

Myrtle Tillmore



Volume 1.

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Number 1.

Wee Wisdom's Way.

1

Aunt Joy has come back—dear, sweet Aunt Joy has come back to us. Us means papa, mamma, Ned, Grace and Trixey—I'm Trixey.

Only one year ago she had gone abroad, papa said. "Cause God had seen fit to take Uncle Clide and baby Guy off to Heaven to live with Him."

So Aunt Joy all robed in blackest black, with such a sad, white face, had gone off to find if anything in all this wide, wide world "could take her *mind* off and cure her," papa said.

But now, Aunt Joy is back again, *all well* and dressed in soft pretty colors instead of that nasty black; sweeter and more loving than ever.

She says, "she is *all ours* and just running over with stories."

She don't say where she's been, but Ned says "He knows God's had her somewhere, for she don't seem like *folks* and he knows if she wanted to, she could just fly away any time."

I don't know just how that could be, but I *do* know, she makes God come and do just what she wants Him to.

Grace has bad dreams and is afraid of the dark. The other night she cried, and Aunt Joy came in and just took her right up in her arms without lighting the gas, and asked her:

"Why are you afraid of the dark?"

Grace said, "Cause there's bug'oons in it."

"Can you see 'em?"

"No; I just *sink* 'em."

"Do they hurt you?"

"No; but I'se 'fraid they will."

"Are you afraid now?"

"No, cause you're here."

"But suppose something *scarey* should really come in now, what would you do?"

wouldn't do nuffin', but just keep right

in your arms; nuffin' could scare or hurt me there."

"Why not?"

"Cause I *love* you so, and you *loves* me and would never, never let anyfin' get or hurt me when you're here."

"Grace, darling, *where* did you get that *love* that makes you so brave when my arms are about you?"

"Get it? Why it's *just there*, ain't it?"

"Yes, but wasn't it there then, before I came in, just the same?"

"I didn't sink 'bout 'at before, but 'course I loved you just the same in the other room, but some way it seems dif'nt when I *knows* you're right here wif me, tho' I can't see you."

"Would you love me any better if the light were here, so you could *see* me?"

"No, I like it this way."

"But suppose I lay you down and sit beside you, without touching you and keep so still you cannot even hear me breathe, *how* would you *love* me then?"

"Try it, Aunt Joy, let's see how it would feel."

So Aunt Joy sat there in the dark, all still, till Grace called out—

"O, Aunt Joy! I know it *all* now, *that's* God's way. He just keeps out of sight, but he's right here all the time. And I never fought of it 'fore Papa and mamma always said God was always ever'where, but I couldn't 'stan' it 'fore, now I see how it is. Now you're *right there*, and I can't see you, or *feel* you, or *hear* you, but—but you're *there* just the same, and I know it anyway, so the bug'oons can't come, cause I do know it. Now, I can't 'splain it. Tell me, Auntie, why I *know* now, *God does that way.*"

"My sweet child, you are quick to catch my lesson of the dark—now if you will practice it well enough to go to sleep here in God's arms without me, we will talk it all over tomorrow and then you will under-

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Wee Wisdom

stand it better than now. We have waked up your sister with our midnight lesson. Now shall I kiss you good night and leave you? Can you really trust God to stay and keep off the "bugaboos?"

Grace decided to do so, and Aunt Joy went back to her room.

I felt so strangely about her leaving God there, and wondered what He'd think if Grace got scared again.

Pretty soon I heard Grace say, "Dear God, when I said my prayers I hope you'll 'scuse me for d'rectin' 'em to heaven, cause I didn't know then that you was, *sure 'nuff* right here, and I could just *talk* to you and *love* you like Aunt Joy."

"I know, dear God, *you* never made bug'-boos to scare little children—for now I know you're here, the dark seems all full of pretty *finks*, and I thank you, God, for feeling so soft and warm to me." And Grace went fast asleep.

Next morning after prayers, Grace climbed into papa's lap and whispered something that made papa look anxious.

"Why, my dear baby, what makes you say such strange things," papa asked.

"Why, papa," said Grace, in wonder, didn't you tell me so?"

"No, dear."

"Papa, don't you 'member you said lots of times 'God was everywhere always?'"

