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### *Wee Wisdom's Way.*

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We're so glad this morning, for when we went up to kiss mamma, Aunt Joy threw the windows wide open, and let the sun kiss her, too. And mamma said if we'd play out under the blossom trees, she'd see us, and feel 's if 'twas her.

But when papa came up, he didn't like it a bit; he's 'fraid, and said Dr. Grave didn't 'low mamma to have drafts and light.

Aunt Joy asked papa if he remembered that Dr. Grave had been trying this kind of treatment on mamma for nearly five years, and didn't he think if there was any *cure* in it she ought to have found it by this time.

Papa said, "Well, Dr. Grave has kept her alive, anyway, when no one else could."

Aunt Joy said he meant "buried alive," 'cause poor mamma has been so shut up.

She told papa that 'cording to his theory, this must have been God's way of trying to take mamma where she'd be always well and happy, and it seemed selfish and wicked of him, believing as he did, to pay Dr. Grave a thousand dollars a year to defeat God and keep mamma suffering on. I didn't hear what papa said, for he told us to go right down to breakfast. But I heard Aunt Joy say something about a "Grave and resurrection."

Didn't anybody talk at the breakfast table, papa was awful sober. But he read something about Jesus curing sick folks and prayed for God to "make us all whole for Christ's sake."

Grace climbed into papa's arms and asked him what kind of medicine Jesus used that cured so quick, and why Dr. Grave didn't use it.

Papa said "Jesus was the Great Physician and didn't use medicine at all, for God gave him power to cure without it."

"I wish Jesus was 'live now," said Grace. "He is alive, darling," said papa.

"And does he *know*, like he did?"

"Yes, baby."

"And as good to us as to 'em?"

Papa laughed, and said, "Yes, darling, Jesus Christ is the same, yesterday, today and forever."

Grace jumped down and clapped her hands and said, "Oh, papa, then he'll cure mamma, wont he?"

Papa's face got real sober again. "Baby, I don't want to spoil your faith, but Jesus don't cure *bodies* now, it is our souls he heals."

"But papa, didn't you say he's the *same* now? How can he be the same and quit curin'?"

"Why, baby, you see God let him cure then, to show people that he was the Son of God. The Bible tells us all about the wonderful things he did then."

"But papa, if he's alive, why can't he do it now? If he don't do somefin' to show folks he's alive, how's folks goin' to *know* it?"

"The Bible tells us all about what he *has* done, little one, and we must read and believe from that."

"But papa, I can't read it; lots of folks can't read it, so Jesus ought to show us, *his self*, he's alive."

Aunt Joy said to papa, "The child's logie is perfect; the world can only know a living Christ from living works. You have but just told her that 'Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever.' Ad to that, 'God is unchangeable,' and if these two statements be true, the *same* God must give the *same* Christ the *same* work to do for the world always."

"Well, Joy, if that follows, how do you account for it's not being done now?"

Aunt Joy seemed to be looking way, way off when she said, "And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief.' Brother, your question is answered by Jesus Christ himself. 'He that believeth

on me, the *works* that I do shall he *do* also.' It's unbelief."

"But we do believe."

"Yes, with a belief that makes Christ's words a lie."

"How dare you say that?"

"Because you claim as belief that which does not verify Christ's promise to believers, therefore it follows that there is either a *false* belief or a *false* promise. Which is it?"

"You are so extreme, Joy. Of course Christ's promises are all true, but we are mortal, you know."

"Mortal? But you have *hope* enough in this *kind* of belief to trust it to *save* the *im-mortal* part of you? How dare you venture on the untried life with a *belief* that won't prove here?"

"Joy," said papa, "I *know* that my Redeemer liveth."

"Now, that's something like it. If he lives, *know* it; if he saves, *know* it; if he is ever-present, *know* it. This is the *belief* Christ meant; this is the belief that *proves* him; this is how Christ manifests himself now, for did he not say: 'The world seeth me no more; but ye see me; because I live, ye shall live also. At that day (when you understand) ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me and I in you. And now the works that I do ye shall do, and greater, for I go to my Father and we work in you.'"

"But Joy," said papa, "your way of putting it makes us poor, weak mortals seem very presumptuous in the sight of God."

"I am not addressing 'poor, weak mortals.' I am talking to the *Son of God*, who is commanded to call no man father, and whose brother, Christ, declared, 'All that the Father hath is mine.' Was he presumptuous in the sight of the Father? *Unbelief* and *fear* are the only presumptions we can offer Him."

