WEE WISDOM



"Ye are of God, little Children. . . . . Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world.



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WEE WISDOM

STANDS FOR

The unwarped faith that believeth and hopeth all things.
"All things are possible to them that believe."

The freshness and purity that beholdeth Good always.
"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'

The joy and gladness that are fullness of life and health.
"In Thy presence is fullness of joy. .....
.....Thou wilt show me the path of life."

The truth that frees from the clutches of race heredity.
"One is your Father, even God."

The knowledge that *Jesus Christ* is the subjective spirit of every child.
"The kingdom of God is within you."

The understanding that our word is the builder of our environment.
"For without the Word was not anything made that was made."

Be ye therefore perfect, :: :: :: ::
Even as your Father in heaven is perfect.
—JESUS.

WEE WISDOM
"Little Children Love One Another."
"Wisdom is Justified of her Children"
Volume 2. February, 1895. Number 6.

Bedtime.

Do you know
Why the snow
Is hurrying through the garden so?
Just to spread
A nice soft bed
For the sleepy little flowers' head;
To cuddle up the baby ferns, and smooth the lily's sheet,
And tuck a warm white blanket down around the roses' feet.

—*Youth's Companion.*

Dr. Charlie at School.

Charlie loved his school, and his teacher, Miss Brown. He had a very sweet way of putting his arms around her neck and his rosy lips close to her ear while he whispered his requests. Miss Brown was sometimes tempted to turn her face just enough to kiss those lips, but concluded it would be better to wait until they were alone.

She and Charlie understood each other perfectly and the little boy was quite as much at home with her as with his mama. The scholars liked Charlie, too, although they did not understand him as Miss Brown did, and had a way of saying, "what a funny boy you are, Charlie."

He went on his own happy way, doing as his loving heart prompted, and often making peace between others. Something happened one day which made the children think him 'funnier' as they called it, than ever. It happened in the school-room. Charlie was in the second grade which was made up of two classes, A and B. The A class had been dismissed and those who remained were at the black-board doing some number work, when suddenly a large map suspended above the board gave way and fell on Charlie's head, knocking him down. The children screamed and Miss Brown bent anxiously over him while he lay quite still, with white face and closed eyes. Miss Brown put her hand on his head, calling "Charlie, my child, are you hurt?" He opened his eyes and she lifted him to his feet: he looked a little dazed and saying, "'Taint nothing," walked slowly to his seat and sitting down closed his eyes. They were all watching him, and wondering what he was about, all but Miss Brown, who had an idea she did not express, and she motioned them to keep quiet.

In a few moments the little boy opened his eyes and smiled brightly upon them all saying, "I'm all right, 'course I am." During the rest of the lesson the children kept looking at Charlie, and the teacher finding their thoughts were not upon their work and obeying a sudden impulse, said, "Charlie, the children are wondering what you were doing while you sat with your eyes closed; will you tell them?" Charlie opened his blue eyes wide with surprise as he said with considerable emphasis, "I sh'd think they 'd know."

"Would you like to have Charlie tell you, children?" asked the teacher. A vigorous nodding of a score of heads was her answer.

"Will you tell them, Charlie?"

"I was talkin' to myself," said he.

"And what were you saying?"

"I said, I am spirit. I aint body."

"Go on, Charlie."

"The map didn't strike me, and I just telled my body if I didn't feel bad, it needn't, 'cause it don't have any feelin's cept what I put into it. Spirit can't get hurt an' I'm Spirit, you know."

"I am afraid the children do not quite understand you Charlie," said Miss Brown.

"Well, you see, my mama says my body is the house I live in but the house aint me, and I aint the house. If the map falls on my house it doesn't hit me, and I aint goin' to cry 'cept I'm hurt. Now you see Spirit can't be hurt, and my house don't

know anything 'cept what I tell it. I do all its thinkin' an' feelin' and it doesn't have anything to cry about. See?"

Miss Brown thought she understood, but was not quite sure the children did. You Wee Wisdoms will, because you have learned that your body is a temple where your mind works, and if your mind thinks *true* thoughts, your bodily-temple is healthy but if your mind thinks wrongly, your temple gets out of order. *You* are neither body nor mind, but Spirit, and you—Spirit—teach the mind to think truly. There being only one Spirit—God—we are all a part of It.

