

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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NO. 2.

The Garden, the Gate, and the Key.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

CHAPTER I.—THE GARDEN.

ONCE UPON a time there were three little girls who used to meet every afternoon after school in a large meadow not far from their homes.

Here they had great fun playing together. Sometimes they brought their dolls, and sometimes their bean bags, and quite often their big dog Rover followed them; but whatever the play they always managed to have a pretty good time together.

Now one day, while in the midst of some happy play, one of the children thought it would be a good plan to walk to the further end of the meadow. The others agreed. After walking for some distance they came to what appeared to be a most beautiful garden, all enclosed by a high hedge.

All three of these little girls wanted to go in and look at the pretty flowers they knew must grow inside, but nowhere could they see any opening. One of the children began to look all around for a gate, and pretty soon she called out joyously to the others, "Oh, see! I have found it."

The others ran quickly to her side, and then each in turn tried to open the gate, but it was shut fast and locked.

"Oh!" said the first little girl, the one who had found the gate, and who went by the name of Faith, "I know there must be a key, and I am going to find it and unlock the gate."

"You'd better not," said one of the others, whose name was Prudence. "Some-one might scold and push you out."

"Oh, no," said Faith. "I am not afraid, for if I find the key I have a right to go in. Come, won't you look too?"

"But perhaps there are other gates."

"Yes, there are other gates, for I have found one," called the third little girl, Patience, who, while the others were talking, had been walking all along the side of the hedge looking carefully for an opening.

"Hunt for the key to that one, why don't you?" said Faith.

"I'm going to look right now."

"Oh, no, Patience, come play with me a little longer, it's tiresome to hunt in this long grass, and besides I don't believe there is a key," said Prudence.

"Well, I am looking," and Faith got down on her hands and knees and began to hunt.

Pretty soon she cried out to the others, who were not far away making wreaths, "Look, girls, I have found the key; isn't it little? Now I shall see if it fits this gate."

The others ran to see, but Prudence stood cautiously to one side, saying as she did so, "Look out, there might be an old giant in there! I would n't go in."

At these words Patience sighed and turned again to her chain of flowers.

"When I finish this chain perhaps I'll come," she said looking up at Faith, who at this moment was trying her key to see if it would fit.

Now at the touch of the little key the gate swung open, and Faith stepped through to find herself in a lovelier garden

than she had ever dreamed could exist. The gate closed behind her, clicking as it did so.

"Oh!" said Prudence, "she is really inside," and so saying she stepped to the gate and tried to open it.

"Why, she has closed the gate and taken the key. Now I call that real mean."

"You know you wouldn't have gone in, anyway," said Patience.

"Well, I guess I wouldn't, I don't know what's on the other side. Come, let's play with our dolls."

And so the two children went back to their games.

In the meantime Faith was walking steadily on through long rows of Lady Washington Geraniums, and now past Violet beds in full bloom. Seeing an old man at the farther end of this garden she went towards him. He looked up as she came near.

"Well, my little girl, how is it you are in this garden?"

"I saw the gate, and found a little key that helped me open the gate, so I felt I could come in," answered Faith.

"Yes, the one who finds the key may enter this garden; you have done well to find it. But where are your friends? What are they doing?"

"They are playing outside."

"Do they not know there is a gate for each one, and each one may find a key that will enable him to get in?"

"They have other things to do just now and do not care to look."

"Some day Patience will come," said the old man, "but she will need you to help her find the way."

"Why, how many gates are there?" asked Faith.

"There are many gates, a gate for each person that can see. If there are three persons, there are three gates; if seven, then seven gates, and so on; but some are blind and will not see. Come, and I will show you the flowers and tell you their names, for I am the King's Gardener and it is my business to show to every newcomer the beauties of the place. Though I show you many flowers you must find their

true names. They alone will whisper to you their heaven-given names. I will give you this wand and by touching the flowers ever so lightly with this you will be able to hear them speak to you."

"Why, the wand looks like only a stick," said Faith, as she took it from the old man's hand.

"Yet, it is a branch of the Witch-hazel cut at the full of the moon, and it has great power to open up secrets to those whose hearts are true."

After thanking the old man, Faith walked on, and tried touching a little Pansy with her wand. She saw the flower lift its head and look at her with its fairy-like eyes. Then the Pansy spoke in a quiet little voice: "You know I am called Pansy, but I have one other name not so often spoken. I grow from seed you planted long ago."

"Why I was never here before, I think," said Faith.

"Yes, but you have planted the seed for my growing. Listen, and I will tell you how. One day, not far from your home, a little boy fell over a stone and bruised his knee. He cried bitterly, and a little girl just then came out of her house and ran to him, and wiping away his tears and kissing him said, 'Come, do not think of your fall, but think of the good God who makes us well and happy, and here is a big rosy-cheeked apple for you.' Now the little boy stopped crying, and was comforted. Can you tell me, Faith, what seed you planted then?"

"Was it you?" asked Faith.

"Yes, it was Heart's ease. You took away the pain from the heart and in its place laid the tender thought of love, and so I was planted and thus have I grown, watered by the happy tears of the angels who see all good deeds done by those who work for the Christ."

Faith was pleased to hear the Heart's-ease talk to her in this way. She now walked further until she came to a flaming Poppy, a very different flower from the Pansy.

"Have you something to tell me?" asked Faith.