Papa kissed us and went off.

Ned and I went out under the blossom tree. Ned told me he thought papa'd have a hard time to keep up with Aunt Joy, 'cause Aunt Joy didn't talk like she'd read it, but like it *was so*."

"And seems to me," said Ned, "just as if I'd turned right in and *knew* it like she did. You remember what we 's talking 'bout God the other day? Well, I bet you anything,

it's just like Aunt Joy says. You've got to *know* it yourself."

I told Ned I didn't see why he didn't commence doing if he *knew*.

Ned was still a long time, then he said: "Trixe, I do know in me, someway, but I don't know *how* to get it out."

Just then Aunt Joy and Grace came out and we told her just what Ned said.

"I see what the difficulty is, Ned," said Aunt Joy. "Tell me what the gardener is doing over there."

"Planting flower seeds," said Ned.

"Please bring me one."

When he gave it to Aunt Joy she said: "Grace, what is this?"

"It's a little flower, said Grace.

"Oh, no; it's only a seed," said Ned.

"Trixe, what do you call it?" asked Aunt Joy.

"A balsam seed," I said.

"Each answer is right, but Grace's is best, for she *knows* the flower is there, waiting to come out."

"How will you get it out, darling?"

"Put it in 'e ground, an' 'e little flower *knows* how."

"How does it know?"

"'Cause God's put a know in it."

"Pretty good, Grace; but suppose nobody puts the little seed into the ground, what then?"

"It'll know all 'e same, but folks wont."

"Trixe, can this seed grow any flower but balsam?"

"No, of course not."

"How do you know it?"

"'Cause I saw the flowers that made it."

"And are you *sure* the seed will grow, if put in the ground?"

"Of course."

"Why?"

"'Cause I've seen 'em grow before."

"But you have never seen this one grow,"

"No, but it's just the same."

"They are all of the *one* mind then. Do you remember what Christ said about a little seed, Ned?"

"O yes, that if anybody had faith like it they could remove mountains, but I didn't understand it before."

"Do you now?"

"Yes, for I've got the '*little know*' in me, as Grace says, just like the seed."

"Well, why don't it grow, then?"

"Cause he aint planted it," said Grace.

"Yes, that's the important part; the rest will do itself."

"But what is it the gardener does before he plants the seed?"

"Gets the ground ready," said Ned, "and if there's tough sod or weeds, he has to plow them all up to get to the soil."

"In this planting Grace has just spoken of, is the ground all ready for it now?"

We asked Aunt Joy if she didn't mean our hearts. She said yes, but that we could understand it better to call this ground our *minds* and the sod and weeds that cumbered it, the *false notions* and *untrue ideas* of life. She said that our *true words* must be the plow-shear that should tear down and uproot all this tough sod of mortal thought and bring to sight the fresh, rich soil of the true mind.

"And then the 'little know'

Can sprout and grow,  
and you will see very clearly that God is your Father, and like the little seed, your blossom and fruit must be *like* the blossom and fruit of the parent stalk.

"You can begin at once to prepare the ground. These *true* statements shall be your plow-shear:"

"God is my Father and I am his child."

"God my Father is good; and I am good."

"I can have no evil thoughts; for my Father is good."

"I can have no unkind thoughts; for my Father is Love."

"I can have no thought of death or sickness; for God my Father is Life."

"I am well, strong, happy and wise, because my Father is all Life, all Love, all Strength and all Wisdom."

"I have the Mind that was in Christ Jesus; because Christ Jesus was my Father's obedient son and I am my Father's obedient son."

"I want you to repeat that with me, 'till you have learned it, then will that God germ within you open, and you will unfold the Father plant and blossom.

"Now, darlings, this is your work for one week, on the soil of your mind—just keeping these thoughts at work in it, and none other."

"Grace, let's take mamma some flowers."

They went away, and Ned and I said over the words.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath, but greivous words stir up anger."

"O Ye of Little Faith."

WISDOM

Some of our conservative friends have spoken their regret that WEE WISDOM should have doubled up its dimpled fists the very first thing, and dealt *Unbelief* such a ridiculously hard whack as that "cat statement." One good friend in the east writes:

"I can't see wherein the bringing to life of a frozen cat proves anything. Such signs are not necessary to prove Truth. The spirit of a cat is not the spirit of a man. Lazarus and the widow's son were not cats but God manifest in the flesh. He created man in his image, not cats. Please consider before publishing these *Ex-traordinary* things."

