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Wee Wisdom's Way.

WISDOM

4

Papa didn't come down stairs this morning, but sent word for Aunt Joy to telephone Dr. Grave.

When we wanted to know if papa was sick, Aunt Joy said he had only *forgotten* something. Then Ned asked if Dr. Grave had it. Aunt Joy laughed and said she thought not; and, that if we'd stop and think awhile, we could tell what it was papa had forgotten, that made him *believe* he could be sick. Then we knew what she meant, and Grace said:

"O I 'speak he forgot God."

"That's just it," said Aunt Joy, "and now which shall we do, help him to remember, or send for Dr. Grave?"

We all wanted to go up, and help him remember; but Aunt Joy said we could sit very quiet and help just as well here. So we kept real still and "membered for him," Grace said.

After breakfast, black John came down and told us papa was asleep. And not very long after, down came Mr. Papa himself. We all rushed onto him and kissed him, and Grace said:

"O papa you *did* 'member, didn't you?"

"Remember what, precious?" said papa.

"Member God," said Grace.

"Why, darling I never forgot Him," said papa.

"Was you sick, papa?"

"Yes, I had a dreadful night, and feared I was going to have fever."

"Is you sick now?"

"Well, no, the spell seems to have passed away. I took a little nap this morning, and that helped me out."

"But papa, didn't you 'member God first?"

"Why, you funny little quiz," said papa, "since you ask such close questions, I believe, just before I dropped off to sleep, a

feeling of rest stole over me and God seemed very near."

Grace clapped her hands, and said, "That's it, papa; you *did* 'member."

Then papa wanted to know what Grace meant. So Aunt Joy said that we decided, when he sent down for Dr. Grave, it was God and not the doctor he needed. So we had sent him a loving reminder.

Papa smiled, and said to Grace: "And you think that's what helped me, do you, little one?"

"Don't you, papa?"

"You may think so, if it makes you happy; but I guess the little *nap* did it," said papp.

Then Aunt Joy told papa he was giving us children an object lesson in unbelief. Papa wanted to know how she made that out. So Aunt Joy said:—

"They prayed for you to realize God as a present relief; now you admit that you suddenly had ease, and went off to sleep feeling God's presence. If that nap was God's way of getting you out of pain, why not acknowledge it, and so teach these children that God's manner of answering them is both natural and easy."

"It would seem a very sweet lesson; but in case they ask of Him the impossible, and then demand of me why He don't answer them, what then?" said papa.

"What is the *impossible with God*?" asked Aunt Joy.

"Now, I want you to understand, that I know God has unlimited power, but at the same time, I have the constant evidence that He does not choose to exercise it at all times," said papa.

"Then the constant evidence you speak of, proves Him variable. Now of course I can't blame you for not teaching your children to trust in a God you don't consider reliable," said Aunt Joy.

Papa didn't like it one bit, 'cause Aunt Joy talked that way to him, and said that

he guessed his ideas of God were quite as correct as hers, and he'd like her to *prove* that God used his power to answer such prayers as we offered.

Aunt Joy laughed right out and said she wouldn't be so foolish as to attempt that, but that Jesus Christ had proven there was nothing too small or too great for the Father to do, for the right asking, from providing a little piece of money, to the raising of the dead.

Papa said that was 'cause Jesus was God's Son.

"True," said Aunt Joy, "but did not *this* Son say to mankind, '*One is your Father, even God.*' If, then, we call God our Father, as we are commanded to do, what must we call ourselves?"

Papa didn't say anything, so Aunt Joy said: "Jesus has told us so much about the Son of God, and how belief on him, or *into* him, would give us the same power to do the Father's works, Jesus Christ had.

Papa seemed almost angry, and said, "Why, Joy, are you gone wild, that you should quote scripture so recklessly? Now look here, there's Ned, we know Jesus Christ would *cure* him right up. We also know, we may *call* ourselves the Sons of God, but it don't *make* us cure Ned."

Aunt Joy said, "Christ didn't cure people till they had faith enough to ask him to do it."

Papa said, "Well Ned, she throws the responsibility back onto you. She's a cute one, isn't she?"

But Ned was so still we all looked at him. Then papa asked him what was the matter.

"O papa," he said, "I was just thinking I didn't deserve to be cured, for I've never asked it, in the Son's name. I've believed *in* him in *some* ways, but never in this way."