Charlie had great faith in God as the provider of all his wants. A little girl named Katie attended the same school,who, like Tom, the news-boy, had no mittens. Charlie noticed that her hands looked red and cold and one day he inquired if her mama couldn't buy a pair of mittens. She answered that her mama was very poor and couldn't buy mittens and many other things they needed more than mittens. Now the little boy knew that he had only to ask his mama for the money and she would give it to him, but he remembered what Katie had said about having to do without many things which she needed and his Christmas experience had taught how little Katie's wants could be provided for if she only knew how: so one day he explained to her,—

"Katie, I know how you can get mittens and lots of other thing."

"How?" asked the little one.

"You know 'bout God, don't you?"

"Yes," said Katie; he's up in the sky."

"He's everywhere" said Charlie.

"We can't see Him, Charlie."

"No, but we can *feel* 'im."

"Feel him! how, Charlie?"

Charlie had to stop and think awhile; finally he said, "Katie, there's something inside of you that loves people, isn't there?"

"Yes, if they are good."

"Well, you can't *see* that thing that loves, can you?"

"No, 'course I can't: I just feel it."

"That's it, Katie; that's God in you 'cause He's love. Now 'bout the mittens; Love—that's God, wants you to be comfortable, but you've got to ask Him."

"Can I make him hear, Charlie?"

"Yes, 'cause He's in you: He's love"

"What shall I say to Him, Charlie?"

"Just the same as you say to your mama when you want things. Say, "Please God, give me some mittens to keep my hands warm," and He'll be sure to send you a pair."

"How, Charlie?"

"Oh, I don't know; it don't make any difference *how*, so's you get 'em." And he told her about his Christmas mittens, adding, "I guess you better not talk to folks 'bout it Katie, 'cause they might make fun, you know; some folks don't seem to 'blieve God is good to everybody just alike."

Katie promised, for she had great respect for Charlie since the affair of the map. It seemed a great thing to her for him not to cry or make a fuss. Everyday she and Charlie held a private consultation, and he told her to keep expecting, which she did, and one day, before a week had passed she found a good pair of mittens lying right in her path home from school. She and Charlie had a very exultant time over the result of their united faith but still they agreed to keep it all to themselves, except to tell their mamas and Miss Brown.

Katie soon asked God for a new dress and shoes to wear to school as she was ashamed of her old ragged ones, and she was supplied in God's own way. Charlie was deeply interested in all this, and her constant adviser. The little boy found it very easy to have faith in the providing God, and his faith was a great help to Katie.

I think all my dear little Wee's will find it easier to have faith in the Omnipresent Good, seeing that Charlie and Katie, and many others are daily receiving according unto their faith.—*Aunt Seg.*

"God's fingers are touching the keys." If we hold the right thought God will put his fingers around us so nothing can get at us but God.

Noticing the text "God is here," in Wee Wisdom, Everett suggested:—Instead of saying, God is here, they should have said, God is everywhere.

We gladly send out sample copies of Unity and Wee Wisdom. Send us a list of names. Unity Book Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Baby's Sunbeam.

Lucy C. Kellerhouse.

A ray of sunshine through the pane,
A little hand to hold
The light that falls upon her palm,
Like some bright coin of gold.

Then baby laughter, soft and low—
A sudden sweep of hand,
And close within her snowy hold
She's caught the shining strand.

With little face all wreathed in smiles,
The 'prisoned light is brought
In triumph by dear Babe to me
To show what she has caught.

Unbound the white bars of the cage—
For smiles, come tears instead;
The little hands are empty quite,
The bright wiged bird is fled!

Then Babe looks into Mother's eyes,
And sees a tender ray;
She's caught a Love-beam in her heart,
And *it* won't fly away.

Some Extracts.

"We should have no *musts* in our requirments; he that *must* have a cup of tea at a stated time, *must* have certain articles of food, *must* have woolen garments, *must* have baths and rooms of a certain temperature, is a slave to his body. Wherever there is a *must*, cut loose from it at once."

* * * * *

"Use the strong language of health, and health is yours, for, as I have told you, *words are the weapons of the Spirit*, and speaking the word of health and strength brings health and strength. You awaken with the headache. At once declare this is not you.