"Yes, dear, I said that."

"Then what makes you fink it's funny cause he kept off the bug'oos last night?"

"O, darling! sometimes when God shows too much attention to our loved ones we fear He is coaxing them away from us."

"Why, papa, I don't 'stan' you."

"Ask Aunt Joy, then, she can explain to you these things. He coaxed her darling boy, just your age, off to Heaven with Him."

"Why, Aunt Joy, what for? If He's here all the time, what does He take 'em to heaven to *have 'em* tor?"

"He don't dear," said Aunt Joy.

"Well, where *is* heaven, anyway?" asked Grace.

"Heaven, sweet one," said papa, "is where God lives; heaven is God's beautiful home."

"But, papa, I don't 'stan', didn't you tell me God was always with us? How can He be here and there too?"

"Dear child, God is everywhere in heaven and on earth."

"Then what makes folks talk about going *up* to God when they die, when God's right here?"

"Well, my baby, you see, up in heaven God has His throne, the angels are there, and when people get up there, they are never sick or sad and can't die. So people like to think of getting up there to get away from trouble, pain and death."

"Now, papa, that don't seem nice for God to be gooder to folks up there than down here?"

"O Grace, baby! Little folks can't understand the wise things of God."

"Now, brother," put in Aunt Joy, "you don't seem to agree with Jesus Christ on that subject. He said, 'I thank thee, O Father, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes.'"

"If God is everywhere present, as you teach these children, why may not Grace expect Him to do as much for her here as anywhere? If He fills *all* place and *all* time how is it possible for Him to be any more present at one place or one time than at another?"

"Why, Sister Joy," said papa, "you take an unusual view of His omnipresence. Have we not daily proof that although God is ever present that He does not choose to make us satisfied with this life, but afflicts us that we may look to the life beyond and prepare for heaven?"

"Brother, will you please to recall," said Aunt Joy, "the location of heaven as given by Christ? It may give these children a better understanding of it."

Papa looked so funny that Aunt Joy went on talking.

"Christ said, 'The kingdom of God, or heaven, is within you,' and He further stated that 'Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter therein.'"

"Now, Grace, *there* is where Christ told us we could find heaven.

"As for the 'great white throne,' a king never takes his throne out of his kingdom; so you will find *that* there, too.

"If you will look closely you will find that the 'white throne' is your own pure heart, for what other throne would *love* ask for, and Christ says, 'God is *love*.'"

"Yes, dear, the angels are there, too, and are nothing more nor less than sweet, kind thoughts ever ready to fly about and carry messages for their king."

Papa got up and went off to his office without even kissing us.

Grace sat looking at Aunt Joy, and she looked as if the sun was shining on her face, but I couldn't find out how it got through the curtains.

At last Grace said, "Now I am happy, Aunt Joy. When papa was saying God was so good to folks in heaven and so bad to us, I just felt He had no business to stay here all the time to hunt up the bad things we do and make us sick and 'fraid He's going to kill us all the time. Now, I just couldn't help but fink how much gooder I'd be to folks if I had everything like He has. Why, I wouldn't do nuffin' all my long, long life but make 'em happy, if I'se Him."

"Bless your sweet heart, darling! that loving thought is one of His angels coming out from the throne now. That's just what God *is* doing all the time, making people happy, but they *won't* know it, and won't go into heaven and be happy.

"Now, darling, go into your sweet little heaven and always dwell there among the angels and keep them busy, for God will let you do all the good in His kingdom you wish to do. And His angels will go out and do the work you tell them to do.

"So dear one, always keep the door of your heart shut to naughty, unkind tho'ts; *black* angels, they are, and you will dwell with the angels of love and light always, and work with them, for God is *in* you, and where God is heaven is."

Aunt Joy and Grace went up to mamma's room. Poor mamma is always sick.

When we were left alone, Ned and I just looked at each other, for we didn't know what to say. At last Ned broke out, "I say, Trixy, what in the world would you give to have true what Aunt Joy says?"

"I felt kind o' strange over that talk," I said, "but if we can get to heaven without *dying*, I'm in for it."

Ned threw up his cap and whistled and said, "that would be jolly."