Papa looked kind 'o funny, and said, "Do you *now*?"

"I *do*," Aunt Joy, papa, Trixie and Grace, *remember with me.*"

Ned went to his room, he looked so strangely when he went out I was 'fraid, and so was papa. Papa said, "What can be the matter with the child, he acts and looks so strangely?"

"Let him alone," said Aunt Joy; "he's going to the Father with a Son's claim."

Papa said Aunt Joy would make us all lunatics yet.

Grace wanted to know if we'd be like "ood ticks" then.

Aunt Joy laughed and said, "Yes, the G-oodest kind of ticks.

Ned didn't come down to dinner; papa declared something was wrong with the boy," but Aunt Joy said, "Let him alone, he's having an experience."

When Aunt Joy and Grace and I were alone she said: "Now, children, Ned has never thought about asking the Father to show him the *perfect* Ned. I have been waiting for him to take this attitude of mind. I did not urge it, for I left that with Him who knows best. But now that Ned waits for the command *to go free* let us sit here and say:

"FATHER, I THANK THEE THAT THOU HAST HEARD ME. AND I KNOW THAT THOU HEAREST ME ALWAYS."

As a Little Child.

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Whenever and wherever the Spirit of Truth speaks, it voices the nature of what it is, and we have a realizing sense of what that nature is, and thus our joy is full. In evidence of which a little girl of eight years who visited the College (Mrs. Cramer's Home College of Divine Science) a few weeks ago with her mother, who at that time was under treatment; she became deeply interested in the Science while I was talking to the mother, and explaining the at-one-ment of cause and effect; and that God being Love and because like produces like, God never produced fear and anger; hence, in truth, they are not. I gave this child "Wee Wisdom" to read, and invited her to remain with her mother and hear the afternoon lesson. Before the hour arrived for the lesson, she had committed the following verse to memory:

FROM "THE SPARROW."

"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."

She asked me if that was not a good treatment. I told her it was, and that there was no fear in truth, because there was nothing to fear. The mother told me that the child's eyes were weak and watered all

the time, and bothered her in school and while at play. A week later they visited the College again, and told me that the little girl's eyes had been throughly healed through her own treatment, which treatment consisted of these words:

"God did not make my eyes this way. He made them whole and perfect, and they are whole and perfect."

She said: "Before I came to the College it was hard for me to understand arithmetic, but now I know God is everywhere, and that He knows everything, and He will tell me, or give me His knowledge."

The mother said: "The child does not believe she has to wait for anything; that He gives her an understanding immediately of what she wants to know. When her teacher gives her a new piece of music to learn, she takes it, and says: 'Mamma, there is nothing hard: God knows all about it;' and in a very short time she understands the new lesson." The child said: "Mrs. Cramer, before I came here I was afraid to go into a dark room, and when I went to my Father's store in the evening, I felt as if some one were chasing me. I do not feel that way now, for I know there is no fear. My little brother, while at play, cut his finger with a knife. I told him to heal it and he told me to heal it; then I said to him: 'God didn't cut your finger; He made it whole, and will heal it.' It stopped bleeding immediately. My little brother said: 'That's good; I believe, too.'"

This child is so at-one with Divine Mind, that she has given up all thought of making personal effort separate and apart from it. Except we become as little children, we cannot see the kingdom of God. This child is an example of the working of the true method of faith. Let us become as little children.—*M. E. Cramer, in Harmony.*

### Story of St. Christopher.

As Told by "Budge," in "Helen's Babies."

"Why, once there was a man, an' his name was Ferus—Offerus, an' he went about fightin' for kings, but when any king got afraid of anybody, he wouldn't fight for him no more. An' one day he couldn't find no kings that wasn't afraid of nobody. An' the people told him the Lord was the biggest king in the world, an' he wasn't

afraid of nobody nor nothing. An' he asked 'em where he could find the Lord, and they said he was way up in heaven so nobody couldn't see him but the angels, but he liked folks to work for him instead of fight. So Ferus wanted to know what kind of work he con'd do, an' the people said there was a river not far off, where there wasn't no ferry-boats, cos the water run so fast, an' they guessed if he'd carry folks across, the Lord would like it. So Ferus went there, an' he cut him a good, strong cane, an' whenever anybody wanted to go across the river he'd carry 'em on his back.