Say, 'I dwell in the Spirit and I let the Spirit do its work in and through me.' Open your heart and lips to this thought and then wait in the hushed stillness of your soul, for the Spirit's perfect work.

Wait in trust and faith, for you know the Spirit is perfect. You know the Spirit has power and that you are a child of the Spirit and have a right to health and strength. According to your word so shall it be."

* * * * *

"I once knew a lady who had what was called quick consumption. Swift had been the ravages of the disease. * * * Life in this form could not have lasted three weeks. Remedies and treatments of various sorts were equally powerless to set her thoughts right. One night, when the cough was so severe that it did not allow the breath to come between the paroxysms, she realized that she must help herself—that unless she could come under the law of the Spirit, then and there, she must soon go. So, with a fierce cry, she exclaimed in the silence, 'Spirit rules and in Spirit there is no pain, sickness or death.' She called to herself as to another person and over and over said, 'Mary, Mary, Spirit rules, there is no sickness, pain or death.'

"Away in the distance, as though drawn by a cord, her spirit seemed to approach and as it came near, (in her realization, of course,) the coughing ceased, a warm glow appeared on the surface and sleep ensued. Late in the morning she was awakened by a similar coughing spell, but remembering the words of relief, again she said, 'Mary, Mary, Spirit rules, there is no pain, sickness or death.' Quickly, oh! how quickly, the power of the word was manifest. Thus in one short week the phantom death was put to flight and a useful woman saved to her family and friends."—*From Dr. Goodrich's Lectures in "Koradine Letters."*

Glad Tidings.

Composed and sung by Mary Conner and her Mama.

TUNE: *Baby Mine.*

I've glad tidings of great joy,
Soul of mine, Soul of mine.
I have peace without alloy
Soul of mine, Soul of mine.
For the Truth has made me free,
Now the good alone I see;
And I know, from sin I'm free,
Soul of mine.

Oh, how dark my life once seemed,
Soul of mine, Soul of mine;
What it was I little dreamed,
Soul of mine, Soul of mine.
Now I know it's given me
To prove the Truth that makes me free,
Through the Christ I find in me.
Soul of mine.

The Story of a Babe.

LUCY C. KELLERHOUSE.

A great many, many years ago, in the far-off land of Egypt, a little baby boy was born. He was a Hebrew baby, and the Egyptian King had said that all Hebrew baby boys were to be thrown into the Nile river that flowed through the heart of his land. The girl babies were not considered of so much account; the King would never fear them, so they were to be allowed to live.

The nurses were good women, and saved the poor little baby boys. But Mrs. Levi was fearful that the King would take her child, and kill him. So while he was yet very young and small, she kept him hid; and all day, and in the night, she thought of nothing but saving her little son. All day poor baby was kept hidden in the house; and it was only in the dusk, when the stars began to shine upon the great stone pyramids, and drop little star likenesses of themselves upon the bosom of the Nile, that he could be taken out of doors, and look through the shadows with wondering, baby eyes upon this grand strange land of the Egyptians. His mother sang lullabys to him in a soft, low voice, so that the Egyptians might not hear; and when he cried, she stilled his weeping with kises. As he grew older, she grew fearful that even his baby laughter would betray him, when little sister danced about him, and both were merry. She knew that soon she could hide him no more, and so her heart was heavy.

Then she went to God, and prayed. She prayed until peace filled her heart, and she knew that Baby would be saved. Aye, she felt in her heart that he would live to be a great man, and save his people from the Egyptians. She felt this down in her mother-heart, though she never told anyone of it.

"Sister," she said one day to her little daughter, "leave your household tasks this day, and go bring me an armful of bulrushes."

Sister must have been turning the little mill, and grinding the grain into flour; or perhaps she was standing in the yard, winnowing it; but she left her work, and went and brought her mother the rushes.

"Mother, what are they for?" she asked.

"A cradle-boat for your little brother," answered her mother. "To-night, when your father comes home after serving the Egyptians all day in the fields, he will build it."

And that night the father built the cradle-boat of bulrushes, and the mother made it strong and water-proof with slime and pitch.

"Mother, what are you going to do with this little boat?" asked Sister.

"I asked God what to do to save baby from the cruel Pharaoh, and this is what he told me to do," replied the mother.