"Yes, I have something to say to you," answered the Poppy. "My name is Sleep or Rest. I will tell you when and how you planted me. About three months ago your mother gave you some sewing to do. You didn't want to do it at first, you felt cross and tired, and you fretted and fussed for a while, then seeing the grieved look on your mother's face you took up the work more willingly, and without jerking or fussing put in your stitches gently singing a little song as you did so. The song you sang was a lullabye, and at the time you were sitting in your garden under the apple tree. In the next house to you was a little boy lying on his bed ill, tossing and turning with pain. He heard the pretty song you sang, and listening forgot his pain, and so fell into a peaceful sleep. Now, two things were accomplished. Your gentle willingness to do your work brought sleep and healing to the sick boy, and rest to your own soul, so in helping yourself you helped another. Now return to the Gardener, for he wishes you."

Faith found the Gardener waiting right on the spot where she had left him. He held out his hand as she came nearer, and smiling, said: "You have seen but a little of this wonderful garden—more lessons there are to be learned here, but first you must use what you have. Everything you see has its lesson for you and for all. Every few days you may come into our garden and learn a lesson, but now you must return to your friends and tell them what you have seen and heard. Here is the little gold key which unlocks your gate, wear it about your neck, and never part with it, for it will be of no use to any one save to yourself, for each one must find his own key as well as his own gate. Now, farewell, and try to always sow seed that will grow into beautiful blossoms."

(To be continued.)

It is God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect.—Ps. 18:32.

"In everything give thanks."

"Have peace one with another."

BUNNY COTTON-TAIL.

HELEN A. FUSSELL.

Little Bunny Cotton-Tail,
Living in a wooded vale,
Every morning took a run,
Every morning had such fun!
Till one time he spied a fox
Peeping from behind some rocks.
Bunny thought he'd die from fright;
With fear he shook with all his might.
Then this thought came to his aid,
"What's the use of bein' 'fraid?"
Out he stepped, and looked so bold,
That Mr. Fox with fear turned cold;
Then he turned and ran away,
And Bunny laughed, he felt so gay.

NATURAL LESSONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

DICTATED BY ORION.

VIII.

CICADA AND BEMBEX.



ONE TIME we found a lot of round holes in the ground, and we wondered what they were, and we blew them up with fire-crackers. We found out that they were Cicadae holes. The Cicadae bores holes in the limbs of trees and fills the holes with eggs. These eggs hatch out into Larvæ, with big funny front feet to dig with, and they drop to the ground and dig down and live upon the roots of trees and plants. After staying in the ground all winter, they dig out and crawl upon the trees, bushes and other things. They are now Pupæ, and the air dries their skins, and pretty soon their backs begin to crack open and out come the full grown Cicadae. More come forth in August than any other month. They have beautiful green W's on their backs. Some people think that when a Cicadae has a W on its back it is a sign that we are going to have war, but as all Cicadae (Cicada Canicularis) have the W we would always have war, if this was so. As W stands for WEE WISDOM, I would rather think it stands for our little paper. And if the children will look for the wisdom in the Cicada, instead of the war, they will find good. After they hatch out they fly up

among the trees, and the males make pretty music with a kind of drum they have underneath their wings. Papa thinks it is the prettiest music on earth, but I think a Toad's music is just as pretty. It is said that the ancient Greeks kept Cicadae in cages so as to hear them sing. They used to eat them, too. They are just thick around our home. One came up under a screen box I had in the yard and we found him there as he could not get out.

One day while Albert and I were helping Papa gather seeds of the Dianthus flower, we saw a wasp alight on a pile of dirt and

Papa said, "Watch him open his door." So we kept still, and sure enough he began digging with his front paws just like a little dog and soon had a door-way open to his house and down he went, and pushed a plug of dirt in the hole behind him, so his door-way was closed again with him inside. We waited and after a while, up he came and dug away the dirt and peaked out, but seeing us he went back. He kept peaking out, so finally we stepped back and hid and he came out and covered up the hole again with dirt and flew away. Papa said his name was Bembex.

The Au-to-bi-og-ra-phy of A Nickel.

CHAPTER IV.



IN THE course of my travels at last I've reached Denver, and I don't think any city could be pleasanter in this lovely month of July, so many beautiful homes with their emerald green lawns, well shaded by trees and bordered by flower beds and roses of every hue, all kept fresh and cool by the pure air flowing from the long range of snow-topped mountains, which seem a constant inspiration to nobler living. No wonder Divine Science has taken firm root here, as is evidenced by the many bright faces looking up into mine as I make my bow to the Divine Science Sunday School of Denver.

It was started almost a year and a half ago with twenty pupils and five teachers. This school has during the past winter numbered 102 pupils and ten teachers; the number is less now, as many have left the city for the summer, taking with them small banks in which the boys and girls are saving their pennies (and perhaps many of my brothers and sisters will be dropped in these banks, too) as their contribution toward the building of a new Sunday School room in the near future.

They meet now in a large pleasant hall, adorned by flowers and palms, and having Reading and Class Rooms attached, in which meetings for teaching and healing are held during the week. Lots have

been given, and the congregation, which now numbers several hundred, hopes soon to meet in a suitable building of their own, to which each member loves to contribute according to his means. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord."

Miss Brooks, the pastor, is a noble woman whose life is the best exemplification of the words of inspiration and comfort which are constantly attracting an increasing number of hearers.

Her sister, Mrs. James, is superintendent of the Sunday School, and during the winter gives Primary Lessons in Science, which are followed by a course in individual training given by Mrs. Small, another sister, who, with several assistants, also conducts the healing work. Classes for normal and theological students are also taught in this legally incorporated "Colorado College of Divine Science."

