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*Wee Wisdom's Way.*

1893

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We've had some funny things happen to us, Ned and I, 'cause some way, after saying the words Aunt Joy gave us last week, we don't seem to think like we used to.

Papa got after Ned for being seen on the street with Tom Sams, 'cause he's called the baddest boy in town. And papa seemed cross to me, too, 'cause he saw Janie Smith here the the other day, and he told me if I couldn't find a more 'spectable girl to entertain than her, I couldn't have company.

Aunt Joy asked papa to read Luke VI chapter for the morning lesson, and told us to be sure and listen very carefully.

So papa read it. I remember most it said, you must love folks that didn't love you, and be good to 'em and give 'em everything they asked for, and then you'd be called the children of the Highest, 'cause He's kind to the unthankful and evil, and we must be merciful just like our Father is.

Then papa prayed that we might heed and practice this lesson.

When he got through, Ned went up and put his arms 'round papa's neck and asked him if he didn't want us to be children of the Highest.

Papa said: "Certainly I do."

"Then Ned said: "Didn't you read, 'He is kind to the evil'? Now, papa, that's just what I was trying to be to Tom Sams. I was going along the street when he yelled out as he always does, 'Hello, three legs, where's your third foot?' But I've been saying for a week, 'I can have no unkind thoughts, for my Father is Love'; so I didn't feel a bit cross at him but just turned and said: 'Now you've taken the trouble to ask, I'll tell you. My *third* leg grew on a tree and I didn't get the *foot*.' Then he laughed and called me 'jolly,' and said it was too bad I had to wear a crutch.

"He kept walking along with me and

told me he hoped I wouldn't mind the way he'd talked to me, for he'd got to doin' them things 'cause folks was down on him so, and called him mean, even when he tried to be good.

"He told me lots of things he'd done, real brave things, but cause 'twas him, they said he meant only mischief.

"Then I just told him I didn't mind anything he'd ever said to me, 'cause now I knew him I knew he was good, and I loved him. He asked what kind of taffy I was feedin' him. I told him 'twas the kind our Father feeds us all on—*love*. Then I told him how happy I was, now that I loved everybody.

"He said, 'I believe you; but say, aint you afraid you're gettin' so good you'll die?'

"Then I laughed, it was so funny, the way he said it, and looked. That was just as you passed, papa, in the the carriage with Deacon James. I told him folks didn't *die* of good. And then I couldn't help but tell him all about our lesson of the seed and flower, Aunt Joy gave us.

"He seemed to understand it, too, for he said if folks 'ud just quit *tramping* on 'im, he believed the good would sprout in him."

Papa kissed Ned.

Then I told papa why Janie Smith had been here, and how I'd always disliked her at school, 'cause she looked dirty, and how she'd always made faces at me and called me "stuck up," and I'd thought her real mean and told teacher on her. But after I'd said 'God my Father is good, and *I am good*,' some way, I couldn't *feel ugly* to her any more, but just put out my hand, and said, "Janie, let's be friends." She just stood and looked at me till I said, "Janie, can't you like me?" and then she just cried and said she always wanted to like me but I wouldn't let her, 'cause she's poor and dirty. Then she told me her mother was always sick, and she did ever'thing herse'f, and couldn't fix up nice and clean, but she'd

like to. So I had her come home with me, and Aunt Joy fixed her up in some of my clothes and she looked so nice and happy and good, I wondered how I could ever think her mean.

Papa looked like tears, he put his face in his hands and sat awhile, then he said: "I have just read, 'Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say?' Joy, I stand rebuked by these children. How have you gotten this gospel into such perfect action with them?"

Aunt Joy said, "Except ye become as one of them, ye cannot know. Now, children, give your papa the lesson that has taught you these truths."

So, we told papa all about the seed and flower, and the words we have said this week. But papa couldn't understand how *saying* these words could make us *do* them.

Aunt Joy said, "I told you, brother, 'except ye become as a little child, ye cannot understand these mysteries.'"

Then papa said, "Grace, how can I get little?"

Grace laughed and said: "Oh, papa, you can't make your legs little, or your head little; you des makes your *finks* little."

"But you don't help me one bit, baby, for how am I to make my '*thinks*' little?"

"Let go all the big finks; des keep *one* little fink, like the little fower do."

"Well, what *think* is that?"

"Little seed always 'members about the fower."

"Well, baby, what is my flower; and how can I know, too?"

"Oh, God's your fower, His little *know* is in you."