"One n'ght he was sittin' in his little house by the fire, and smokin' his pipe an' readin' the paper, an' 'twas rainin' an' blowin' an' hailin' an' stormin,' an' he was so glad there wasn't anybody wantin' to go 'cross the river, when he heard somebody call out "Ferus!" An' he looked out the window, but he couldn't see nobody, so he sat down again. Then somebody called "Ferus!" again, and he opened the door again, an' there was a little bit of boy, 'bout as big as Toddie. An' Ferus said 'Hello, young fellow, does your mother know you're out?' An' the little boy said, 'I want to go 'cross the river.'—'Well,' says Ferus, 'you're a mighty little fellow to be travilin' alone, but hop up.' So the little boy jumped up on Ferus's back, and Ferus walked into the water. Oh, my—*wasn't* it cold? An' every step he took that little boy got heavier, so Ferus nearly tumbled down an' they liked to both got drowned, An' when they got across the river Ferus said, 'Well, you *are* the heaviest small fry I ever carried,' an' he turned around to look at him, an' 'twasn't a little boy at all—'twas a big man—'twas Christ. An' Christ said, 'Ferus, I heard you was tryin' to work for me, so I thought I'd come down and see you, an' not let you know who I was. An' now you shall have a new name; you shall be called *Christofferus*, cos that means Christ-carrier.' An' everybody called him Christofferus after that, an' when he died they called him *Saint Christopher*, cos Saint is what they call good people when they're dead."

Let there be joy,  
Let there be peace,  
Sorrow will flee,  
Sickness will cease.

## *Wee Wisdom's Reception Room*

There was a question left over to answer, wasn't there? I plainly see there is no need to ask who found out all about it, for the in-tell-I-gence that flashes from every eye and I—of you, tells that all know.

Isn't it beautiful to understand that it is the very same sweet air that you draw into your lungs to quicken and gladden the life-flow of your body, that, obedient to your thought, plays upon the voice-reeds in the throat-pipe and sets a-whirl the machinery of voice and speech.

Just think of it! The sweet, pure air not only brings you life as breath, but picks up and carries out for you the life-vibrations of your glad words and happy songs.

It goes out from your mouth with a glad freedom that sets the universe of air a-leaping with the joy of its vibration.

You have all thrown pebbles into a stream and watched the little wave-circles widen and widen till they touched the shore? Well, that's the vibration of the water. You can see it with your eyes. Now, this vibration of the air, when you throw your voice into it, circles the very same way in little sound-waves, which you hear instead of see.

But what I want to tell you about is another vibration which you cannot see with your eyes, nor hear with your ears, but which touches it where it makes you say:

I feel so glad!

or

I feel so sad!

or

I feel so bad!

Just whatever this wave-circle carries to you, that you feel. For every thought you think, and every word you speak, are like the ripples from the pebbles you threw into the stream,—they circle and widen and go on and on, and you can learn to follow them just as clearly with your mind as you could the water-circles with your eye.

It is because of these thought-waves circling out and out that we can "hold true words", and drop them, pebble-like, into mind, and see the circle of their vibration widen and widen, carrying life and health

and joy and plenty to the shores of every heart they touch.

A little girl saw two boys quarreling and she dropped the word "peace" into the air about her. The boys never knew why they so suddenly wanted to be friends, but it was the peace-wave touching their hearts.

Everything you see and touch, feels your thought-waves. I know a little boy who scolded his clothes till they grew to hurting him so he cried when he put them on. When he found out that they were only sending the wave-circles of his sharp words back to him, he knew that he had only to praise them to feel them soft and nestling to his flesh.

You all know of the boy who was very angry because he thought his *echo* was some *bad* boy mocking him? When he came to find out, it was his very own words thrown back to him. So it is always with our thought-waves and word-waves—they bring back to us just the kind we send out. That is why "The mouth of the right-thinker is a fountain of health."

This is why we are satisfied with good by the fruit of our mouth. A little boy who had been saying "Love" all day, said, "Oh, I am so happy, I feel just like I was floating in warm, pink air." The circles of his thought-waves were tinted and warmed by the glow of the Great Heart. Just so, if you keep saying "Life, Life," or "Strength, Strength," you will surely find coming back to you the broadening circles of thought, bringing you life and strength.

### *Think Right.*

'Tis not the place where you stay  
Nor the food that you eat,  
That makes you the happiest mortal on  
earth,  
With health and blessings complete.