But I am wandering far from the eager faces of the babes in Christ for whom my visit is specially intended. I have only space enough left to tell that at Christmas instead of receiving presents themselves, these children have a pleasant custom of inviting to their tree whole families—father, mother and children—for each of whom nice presents are provided. One of the tiniest members of the infant class, not quite understanding why no present came

her way, exclaimed, "Santa Claus, I've dot a wed wagon at home just like dat, but *it's boken.*"

Bidding her and all the rest of you "good-bye," I go on my way to North Denver, where an offshoot of this flourishing vine is planted. My next letter will tell about that church and Sunday School.

— M. A. O.

THE RED CAPS.

FLORENCE HARVEY.

"THOUGHTS ARE THINGS."

(Continued from July issue.)

"I would like to help him," replied Knowledge, the other name by which dear old White-Cap is known, "but perhaps he won't let me."

"Why not?" asked Allen. "I should think the giant would be only too glad to be told how to have the little blue thoughtkins cut him loose so that he could get up once more. Do try, dear White-Cap."

"Well, I will make an attempt at healing him," replied he. "But before I can do him any good I must put a red cap on him, and sometimes giants won't have one on."

"Why must he wear a red cap?" inquired Willie.

"To open his eyes so that he may look into Thought Land, like you boys." So speaking, he started towards the fallen giant.

When the blue thoughtkins saw White-Cap make a move in the great Brobdingnag's direction, they jumped up quick as a flash, snapping their scissors, and looking so happy. They knew if the big fellow would only listen to Knowledge, or White-Cap, they would soon be very busy cutting him loose, and the green thoughtkins would be idle.

White-Cap walked up close to the giant, and giving him a reassuring smile, asked, "Why are you lying here when you might be up doing so much good in the world?"

The big giant gave a groan and said, "Don't you see how sick I am?"

"When he made this reply the little green men shouted for joy, and started again fastening him down with their fine

threads. At this point Knowledge pulled a cap out of his pocket, and said, "Will you put this on for a few moments while I tell you something?"

"What is it for?" asked the giant.

"This red cap is a cap of love, and makes you see yourself as you really are."

"How can it do that?"

"Because love opens your eyes to many things to which before you have been blind."

"Well, if that is so, I don't mind wearing it for a little while. You may put it on."

At this reply the blue thoughtkins danced with joy, while the little green men began to look sorrowful. Immediately the red cap was on the giant, his eyes were opened and he saw himself a giant in strength and power, with all the tiny men dressed in green, armed with their spools of fine thread, running over him, fastening him down in every direction.

"What are these little fellows in green doing to me?" asked he. "Make them go away!"

"They are tying you down," replied White-Cap.

"What for?"

"Because they can't help themselves. You keep telling them to do so."

"I keep telling these little imps to fasten me down!" exclaimed the giant, in an amazed tone.

"Why, yes! Don't you keep saying: 'I'm sick! I'm tired! I'm sick! I feel so badly!'"

"Well, I am sick!" declared the giant.

As he said this the green thoughtkins realized the giant gave them full power over him, so merrier than ever they ran back and forth over the fallen Brobdingnag, tying the threads around him.

"What did I tell you?" said White-Cap. "Every time you say, 'I'm sick,' you set the little green men, or false thoughts, to work. Don't you see these other pretty thoughtkins dressed in blue?"

"They are cunning little fellows," answered the giant. "They all have such smiling faces; each one has tiny scissors! What are they going to do with so many pair?"

"Cut you loose, if you will let them."

"Cut me loose if I will let them!" repeated the giant. "Well, I guess I will let them! . . . What shall I do to make them begin?"

"You can start them working by thinking and saying you are well and strong, instead of sick and weak."

"That's a funny idea!" almost laughed the big man, "for a fellow to say 'I'm well,' when I'm sick! . . . But I'll say it; anything to make these imps let me alone." Then in a half-hearted way the giant said, "I'm well, I'm strong." Instantly the little blue men sprang forward with their scissors and cut a few threads.

"See!" exclaimed White-Cap, "if you would keep saying and repeating it positively, as if you believed it, the true thoughtkins would indeed be able to free you."

"But," replied the giant, "I can't tell a lie even to get well, and I am sick!"

The true and false thoughtkins, as well as the boys, had been listening most attentively to this conversation, and when the giant claimed only inharmony for himself, thus placing the green imps in power, they pushed the blue ones aside and with their spools of fine cotton tied back the threads that had been cut.

Dear old White-Cap now knelt down beside the fallen giant, feeling that he must make one last effort to free the captive. Tenderly laying his hand on the fettered Brobdingnag, he said:

"No, it is not a lie, when with *knowledge* you declare you are well and strong. You are then speaking of your Higher Self, your Divine Self, your True Self, the self that lives always and is never sick. It is only your lower self, your false-thinking self that knows sickness and death. So if you will think and say, 'My divine self is well! My true self is strong!' you will give the blue thoughtkins a chance to cut you loose. By keeping the thought continually in your mind that you are well and strong, you will give the green imps no opportunity to use their thread. Then before long you will find the blue thoughtkins have employed their scissors to good

advantage by cutting you free. Come, and I will help you say it," said White-Cap, "for you know I am Knowledge and can show you 'the way.'"

"All right!" said the giant, "I can say that, for now I understand what you mean," and he repeated after White-Cap the statements: "I (my true self), am strong and well! I (my real self), am made after the image and likeness of God. God (Father, Mother), loves and heals me. I live, move and have my being in God. I am happy! I am joyful! I am well!"

