



WEE WISDOM

"Little Children Love
One Another." "Wisdom is Justified of her Children."

VOL. IV.

KANSAS CITY, MO., SEPTEMBER, 1899.

No. 2.

BUMBLEBEE IN HUMBLE TIME

Oh Bumblebee I envy you!
How much I cannot say!
To have such lovely golden stripes!
And buzz the livelong day!

I'd like to live on honey, too—
I'd hunt it by the hour!
I'd like to hide in a great red rose
And snooze on a big sunflower!



Delia

The Coming of the Night.

MARY B. DE WITT.

I watch the night come softly down,
And with her mantle, warm and brown,
Wrap field and plain and hill.
The little leaves are hid from sight,
The dainty blossoms pure and white
Are sleeping sweet and still.

The birds that linger near the tree
Have hushed their songs of merry glee,
For slumber time is near.
The happy rills now murmur low,
And in the moonlight's silver glow
Are singing, "God is here!"

LEADING FORTH.

E. ADELINE WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER I. A DOUBLE TURN.

(The Bolles School for Boys.)

MY DEAR FATHER:

I want to come home. I'm or-fle disappointed. I thought you sent me to this school to be ed-u-cated. But I've found out that it isn't so. I am here to get in-struc-tion. Did you know that? You have to get ed-u-ca-tion before you get in-struc-tion. Now, no-body but you and sister Bertha can ed-u-cate me. So please let me come home and begin my ed-u-ca-tion right away. Your lov-ing son,

ROBBY MATTHEWS.

P. S. Mis-ter Bolles knows I wrote this letter, for I told him I was going to.

R. M.

"I guess Robby has been finding out the value of words," said Bertha. For her father had read Robby's letter aloud.

"I guess so, too," laughed Mr. Matthews. "I wish I knew how it happened."

He had not long to wait for his wish to come to pass. Within an hour of the arrival of the morning's mail Aunt Judith herself came in.

"I couldn't wait another day," she explained, laying aside her bonnet and shawl, making herself perfectly at home, as was her custom when visiting at her brother's house.

"Your new ideas, Benjamin, are cropping up everywhere," she began, "and

turning things topsy-turvy, into the bargain," drawing her rocker to the side of her brother's chair.

"Whe-e-e!" laying hold of her left arm with her right hand; "I've got rheumatism the worst kind," she added. "But this twinge is nothing to what I've been having. Maybe your thoughts kind o' softened it, like," smiling.

Neither Bertha nor her father paid any attention to this remark, so she went on to tell that Si Lawrence was staying with Ed Bolles, and that he had filled the heads of the Bolles school boys chuck-full of the New Thought.

"And Ed is taking to this Science the same as a duck takes to water," said Aunt Judith; "just the same. Curious! isn't it?"

Mr. Matthews and his daughter had no comment to make, so Aunt Judith continued her story about the "talk" that had been given the boys. It was about Education and Instruction. What is the difference between them?

Professor Lawrence ("Si," Aunt Judith called him, because she had always known him,) told the boys that the New Thought was not new to the world. It had always existed, and it always would, because it was Truth. But Aunt Judith said she didn't believe it.

Mr. Matthews wanted to know what he said about education and instruction.

"Yes," echoed Bertha, drawing her own chair a little closer.

"Education means, so he said," remarked Aunt Judith, "to draw out what is already in."

"There!" interrupted Bertha, "that's what I thought. And all there is is within every one."

"Only we haven't drawn it out," interrupted her father in his turn.

"It seems Robby's told you, then," in a disappointed tone. It was going to be a great satisfaction to bring this piece of news about the Bolles School, and which had set the town of Bolles a-talking—all the way to Middleton—to her brother's house.

"No, he hasn't," said Bertha, "only something he said in his letter made me understand just a little. But please tell on."

"Yes," urged Mr. Matthews, "tell on, Judy."

"Education is, as you scientists say. Nobody made 'education; it just is. So what must we do with the children? Why, lead them forth—lead them out of the selves we have been saying they are, and make them understand that they are souls instead of bodies. Every soul has its own calling. Same as some women can cook better than they can do anything else; other women can dressmake, and so on. Some men are born musicians, and others can't strike a chord. But you see the folks so far haven't found out what they were when they were children. We begun to instruct them before we had led them forth—found out their calling."

"That's what's meant by making your 'calling' and 'election' sure, then," said Bertha.

"I expect it is," said Aunt Judith, rocking herself contentedly; "I expect it is."

"That's a great idea," said Mr. Matthews, "a great idea."

"And instruction?" said Bertha.