It was always said of children that they *would* tell the truth regardless—this is all the apology WEE WISDOM offers for mention of this *Ex-traordinary* answer to two boys' prayer.\*

It may be that the dear Father, whose love is so great that not even a sparrow falls on the ground without Him, saw nothing *absurd* in the beautiful faith that would not be refused a pet kitten's life. And maybe to Him who respects not person, there was no great difference after all between the loving confidence shown Him at the tomb of Lazarus and the tender trust of these innocent children. At any rate, the Scriptures give Jesus Christ's own words as these: "Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire when ye pray, *believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them.*" If this then be the *law* of receiving, the value we attach to the things desired has no weight whatever with Him who answers prayer; it is always, "As thy faith, so be it unto thee."

The restoration of the widow's son, the recuscitation of the pet kitten, were alike *signs* that follow *unwavering faith*.

There is no small and no great to the *Over Soul*. From microscopic life up to man there is not a break in this wonderful chain of loving Intelligence, for

ALL LIFE IS GOD'S LIFE.

Let our children once realize their *oneness* with all Life and it will establish in them tenderness and love for every living creature, which they can never have so long as they suppose there is something to fear or hate, for God is Love as well as Life.

\* This incident occurred nearly twenty years ago; circumstances threw the writer into daily association with the family at that time. The parents were Baptists and these children believed prayer would do everything. One of them is a Baptist minister now, and if his faith continues the same, he will never have any funeral sermons to preach. We expect the mother to give the readers of WEE WISDOM a full account of it all, and maybe we shall get a word from the minister as to what he thinks about it now.

*Wee Wisdom's*  
*Reception Room.*

WEE men and wo-men, little Thinkers:

Do you know, it doesn't matter a bit which of these two names I call you? *Man* and *Thinker* mean the very same.

A long time ago a great teacher called Plato told his scholars that "Man was a biped without feathers." ("Biped" means a two-legged animal.)

A funny old tramp who lived in a tub and carried a lantern in the day-time, heard about it, so he got a chicken and picked all the feathers off, and carried it into Plato's school and held it up and said:

"BEHOLD PLATO'S MAN!"

You see, it wasn't the two legs and no feathers that made the difference between man and other living creatures.

You can't tell what *man* is like by counting his legs and arms. You might cut off all his legs and arms and he'd be *man*, just the same. Why?

One little boy tells me, "Because his thinker's left."

That's just it; so long as there's a thinker there's a man, for *Man* and *Thinker* are one and the same.

But what is this wonderful unseen Thinker doing all the time?

*He is thinking thoughts.*

If you want to know what he is like, you can only tell from seeing his thoughts.

My! What makes you jump so? You didn't know people could *see* thoughts?

Why, of course, what else is there to see?

Now what are *you* doing all the time, but *thinking thoughts*?

That beautiful house, you call your body, is built up out of thoughts. Mamma's thought was busy with it long before *you* was ready to keep house in it. Now *your* thinker is in there and you call it *I*. And it says "I **AM** this, and I **AM** that; I *think* this, and I *think* that; I want this, this way, and I want that, that way." And do you know, when Master **I** really speaks, everything about that house has to go just as he says. So you see, when he really understands himself, he knows that his *word* is *law* there.

Don't you think it would be very foolish

for him to refuse to be master of his own house?

Just think of *Him* sitting still, and letting a lot of dirty, lawless tramps come in and spoil his beautiful house and kill off his faithful servants and abuse him and tell him, "right to his face," that he's mean and ugly and old and sick and helpless and all such stuff.

Did you ever see any Thinker do that way? I hope not, for you see he can make his house just as beautiful and his world all to his *mind*, by choosing beautiful patterns and having Thought work them out for him.

It's a marvelous Truth that the world's brimful of *Thought-Stuff*, more beautiful and wonderful than anything eye ever beheld. And this is what the "Thinker" picks up and handles with his thoughts, just as surely as we do the pretty things that drop down to us from out them.

Did you ever make It into beautiful, beautiful worlds and lovely people and splendid times, and then all of a sudden drop right back where people *seem* cross and sick and ugly, and laugh at you for building "Air Castles"?

You see, most folks don't build but one "Air Castle," and they call that *heaven* and put it so far away they never get into it.

But the "kingdom of heaven is at hand," and it's made of this very stuff.