All the time White-Cap and the giant were expressing these lovely thoughts aloud the little blue men were flying back and forth, cutting threads and throwing them aside so as to free the giant as soon as possible, while the green thoughtkins were sad indeed.

"Why, look!" said one of the boys, who with their red caps on were breathlessly watching the proceedings, "the green fellows are now having their turn to sit on the toad-stools and wait."

"My! aren't the blue men busy!" exclaimed Willie. "Don't their scissors just fly!"

"Oh see!" said Albert, "the little green men are crying; they feel badly to have all the threads they took so much trouble to fasten cut to pieces."

The great giant now began to feel so much better and freer that he started to sit up, which caused the threads to snap in every direction. This so enraged the green thoughtkins that they made a rush at White-Cap and tried to push him aside, but Knowledge only laughed at the silly little fellows.

The Brobdingnag now began to realize and understand what White-Cap had been trying to teach him; he therefore made up his mind that he would get upon his feet once more. However, there were so many threads, fine as they were, binding him in every direction, that he could not do it try as he would. In his dilemma he turned to White-Cap and said, "I can sit up, but I want to stand. What shall I do to be entirely free?"

White-Cap answered quickly: "Stop

where you are and thank God for your present blessing of being able to sit up."

The great giant sat with his eyes shut for a few moments, thanking God for sending Knowledge to him; that hereafter he might come ever nearer and nearer to the One Power and Presence in the universe.

All the time the giant was giving thanks the blue thoughtkins were clip, clip, clipping the threads, laughing and singing as they did so. True thoughts are God's messengers, and the little blue men just love to have us use them to set us free from the bondage of the green men, or false thoughts.

When the giant opened his eyes and saw all the threads the blue thoughtkins had loosed, he gave a great bound, exclaiming as he did so, "I'm free! I'm free! I'm God's child, and can't be bound," and sprang upon his feet.

"Oh!" he said, as he caught dear old White Cap by the hand and shook it heartily. "I never expected to feel so well and strong again, and how much I do thank you."

"Do not thank me," answered White-Cap, "I have opened 'the way' for you to understand about your True Self, your Higher Self, but all the glory belongs to God, for it is He who loves and heals you."

"But," continued the great giant, "without you I would not have known who 'I am,' so may I ask your name?"

"The boys here call me White-Cap, but the world calls me Knowledge."

"Does anyone wear a white cap besides you?" asked the giant.

"Oh, yes, any one who understands about his true Divine Self; that this Higher Self is the part of us that is made in the image and likeness of God."

"Can I ever hope to wear one?"

"Yes, if you really desire it; but first you must learn to wear the red one, which is a cap of love, and opens your eyes so that you may see many things to which before you have been blind."

"May I keep the red cap?"

"Yes. They are invisible to all except to those that wear them; but if you wear

one it will make you strong and well, for love always heals."

"Will I ever see you again?" asked the giant.

"Oh, yes, if you wear the red cap, you will meet me continually."

"Well, good-bye, then, for today," said he as he walked off, dragging some of the threads behind him; these the little green thoughtkins picked up, and held on to, hoping to have a chance to tie them back. Some of the little blue thoughtkins ran on in front of him, snapping their scissors, and looking so delighted to have been able to free the huge Brobdingnag, while others were still clipping a few remaining threads. This was the last the boys saw of the giant.

White-Cap then turned to them and said, "Well, little Red Caps, what do you think of that?"

"Thank you so much, dear White-Cap," said Paul, "for healing him, for we did not like to see a big giant so unhappy. May we keep our red caps, too?"

"Yes," he replied, "and I hope you will always wear them. They are *thought* caps, you know, and will grow brighter and stronger, or else tear all to pieces; it depends upon the care you give them, for they are made out of love, and must have plenty of it to keep them in order, or else they will become ragged and disappear all together. You will be free to wear them, or not, just as you please, but if you do, all happiness, strength, power, joy, in fact 'All Good' will belong to you, so that no one can take it from you. While you wear these bright red caps, to keep them in order you must see with eyes of love, hear with ears of love, and think only thoughts of love. Good-bye, boys, for today. It is getting late, and you must go home."

Then, somehow, in the same funny way he had come he disappeared, and the boys had only their red caps to make them sure all they had seen was true. So they bounded away to tell their mothers of their experiences when they had looked into Thought Land.

"Your life is hid with Christ in God."



*Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you
curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast.
World, you are beautifully drest!*

*The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the
tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mill,
And talks to itself on the top of the hill.*

*You friendly earth, how far do you go
With the wheat fields that nod and the
rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens and cliffs and
isles,
And people upon you for thousands of
miles?*

*Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, world, at all,
And yet, when I said my prayers today,
A whisper inside me seemed to say—*

*"You are more than the earth, though you
are such a dot,
You can love and think, and the earth
cannot."*

—Selected from Lilliput Lectures.

[TO BE MEMORIZED]

Epistles.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I will be six this month and I want to send you fifty of my pennies and you can send WEE WISDOM for a year to some little child as a birthday

present from me. I have been treating Mabel Wilson, a young lady who thinks she cannot see. I wish that all the Wee Wisdoms and their mammas would help me treat that God is Mabel's sight. Mabel is so sweet, I know you would love her if you could see her. That's all.

TESSIE EVELYN WALLACE.