"Joy, what *is* this child trying get at?" asked papa.

"That everything bringeth forth seed of its kind," said Aunt Joy. "One is *your* Father, even God." "Whosoever is born of God, doth not commit sin; for *His* seed remaineth in him; and he cannot sin, because he *is* born of God." "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

"But Joy, do you mean to teach these children that *they* can become *like* God?"

"If we accept Jesus Christ's doctrine, what else can we teach? Spirit is ever the Father of Spirit; Spirit is ever the Son of Spirit. 'He that honoreth not the Son,

honoreth not the Father which sent him; for the Father loveth the Son, and sheweth him all things that Himself doeth.' 'I and the Father are one,' said Christ. And we are told, 'Let this mind be in you, which was in Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God.'"

"But you must remember the same authority says, 'He took upon himself the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men, and became obedient unto death.'"

"Yes, God created man in his *own* image, and pronounced him *good*. 'The Word was made flesh,' and the Father said, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased'—*manifest man*, working as the Father worketh. 'As the Father hath life in Himself, so hath he given the Son life in Himself.' To prove the truth of this, Jesus Christ laid down his *manifest* life, and took it up again, and declared to all, 'He that hath the Son hath life.'"

"What do you understand that to mean?"

"The same as 'the light that lighteth'—*Being*—what Grace calls the '*know*.' 'No man cometh unto the Father but by me (the Son).' 'Because I live, ye shall live also; at *that day* ye shall know that I am in my Father and ye in me and I in you.' '*That day*' always means the time of realization."

"Trixy," said papa, "do you understand what Aunt Joy means by 'having the mind that was in Christ Jesus'?"

"Yes," I said; "I have the mind that was in Christ Jesus; because Christ Jesus was my Father's obedient child, and I am His obedient child."

"How do you know?"

"'Cause he's good and I'm good; he loves and I love."

"What makes you think you're good?"

"'Cause I think *everybody's* good, and I'm *one* of 'em."

"What! when they do bad things?"

"Well, we thought Tom and Janie was mean and bad, till we knew 'em, and I guess it would be just the same with everybody, when we come to know 'em."

Aunt Joy said, "He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil, shall dwell on high."

Papa said, "Joy, the results of your teach-

ing are beautiful. Still, I can't help fearing these children are getting loose ideas of Christ and God."

"Christ told you to judge of a tree by its fruits. Here you say the fruits are figs but you fear the tree is a thistle. 'Do men gather figs of thistles?' Come, what is the fruit of your thinking? Suspicious of your own children, even when they are fulfilling the only law Christ recognized—*Love*. Fearing to claim kinship with the beloved Son, when it is declared, 'He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son.' Also, 'We are in Him that is true, even in His Son, Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life.'"

"Grace," said papa, "who is the *true God* and Jesus Christ?"

"Oh," said Grace, pointing, "He's here and ever'where, and He lives in the happy little spot right in here, and nuffin, nuffin can get the happy out or hurt Grace, 'cause the little *know* sees Him all the time. The little *know* is Jesus the Son—des like the seed's *know*."

### How to be Happy.

Are you all out of sorts,  
My dear little man?  
I will tell you a wonderful trick  
That will make you real happy  
If anything can—  
Do something for somebody, quick;  
Do something for somebody, quick!  
Though it rains all the day,  
My dear little man,  
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,  
You can make the sun shine  
In your soul, little man—  
Do something for somebody, quick,  
Do something for somebody, quick,

—*Universal Truth.*

A little girl who was in the habit of *wishing* a great deal, was always being told that "If *wishes were horses*, beggars might ride."

Nobody ever told her that *wishes were horses* and that it was the privilege of every one to *ride* them who would bridle them and hold the reins.

It is *wishes* that that carry us forward to all realization and accomplishment.

Even that little girl would *wish* herself

tidy before she washed her face and combed her hair, but she put the bridle on that horse and rode it right straight to the wash bowl, where she scrubbed her face and hands in the sweet water, then away it scampered with her to the long, clear looking-glass, where she might see just how to make the pretty parts and plaits of her shining braids.

But one day she was in bed and had a lot of pain and cried out, "Oh, I *wish* I were *well*!" But she didn't put the bridle on that horse and ride him, or he would have cantered right away with her from that bed into sunshine and health.

It is always the *wise* who *ride* these wish-horses, and if you will notice carefully, they are always headed toward the good. You never heard anybody say, "I wish I were sick." No indeed, that horse's head is always headed toward *health* and *strength*. You never hear anybody *wish* they were unhappy, or poor, or ignorant; no, they always *wish* for happiness and joy and peace and plenty.