"Why, after you've found out about your education—what your calling is—then you get instruction. You learn what men have found out about the thing God has given you to do."

"Land sakes!" exclaimed Aunt Judith. "Here's that postman again."

Sure enough! And another letter from Robby.

"He's brimfull of his subject," laughed Mr. Matthews. "Poetry this time," reading—

To ed-u-cate means only this:
To look within and not without;
To find the self that Good did make,
And not the one men talk about.

Love is the Teacher that governs all—
Men and women and girls and boys;
Love is the Master that us con-trols;
You with your work, we with our toys.

Oh! Love is the fire that warms into life;
Love is the wee *you* that banishes
strife;
Love is the mother, tender and true;
Love is the father to both me and you.

"That tells the story," said Aunt Judith.

"It's plain to see that Robby is a poet," said Bertha.

"You can't be so sure of that, daughter—not yet," said Mr. Matthews.

"He's no great of a speller," said Aunt Judith, picking up the letter, and reading it. After that she examined the poetry.

"Anne Bolles helped him about this. She's your age, Bertha," Aunt Judith informed her.

"What makes you think that, Aunt Judith?" cried Bertha.

"Because she says so; your father read only one side the paper."

And that was true. He had taken notice of the poetry only.

"Ah!" exclaimed Bertha, "and Anne wants to come home with Robby," joyfully.

"I should let him come, Benjamin," counseled Aunt Judith, "whether Anne comes or not. Educate him, and serve yourself a double turn."

"A double turn," repeated Bertha, puzzled as to what Aunt Judith meant by this remark.

(To be continued.)

True Sayings of Our Wee Wisdoms.

Mamma—"Dear me! I have such a cold! Gladys (five years old)—"Why don't you say God is your health, you can't be sick, and make the cold go away."

Mamma—"Well, but mamma has said that."

Gladys—"Well say it again. Just keep on saying it. Say it over and over, 'till your mouf won't move."

An old gentleman was sneezing and coughing. Small Esther, three years old, stands up in front of him in a queenly manner and waving her small hand declares, "It does n't belong to you, it does n't belong to you."

Marion—"I went to see my little playmate. She was in bed. I told her she was foolish to stay in bed, to get up, for God was her health, she couldn't be sick."

PRINCE.

AUNT SEG.

LIFE is everywhere, and Love is everywhere, and Intelligence is everywhere, for God is Life and Love and Intelligence.

Prince was a dog, to be sure, but he had a measure of the Great Life within him. He could not have been without Love also, for Life is Love.

That he was "intelligent" everyone must see, for Prince was really the prince of dogs, and could understand all that was meant for him to know. Mary and Prince were just of an age and fast friends, but one thing troubled Mary, and that was that Prince would fight with Lion, his nearest neighbor.

It is true that Lion was just as much inclined to battle as Prince, and the little girl who loved peace was troubled when she saw her dear Prince involved in war.

She talked with her mother about it, and mama said, "When you get angry, Mary, how do you get over it?"

"Why, mama, of course I know that the *real* me is never angry, and when I remember that, I begin to love the *real* me; and then I stop being angry."

"What is the *real* you?"

"It is God, mama."

"What is God?"

"God is Life and Love and Intelligence."

"Do you think there is any life, or love, or intelligence in Prince, Mary?"

"I suppose there must be, or he would not be alive, or loving, or intelligent."

"A very good answer, my daughter. Now, Mary, *thoughts are things*, and if I were to accuse you *in my mind* of being quarrelsome, my thoughts would *keep* you in that foolish state of mind, because you are in my company the most of the time."

"O mama, do you think I keep Prince quarrelling?"

"Your thoughts do not keep him in peace when you are continually afraid he will get into trouble."

"What can I do?" she anxiously enquired.

"What do you do to keep yourself in peace?"

"I say, 'God is my life, my love, and my wisdom.'"

"Can you not say the same for Prince?"

"Yes, mama, I can," and she ran to find Prince, who was lying upon the mat before the door sound asleep.

"Princie, come here," she said, pulling at his collar. He followed her into the room where mama was sitting, and when she had seated herself in her little rocking chair, she took his handsome great head between her little white hands and said:

"Prince, dear, hold very still while I whisper to you." Prince looked straight into her face with his almost human eyes until she had whispered a whole lot he couldn't hear with his ears, and then she let him go with the comforting assurance that he wouldn't fight any more.

Now, Mary soon forgot all about it, but Prince did not, for a beautiful truth had been spoken for him, and it was his and no one could take it from him.