Didn't you know Christ said "The kingdom of heaven is at hand?" Well, it is, just *like* John the Revelator describes it, and you have a right inside of its "pearly gates" just as much of the time as your Thinker works at making shining patterns of goodness, wholeness, kindness, joy and beauty out of this All-Pervading, All-Glorious Thought-Stuff, which is really God—(Life, Love, Mind, Substance).

I heard a lad reading about a boy who had such a wonderful *lamp*, that whatever he wanted, he had only to *rub* his lamp and a powerful geni would come and say, "What wouldst thou have? I am the slave of this lamp and will do whatever its owner commands." Then the boy would give his command and get just what he asked for.

Once it was a beautiful palace and he got it as quickly as he had gotten the food he asked for when he was hungry.

Now, "Thinkers" whose **I** sits and don't *know* Itself, but believes those lawless





*He that would love life  
And see good days,  
Let him refrain  
His tongue from evil,  
And his lips,  
That they speak no guile;  
Let him seek peace,  
And pursue it.*

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

tramps, say "such stories as that about the lamp are only fit for children."

Yes, indeed, fit for children just as the kingdom of heaven is—fit only for those who *believe* and lay hold of the unspeakable wealth and glory of Pure Substance.

There was never a story too wonderful told, for back of it all, and above it all, stretches the Infinite Possibilities of the Thinker.

That only means, little ones, that you can't think of anything too good or too beautiful to be true.

It's the *good* things and the *beautiful* things that are the *true* things.

You needn't wish for that boy's wonderful lamp. You have one of your own.

You needn't lack for anything. Why should you allow unhappy or unpleasant things in your house-body, or about you, when you have only to *rub* this most wonderful *Lamp* and command Its ever-faithful geni, to have everything made right and beautiful?

### Truth Workers.

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

The wee wise ones of Washington send greetings and wish to be known as "Truth Workers."

A little one while visiting Aunt Nina's sweet country home said:

"Oh, isn't it lovely to be where there aint any *Don'ts* and where you can eat just what you want and when you want." It's jolly and I'll never have *chills* any more, for I feel so glad-hearted all the time."

Aunt Nina tells us of a wee maiden just one year old, whose name is Paulvera, and who is chasing "Old Fear" out of the world just as fast as her dimpled darling little Life shines into it. She is so full of love and joy that she even tosses kisses at the dark thunder clouds and claps her hands at the lightning and sends her sweet laugh out after the rolling thunder.

She knows there's *only Good*. Let's send her a real *thought* hug and kiss, and learn that fearless *love* like hers.

\* \* \* \*

Jamie H., of W—, has a little word that always helps him out. I guess he wont care if you know that it is—

"AT ONE WITH THREE."

The other night it looked as if one of Jamie's bright eyes might be eclipsed before morning by a threatening sty. But when morning came Jamie came forth from his night's sleep with both eyes as wide and bright as ever. When questioned about it he said.

"Why, I just said my *little word* and forgot all about it, and this morning it's plumb gone." Then addressing a less fortunate member of the family, who had spent several uncomfortable days with a sty, he said: "You kept fussin' about yours and it stayed; I forgot mine and it went."

\* \* \* \*

Little Veta's grandma, of Auburn, Cal., tells us that Veta is just five years old, and that one evening when they were ready to go home from a C. S. lecture, they found the electric cars stopped and the lights out in both cars and pavilion. She told Veta they must go up the avenue where it was light and wait for the starting up of the

cars. Veta, quite astonished at what she considered her grandma's fears, exclaimed:

"Are you 'fraid of the dark? Isn't God just as much in the dark as in the light? You mustn't be 'fraid. I'm not 'fraid 'cause I know God's everywhere and God's good."

\* \* \* \*

A friend told us of a gentleman who said that once he lay very sick and the doctors said he must die. It came into his mind to send for a sweet little girl who believed very much in God's nearness. She came and sat by his bed and shut her eyes and sat very still for a long time and then went home, and he began to get better right away. The doctors were so astonished that he told them about the little girl's visit. And when they asked her how she cured him she simply said: "He forgot God and I remembered for him."

## Our Bible Study.

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### JESUS THE BOY.

I wonder who among our little Bible students know there there is a part of the Bible most people are ignorant of?

You see, it all came about after this manner: All the Gospels and Epistles written about Jesus and his doctrine were gathered together and considered sacred by the Christians for about 300 years. After that there was a great deal of disputing and quarreling over what should be considered true and what not true in these accounts.