Then he got real sober and thought awhile and said:

"I say, Trixy, that would be all right

for you, but you see I couldn't do it, for I've got to *die* sometime to get rid of this "game leg." Ned is lame.

"Now that is something against this *inside* heaven, isn't it? I wonder why God mixes things up so for us."

We thought a long time before Ned said: "Well, we can understand *why* God is everywhere all the time—because, you see, He *has* to be on hand to keep us a-breathing and the big worlds agoing, but whether He *can and wants* to do anything *extra*, who knows? Let's ask Aunt Joy."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Points for Parents.

The mission of WEE WISDOM is not to *entertain* the children, but to *call them out*. To be always entertained is to be dwarfed and dependent, to be "called out" is to follow the harmonious law of the soul's unfoldment.

Who meddles with the heart of the rose-bud? What fingers deft enough to pry open that marvel of folded beauty. We are wise enough to leave it alone to follow the glad law of its own unfolding.

But our children! Have we dealt as wisely with these buds of marvelous possibilities? Have we always remembered that they, too, must quicken and unfold through the innate law of their own genius?

Have we not too often picked roughly at their folded petals and barbarously daubed their natural beauty with the colors of our own notions of what they ought to be?

Have we not hindered and hampered and shut off the free, fearless, fresh spirit that was claiming only its God-right to blossom into original beauty?

Let us cease our "don'ts" and "take cares," and all the folly that has led us to suppose ourselves patterns that should be copied by these, our little ones. They have the broader faith, the clearer vision, the trusting love, and "of such is the kingdom of heaven." "Their angels—pure thoughts—do always behold the face of my Father in heaven." *Love* them and *trust* them, and leave them *free*.

Wee Wisdom makes a very humble beginning, but it will grow to be "big folks" in time.

*Wee Wisdom's
Reception Room.*

Come in, dear children, every one of you. I bid you loving welcome.

If you studied my "door-plate" as you came in, you have made sure I am on very loving terms with all *wee* workers.

For, you see, you and I and all tiny workers are really so much alike, that we love always to be *doing*—doing right fresh from that little something bubbling up within us and just about doing Its self.

Why! the grass and flowers spring and bloom from very love of springing and blooming, while the little bee, from very love of being, makes of its fleet-winged journeys such marvelous stores of *unbought* sweetness.

What is it that you and I and they have in common?

LIFE.

Yes, and because Life is all about Wisdom and Wisdom is all about Life, is the very why, I have carved upon my "door-plate" *growing* Life, *moving* Life, and *thinking* Life.

Which are you?

You are very sure *you* grow;

You are very sure *you* move;

And you just *know* you think, do you?

What is the one thing you think you do more than these other forms of life?

Think.

Yes, and what comes from your thinking?

Doing.

Then what does the little bee's *doing* come from?

Mamma calls it instinct, does she?

Well, you just ask wise mamma to tell you what *growing* comes from?

Now, if your *doing* comes from your *thinking*, what does your thinking come from?

How quickly you answer—

Mind.

And what is mind?

When you tell me, it's what you think with, then you are only telling me what it *does* and not what it *is*. See if you can tell me anything it's *like*. That little boy over there gives the very best answer possible, when he says:

"It's *like* everything."

Then mustn't everything be like mind?

Can you *see* Mind? No?

What then is it you do see?

Greater thinkers than you have puzzled over this question. Did you ever have your likeness taken? While it looked just *like* you, it wasn't *you* at all, was it?

Well, you see it's just this way: Life is always busy taking the *like*-ness of Mind everywhere and always, and this *like*-ness is called "Creation."

So you and I and they are really *like* something we cannot see, but of which Life is brimful.

What is Life brimful of?

One little girl says—

"God."

People are always wanting to know about God, because they can't *see* Him. How shall they know Him?

Another little girl says—

"'Cause He had his likeness taken."

You may tell me what He called it:

"Man."

Some people say it is a bad likeness. Did God say so? No. He was pleased and said it was *very* good.

How shall you *know* about man?

Because *you* are *like* him? Yes, and because you have mind you can know about Mind.

God is Mind.

Because you have life you can know about Life.

God is Life.

Because you have love can know about Love.

God is Love.