About an hour afterward mama and Mary heard Lion barking threateningly, but the child said quietly, "Never mind, mama, he *can't* fight any more, 'cause the Good is in him."

They went to the door, and there was Prince placidly blinking at Lion who tried to tempt him in every language known to dogs.

Prince did not even rise from his rug, nor could Lion ever tempt him again.

"It is very wonderful, mama," said Mary.

"Is it, Mary, when the Good is everywhere?"

"Why, no, mama, of course not, but it *seems* so."

"Yes, dear, because we are just beginning to use our thoughts rightly. It is all in mind, Mary."

I took my *WEE WISDOMS* over to the T— children last month. They were to the seeming, going through a hard siege of sickness: Little A— seemed very low the day I took them. Toward evening she grew so restless and nervous nothing suited her. At last, her mamma thought of the little paper and got one and read her one of those sweet little stories. She grew quiet at once, and the crisis was past, and they went out into the country for the summer.—Mrs. M. R., Chicago, Ill.

Try Love's Power.

ELLEN F. PRATT.

"I dest love to wash dese dishes,"
Said a happy little girl,
As she cleared the dolly's table,
(Her dolly's name was Pearl).

And I love to sew for dolly,
And see her dresses grow;
Why, don't every mamma love it,
I'ddest like to know?

You "hate to wash your dishes?"
And you "doesn't like to sew?"
Den dat's de reason why you're cross,
And scold at papa so.

Dest love to do it, Mamma,
Dest call it fun and play,
And den 't will be so easy,
You'll dest smile and smile all day.

You'll "try your little girl's advice
Cause you know its good and true?"
Ah, there's my papa listening,
And he's smiling dest like you.

RACINE, WIS.

Extract From a Letter.

Written to Unity Sunday School from Orchard Farm near
Table Rock, Nebraska.

I must not omit to tell you of a very Wee Wisdom who lives in the house where I am now stopping near Table Rock, Nebraska. He is nine months old, has blue eyes, and a pretty mouth with a little curve and dimple in the upper lip; and he makes faces at me, and sings and lectures for the benefit of the household; he walks all over the room by pushing a footstool ahead of him. His name is Thomas Howe, and he is such a darling I hate to leave him, even to come home.

He lives in a lovely farm-house. Two tall poplar trees stand sentinel each side of the front gate, and a row of maple trees surround the fence shutting out all other views, and shutting in the house and grounds from the fields and pastures. If you go through the trees in front of the house you will see just beyond a large apple orchard. I would love to turn the children of Unity Sunday School loose under those apple trees. I am sure you would enjoy picking up the apples.

Then we would all run down to the Nemaha River close by and gather our

hands full of purple "blazing stars" or yellow golden-rods. Then as the sun dips down in the crimson west, you might run to the pasture and see little Thomas' grandpapa milk the Holstein cows, or, coming back to the house, watch his papa separating the cream from the new milk with a separating machine.

The first night I slept here away from all the noises of streets, whistles of mills and ringing of bells, it seemed so still that sleep would not hold down my eyelids until they started that machine out in the kitchen. My sleepily self thought it was the street cars, and at once I hied away to dreamland.

The grandma next morning said she was afraid I was disturbed, and when I said it was the very thing that made me feel at home and put me sound asleep, they all laughed and baby laughed, too.

You would like to come to the table and have all the rich cream, fresh eggs, vegetables and fruit just as they look when first gathered. But best of all is the twilight, when Tom's Aunt Myrta takes him in her arms and he sits up straight on her lap while they play on the sweet-toned piano and sing. Sometimes Tom plays, but you will have to imagine the tune.

They sing, "God is Love, His Love Surrounds me." Sometimes I go to the bay window and stand among the beautiful house plants, listen to the chirp of insects without, look up at the twinkling stars, then back to the happy faces of grandparents, parents, Aunt Myrta and little Thomas in his ideal home, then again my eyes seek the somber sky, and my mind wanders to you dear children of Unity Sunday School and I am with you in Spirit to love and to bless. Then I seem to take in all the little readers of *WEE WISDOM*, and after that the children of the whole beautiful world.

I hear the faint echo of the katydids and other insects, the tinkling of the piano, the joyous singing of little Thomas, and the name of the melody that knows neither time nor space, neither beginning nor end, that floats above, around, beneath, and within, is "God is Love."

—Theresa B. H. Brown.

Three Original Stories by Three Wee Wisdoms.

Mrs. Tabby.

By Bertha Dorothy Olsen.

Mrs. Tabby is a large black cat. She has three kittens. She does not like her children to catch birds.