It's the thoughts that you think,  
And the words that you speak,  
And the deeds that you do every day,  
That make up your happiness, make up  
your woe,  
And keep you strong, healthy, or weak.

Now your thoughts are the seeds  
Of your words and your deeds—  
Whatever you sow you will reap;  
Make your harvest quite sure,  
And your blessings secure,  
By the strong, loving thoughts that you  
keep.  
—Aunt Nina,





*I am good,  
       I am kind,  
 I am loving,  
       I am mind,  
 I am Life,  
       I am health,  
 I am gladness,  
       I am wealth.  
 I am fearless,  
       I am mild,—  
 Boldly gentle,—  
       God's own child.*

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

### *Truth Workers.*

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

Little Mary is a golden haired, blue eyed maiden of four. Her home is in a distant city, but she came west visiting friends and made us a call we shall not soon forget. Her little tongue is full of *health* and *praise*. While at her auntie's she discovered that they believed in being sick, and so kept saying when they complained:

"God is here."

One day her auntie said she was taking one of her violent headaches, and would soon be in bed. Little Mary was quietly playing with her blocks on the floor, and her mamma, supposing she had not noticed what her aunt had said, whispered to her

that she had better treat auntie for headache.

"Oh, she's all right," said Mary; "It's saying 'God's everywhere, and you can't have headache.'"

When dinner time came and the auntie, well and happy, sat eating her dinner, little Mary slipped up and whispered in her ear: "Auntie, where's your *belief* gone?" It was a revelation to the aunt when she realized that her old tormenting headache had really slipped away so suddenly and quietly.

She had forgotten all about it, and little Mary's *true word* did it.

Mary has some sweet little words which she always says before taking her food, and they will bring sweet life and peace to all.

#### MARY'S GRACE.

God is love and God is good;  
 We thank Thee, Father, for this food,  
 And with an earnest heart we pray  
 To be like Jesus every day.

These are the little words that bring her sweet sleep:

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
 I pray, dear Father, Thou wilt keep  
 Thy little child from harm and fear,  
 For I know Thou art always near;  
 Make and keep me pure and clean—  
 This I ask in Jesus name. Amen.  
 ALL IS GOOD.

Her morning words are these:

Dear Father, with the morning light  
 I thank Thee for thy care,  
 That kept me safely through the night,  
 And will keep me everywhere.

\* \* \* \*

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS.

DEAR READERS OF WEE WISDOM:

I see you have found out that I wrote my story myself. Well, I don't mind. I will tell you this time how I get my lessons. Sometimes we have "very *hard* lessons," as the children call them. I don't study after school hours, yet I never fail in my lessons, for I trust in God to help me with them. I say:

"I do know my lessons, for God is my understanding;

"God is my intelligence;

"God is love; I cannot fail in anything, for I am God's child."

Sometimes my dear teacher calls me up to do some work without time to study it, so I speak these words and my teacher is

pleased and surprised, but don't know how I get them. I would love to tell her.

Now, dear little friends, if you ask God to help you in your lessons, and trust him, you too will not fail and you can help others. To-day a dear little friend of mine said she could not get her lessons. I treated her and said: "You are a perfect child of God. You do know your lessons, for God is your intelligence;" and her teacher said: "This is the best you have ever done." This dear little girl did not know why she did so well, but it's all right, the Good helps her just the same, and some day she will know all about it, too.

"All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The Lord God made them all."

LETTIE S.

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WHAT CAME OF HER FAITH.

Mary Frame Shelby writes: "My little niece, not four years old, prayed for rain this summer when we were suffering for it. The sky was perfectly clear but she said when her prayer was over: 'Now, mother, I must bring my playthings in, for *it's going to rain.*' In an hour a refreshing shower was descending and she cried out with joy: 'Oh, aint He good to make it rain when I ask Him?'"

The confidence of little children is what we need to bring the needed blessing."

\* \* \* \*  
Little Bessie M— lives in Cadillac, Mich. While visiting her grandma here, she has gladdened us with her presence. She's a real, live girl, with eyes a-kin to the skies and curls that dance round her like sunshine, but the charin of her coming is the happiness that radiates from her dear little heart. Why, the very air sparkles with it, for she *knows Life is happiness* itself. Here is Bessie's treatment for mamma's eyes:

"Mamma, God is your sight. Your eyes are perfect, and you can see."