Horses are strong and faithful. When they have a good master's hand to guide them they are fleet and obedient, they like good roads, green pastures and clear waters. Some people say the *horse* is a symbol or picture of strength and power.

That's just what these *wish-horses* are, for there is nothing *wished* for but what is really a *calling out* for our own. Why are people always wishing for *that Place* where there is nothing but beauty and health and joy? Because it is their very own, and shall be entered triumphantly when they *ride* their *wishes* into it.

Medicine is anything with healing potency.

True words are healing,  
Love and joy and peace and all the ways of happy thought, are healing.

One little boy was healed in a few moments of a stinging, prickly rash, by repeating the words,

"I AM SWEET, PURE, PEACEFUL LIFE."

Blood is a symbol of Life, so if your blood gets impure or sour because somebody about you believes Life to be *mixed* with trouble and sorrow, just you say these true words about Life:

"Life is Joy and Peace and Love," and  
"I am sweet, pure, peaceful Life."

*Wee Wisdom's*  
*Reception Room.*

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Since this is our talk-room, let's talk about TALK, this time.

Did you ever think what a funny little trick it is to talk? Just watch some time when you can catch yourself in the *act* and see how many little organs take part in this exercise.

First, there's your mouth—of course, nobody could talk without a mouth—but can you name all the little machinery that helps along this clatter of words?

Tongue, lips, teeth—people can't talk very clearly without teeth—and there's a little curtain hung 'way back called the palate. But none of these *make* the sound. We must go back of the mouth to find the *reeds* and *bellows* of this talking organ. And what do you suppose they are?

I will leave that for you to find out and tell me next time. Also about the little "sounding-boards" stretched over the breath-way, that tells the story every time, of what kind of humor the talker is in.

It takes all these to form the words of our talking, and yet people *will* say, "Talk's cheap," and "Words don't count."

A very wise man tells us that

"The heart of the wise teacheth his *mouth* and addeth learning to his *lips*."

Also, that

"Whoso keepeth his *mouth* and his *tongue* keepeth his soul from trouble."

It is wise, then, to make a school-room of our *mouth* and teach all these dear little pupils *right* words to speak.

But does this wise man really mean that *trouble* all comes from talking, and that talk is *not* cheap and words *do* count? It must be, for he further declares that

"*Death* and *life* are in the power of the *tongue*."

Our little tongue! Just think of it! When ever we *talk* we are saying *words* that will bring back to us something of their own kind. We can never hope to talk about *evil conditions* or speak stinging words and not meet them again, for they go from us and like a magnet gather to themselves all the filings of ill-temper and unhappiness, and return again to weight us down with them. But

"The *mouth* of the righteous is a fountain of life," and

"The *tongue* of the wise is health."

Think of sending out *words* that shall flow as a fountain of life to everyone about you—words that shall be *health* and *strength* and *joy* and *peace* throughout the earth.

Now we begin to see how much our speech has to do with our "weal or woe," and that

"He that guardeth his *mouth* keepeth his life."

The mouth seems such a very little affair, only *one* word can it foria at a time. Why should it not be easily guarded? Again, it is promised that

"The *mouth* of the righteous shall *deliver* him," and

"A man shall be satisfied with *good*, by the fruit of his *mouth*."

Have we not here the secret of safety and success—may this not mean, that the (true) words that we speak are Spirit and Life?

"The fruit of the *mouth*" *must* be our *words*, and *good* words must be nourishing and satisfying, for

"The lips of the righteous shall feed many."

Spread the good news, *Health*, *happiness* and *plenty* are all in the *power* of the *tongue*.

Hold! It is the *tongue* of the *wise* and the *mouth* of the *righteous* that bring health and supply.

Who are the wise and righteous?

RIGHT THINKERS.

Who are the right thinkers?

Those who believe and think only of the *one true* God as the *Source* and *Substance* of all that *is*.

Those who constantly lay hold of His Substance, which is Life and Mind and Spirit and Love.

Those who know Him aright, by this *image* in themselves.

Those who know there is *only* God and His son—God-manifest.

Those whose thoughts deal with the living God—live fountains of life and health and supply.

Those whose thoughts deal with the living God become God's mouth-pieces and their words are His words and are "life to all that find them and health to all their flesh."