One day she said to her husband, "Do you like the children to catch the dear little birdies?"

"No," said her husband.

One day the kittens caught a little mouse and brought it to their mother. Oh how the poor mother wept. But the mouse was not dead. It got up and ran about. The mother cat invited the mouse to dinner. They had cake and crackers and tea.

"Oh what a fine dinner!" thought the mouse.

The mother cat told the mouse to get her children. And they lived together after that, and the kittens never caught any more animals. The kittens played with the baby mice.

One day a kitten was mad at a mouse and did not care what the mouse said. Just then a voice said, "Be still, 't is night." So they slept till morning light. They were all good friends.

[Isaiah tells of a time when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." And in that time "they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountains." In that time "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling shall lie down together. . . . The cow and the bear shall feed; their young shall lie down together." Our little writer, in her loving heart, conceived of this same time, and of what Isaiah overlooked—that the cat and the mouse should lie down together.—ED.]

Mary's Cat.

By Ruby Irving.

Mary's cat has a pretty gray coat, so soft and so warm.

One day Mary had company, and Puss was in it, too, and when they had dinner Miss Puss came and went to her place and ate every crumb up. When Mary saw this she was just going to go into a rage, when a voice spoke within her softly, and Mary said, "What am I doing?" and held a thought of love, and she loved kitty ever after, and gave her a nice bell on a pink ribbon around her neck; and when she had a house of her own she took Puss with her.

Puss was her favorite cat. One day Puss got eight kittens, and the little proud mother went under the bed; but Mary did not like it and so she put them in a soft box lined with fur, and put it in the conservatory. Puss lived till she was 12 years old, and her kittens grew up to be big and fat.

What Mabel and Margaret Did.

By Marie Remington, (nine years old).

Mabel and Margaret lived in the country. Mabel was six years old, and Margaret was eight years old. They were both very happy when their mother said they might go out in the meadows and pick flowers.

So they started off with a little basket to put their flowers in. A small distance from Mabel were some beautiful white daisies and Mabel ran to pick them. Just then something hopped out from under a little bunch of hay. Mabel stooped and looked under it and to her surprise she saw six tiny eggs.

"It is a bird's nest," she said to Margaret, and they both hurried home to tell their mother the news.

It was already six o'clock, so they went to bed, and the next morning the little girls took a bowl of bread and milk to feed the mother bird. Mabel looked in the nest and saw that all the birds were hatched, so they fed the little birds, too. They kept on feeding them for ten days, and on the eleventh day they were gone, and the little girls were very glad that they could fly away and have their freedom.

Where is God?

The plague was in London and people were flying from it.

Lord Craven had his traveling carriage at the door, and a negro servant was helping to pack it. Suddenly he turned to a fellow lackey saying, "Since my lord leaves London for fear of the plague, his God must live in the country, I suppose."

The words were repeated as a joke to Lord Craven, but he took them very seriously.

"That poor black has taught me something," he said. "My God is truly everywhere, and can keep me as safely in the midst of this sickness as at my country seat." So saying he ordered his carriage to be unpacked and sent away, resolving to remain in London himself to take care of the plague.—*Selected.*

One of these Little Ones.

Albany, New York.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—I want to tell you about the moss cards you sent to little sister Gertrude and me.

One is pink and the other is red. They remind me of Bridgeport, where I found one something like the pink one on the sound.

They make me think of wading and swimming and going down to the beach to see the tide come in. We used to make houses out of the stones, and had sand for cakes and maple sugar, with seaweed to decorate the cakes.

Baby Gertrude looked so funny in her overalls, and she wanted so very much to go into the water, but mamma had to hold her back by the straps of her overalls to keep her from going into the water. They were blue trimmed with red, and she had a pink sun-bonnet on.



We are in the country now. We used to play in the sand when we were home.

Christian healing is better than doctors because it gets you well quicker.

Love to all Wee Wisdoms,

DOROTHY LATHROP.

.....

Sweet little Dorothy is now twice as old as she was when she visited us in WEE WISDOM four years ago, but we know the loving gentle heart she had then is as pure and sweet now as ever, and that her face still beautifully expresses the love and life within shown in the picture we here reproduce. Then, Dorothy was not old enough to write and so her good mamma had to write for her, but now she can spell and write very nicely by herself as she did in the above letter.

Morning Hymn.

Slowly.

MRS. V. E. ROBERTS.

Dear Fa - ther, al - ways with us, Hold
Oh, help us to be faith - ful, And

out thy lov - ing hand To guide thy lit - tle
help - ful through the day To all our lit - tle

chil - dren Through all this shin - ing land.
play-mates, In work - time or at play.