ALACULSY, GA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—You will please find enclosed a pillow verse* to publish in your bright and happy columns if you can easily find space. With love to Mother Sparr and all the little readers, I remain for this time,

BELLE POTEET.

MABLE, MINN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have never written to you before, and I thought I would write you a few lines now while I have time. I am a little girl eleven years young. I am the president of the Band of Mercy, and mamma is the superintendent. I have a little kitten for my pet and its name is Tabby. I have five dolls, a pickaninny and two rag cats. I take WEE WISDOM and like it very much. Papa and mamma take *Unity, Harmony, Life, and Light*. We are having a new school house built, so we will have about six months vacation. I am in the fifth grade. I think this is all I can write this time. Yours in love and truth,

VIOLET HELLIKSON.

PENDER, NEB.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will take the pleasure to write you a few lines. I am twelve years old. I go to Sunday School every Sunday if I can. I have one sister and four brothers. I take WEE WISDOM and I like to read them. I save my WEE WISDOM paper, and after while I am going to make a book out of them. I would like one of Mother Sparr's moss cards. This is a little verse I made up:

God is good,
God is true,
And that is
What we ought to do.

I will close in love,

ANNA VOGT.

VIOLA, IDAHO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—My mother has taken your paper for some time. I like it very much. I will take it this year. I enclosed \$1.00 for a new subscriber and myself. I would like one of your moss cards. My love to WEE WISDOM.

MISS JENNIE CUTHBERT.

* See Saturday's pillow.

FORT WORTH, TEX.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I liked the birthday number very much and think the children did fine. I have not taken WEE WISDOM long. A lady in Pueblo, Colorado, subscribed for it for me. I used to burn myself sometimes, but now I say that God is all in all and I couldn't burn myself, and the pain all goes away. I haven't any pets, but the people next door had a squirrel in a cage and it got away. Now it lives in the trees and on our house. At night it will come on the roof and make a noise as though it wanted to talk to us and tell how much it is enjoying itself. I go to Christian Science Sunday School. I send you a pillow verse.* MAY DEIGHTOL.

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CHARLSTON, S. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am my mamma's and pa's only child, a little boy eight years old the twentieth of last April. I have never been to school, mamma teaches me at home. I love to read WEE WISDOM. I have Mother Sparr's picture. I send her a kiss wrapped in love, and much love to the dear little readers of WEE WISDOM. You will find enclosed fifty cents for a year's subscription to WEE WISDOM. Yours lovingly, FREDIE V. TAYLOR.

P. S. — Here is twenty-five cents extra. Please send Aunt Seg's Catechism. F. T.

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TWO LETTERS CROWDED OUT OF AUGUST
WEE WISDOM.

SABINE, TEX.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—As this is your birthday month I will try to write you a birthday letter. I am ten years old. How old are you? I think your Easter number is so pretty. How I would like to attend your birthday party. If all the Wee Wisdoms, and dear Mother Sparr, were all to come, what would you do with us all? Wishing you many more happy birthdays, I am your loving little friend,

EVA BALL.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

MRS. FILLMORE—I hope you can publish this letter in your birthday number of WEE WISDOM. I have had two rose plants come to me unexpectedly and without my asking for them. This is the way all lovely things will come to us by trusting in the good and true. I also have a strong, vigorous "Number 1900 Rose," which will be a superb bloomer, filling the air with its exquisite fragrance, outrivalling even the famous "American Beauty." Some apparently evil genius has been nipping off the

* See Sunday's pillow.

buds on my "Queen of the Prairie Rose," and my carnations also. The Truth, declared in the right spirit, can stop this destruction, however. I wish you would remember the "Queen of the Prairie Rose" in your prayers, as it is very weak. I have asked God to fill it with His own Infinite Life, but it still is very delicate, when it should be strong and vigorous. Speak the word of Truth for it and help me to save it. It has one solitary bud, and it has not strength enough to open out that one. It is only just beginning to unfold, revealing the beautiful pink. God bless the little Truth readers of WEE WISDOM, and may they always be comforted and supported by the Truth. Yours sincerely,

WALTER S. WELLER.

GLAD TIDINGS.

NEW YORK CITY.

You will be glad to hear that the extra WEE WISDOMS find their way over to a little sewing school which Miss Walton has had for a year or more, of which the children meet every Saturday morning at 131 Fifth Avenue, in the rooms of the Circle of Divine Ministry.

These children belong to what are called very poor families on the East Side, and Miss Walton brings them pretty lawn material for dresses in the summer, and they are helped to make their own little frocks.

Most of the little girls are Jews or Catholics, so the word "religion" is never mentioned, but they are taught how to "govern their thinking," the power of loving thoughts, etc., and stories are read to them from WEE WISDOM. They often tell of their little demonstrations in the use of some affirmation they have been making in their homes or among their companions, and with so much zest and enthusiasm that it's a treat to hear them.

"Miss Walton, it works!" cried one little girl, who had been told how to overcome with certain love words some suffering that a larger person had been inflicting on her for a long time. And she isn't the only one who has discovered that "it works."

Wishing best success and a wide field for WEE WISDOM, I am,

Yours in the Great Unity,

W. S.

JUVENILE BIBLE LESSONS.

HARRIET H. RIX.

LESSON X. SEPT. 2.

The Seventy Sent Forth.

Jno. 10:1-11, 17-20.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few.*—Luke 10:2.

A great harvest means that there is plenty of everytning good for all, and if we wish to get our share of love, happiness, and health, we must acknowledge the Good all the time, and know that it is the *only* power and presence.