So you see, you can only find out what God is *like* by knowing what Mind and Love and Life and Good are like in you, for "The kingdom of God is within you."

We want to talk *much* about your *like*-ness to Good, never about any *un*-likeness. For, you see, your thought is the busybody of your life, always taking the *like*-ness of whatever you hold in your mind and making everything about you look just like it.

Some people don't know this and they wonder why everything is so miserable sometimes.

But those who know, are very sure to hold their minds so steadily to the Good, that their thoughts will be always flying about picturing health and happiness everywhere. See?

"As a man thinketh so is he"



*Love suffereth long, and is kind ;
 Love envieth not ;
 Love vaunteth not itself,
 Is not puffed up ;
 Doth not behave itself unseemly ;
 Seeketh not its own,
 Is not provoked,
 Taketh no account of evil ;
 Rejoiceth not in iniquity,
 But rejoiceth in the truth ;
 Beareth all things,
 Believeth all things,
 Hopeth all things,
 Endureth all things.*

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

Truth Workers.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength."

Little Owen lives in L.— A small boy who had gone on crutches for over a year moved into a cottage right opposite his house: Owen viewed curiously this strange mode of getting about and asked his mother why a boy should "walk on sticks when God had given him two feet." The more he thought about it the more he wanted to go and tell that little boy that God had made him to walk on his own feet and wanted him to do it. It was not long before Owen crossed the street and delivered to the stranger boy the Father's message

of health and strength for all, and it was not a great while after that the lame boy threw away the "sticks," and walked straight and free.

* * * *

Willie W. lives in St. Louis, and believes not only in God but in God's readiness to help on all occasions. One day his baby sister suddenly went into spasms. The mama was so frightened she screamed for some one to telephone for the doctor quick. Willie begged her not to send for the doctor for "God was nearest and surest," but the mama was so alarmed she did not heed him. So Willie said, "Well, I'll ask God to cure baby, anyway," and he went to his room and "treated." Soon baby dropped off into peaceful sleep. When the doctor came he examined baby and told them there was no cause for alarm—that the child seemed quite well. After it was all over Willie reasoned it all out to his mamma just how everybody was really helping baby to health. "Mr. and Mrs. S. I know are always sending out health thoughts; all the people who believe in health are sending out health, and even the doctor had a hand in it, for didn't he say "there was nothing the matter with the child?"

* * * *

Little Nell, also of St Louis, had been taught by her mamma that there was no sensation in matter. One day she was sliding down the bannister. Her mother in alarm said, "You must not do that—You'll fall and hurt yourself." "What's the difference" said little Nell, "there's no sensation in matter."

* * * *

We know of a case of actual resurrection of the dead by a couple of children. The "dead" was a frozen cat and the little owners prayed ever its body until it came to life.

When I say, "now I lay me," word for word,
 It seems as if nobody heard—
 Would "Thank you, dear God," be right?

Thank you for making this home so nice,
 The flowers and my two white mice—
 I wish I could keep right on;
 I thank you, too, for every day—
 Only—I'm most—too glad to pray—
 I think, dear God, I'm done.

—Selected.

Our Bible Study.

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DAVID AND GOLIATH.—Read 1 Samuel 17.

When you read this remarkable story, chosen for our first Bible study, if you stop with thinking only about the boy who saved the armies of Israel by his splendid courage and effective “sling-shot,” you are simply picking at the empty shell of little David’s experience.

In all these histories recorded in our Bible lie the common truths and experiences of all God’s children.

What is it to you to know of the marvelous victory *one* lad’s bravery and faith in his God, gained for the armies of Right, if you find not *within* yourself that same strong, fearless Spirit rising up to make the same telling stroke for your highest ideas of Good?

You can only get the *kernel* out of these lessons by making all the possibilities they suggest your very own. Jesus Christ meant this, when he said, “Ye search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life and they are they that testify of me” —*Truth manifest in the flesh.*

This is really what makes you always so eager to *do*—you want to *manifest* Truth.

You are wandering what all this has to do with David and Goliath? *Everything*, for when we study into the meaning of all these hard names used in telling this story, we really crack wide open this old history nut and find its *meat* just like the familiar kernel of our lives.