Well, they said and did a lot of naughty things about it. But at last the great and wise Catholic Council of Nice (who assumed to *know*) took it up, and after fixing over some books and throwing out one here and there, these Bible makers gave us the New Testament as it is now, the accepted Gospel of Jesus Christ.

The parts they rejected are put into another book and called the Apocrypha. "The Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ" is especially interesting, as it would seem to fill in the space between his birth and public ministry. We will quote a few incidents in his boy life as given therein. Just think what a queer playmate he must have been—if this were true:

And when the Lord Jesus was seven years of age, he was on a certain day with other

boys, his companions about the same age,

Who, when they were at play, made clay into several shapes, namely, asses, oxen, birds, and other figures,

Each boasting of his work, and endeavoring to excel the rest.

Then the Lord Jesus said to the boys, I will command those figures which I have made to walk.

And immediately they moved; and when he commanded them to return, they returned.

He had also made the figures of birds and sparrows, which when he commanded to fly, did fly, and when he commanded to stand still, did stand still; and if he gave them meet and drink, they did eat and drink.

And when at length the boys went away, and related these things to their parents, their fathers said to them, Take heed, children, for the future, of his company, for he is a sorcerer; shun and avoid him, and from henceforth never play with him.

—Chapter 15, verses 1 to 7.

You will get from the following incident what must be a *clue* to the origin of children being sometimes called "kids:"

On another day the Lord Jesus, going out into the street, and seeing some boys who were met to play, joined himself to their company;

But when they saw him, they hid themselves, and left him to seek for them;

The Lord Jesus came to the gate of a certain house, and asked some women who were standing there, Where the boys were gone?

And when they answered, That there was no one there, the Lord Jesus said, Who are those whom ye see in the furnace?

They answered, They were kids of three years old.

Then Jesus cried out aloud, and said, Come out hither, O ye kids, to your shepherd.

And presently the boys came forth like kids, and leaped about him; which when the women saw, they were exceedingly amazed, and . . . . . said, Thou, Lord knowest all things; nor is anything concealed from thee; but now we entreat thee, and beseech of thy mercy, that thou wouldst restore those boys to their former state.

Then Jesus said, Come hither, O boys, that we may go and play; and immediately, in the presence of these women, the kids were changed, and returned into the shapes of boys.

—Chapter 17.

We will make one more selection from this strange Gospel, showing the novel way this Boy of boys had of summoning a witness to prove his innocence:

On a certain day the Lord Jesus was with some boys, who were playing on the housetop, and one of the boys fell down and presently died.

Upon which the other boys all running away, the Lord Jesus was left alone on the housetop.

And the boy's relations came to him, and said to the Lord Jesus, Thou didst throw our son down from the housetop.

But he denying it, they cried out, Our son is dead, and this is he who did kill him.

The Lord Jesus replied to them, Do not charge me with a crime, of which you are not able to convict me, but let us go ask the boy himself, who will bring the truth to light.

Then the Lord Jesus, going down, stood over the head of the dead boy, and said with a loud voice, Zeinunus, Zeinunus, who threw thee down from the housetop?

Then the dead boy answered, Thou didst not throw me down, but such a one did.

And when the Lord Jesus bade those who stood by take notice of his words, all who were present praised God on account of that miracle.

—Chapter 19, verses 4 to 11.

This Gospel or legend goes on to relate how the boy Jesus helped his father at carpentry work. It will rejoice the heart of every boy who is studying how to make work "do itself," to learn that according to these accounts, Jesus was master of just such a scheme. When his father made a misfit in one of his carpentry jobs, he would call Jesus, and the boy would come and command the wood to stretch or shrink as the case might demand, and it would obey.

There is also an account of his experience with school and teacher, how he learned without study, and how—this might be a hint to modern teachers—when a teacher's arm was raised to beat him, it withered before a blow fell.

Would you like to believe this all true about the boyhood of Jesus? When you come to think about it, it don't seem much harder for the little Jesus to make the wood stretch and shrink, and the mud animals run about, than for the big Jesus to make the winds and seas obey him, does it?

When we understand that all the things about us that look so hard and solid are only the shadows of our thinking, it wont seem such a wonderful thing to see things change about and do what we tell them, any more than to see in a lantern show, the picture on the wall change when the picture in the slide is changed.

### *The Door To The House.*

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There were idle thoughts came in the door,  
And warmed their little toes,  
And did more mischief about the house  
Than any one living knows.

They scratched the tables, and broke the  
chairs,

And soiled the floor and wall,  
For a motto was written above the door,  
"There's a welcome here for all."