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"Kind hearts are the gardens,  
Kind thoughts are the roots,  
Kind words are the blossoms,  
Kind deeds are the fruits.  
And sunbeams of love  
In these heart-gardens glow,  
And put out the darkness  
And make beauty-buds grow."

## Tillie's Talk.

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DEAR WEE WISDOM:

You said last month that wishes were horses and anybody could ride them. Nell and I were talking about it and Nell said she didn't believe any such stuff—that a little sick girl could make her wish to be well carry her right out of bed into wellness. But *I* do, 'cause I *know*. I don't believe in being sick at all any more, though I used to. So I told Nell about the time I was in bed, *awful sick*, I thought, and how a lady called on mamma, and mamma told her how "dreadful sick" I was, but she just smiled and commenced talking about what a lovely day it was. I felt slighted 'cause she didn't pity me and say "Poor little girl! how bad you must feel!" or something like that. Everybody else did, and some of them had even whispered to poor mamma: "My! how dangerous! So many children dying of it, too." And I was just sure I was the sickest girl alive.

But before the lady went away she came up close to my bed and told me she had let her little girl go nutting in the country with some friends, and what fun she had and how many nuts and acorns and other treasures she had found in the woods, and that they were planning to go again soon. I forgot for the moment that I was sick, and *wished* I could go too. Then I saw the medicine on the table and remembered how *bad off* I was, and said right out loud, "Oh, how I *wish* I were well." She leaned down and whispered, "*You are well!*" I felt such a glad feeling run all through me, that I asked her to say it *that way* again. But she said: "You say it this time—I am well." So I said "*I am well,*" and it felt real good, but I asked her if it wasn't telling a *lie* to say I was well when I was *so sick*. She told me that God created me well and happy and the *lie* was to say I was *not* well and happy. Then she asked me if I *wanted* to be sick. I told her of course I didn't want to be sick and have such dreadful pain and make mamma so sad and worried. She said of course not, and then she told me to always *say* just such *good* things as I *wished* to come to pass. If I *wished* to be well, just declare "*I am well,*" and keep on saying it till I get clear out of believing in sickness at all.

I tried it and got well, and went nutting with her little girl, too. Mamma's learned to believe in health now, and we know God gives it to all his children.

After I told Nell this, I asked her if she did not see that that lady had really shown me how to put the bridle on my *wish* to be well, when she told me to say "*I am well*," and if she didn't call it cantering into health when I kept saying "*I am well*," and was better, "*I am well*," and was lots better, "*I AM WELL*," and *was* well?

Nell didn't see it so clearly as you and I do, but she will be learning to ride her good wishes some day, and then I'll tell you all about it.

TILLIE.

SEDALIA, MO.

I want to tell the little workers of WEE WISDOM that they can work for their pet animals as well as people. We all know they are God's creatures and he careth for them, and we can speak words of Good for them. They would not be sick if we did not declare they could be. I have a horse that is called a Christian Science horse by all my friends. His name is Jim. He is a very trusty animal but is quite mischeivous. One day on the street he got very lame. At first I did not see how I was to get home. I thought he had run a nail in his foot. I telephoned to my husband, and he said to take him to the blacksmith, which I did. He examined the foot and said there was nothing in it, but that he did not believe I would be able to get the horse home, for he had bone spavin. I told my driver to drive on, and I said to Jim, mentally:

"You are God's creature. You cannot have bone disease. You are perfect, for you are partaker of Perfect Life."

We had not gone a block before he began to trot. That was two o'clock, and we drove until six. I spoke these true words to him every day for a week, and every symptom of the disease vanished. The horse doctor does not have any more bills to collect at our house.

LETTIE'S GRANDMA.

You want to find God's home?
Gently, softly, this way come;
On the door you'll find the name—
"Jesus Christ"—all written plain;
"Knock!" The door swings open wide—
Only your pure heart inside.

M. F.

Our Bible Studies.

DEAR LITTLE BIBLE STUDENTS:—

Before we begin a regular course of Bible studies I want you to know all about how our Bible was written and put together and just what our relation to it is; how it has really grown up out of the history and experience of people who were seeking the same knowledge and having the same conflict between the *two* selves we are having. The *higher* self was always hearing the voice of God or Good—*within*—speaking the great Truths of life, while the other self was always believing in something separate or adverse to the one true Good. So long as people think that God had a different way of delivering His messages to His children in those days than now, or that the Bible was written in such a different manner from other books, there will be danger of forgetting that *our* God is a living Good, the same yesterday, to-day and forever, without variableness or shadow of turning. And that as He always has spoken He still speaks to His children who listen, and all that He has done He still does for those who believe in Him.