These very *desires* that urge us to do right, stand for the “army of Israel” in this story—for *Israel* means Soldier of God. Now when these *desires* for Good—or Soldiers of God, find that the Philistines are encamped against them, they are very anxious to rid the country of them.

Philistines means *wanderers*—and the armies of the Philistines are really the miserable thoughts and notions that come into the “country that belongeth to Judah”—praise and happiness—and pitch their tents right between the protecting *hedge* (“Shochoh”) and the *fields* we have *broken up* (“Azekah”) to sow with new joy and gladness in “*Ephes-Dammim*”—the heart. Now these *desires* for Good stand in battle array against these miserable invaders of

Judea and would really be able to drive them quite out of it but for this terrible giant, Goliath of Gath.

Goliath means exile, and *Gath*, wine-press, so that really this mighty giant, before whom even the soldiers of Good flee, is nothing more nor less than a *figurehead* set up by the race—an idea exiled from Good—*Evil* armed only with the mighty weapon of a race *belief* in its power.

David means beloved.

“This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.”

David is that Spirit *within*, which knows the Truth about God being the only Power, and stands boldly up in face of this *mighty Lie* and says, “Who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?”

Who is this exile from Good, this wanderer from Truth, this *no*-thing, that *it* should stand and defy the soul’s own knowledge of itself?

Who is this, that threatens death when God is ever-present Life?

Who is this that maketh evil, when God is ever-present Good?

Who is this that createth fear, when God is Love alone?

Who is this that maketh sickness, sorrow and hard conditions manifest, where there is only the image and like-ness of God?

Who is this that would cower and bind, when Mind and Spirit are limitless and free?

It is Goliath the Giant of Gath—superstition, tradition and bigotry’s fable of God and man.

Have I used some words too hard for your understanding? Well, we’ll make them clearer. *Superstition* comes from some words that mean “stand still and wonder;” *tradition* means “to give up;” *bigotry* means “to hang on.” Now it is only *ignorance* that is content to “stand still and wonder.” So this ignorant, or “stand still and wonder” state of mind is “given up” to the next generation and that is tradition, and when that is “hung on to,” ’tis bigotry. And this “three-in-one” ignorant has actually stood up all these years and made the race believe it must be just what its ancestry was. I have known of lots of people who had headache, consumption, etc., because their fathers had them.

“Little children, let no man deceive you,

Wee Wisdom

he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he (Jesus Christ) is righteous."

"One is your Father, even God."

Little David refused the soldier "toggerly" Saul put upon him, it was heavy and cumbersome. "He took his staff in his hand and chose him five smooth stones out of a brook."

"Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

This little clear brook was the very last place these "soldiers of God" would have looked for a weapon to slay this giant with.

You can call that brook your own clear running thought, and these five smooth stones, five words of Truth and the "sling," the strong, close faith you hold them in.

Be not disturbed by the scoffs of the giant. He thinks you very insignificant and can't at all understand your "staff" or "sling." Care not even if the "soldiers of God," so called, snub you because you refuse their weapons and armor.

Stand up fearlessly and declare, "I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Good, whom thou has defied. This day shall the Lord deliver thee into mine hand, and I will smite thee and take thine head from thee . . . that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel. . . . And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword or spear; for the battle is the Lord's and he shall give you into our hands."

One swift, direct shot of that little smooth stone and Goliath of Gath's day is over.

"The Truth shall make you free."

We have not gotten the *kernel* all out of this *nut*. There is some more for *you* to do. Be sure you don't leave a Philistine this side of the "Gates of Ekron"—eradication.

You will find the "giant killer" of your nursery stories a very tame hero compared to the great, fearless Spirit *within* you, eager and able to slay all the giants of "Gath" in "the name of the Lord of hosts," and forever leading on to victory the armies of the living Good.

Here is your "sling-shot" for this month:

"I am Free, Wise and Good;

I dare to do the highest Truth I know."

"If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not.—Jesus Christ."

If every act you would have true,
Do unto others as you would have others
do to you.

The Sparrow.