Down in the Meadow.

Helen Augusta Fussell.

Down in the meadow where the grass is green,
That's where lovely things are heard as well as seen.
That's where the grass is daisy-pied,
That's where dandelions are golden-eyed;
That's where whispering winds do sigh
To butterflies a-flitting by;
Of dewy flowers, "crimson-tipped,
Where late the honey-bee had sipped;"
Of mating birds in early spring
That gayly to each other sing.
Oh, just the loveliest things are seen
Down in the meadow-land so green.



*Sing a song of plenty,
A pocket full of gold.
All the frets and worries
Throw out in the cold;
All the pain and sorrow
Turn to health and peace—
That's the way to help
The world gain joy and ease.*

—A Kindergarten Teacher.

To the tune of

"Sing a song o' sixpence—
A pocket full of rye."

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

Epistles.

CONCORD, MASS., August 10, 1899.

DEAR "CHILD GARDEN" OF

WEE WISDOM PEOPLE:

What jolly little people you are! Long may you continue to throw those wonderful downy pillows at "big" folk and little folk, short and tall. We are none the worse after such encounters. Many a morning have I—a tall auntie—tucked one of them in my heart pocket (it is always equal to holding one more good thought, you know) and set out to find work for that day. Somehow I am always buoyed along as by a life preserver in the water. I wonder if this little thought* from the tall auntie can be used in filling

*A Mother Truth Melody, page 10, this issue.

a pillow, or some other place in WEE WISDOM? It is my version of "Mother Goose for Grown People." Lovingly yours,

A KINDERGARTEN MOTHER.

SADIE, MONTANA.

DEAR MOTHER SPARR—I would like to have one of your lovely sea moss cards if they are not all gone. I read WEE WISDOM, and like it very much. I always try to keep "Fairy Good Thought" with me.

I am your loving friend,

MARIE REMINGTON.

SPARTA, MINN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I should like one of those pretty moss cards which I read of in WEE WISDOM. I take your paper every month. I like it very much. I am ten years old. I have a pretty kitten and a dog. I live on the banks of Ely Lake. I take my dog for a boat ride nearly every day. I will close for this time.

Yours truly, FRANCES LEION SHEA.

JOLIET, ILL.

DEAR ——— Enclosed is a birthday present (\$1.00) to WEE WISDOM. God bless you abundantly.

MRS. E. M. B.

SHELburnE FALLS, MASS.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I love WEE WISDOM very much. It came today prettier than ever. I would like it another year. Mamma has taken UNITY a long time. Please send me one of Mother Sparr's moss cards. I am 11 years old and am earning money in the shop during my vacation to go to Gettysburg in September.

Yours truly, CHARLIE I. GILLET.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This paper has taught me a lesson. I have written you this letter to get a sea moss card. I have never seen one before. I am going away today. I can't write good. Good-bye.

From BESSIE BALDWIN.

MANSFIELD, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a girl of fifteen. My school will begin Monday. I live about a half of mile from school.

I have a nice shady pleasant road to go. I live with my aunt and go to school. I love WEE WISDOM *very* much. It is a dear little paper and brings cheerful thoughts. I love to hear of the Christ-child within. I will tell you what it does for me. When I have the headache I say, "In my real self I am health and strength. I am health. I am health," and it disappears some way. I do want one of Mother Sparr's moss cards.

Yours in love and truth,

KATIE BARGER.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I want to write you a letter so I will get a moss card. My brother ran off yesterday and I went after him, but he wouldn't come. He is three years old. When he gets as big as me he won't run off. I water the flowers every morning.

RAYMOND COLLINS.

BATH, N Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I would like a moss card, so I thought I would write you a little letter. I have a pet kitten named Teddy. He is very nice. I am ten years old, and live in Bath on Robie Street. I have two playmates, but they have gone away, so I am all alone. I expect to go away next week, Wednesday, to the seaside for my vacation. Good-bye. Answer soon.

MISS BESSIE JOHNSON.

ROCKFORD, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I like to read WEE WISDOM. I was at your office with my mamma two years ago. I am going to send you 50 cents very soon, so I can have you to read one year. I was seven years in June. My papa and mamma are dead, and my auntie is my mamma. I want a moss card very much. Can I have one? I love WEE WISDOM.

WALLACE WARREN.