When Jesus said that there were only a few laborers, he meant that only a few people believe that they can have all good here and now, and that these few were to speak the Word of Truth for all the rest, until everybody knows that the Kingdom of Heaven is right here and right now. Every little boy and girl can help this good work on by speaking true words, which will heal sick people and bring peace into disturbed hearts.

Every little Truth student reading **WEE WISDOM** knows that the "devils" spoken about in this lesson are evil thoughts, and have no power when the Christ-child remembers the presence of God, the Good. No Christ-child is afraid of the dark, or any foolish thing, for he knows that God is in the darkest room as well as in the sunshine, and so being very brave he makes everybody around him strong and courageous too. Oh, how glad we are that we know the Truth that keeps us happy and healthy!

Dear child of God, rejoice, be merry and glad for your name is written in heaven. You are God's own sweet child, and He loves you. After each happy day, when you put your head upon your pillow and say your evening prayer, remember to send out your faith and love word to the whole world, saying, "The Kingdom of the All Good has come upon the earth."

LESSON XI. SEPT. 9.

The Good Samaritan.—Luke 10: 25-37.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Love thy neighbor as thyself.*—Lev. 19:18.

Today our lesson is on Divine Love, and points out the beautiful fact that God would have His child kind and merciful to all. Wherever Love is, God is, so when love is in our hearts we may know that God is there, and Love is the most wonderful and beautiful thing in the world.

Now, the good Samaritan had this love in his heart and he let it be seen. He did not waste any time asking whether that poor hurt man was good or bad; he knew it was someone who needed help and he gave it, and that is the kind of love we must all have. Somebody will be helped by your kind word and thought; find that somebody and then go to work. Give, give all the time; that is what Love does. Keep your eyes open wide, watch for every chance to prove to others what blessings love will bring.

There is a thief in this story, and it too has other names. When it steals our peace away we call it "inharmony," and when it steals our health away we call it "disease," and when it steals our love away we call it "hate." But this thief can have no power when Love is around, for it runs away as fast as it can go, because thieves are just like dreams, not real. Now since we all have this fairy God-mother always with us, let us use her for ourselves and others.

All the world is one big family, all are brothers and sisters, and everybody is our neighbor. You can be the Good Samaritan, and love your neighbor as yourself.

LESSON XII. SEPT. 16.

The Rich Fool.—Luke 12:13-23.

GOLDEN TEXT—*What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*—Mark 8:36.

We must know that the true life is always rich; that to love God is wealth, and to be rich toward God is to know the Christ within. If we know and love this Christ within, we will always feel rich and never poor. We will be rich in good thoughts and rich in health and happiness, besides this knowledge will bring to us everything good we need in the world.

There was once a very wise king. His name was Solomon. When God asked him what blessing he would like, he answered that he desired to have wisdom that he might govern his people well, and because he asked for a spiritual blessing he received every good thing with it—clothes, money, houses and lands—but had he chosen money he never would have been called "Wise King Solomon," and we would probably never have heard of him. His wise choice made him great, as it truly will everybody.

Dear children, all wise people know it isn't things, nor money, nor clothes that bring happiness, but being rich in good healthy thoughts and deeds, this is happiness. All who love the Good and the True are rich and happy.

LESSON XIII. SEPT. 23.

The Duty of Watchfulness.

Luke 12:35-46.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.*—Matt. 26:41.

Our Golden Text has two very important words in it—*watch* and *pray*. What are we to watch? Does it mean to keep our eyes on our neighbor's actions, on the things of the world, the forms, houses, people, animals, for fear they may hurt us? No, it does not mean this. It means to watch our own thoughts and thus keep them pure and unselfish so that our mind will be like a beautiful palace, all white and shining for our Good to dwell in. So by watching and praying our mind forms the habit of welcoming angel guests, and the door is closed to all evil, fear, and suffering. We have eyes to see with and a heart to pray with, and these two when rightly used are more powerful to protect us and keep us out of harm's way than guns or armies, or any man-made invention for protection.

Remember that the Christ in you is greater than any temptation that can come to you; that Christ is master over all sin, sickness, sorrow, pain and death. Every time you overcome evil you become stronger in your Christ nature, and thus put in another brick into that foundation that is to make you a noble man or woman.

REVIEW OF THE THIRD QUARTER.

July 1st.—Jesus Walking on the Sea.
Matt. 14:22-33.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Of a truth thou art the Son of God.*—Matt. 14:33.

Jesus walking on the water stands for our real self who is to walk over every false condition, proving itself victorious over every storm and tempest of sin, sickness, sorrow or death.

Peter's other name in us is Faith, which always helps us do the works of God, but if we let in doubt, as Peter did in the lesson, then we will look down in fear, instead of at the Christ truth, and then believing evil is real we will begin to sink, but we need not sink out of sight if we quickly turn for help to the indwelling Christ, for we will hear his blessed voice saying to us, "Be of good cheer, be not afraid, it is I."

"Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."

July 8th.—Jesus the Bread of Life.
John 6:23-40.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life.*—John 6:35.

This lesson teaches us about the heavenly bread. Everything in the world stands for something in our mind, and we have learned what bread stands for. It means the Word of God, or the Truth which we are to put into our minds, just as we put bread into our mouths, until its good becomes ours and we become all good. God's bread is true thoughts and true words, which when we eat make us happy and glad.

* * * *

July 15th.—The Gentile Woman's Faith.—Mark 7:24-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Lord help me.*—Matt. 15:25.