Your words become God's words when they are all about kindness and love, life



*God bless my two little feet!  
Go may they never astray,  
But swiftly and joyfully tread  
In the straight and narrow way.*

*God bless my two little hands!  
Ne'er may they strike or destroy,  
But quick be and willing alway,  
For kind and loving employ.*

*God bless my two little eyes!  
May they be open to see  
All my dear Father in heaven  
Has done for dear little me.*

*God bless my two little ears!  
Ready may they be to hear  
The voice of my Saviour, who wipes  
Away the penitent tear.*

*God bless my two little lips!  
Let sweet words of prayer and praise,  
Let purity, kindness and love  
Dwell on them the rest of my days.*

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

and health, beauty and perfection. Your tongue is health when it speaks only good news.

This is the Gospel to be preached to every living creature.

Gospel means good-news.

Preach means talk.

So talk always Good News—New Good to every creature.

### Truth Workers.

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

A lady overheard her little daughter saying to a playmate who said she hated her new teacher, "Speak real gently and try to love your teacher and you'll get only love back."

Some dear little girls visited us to-day and this is what one of them handed us:

LETTIE'S SCIENCE.

Lettie believes in the All-Good. She believes we are surrounded by God's presence everywhere and all the time.

Lettie's parents moved into a new neighborhood and some little girls came to play with her in the yard. They were having a nice time, when two more little girls came and looked in through the fence at them. Lettie invited them to come in and play, but they refused, saying, "Our mamma don't allow us to play with those little girls in your yard, for they're not good enough for us to play with." "Is that so?" said Lettie. "Well, you had better trot along, then, for God made us, and we are all good."

Lettie's big dog Bob was scalded by some of the neighbors. When he came running home, her mamma said, "That will leave a scar and the hair will never grow out again." But Lettie said, "No, I will treat my dog." And so she did, and to-day Bob's back is well and the hair has all grown out again.

[Lettie 8—lives in Kansas City and is 11 years old. I am sure she won't care if I tell you she wrote this herself. Next time we will hear how Lettie trusts in the Good to assist her with her lessons.]

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RICK'S MESSAGE.

"Mamma, let's go up early to bed; I've something to tell you," he whispered and said

"The rest might laugh, but I know that you will 'preciate what I want to do.

Today my tooth ached awful and sore, I cried and threw myself down on the floor, Kittie came up close, just like she saw I needed help, and laid her soft paw right there on my face, over the ache, And shut up her eyes—it's not a mistake—The sore and the ache left right away. Now I wanted to have you be sure and say In the little paper, that animals could Drive away tooth-ache and do lots of good."

*God Everywhere.*

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God in the trees, in the grass, in the flowers,  
God in the sunshine, God in the showers,  
God in the hearts of struggling men,  
Winning them back to heaven again.

God in the stars, in the clear blue sky,  
God in the baby's first weak cry,  
God in the world, in you, in me,  
Changing the *is* to what *is to be*.

God is happiness, light, and life,  
God is not struggle, weariness, strife,  
God is Love, and that is all  
The universe holds, of great or small.

—Aline North.

*The Kingdom of God.*

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WHERE?

Now, *where* is the kingdom of God? A boy over there says, "It is in heaven." No; it is not in heaven. Another boy says, "It is in the Bible." No; it is not in the Bible. Another boy says, "It must be in the Church." No; it is not in the Church. Heaven is only the *capital* of the kingdom of God; the Bible is the *Guide-book* to it; the Church is the weekly *parade* of those who belong to it. If you would turn to the seventeenth chapter of St. Luke you will find out where the kingdom of God really is. "The kingdom of God is within you"—within *you*. The kingdom of God is *inside people*.

WHAT?

What is the kingdom of God? Every kingdom has its exports, its products. Go down to the river here, and you will find ships coming in with cotton; you know they come from America. You will find ships with tea; you know they are from China. Ships with wool; you know they are from Australia. Ships with sugar; you know they come from Java. What comes from the kingdom of God? Again we must refer to our *Guide-book*. Turn to Romans, and we shall find what the kingdom of God is. I will read it: "The kingdom of God is righteousness, peace, joy"—three things. "The kingdom of God is righteousness, peace, joy." Righteousness, of course, is just in doing what is right. Any boy who does what is right has the kingdom of God within him. Any boy who, instead of being quarrelsome, lives at peace with the other boys, has the kingdom of God within him. The kingdom of God is not going to

religious meetings, and hearing strange religious experiences: the kingdom of God is doing what is right—living at peace with all men, being filled with joy in the Holy Ghost.