Because we want you to know this and because we want you to know *you are a living Bible*, we make every reader of WEE WISDOM a present of Henry Drummond's "Study of the Bible." Mr. Drummond is a great searcher and student of this "Book of Books" and he tells you just how the Bible came to be the Bible. Get papa and mamma to help you and ask them all the questions you want to, and if they can't answer them just let us know and we'll find somebody who can.

It will make the Bible a live book to you when you find you are studying yourself in it. Jesus Christ said, "Ye search the scriptures for in them ye think ye have eternal life and these are they which testify of me." "God manifest in the flesh." We are going to find the *witness* of All Good, the Christ-spirit, right in our own selves and then "we will know as we are known" by our Father whose kingdom is within us, then we will be sure to *let* His holy Word reign.

We will send samples of WEE WISDOM to your friends, if you'll send us their names.

Ethel's Talk with the Clergy.

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She is a young girl, who believes in God as a loving, ever present Father. She accompanied a friend to a revival meeting, and when the preacher made his rounds of inquiry he came across her and this conversation took place between them.—

*He.*—Are you a Christian?

*She.*—Yes Sir.

*He.*—What church do you belong to?

*She.*—I am not a member of any church.

*He.*—Are you saved?

*She.*—Oh yes, I am a child of God, I WAS BORN SAVED.

An evangelist called at the house and found her alone. After listening to him awhile, she turned questioner and this followed:

*She.*—Do you believe that God is omnipresent?

*He.*—Oh, yes.

*She.*—Do you believe there is a devil?

*He.*—Oh, yes.

*She.*—Where is there room for a devil if God is everywhere?

*He.*—Oh, I believe the Spirit of God is everywhere, but not the person of God?

*She.*—If God is a person, how can He be everywhere?

He immediately changed the conversation.

All our little truth-finders want Mrs. Anderson's beautiful "Story of Teddy" for Christmas. So write to Mrs. Harley, care F. M. Harley Pub. Co., 87 Washington St., Chicago, and tell her about it. She says:

"The story is all written and the pictures are made, and we can get the book up very quickly if enough of our friends desire to have it to warrant our publishing it in book form. You all want to know what happened to Charlie Barber after the Crystal Truth Seekers found him; you all want to know how Jack was lost, and what happened before he was found; and you all want to know about the party, and what the parrot sang about. No prettier or more helpful Christmas book can be found; and like all other real Christmas joys, it can be passed along until every boy and girl has read this beautiful "Story of Teddy." So send in your letters at once, and let us know whether or not you want this pretty book. There will be beautiful pictures of the Crystal Globe, of Teddy and Jack in the woodshed, and one or two—perhaps three—other pictures. Tell us what color you would like to have for the cover—red, blue, green, brown or silver gray. The price of the book will be 75 cents, and 5 cents extra for postage.

*Wee-lets.*

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

A six-year-old boy had set his head upon a drum. The drum-and-boy combination was so seriously objected to by the "grown ups" of the household that his wish was denied him. After he had gone to bed his mother heard the desire of his heart poured out through his prayer after this manner:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,

I want a drum;

I pray the Lord my soul to keep,

I want a drum;

If I should die before I wake,

I want a drum;

I pray the Lord—my—soul—to—take,

I—want—a—drum.

* * *

A little girl between three and four years old, after retiring with her mamma one night, said:

"Mamma, I want a piece of cake."

Mamma, thinking she did not need it, made no response.

"Mamma, I want a piece of cake."

Mamma answered with a snore.

"Mamma," shaking her, "don't you know God loves a cheerful giver?"

She got the "piece of cake."

* * *

"I's been to Sunday 'cool, I has,"

Four-year-old Bettie said;

"I's learned the golden rule, I finks, Des like the teacher read."

Her heavenly eyes were fixed on me—

"O innocent and true!

Teach me this rule of gold," I said,

"That I may know it, too."

I listened for those words of gold—

Those words I so well knew:

"Do to folkses des 'e same

As folkses do to you."

Quite sure she did not understand,

I asked her to explain.

She said: "If Morris pinches me,

I's to pinch him back again."

Wee Wisdom.

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