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I am only a little sparrow,  
A bird of low degree;  
My life is of little value,  
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers—  
It is very plain, I know,  
With never a speck of crimson,  
For it was not made for show;

But it keeps me warm in winter  
And it shields me from the rain—  
Were it bordered with gold or purple,  
Perhaps it would make me vain.

I fly through the thickest forest,  
I light on many a spray,  
I have no chart or compass  
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight  
Wherever I happen to be,  
For the Father is always watching  
And no harm can come to me.

I have no barn nor storehouse,  
I neither sow nor reap;  
God gives me a sparrows portion,  
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,  
Close picking makes it sweet;  
I have always enough to feed me,  
And life is more than meat.

I know there are many sparrows—  
All over the world we are found—  
But our Heavenly Father knoweth  
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small we are not forgotten,  
Though weak we are never afraid,  
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth  
The life of the creatures he made.

\* \* \*

*Walking With Christ.*

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A new story just published called "Elizabeth: Christian Scientist," tells of some remarkable cures, one a little boy who had disease of the hip. His guardian, Austin, was quite incredulous and the following is an extract from a conversation between him and Walter, after the cure:—

"It was a good day for me, Austin, when I first saw her, wasn't it?"

"I think so, my dear fellow."

"You didn't like her treatment of my lameness when you first came home."

"I feared the experiment would end disastrously for you, Walter, and I could not allow that."

"You are satisfied now, Austin?" rising and walking to his side.

"Yes, satisfied that you are on the high road to complete recovery, but it is a great mystery, Walter," passing his arm around the slight figure leaning against him.

"Not to me, Austin," said Walter softly, his face illuminated.

Austin studied his expression with grave, half-sad eyes.

"You are wiser than I, dear boy. Do you believe this faith simply because Elizabeth tells you it is the truth?"

"I did at first, but gradually I learned to see for myself that it must be true. I couldn't help believing when it cured me. I want others to know about it—other boys who are lame. It will cure all the world—All the world, Austin—of sin and sickness and death. When I am old enough and wise enough I shall preach; I shall travel and preach to everybody. I will make them understand that we are the children of God, the brothers and sisters of Christ."

He walked away across the floor, the fire kindled in his heart reflected in his boyish eyes, the flush upon his cheek. Austin felt that his little comrade had slipped away from him into a mysterious world where he could not follow, where he was not willing to follow just yet, he found. There was something marvelous in the changing aspect of the boy, spiritually as well as physically. He was no longer peevish or sullen. A vivid, radiant joy seemed to permeate his whole being; he looked larger and taller as he stepped freely about the room, talking of that future to be dedicated to the service of Divine Truth. In one corner lay the discarded crutches. Walter pointed to them.

"I intend to keep 'em, Austin. I'm only a boy; I may some time be tempted to forget my deliverance, and then I can take these crutches out to remind me of the past."

"Better give them to some child who is suffering as you were," suggested Austin.

"No; if I find such a child I will teach him the way to be healed; I will help him to walk to Christ."

Wee-lets.

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Sample copies of *Wee Wisdom* will be sent upon application.

Agents and those who want *Wee Wisdom* in quantities will be given special terms upon application.

We have in view several things for the spiritual benefit of our little friends, which will be announced as the time seems ripe for them.

We promised the first number of *Wee Wisdom* should appear in July, but it took the printer so long to get at it that we have dated it August.

If any little boy or girl has helped or healed any one, or spoken a word of Truth in a very successful way, we want them to write to us about it.

We intended making a specialty of the International Bible Lessons for *WEE WISDOM*, but our efforts were not just what we wished. We will see about this later on.

We are truly grateful to our friends for their confidence in us, as evidenced by the generous list of subscribers which they have sent us in advance. We pray that they may not be disappointed.

If the papa or mamma who reads this remembers a story, song or incident that will be instructive to our little ones we should be pleased to have them send it to us. We want this paper to be co-operative.

All subscriptions should be sent to Unity Book Co., 820 Walnut St., Kansas City. They issue *Thought*, a monthly magazine at \$1.00 per year; *Unity*, a monthly paper at 50 cents per year; *WEE WISDOM*, paper for little folks, at 50 cents per year; and the *Metaphysical Series*, at 15 cents per number. A full set of sample copies will be sent for 20 cents.

## Wee Wisdom.

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