Boys, if you are going to be Christians, be Christians as boys, and not as your grandmothers. A Grandmother has to be a Christian as a grandmother, and that is the right and beautiful thing for her; but if you cannot read you Bible by the hour as your grandmother can, or delight in meetings as she can, don't think you are necessarily a bad boy. When you are your grandmother's age you will have your grandmother's kind of religion. Meantime be a Christian as a boy. Live a boy's life. Do the straight thing; seek the kingdom of righteousness, honor and truth. Keep the peace with the boys about you, and be filled with the joy of being a loyal, and simple, and natural, and boy-like servant of Christ.

You can very easily tell a house, or a workshop, or an office where the kingdom of God is *not*. The first thing you see in that place is that the "straight thing" is not always done. Customers do not get fair play. You are in danger of learning to cheat and lie. Better, a thousand times, to starve than to stay in a place where you cannot do what is right.

Or, when you go into your workshop, you find every body sulky, touchy, and ill-tempered; everybody at daggers' drawn with every body else; some of the men not on speaking terms with some of the others, and the whole *feel* of the place miserable and unhappy. The kingdom of God is not there, for *it* is peace. It is the kingdom of the Devil that is anger and wrath and malice.

If you want to get the kingdom of God into your workshop, or into your home, let the quarrelling be stopped. Live in peace and harmony and brotherliness with every one. For the kingdom of God is a kingdom of brothers. It is a great society, founded by Jesus Christ, of all the people who try to be like Him, and live to make the world better and sweeter and happier. Wherever a boy is trying to do that, in the house or in the street, in the workshop or in the baseball field, there is the kingdom of God. And every boy, however small or obscure or poor, who is seeking that, is a member of it. You see now, I hope, what the kingdom is.—From Drummond.

*Living Jewels.*

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(AN OLD FABLE IN A NEW GOWN.)

One day last week Mrs. Joyce went out for a walk. The morning was fine and she was not the only one who had been coaxed out of her close, hot room by the pretty, soft sunshine and balmy air.

Under her feet the falling leaves rustled like sweet music, but all at once her foot slipped and if she had been less spry she would surely have fallen to the ground. "Dear me!" she exclaimed, "what was that slippery thing I stepped on? Why, it nearly threw me down!" She went back a step or two to find out and what did she see but an ugly, slimy worm, half crushed by her innocent foot. "Oh, dear, how nasty!" she said; "I wonder where it came from." She looked up at the trees above her head, but saw only bright, pretty leaves, fairly laughing at the sunshine. She went on a little further and — why — she nearly trod upon a horrid, green toad. Now she was wide awake. Looking down upon the ground, she found all along the walk, ugly, nasty, creeping worms and bugs which she would not touch for the world. Just then she heard a child scream. Gazing ahead of her, she saw two little girls quarrelling. One had pulled the other's hair, and the other was giving it back to her right and left. Many sharp, cross, naughty words passed between them, and they were very angry. "Ah!" said Mrs. Joyce, "now I know where these foul things came from." She hastened to where the children stood. She saw they were pretty children and nicely clothed, but their dresses were spattered with mud and spotted with dirt. All around them and upon their garments were many of these crawling worms which she had been stepping on; but what most surprised her was, that they seemed to fall from the lips of the little girls as fast as the naughty words were spoken. However, Mrs. Joyce drew nearer to them; spoke a few gentle words to each, at which they began to sob and cry and say how sorry they were, and wished they knew how to be better.

"Now don't cry any more," said Mrs. Joyce, "but wipe your eyes and tell me your names." The little girls dried their tears and one said, "My name is Jessie," and the

other added, "Mine is Fanny." "Well," said the kind lady, "now I am out for a walk; don't you want to go with me?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" they cried gladly; "please let us go with you." So taking a hand of each, on they walked, Mrs. Joyce talking to them sweetly in low tone of voice.

"Oh, what's that?" cried Jessie, running forward and picking up a bright, shining object. "Why, that," replied Mrs. Joyce, "is a very precious stone called a pearl. Any one to whom that belongs is very good and true; always speaks the truth; would not say a cross word or pull hair for anything."

"And here is another, even more beautiful!" cried Fanny, stooping to pick up one which lay at her feet. This was a diamond, and Mrs. Joyce explained that whoever possessed the diamond would never be sick and so need never die. Now Jessie and Fanny ran to and fro crying, "Here is another — and another —" gathering as they spoke their tiny hands as full as they could hold, Mrs. Joyce, meanwhile, telling them what each stone stood for.