Here we are taught that faith cannot fail to bring to us what we desire of good. Never be discouraged, never give up trying, and you will surely win whatever you put your mind to. If a little shadow, called doubt, comes up, always declare, "All Good is mine, and I can and will manifest it."

* * * *

July 22.—Peter's Confession and Christ's Rebuke.—Matt 16:13-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.*—Matt 16:24.

To deny ourselves does not mean to give up all that makes us happy. No, indeed. God would make you more happy all the time, but true happiness comes only when we give up all pride, selfishness, and fear, so that word "deny" means to cross out of our minds all naughty thoughts and then "follow me," the Christ, or Good within.

* * * *

July 29th.—The Transfiguration.
Luke 9:28-36.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*This is my beloved Son: hear him.*—Luke 9:35.

Peter, James and John are three of Christ's workers within us, and sometimes we call them the "Three Graces,"—Faith, Hope, and Charity. Each one of these has such beautiful, spiritual eyes that it can see the Glory of God right here on the earth. By always obeying the Spirit of Christ little children can glorify God in their bodies as pure health, and in their minds as sweet peace, and in the home as love's harmony. Try it.

* * * *

Aug. 5th.—Jesus and the Children.
Matt. 18:1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.*—Mark 10:14.

The Kingdom of Heaven is not a place; it is Mind, and every thought in it must be pure and holy, sweet and mild, gentle and loving, like a dear little child. The Truth teaches us that we must have these kind of thoughts before we can be truly happy and do the best work. You are a child of God and will always behold the face of your Father if you will always invite and entertain angel thoughts.

* * * *

Aug. 12th.—The Forgiving Spirit.
Matt. 18:21-35.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.*—Matt. 6:12.

To forgive is to *give for* unkind, impatient thoughts, words and deeds, kind and patient ones—to give good for evil. We should be so sweet tempered that this would be a natural thing for us to do. It will make it easy for you to forgive whenever you remember that only the Good is true. Say this quickly before any other thought can get in.

* * * *

Aug. 19th.—The Man Born Blind.
John 9:1-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.*—Jno. 9:25.

You are now reading these words in WEE WISDOM, because you have eyes to see with, but those eyes would be of little use to you if they were all the eyes you had. The other eyes I am talking about are your true eyes, they are spiritual and are from everlasting to everlasting. With these eyes we understand the Truth and see God, and everybody has them, though all do not use them. When we refuse to use them we become spiritually blind, but our Christ always stands ready to heal us when we look to him.

* * * *

Aug. 26th.—Jesus the Good Shepherd.
John 10:1-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.*—John 10:11.

King David sang, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." God's love to His children is so great that He tenderly cares for each one like a good shepherd, always loving them back into the fold no

matter how many times they may go astray. The good shepherd within us watches over every thought, so that they may not fall into doubt gulch or run into fear path, but keep everyone feeding in the rich green valley of His Love. We will all look to this One as our guide.

* * * *

Sept. 2d.—The Seventy Sent Forth.
John 10:11, 17-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few.*—Luke 10:2.

There is plenty of good for each one of us to do, and if we are willing to find and do it, we will see it wherever we go. Every day is God's day; that means that every day we are to do good. Life's blessing comes as we let God think in us and through us to help others.

* * * *

Sept. 9th.—The Good Samaritan.
Luke 10:25-37.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Love thy neighbor as thyself.*—Lev. 19:18.

This Golden Text was written on the heart of the first man that ever came into the world, and ever since it has been written on every heart. God wrote it there, and if you will be still enough and look within you will learn to read it on your own heart and use it for the blessing of all.

* * * *

Sept. 16th.—The Rich Fool.
Luke 12:13-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul.*—Mark 8:36.

What are some of the things that make one truly rich? Love and forgiveness, peace and gentleness, truth and goodness, these are like pearls in your mind that nothing can destroy. When you have these you cannot lose your health or strength or eyesight or any good. Be rich in these treasures, dear children, and you need fear no evil.

* * * *

Sept. 23.—The Duty of Watchfulness.
Luke 12:35-46.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.*—Matt. 26:41.

Really, children, all you have to watch is the Good. Keep it within calling distance and you are all right, for when you want it to protect you from harm it will always be ready. Just call on it and see if it is not true.

WEE EDITORS' SANCTUM.

GOOD September, WEE WISDOMS! "Wee Editors" are still in the sanctum, because Ye Editor has gone to a place way out West where nice melons grow. She is very busy teaching and writing letters to people and "Wee Editors," and sampling luscious fruit. Well, she says we will have to talk to you this month — and what she says goes — so we have the pens and ink and paper and are quite busy wearing out pen-points.

We let some grown-up people write some this month because we don't want to keep them out always like we did last month. But didn't we show 'em what Wee Wisdoms could do?

"The Red Caps" story is finished in this number. Mrs. Clark, of Avalon, Cal., wrote us the children can hardly wait until September number gets there so as to hear more about "Rep Caps," and she is almost equally as interested.

A new story begins which we know you will enjoy. It is called "The Garden, the Gate, and the Key," and is about three girls and their dear uncle. Royal likes this story very much and we think you all will.

Well! here is a letter from Ye Editor. Do you want to read it?

PUEBLO, COLO., August 20, 1900.

My Dear "Wee Editors":

It looks now as if you would have the the "Sanctum" all to yourself this month, with Ye Editor too far away to look through the key-hole and watch progress. But she has such faith in your judgment and ability she knows you will bring September WEE WISDOM out in beautiful shape. *God is your intelligence.* There can be no absence of knowing how.