NEWARK, DELAWARE.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Although (not in years) I am a Wee Wisdom in the New Birth. I read the blessed little paper, and love all the little brothers and sisters I read about within its pure pages. Will dear Mother Sparr send one of her little moss cards? I would treasure it so much, and will she send some to the other little Wee

Wisdoms to make them happy, too? I want *all* the world to know how through the Christ Thought I was (or, I must say, *I am*) cured of a bad throat trouble of some years' standing, which man without the Christ could never have healed. God bless her who opened my mind, and I know she will prosper in all she does. The day is at hand when "every knee shall bow" to the blessed name of The Christ.

Yours in Love and Truth,

RUTH COOPER.

PETALUMA, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—We have taken your paper for about a year and like it very much. I have never seen a letter from California, so I thought I would write one. My mother takes the UNITY. I am 14 years old, and have three brothers. I should like very much to have a moss card. I wish some boys and girls would write to WEE WISDOM who are my age. Your friend,

MAUD AYERS.

CHICKASHA, I. T.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Jamie wants one of Mother Sparr's moss cards, and this is the meaning of his dear little letter—

"God is good. He loves me and I love him. I know He is good. He gave me that little hatchet, and I know he did. And He gave me a whole lot of kittens, 'cause I found 'em in the street without any mamma and all the boys wanted to throw rocks at them.

JAMIE TERRELL."

But the dear little fellow brought them home and is taking the best of care of these motherless kittens, and loves them dearly.

JAMIE'S MAMMA.

CHERRY VALLEY, ONT.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I like WEE WISDOM very much. Auntie reads it all to me. I would like one of dear Mother Sparr's moss cards. I send her love and kisses. I have a nice kitty. I live with my auntie, because my own dear mamma went to heaven three years ago. I am six years young. Love.

HENRIETTA VINCENT.

"Speak gently! 'Tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well.
The good, the joy, which it may bring
Eternity shall tell."

Juvenile Bible Lessons.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

NOTE TO TEACHERS.—Study carefully, alone with God, the lesson for the day. Pray that the Spirit of Christ may lead and guide you in teaching these little ones. "*Be ye faithful.*"

Lesson 10. September 3.

Rebuilding the Temple. Ezra 3:10
to 4:1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.* I Cor. 3:17.

Our body is the real temple of God, for God's temple is not built with hands. We must build our own temple with our pure and holy thoughts, for the Spirit of Christ lives within the heart of each and all.

Now let us say together what our thoughts will be and are in Truth this day:

*Our thoughts are good.
Our thoughts are true.
Our thoughts are kind.
Our thoughts are of health.
Our thoughts are of peace.
Our thoughts are of love.
For our thoughts are God thoughts.*

If we say these good words over and over to ourselves, they will help us to have a beautiful, strong, pure, and healthy body.

I once knew a little girl who lay upon a bed in a hospital. The doctors and nurses, and all who saw her, said she was sick. She used to tell everyone she was a good girl, and she said this over so many times that she truly acted as a good girl should, and besides this she grew well and strong, and then all the doctors said she was a "healthy child."

This is what that little three-year-old girl used to say, "Annie's a good girl, her is." Over and over she said these words, and her ways were so sweet and loving that truly she healed herself.

One way to be well and strong is to give thanks to God. The happier we keep and the more we thank God for the Good we now have, the easier it is to receive more good, for no one can receive good who frets or complains.

Let us every day and every hour thank

God for some good we have. Everyone has something to be thankful for.

Do you know when we begin any good work we should feel very glad, and begin to sing and thank God that He has shown us how to work. This is the way the people did when they were building the temple. They praised God and sang joyful songs when the foundation was laid. Find out what a foundation is, and think about making the foundation of your temples strong and true.

You may learn more about this temple if you will hunt up your 1898 October WEE WISDOM and read Lesson 3.

If we truly love God and follow in the steps of Jesus Christ, nothing can harm us or keep us from our good work, so let us remember to praise God and give thanks to Him.

Lesson 11. September 10.

Encouraging the Builders. Haggai 2:1-9

GOLDEN TEXT—*Be strong, all ye people of the land, saith the Lord, and work: for I am with you.* Haggai 2:4.

Who is always with us and never leaves us nor forsakes us?

We answer, God, the Good. Sometimes if we are thinking naughty thoughts we feel far away from God, but we cannot get away from Him. He loves us too well to let us go; so God holds us in His great Heart of Love until we stretch out our hand to Him, and feel its beating for us loving us.

No one can stay naughty forever. Every one must become good some day, for God dwells with all alike. God sometimes speaks to our hearts and tells us what to do. He guides and leads us, if we only ask Him.