"Isn't it queer?" said Jessie; "we play here every day, but never saw these pretty things before." "No, indeed!" answered Fanny, "but lots of those nasty, ugly worms;" and she fairly shivered as she spoke.

"Who are those two lovely girls we are nearing? Are they playmates of yours?" asked Mrs. Joyce.

"Where? where?" asked both children at once.

"Why, sitting on that rustic bench under the big oak tree; do not you see them?"

"Oh!" said Jessie, slowly, "are those girls? they look just like *angels*. See how they shine and sparkle!"

"They are all covered over with these precious stones;" exclaimed Fanny, in great surprise. "Just look! red, green, gold, white, blue and — oh! how bright! how pretty!"

"Yes," added Mrs. Joyce, "they are nestled in their golden curls; strung around their necks; their laps are full and their clean, white garments studded with them. They look just like *living jewels*. Let us draw nearer and speak to them, for I am sure they are sweet and kind." So saying, they gently approached them.

"Are these your pretty stones?" asked Jessie, timidly.

## Wee Wisdom

"They were ours, but they may be yours, if you will have them," replied one of the girls.

"To keep?" asked Fanny.

"Yes; to keep forever and ever."

"Will you tell me your names?" asked Mrs. Joyce, in her kindest tones.

"My name is Grace," replied one; and the other said, "And mine is Ruth."

"Thank you, dears! Grace is a holy name, and Ruth—why, it only needs one more letter to make it T-Ruth," said Mrs. Joyce.

The little girls smiled sweetly, with a wise look in their eyes which seemed to say "We know what you mean." Jessie and Fannie stood spell-bound as they listened to the talk between Mrs. Joyce and the little girls, for as they spoke, every sort of these lovely stones fell from their lips like rain-drops from a cloud.

"Tell us the secret—*please do*—how you make these lovely stones," cried Jessie and Fannie, eagerly.

Ruth, opening wide her large, wise, blue orbs, replied: "We are children who have learned that a *word* is a *thing* that will *bless* or *sting*, so we speak only good, true, kind, pure and loving words;" and then they recited this little verse:

Wee wisdom knows that what we seek  
Depends upon the *words* we speak;  
For if you utter words unkind,  
Upon your pathway you will find  
But reptiles, bugs and creeping things,  
That to your soul's white garment clings;  
While loving *words* and kind and true  
With jewels fair will cover you.

Ere they ceased speaking, Mrs. Joyce, Jessie, Fanny and themselves were sparkling like burnished jewels flashed with the sun.  
HANNAH MORE KOHAUS.

NEW LONDON, CONN., Aug. 31, '83.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:

Your paper for September has just reached me and I enjoy it very much, for it teaches me as well as my little daughter, who is nearly three years of age. I enclose a few verses,\* hoping you will put them in your October number, thinking that they will be a help to many little boys and girls. I am teaching my little Margaret to say them, and before she gets in to bed every night, she asks me to say them to her. The verses were printed a number of years ago on a card without the author's name.

Yours in Love and Truth,

MARY W. D.—

\* "God's Blessing," page 5, this issue.

## Wee-lets.

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

A four-year-old "tot" who knows *Mind is All*, was corrected by her mamma something after the prescription of Solomon. Not a cry escaped her lips. She looked earnestly into her mamma's face and said, "You can't hurt me, there isn't such a thing as hurt."

Give us this day our daily bread,  
'Tith plenty butter on it spread.  
And pease, dear Lord, don't lead us in-  
To thoughts that make us sick and sin.

The child is the universe: in him lies hidden all the potentiality of God.—*Josephine C. Lock.*

Surely the future of the country depends upon the children of to-day! What our country is now has been made so by the training of the children of past generations. Has such a success been made by this past training that we want to go on in the same way with *our* children? People who believe in an angry God, a punishing God, punish their children in anger. People who think salvation is *secured* to them by something some one else has done, are not always of the strictest integrity, or as righteous as they would be if they thought their attainment of heaven depended upon themselves.

So many of the things that go wrong in the *seeming* world are because of a misconception or wrong teaching about God; and nearly all wrong ideas of God were formed in childhood. Therefore it is of the utmost importance to us as Truth seekers, as manifestors of God, as friends to humanity (for how can a man love God whom he has not seen, if he love not his brother whom he has seen?), as loyal citizens of our country,—that we give to the children the highest truth about our God.—*Fanny M. Hartley, in Universal Truth.*

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