When the master saw the mischief done,  
He closed it with hope and fear,  
And he wrote above instead, "Let none  
Save good thoughts enter here."

And good little thoughts came trooping in,  
When he drove the others out;  
They cleaned the walls, they swept the floor,  
And sang as they moved about.

And last of all an angel came,  
With wings and a shining face,  
And above the door he wrote, "Here Love  
Has found a dwelling place.—Selected.

### *Aunt Sallie's Letter.*

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DEAR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS:

I went to the World's Fair, last week, and I want to tell the readers of WEE WISDOM of some thoughts I had there which may interest them. Two thousand years ago, when Jesus Christ walked among men on earth, there gathered at Jerusalem, which was then a great city, people from every country of the then civilized world, to celebrate the "Feast of the Passover." (Ask your mothers to read you of this in the Bible.) As I looked around me at the Fair I thought of this Passover. People from every country known on earth are there. The buildings all look like pure white marble, and I thought of the "New Jerusalem," but dear children, the new Jerusalem is built of living stones, without sound of hammer or chisel or saw. There is no sun nor moon there, "for the glory of God does lighten it."

It is built from within, by our thoughts, and they must be all good thoughts to have our New Jerusalem beautiful. Did you know, thoughts are real things? Every thing you see is made first by thoughts. You know a great deal more than you tell,

don't you? You are wise, for you are Spirit—and if sometimes you do not remember that you are Spirit, and are wise, just stop and say, "I know, I know."

At the Fair there is a beautiful, large building where mothers go and leave their little children while they are looking around. One little curly headed boy was crying like his heart would break, for his mother, and no one could comfort him, till one of the nurses said: "Come, Roy, help me to pick up these toys." He smiled through his tears and went to work to help. I want you all to help me. A dear little girl in Chicago, named Blessed, knows how to heal people who believe their heads ache. She wanted to go out with her mother one evening, and her mother said, "Blessed, it is dark." "What of it?" she said; "if it is, God's little girl is not afraid of the dark."

Now you see, that is why she can heal. She knows she is God's child, and she is not afraid of anything. It is *knowing* the truth that heals.

You see, my little ones, God created all things and pronounced them all good, and there is nothing but good; but some people don't seem to remember this, and they believe they are sick, and in trouble and poor. Now remember, God said his work was all good. Well then, who makes sickness, and trouble, and poverty? There is none in reality. It is only a dream. Don't you often dream and cry at night, and wake up and find papa's face bending over you, and as soon as you are awake, you know it was all a dream—no trouble in it. So when you hear people say they are sick, or worried, or poor, just stop and think, "You are only dreaming."

You are children of a king, our Father in heaven, who wants to give you every good thing.

I wish each one of you would send me a little letter to the office of WEE WISDOM, and ask questions, and tell me what you want to know all about. Shall I tell you in my next letter what heaven is, and where it is, and how to live in heaven. You don't have to die to go to heaven.

Teach the little ones of heaven,  
That it's not so far away,  
But by being good and happy,  
They may reach it every day.

AUNT SALLIE.

### Wee-lets.

Under this head we propose to group the sage sayings of our little ones.

This is our four-year-old's excuse for not wanting to go where its dark: "I aint 'fraid of dark, 'cause dark's only s'adow, but I don't 'ant to be s'adow."

The sun went down. Little Nell said: "The dear old sun has gone to bed."

"Oh no," said wee, wise Zoe,

"For the little Chinees

Could never see,

If the sun got sleepy and went to bed."

Some one spoke of robbers being in the neighborhood. Our baby threw his cloak of loving philosophy over such charges, after this manner: "I s'pect the wobbies' mammas don't cook 'em somefin to eat and when they goes places and folks is in bed, they has to get it for 'emselves."

Five-year-old Rob covets the freedom that is born of fearlessness, and when our boys wade about in the rain and defy tradition generally, he rubs his fists into his eyes and wails: "Oh, mamma, I wish we's all Christian Scientists, so's we could wade and do what we's mind to."

"*Universal Truth* sends greetings to WEE WISDOM and bids it a hearty God-speed. It will be glad to do everything that it can to help the dear, new little baby in its growth. Let us know what we can do and it shall be done."—F. M. HARLEY PUB. CO.

WEE WISDOM and its friends are grateful to *Universal Truth* and Fanny Harley for their loving offer, and we are very sure, with *Universal Truth* to mother it now and then, it will soon run alone.

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