God's strength is great enough to overcome anything. If we think of God's strength within us, and say over and over, "God is my strength," we are then able to walk a long distance, or lift a heavy weight without feeling at all tired.

The Lord says, "I am with you." Then we have nothing to be afraid of when we know God is near to care for us, and to keep us from harm.

God, the Good, gives us strength to do

our work whatever that work may be. Perhaps it is learning a lesson, or perhaps it is writing a composition, or practicing on the piano, or sewing a long seam, or taking care of the baby. God will give you strength to do it, and make it so easy and pleasant.

Suppose while you sew you sing some happy little song. Then before you know it your work will be finished, and it will give you pleasure to know that you have put joyous thoughts into your work instead of cross, complaining ones. The stitches will then be neat and strong ones.

Never say, "Oh dear, I can't do my work," but say, "God will help me, for He is with me and gives me strength in all things."

Everything in the whole universe belongs to God. Everything we see comes from the thought of God.

If we always remember that God is with us, then we will live in peace and happiness.

Lesson 12. September 17.

Power Through the Spirit. Zech. 4:1-14

GOLDEN TEXT—*Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts. Zech. 4:6.*

It is good to have the light of Truth within us, and to know we are all God's children. This is knowledge and wisdom.

Gold stands for knowledge, or riches. We are very rich indeed if we have wisdom. God's angels are ever with us to lead us in God's paths of knowledge. All real knowledge comes from God.

God loves all of His children and would have us know Him and do His will. Let us do all that we can for the glory of God.

It is the Christ-child that dwells within us, who shows us how to do our work well. And what is that work? That work is to overcome, to put away the naughty self, and show forth the good true Self. Then we must think good thoughts.

If you feel sick, say, "No; I am God's child, and God's child knows only health."

If some one says a cross word to you, do not be unhappy about it or feel hurt, but say, "I do not mind; I love God, and God loves me."

If your little playmate has gone away

do not think that you are sad or lonely, but say, "God is with me. I am not alone. I am filled with joy."

If you have a lesson to learn, do not fret, but say, "It is easy. I love to study." This will help you learn the lesson quickly.

If you feel angry, say to yourself, "No; I am God's gentle child, filled with love."

This is the way to overcome and to be filled with the wisdom of God. To put away naughtiness and to show forth goodness is to live truly, and thus you let the Spirit of Christ work in you.

Lesson 13. September 24.

Review.

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

Who is always with us? God.

Who gives us all good? God.

Who gives us the good thoughts within our hearts? God.

What are good thoughts sometimes called? Angels of God.

What do these good thoughts do for us?

They protect us from all that is evil, false or untrue.

Then we must continually think good thoughts. Our duty is to bless ourselves and all about us with helpful thoughts.

What kind of thoughts must helpful thoughts be?

God thoughts.

What are God thoughts?

God thoughts are kind, tender, loving thoughts.

What other kind of thoughts can you name that are God thoughts?

Thoughts of life, health, and strength.

And what others?

Thoughts of joy and wisdom.

Is God ever sick?

No; God is health.

We read in the Bible: "The Lord is the health of His people."

Then should God's child be sick?

No; I must be like God, therefore I must think health thoughts.

Is God ever unhappy?

No; God is all joy.

Then how must the child of God be?

The child of God must be filled with joy.

Yes, the child of God must live in the joy of the Lord.

Is God ever weak or sinful?

No; God is pure and holy. "The eyes of the Lord are too pure to behold iniquity."

What must the child of God do to be pure and holy like the Father?

The child of God must think pure thoughts.

Who is the child of God?

Every one is the child of God.

Why is every one the child of God?

Every one is made in the image and likeness of God, therefore every one is the child of God.

Is God ever angry?

No, for God is Love. Love knows only Love.

It is not right to fear God, for He is Love, therefore we must love God and trust Him, and know that He cares for us, and watches over us continually.

"Trust in the Lord and be not afraid."

Ye Editor's Sanctum.

Welcome! God bless you all! It really seems, don't it, as if we were right here together, so close is our loving interest in the Good. It seems, too, just now as if it were the easiest thing in all this world to just live and be good and help everyone else remember that God, the Good, is All and in All. This is letting our good shine, and touching a match to other peoples' good that their good may shine too. Always remember this when you go where there seems to be sadness or sickness or want. None of you are too tiny to touch the match of a little truth-word to somebody's waiting good. And Oh, how quickly everything lightens up! and health and joy and plenty are right there to be seen, for they belong to all alike.