Such a lovely time as Ye Editor had yesterday among the Wisdoms of Pueblo! Why! it is worth coming 'way to Colorado to look into these bright eyes and hear these sweet voices sing the wonderful words of life. As she listened she seemed to hear all the Wisdoms throughout all the earth take up this sweet song which Mamie and Grace, Joy and Lydia, Georgia, Lizzie and Blanche stood there singing —

Jesus blessed the little children*
Long years ago;
Bade the people bring them to Him,
For He loved them so.
"These are jewels in Love's Kingdom,"
So He wisely said;
Laid His gentle hands so softly
On each baby head.

REFRAIN:
They loved to come to Jesus
Because He loved them so;
And now we follow Jesus,
Because we love Him so.

God spake thro' those words of Jesus,
Long years ago;
'Twas His message that He gave them,
For He loved them so;
And those words of Love and Wisdom,
Thus so truly said,
Fall today in sweetest blessing,
On each baby head.

It was, and is, the Christ still blessing the dear children, and oh! how these little ones shone with the joy of that present blessing!

Little Joy (Joy Jackson), after the blessing song was finished, stepped forward on the platform, and before the packed church of listeners, in her clear sweet way repeated that beautiful poem of Father Ryan's, "The Valley of Silence." She did not run it off like children are apt to do that which they just say from memory; No, she seemed to be telling her own experience, and ours, too. She afterward asked, "O mamma, could you tell when I got into the Spirit?" and explained that it was all so beautiful when she "got into the Spirit." I wish I could remember her exact words. Joy is ten years here, but the wisdom of Spirit is hers.

Cecil, one of our boy Wisdoms, would interest you very much. He plays the banjo with so much aliveness that it tells you just how he feels and thinks.

Next Sunday Ye Editor expects to spend among the Wisdoms of Denver and will tell you all about it later.

The dear everpresent loving Father blesses and abides with you all.

Your loving
YE EDITOR — MAMMA.



Rick's photograph of "Wee Editors" at work.

*See "Truth in Song," No. 79.



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MYRTLE FILLMORE, EDITOR.

SEPTEMBER!

WILHELMINE SMITH.

The poets sing
Of the days of Spring;
I sing of the Autumn golden.
The golden leaves,
The golden sheaves,
And Golden-rod embolden
Me to sing in Autumn's praise,
Of mild September's balmy days.

In the year's fresh morn
The flowers are born,
When nature is smiling or weeping.
Autumn hints of a birth
That is not of the earth,
That takes place when nature is
sleeping.
September whispers of beauty unseen,
And grass and leaf yield up their green.

Her whispers thrill
Thro' the leaves, until
Each downward gently flutters,
To yield its form
To sun or storm.
The words September utters:
"Be ye transformed to living light,
To beauty not for human sight!"

We cannot send any moss cards until
Ye Editor gets back, and we hope that
will be soon.

We understand the Bible Lessons will be
written regularly by Miss Harriet H. Rix,
of Alameda, Cal.

We found some letters that ought to
have been in the birthday number, but
they must have been mislaid. We put
them in this month as the next best thing
we can do.

Orion has dictated another "Natural
History Lesson." The Cicada that he tells
about is what most of you call the Locust
or Harvest Fly, but Orion says that is not
the correct name.

This month we haven't had many letters
from you. Where are you? What are you
doing? Is the weather too warm? Surely
not. Wee Wisdoms don't get too warm.
Write more, we like to hear from you.

You all remember seeing a picture of the
little Sunday School called "Wee Wisdom
Society of Silent Unity" printed last month.
Well, we have just received a good letter
from "Uncle John," its founder (his real
name is Mr. Sleater, but he is "Uncle
John" to us). He sends us a thought to
hold in the morning just like the grown-ups
do at night. The thought is: "*A soft an-
swer turneth away wrath, but grievous
words stir up anger.*" Hold this thought
and practice it and see what magic there is
in it. "Uncle John's" school began away
back in February, and he has sent us an
interesting report of all their meetings,
written by his assistant, Mr. Manwaring.
We are unable to publish it in this number,
but will promised to do so in the October
WEE WISDOM.

The happy face
Will always tell
Where gentleness
And kindness dwell.

Premiums for Subscribers.

Do you want to help WEE WISDOM and
at the same time have a book free? Then
get your little friends to subscribe.

For two subscriptions (\$1.00) we will send
you "The Wonderful Wishers of Wishing-
well," or "Aunt Seg's Catechism," or "Wee
Wisdom's Way."

For three subscriptions (\$1.50) we will
send you "Big Truths for Little People."

For four subscriptions (\$2.00) we will
send you "The Story of Teddy."

For five subscriptions (\$2.50) we will
send you "How Edith Found Fairyland."



Monday

When my heart's
full of love,
I am happy and glad;
There's nothing like
love-light
To drive off the sad.

Tuesday

My word is the seed
Of act and of deed;
So the true-word
I'll choose,
And the evil refuse.

Wednesday

Like a garden full
of weeds,
Is the life of careless deeds;
Full of fragrance and
delight
Is the life that's ruled by
right.

Thursday

May each little thought
I think,
And each little word
I say,
Be the blossom-seed
I scatter, day by day.

Friday

God is with me,
God is here;
There is nothing
I can fear. —Ray.

Saturday

God is Joy,
God is Light;
And He is with you
Day and night.
—M. B. P.

Sunday

God's love keeps me
Safe and sound;
I'm glad this beautiful
Truth I've found. —May.