to come to lunch or tea, and you will be so glad and happy to think you have done some good with your thoughts.

The house you may build for God is your body, and if you wish it to grow tall and strong and healthy, then you must think good thoughts.

If you are cross and fretful you will make others unhappy, so be very gentle and then your voice and face will grow beautiful and everyone will love to have you come near them.

When we do a kind act we must not ask for a cent in return or expect payment, for the true way to serve God is not to ask for anything back. God will see to our wants if we trust Him. When others see us trying to do right they will all help us.

Suppose little brother leaves his blocks lying about. Instead of saying, "I didn't leave them there, I won't pick them up," if you kindly say, "I will pick them up," everyone will be so pleased at your thoughtfulness that they will stoop down and help you.

Suppose you have a long lesson to learn for your teacher. Do not throw down the book and say, "I cannot learn it, it's no use," but say, "God gives me strength, God will make my lesson easy for me, He will help me." This is being brave. These are the good thoughts you bring forth from God's house. They will do good and help you.

A word like *health* will act just like a knife to cut off sickness; and the word *strength* will cut off any tired feeling, and you will then feel strong. Use these true good words often for they are from God. Let us say together—

God is my health.
God is my strength.
God is my peace.
God is my life.

Mother—What are you examining so closely, Johnnie?

Boy (at the window)—A hair, mamma. Teacher said in Sunday School that the hairs of our heads are all numbered, and I'm looking for the number on this one.

Ye Editor's Sanctum.

And this is midsummer! And WEE WISDOM's birth month! As I look out at the boys' flower garden what a wealth of color and beauty of form greets me! What a chorus of rejoicing wells up from the buds and blossoms out there in praise of midsummer!

Oh, the wealth of this midsummer's sunshine! Do you know if these little plants were afraid of it, and hid themselves away from its shining, like many people are doing, we could never have these beautiful buds and blossoms?

Why should anyone be afraid of this glorious sunshine, so full of beauty and strength and gladness for everything living? I say for everything *living*, because it's only when a thing is dead and useless that this wonderful sunshine turns in and pulls it to pieces and gives its tiny particles back to the Great-All. We needn't fear it. We're neither dead nor useless. The swift life within us uses everything to bless and build us up. We don't need to feel too warm. We don't need to *let* ourselves feel uncomfortable. We are the ones to choose and say how life shall seem to us. God made only that which blesses and helps us. We will believe in none other. We will *always* know that —

God's blessings are in sunshine and
in air,

In our hearts and everywhere.

But here comes the Wisdoms trooping to our Birthday Party. Oh, how welcome you all are! And what a joy it is that we are all met in the name of Infinite Good. It is a great source of rejoicing that you are all so ready and glad to speak a word of encouragement and love for WEE WISDOM, and that so many of you are helping add to its interest by writing for it.

I should like to know how many little heads have been blessed by resting on "Aunt Emma's" pillows. This month two of our Wisdom boys have furnished most of the stuffing for them. Reynold Wadding, who lives in Los Angeles, California, has given us some lovely thoughts for Monday and Tuesday's pillows. His mamma tells us that Reynold says the


thought he tried to express in the first verse (Monday's pillow) is that "one must go into the silence when one wants to find out about anything or to hear the voice within."

Another mamma from Nutty, New York, sends us a little sleep song of her Harry boy when he was ever so small, and says, "I think the Wee Wisdom folks will enjoy it," and so we will.

The Wednesday and Thursday pillows are Royal's contribution. You will remember he is one of the boys that visited you Christmas in WEE WISDOM. Miss Fussell has given him the name of "Prince Chubby." You know Miss Fussell, because she has written so many beautiful things for you, and that reminds me of what I meant to tell you last month, and that is, that Miss Fussell is editing a children's department in *Universal Truth*, called "The Young Idea," and its ever so nice. If your mamma is taking *Universal Truth*, be sure you read that part, and send her some of your ideas. If mamma isn't taking it, you can tell her it's a real good magazine to take and clubs with UNITY.