I am glad you are all taking such a lively interest in writing for WEE WISDOM, and are lighting up its pages with your own sweet love and intelligence. Why! do you know, we might have gotten out this September number and left the "grown-ups" all out of it, so abundant have been the

contributions of our Wisdoms this month. It is really a great pleasure to read the stories and letters and messages that little minds have thought out and little hands have wrought out. They all show such neatness and care. You who have to get them in type lose part of their beauty and attractiveness.

There is still a big demand for moss cards, but then our dear Mother Sparr keeps way ahead in the supply. Some Wisdoms are telling of the messages the little cards bring to them. Little Dorothy has written a beautiful letter of this kind, which we accompany with her picture. Many of you will recognize her as the very last little visitor WEE WISDOM had before it went into its two years' silence.

We have already some visitors here for next month. *Mother Sparr* is one and little "*King Cole*" the other. You can't begin to guess what he's been doing this time, but you'll laugh and laugh when you read it.

I want to thank you for your generous supply of stamps. I am going to send the extra ones to Mother Sparr. Some big children have asked for cards, too, and sent in their dimes to help out the Wisdoms. But bless their hearts! The Wisdoms never forget now about the stamps. They are helping in every way they can, and with such an army of little helpers WEE WISDOM is indeed blessed.

The Star Song.

MARY B. DE WITT.

The moon it crooneth to the stars
A song, a song of sleep;
And through their many silver bars
The baby stars all peep.

The moon it crooneth on and on
A song so low and sweet,
That baby stars all nod and smile,
And laugh to think of sleep.

They throw their beams from star to star,
And play their games of mirth,
But when the morning breaks afar
They close their eyes to earth.

For see their time for rest has come,
Their night was our fair day;
For in the golden-lighted sun
They hide themselves away.



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MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor.

September!

Teddy in September
Weeds the garden bed,
Feels the sun a-shining warm
On his little head.

Teddy in October
Finds the breezes cool,
Thinks he'll take his little coat
When he goes to school.

Teddy in November
Says, "My hands are blue,"
Stuffs them in his pockets—"wish
Feet would go there, too!"

Teddy in September
Finds a ruddy peach.
Sees the grapes are getting ripe,
Red or purple—each!

Teddy in October
Hastens out to play
It is lovely out of doors;
Hurry books away.

Teddy in November
Finds his skates and sled.
Dreams about Old Santa Claus
When he goes to bed!

Youth's Companion.

WEE WISDOM comes to you this month without the Christ-Child title page. This change has been made in order to make room for reading matter. You will notice this is the same as adding two more pages for song and story. Still it would have taken several pages more to have gotten in all the good things that were waiting for this number. "Jean's Burglars" by Mrs. Harvey, a contribution by Flora Howard, and lots of letters had to be left over.

"Leading Forth," the serial by E. Ade-ine Williams, begun in this number of WEE WISDOM, deals with a most important factor of child education. We have but to watch the little seed quicken—the bud unfold—to be convinced that all intelligent action pushes from within to outward expression. The veneering that has been done in the name of education has rather suppressed than quickened the leading forth of child genius.

In the July number appeared a "Morning Hymn" sent us by Miss Harriet L. Jerome, who suggested the idea for some one to set it to music. This has been lovingly accomplished by Mrs. V. E. Roberts, of Los Angeles, Cal. It came to her as an inspiration on three different nights. We know you will all enjoy singing it, as found on page 9 of this issue.

WEE WISDOM's birthday presents are still arriving. Mother Sparr and WEE WISDOM return thanks to the dear little girl who sent the box of beautiful agates.

We have a lot of "Aunt Seg's Catechism" on hand now. All who have not had one wants one. They are only 25 cents apiece.

We shall consider it a favor if friends will send us names for sample copies.

WEE WISDOM and UNITY, one year, \$1.50.

UNITY.

A forty-eight page monthly metaphysical magazine devoted to Practical Christianity, including healing and regeneration. The interpretation of the International Bible Lessons are given every month. \$1.00 per year. Sample copies free. Address UNITY TRACT SOCIETY, 1315 McGee Street, Kansas City, Mo.

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.

Monday

In the dark
With God so near,
What have I
To dread or fear?

Tuesday

Happy am I
When gentle and
kind,
With love in my
heart
And peace in my
mind.

Wednesday

Peace thoughts bring
health,
Joy thoughts bring wealth,
And kind thoughts tell
Where love must dwell.

Thursday

Glad and gay
Every day,
Is of loving hearts
The way.

Friday

Whole and well,
So we find,
Is the way
Of happy mind.

Saturday

First *know*,
Then *do*,
What is good
And what is true.

Sunday

Rest secure,
God's love is sure.