You remember what we were saying about good measure being meted back to Mother Sparr for her great love to us all. Well, what do you think? There came a check of five dollars (\$5.00) from New Jersey and it said, "This is for Mother Sparr to encourage her in getting moss cards for the children." See! how it all works out. Love will always draw to itself — love will never know lack — the more giving, the more receiving. And, too, I must tell you most everyone remembers to send a stamp now for their card, and some send two or three, so everything is proving how generous and thoughtful our dear Wisdoms are.

We have just had an original melody sent us for the "Morning Hymn" in last WEE WISDOM. Also music for a little "Rain Song," written by Miss de Witt. There is no end to the loving attention the dear friends are giving our Wee Wisdoms. You can affirm such abundance for the little paper that we shall be able to realize sufficiently to have music and pictures in every number. You might add to your faith works, and get a lot of new subscribers. How would you like to do that?



Monday

Be still and you shall
hear
What the Christ-
child
Whispers sweet and clear.
—Reynold.

Tuesday

I have no fear,
For God is near;
He makes my path
So straight and
clear.
—Reynold.

Wednesday

Now the dews begin
to weep,
And I lay me down to sleep;
God's eyes over me keep
Watch till the morrow's
sun shall peep.
—Royal.

Thursday

God is life,
And, like the air,
His life and love
Is everywhere.
—Royal.

Friday

Gentleness and love,
Like soft rain
On the drooping flowers,
Makes us glad again.

Saturday

Night or day,
Day or night,
When we love
We're in the light.

Sunday

'Tis always Sabbath day
for me
When the love of God
I see.



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MYRTLE FILLMORE, EDITOR.

August!

Heart of Summer,
Warm and glowing!
Glad with sunshine,
Glad with shower;
Great and full
With ripening harvest,
With the wealth
Of grain and fruitage;
Big with plenty,
Big with blessing.
August! August!
Heart of Summer!

IMPORTANT!

With this issue WEE WISDOM begins its fourth year, and feels it would be a decided improvement to "go it alone." It affords us pleasure to see our young child making the advance toward "full growth" in the sense that it does not wish to rely on others, but pay its own way in the world. The subscription price of 50 cents a year is sufficient to make it feel able-bodied to go forth independently, and so hereafter UNITY and WEE WISDOM have separate subscription rates, UNITY \$1.00, and WEE WISDOM 50 cents.

To all subscribers of UNITY who have paid in advance before August 1st WEE WISDOM will continue to visit them to the date paid for UNITY. To all those who have not paid in advance for UNITY this will be the last visit of WEE WISDOM unless subscribed for directly at 50 cents a year.

Sample copies will be sent free to friends of WEE WISDOM who are interested in increasing our list of subscribers.

We would like every Wisdom to learn "Aunt Seg's" poem "My Good."

Don't miss reading "Ethel's Poem." We think a lot of it, and hope it may inspire some of our other Wisdoms to go and do likewise.

We have a new lot of moss cards our dear Mother Sparr has just sent. She almost promised to send us her picture for next month.

As "Miss Josie" is away about her Father's business in Lincoln, Neb., her "Primary School" is having a little vacation this number.

I cannot tell you what a joy WEE WISDOM is to me with my children. I only wish it were twenty times as large.—G. T. Davidson, Chicago, Ill.

We would like to hear from all the Sunday Schools where WEE WISDOM visits as to which methods are found most successful in gaining the interest and attention of the children in Bible study, and we hope you will frankly suggest any improvement thought desirable in our presentation of the Bible lessons.

"Christ for the Children," the serial by "Aunt Seg," which we promised would begin with August WEE WISDOM, we find contains chapters too lengthy for our space, and so you will have to wait a little longer, until it can be brought out in book form. We hope this will not be long, as this is really a very valuable Bible History for the children. It is to be illustrated. I think "Aunt Seg" has the illustrations all ready. And we will know for her that the way is provided and the book is as good as out.

"Directions for Beginners," by Leo Virgo. Price, 10 cents.

WEE WISDOM will be furnished in quantities to one address for Sunday Schools at the following rates:

10 to 24 copies, 30 cents each per year.
25 to 49 copies, 25 cents each per year.
50 to 100 " 20 cents each per year.

Sample copy free.