It was now early morning. She took Baby in her arms, and kissed him as she held him close; then she lay him in the ark of bulrushes, and carried it down to the river.

"Mother, mother, don't send him out upon the cruel river!" cried Sister, when they came to where the Nile lapped lazily upon the sand.

"Hush, child," said her mother. "The Nile is not cruel. It is the salvation of this rainless country. It bears the food of the people in its blue arms. Call it a kind and beautiful river. It saves the people. See, it will save my little son I trust him upon its bosom."

And she laid the ark of bulrushes among the flags that grew by the river's brink.

"Go, stand on the rise of ground," she said to Sister. "Watch your little brother, that no harm come to him."

She returned to her home; and Sister stood upon the little hill, and watched the baby in his boat.

Babe looked about him wonderingly. His little hands crept over the inside of his boat. He broke of a piece of loose pitch, and put it into his mouth. Then he began to cough, and spit it out, because it did not taste good; and he got it all over his little face, until he was as dark as an Egyptian baby. Then he lay still and listened to the song of the Nile as it flowed lazily through the flags by ths shore. It seemed to sing him a little song such as his mother sang to him. The leaves rustled above his head, and they, too, sang to him. He looked up at the spots of sun-

shine that came down through the flags. They ran to and fro on his face, as the flags moved in the breeze. He put up his little hands and played with the flags; and, Sister, on the hill-top, could see the baby hands fluttering in the air like little white butterflies.

The sun rose higher; but though Sister grew tired, and very warm in the bright sunlight, she kept her station on the hill, and never let her eyes wander from Baby in his boat, which she could see plainly through the flags. By-and-by she saw some people coming along the river, and as they drew closer, she saw that it was Pharaoh's daughter and her maids.

"She will see Baby," she cried, to herself.

Frightened tears came into her eyes, and she wanted to run and snatch her little brother from the river, and run, run, run with him. But she remembered her mother's bidding, and stayed still where she was. "Mother said that all would be well; and mother always knows," she said to herself.

She watched the Princess intently, and saw that she had come down to the river to bathe.

"We will stop here," said Pharaoh's daughter to her maidens, as they neared the flags; though Sister could not hear what she said.

"The flags grow too thick," said one of the maidens.

"Yes, I fear so," said the Princess. "We will go on yet a little farther. Hark, what is that? It is a baby crying."

And they went down close to the river, so that the water wet their sandals; and they saw the baby in his ark of bulrushes.

"Go, fetch him to me," said the Princess to one of her maidens.

And the girl gathered up her skirts, and waded out into the water, and brought back the dripping boat in her arms. She set it down upon the sand before the Princess, and the Princess stooped; and, pulling the sides of the ark well away, she took baby into her arms.

"It is one of the Hebrew's children." she said.

The baby, left so long alone upon the strange river, was crying as if his little heart would break. A look of compassion came upon the face of Pharaoh's daughter, and she held him closer, closer and kissed the little stained face.

When Sister saw that the Princess was holding Baby in her arms, she ran down the hill and approached her. The baby, when he saw Sister, began to laugh; and the Princess, knowing how children love babies, held him so that Sister could take his little fluttering hand in hers. Then Baby began to wail for his mother.

"I must have a nurse for the child," said the Princess.

"Kind Princess, let me fetch you a nurse of the Hebrew women, and she will take good care of the baby," cried Sister.

"So, then," said the Princess, "I will take the baby to the palace; bring the nurse there."

Already she began to love the child; and she would not allow one of her maidens to carry him, but held him herself, with his downy head close against her soft, dark neck.

His baby hands wandered aimlessly over her face; then he caught hold of her finger, and bit upon it with his little bald gums.

Presently he began to play with the golden serpents upon her arm. Then he cried. He was hungry and tired, and all was so strange to him. The little dirty face puckered up, and he wailed, and would not be comforted.

How fast Sister ran! How breathless she reached her mother! What glad news she had to tell! Poor Baby had not long to sob upon the shoulder of the Princess; for before long, he heard a loved, familiar voice—the same voice that had sung tender lullabys to him; and he saw a dear, familiar face—the same face that had bent so lovingly above him, and he cried, and stretched out his little arms, and was taken upon the bosom of mother.

"Take him home and nurse him for me," said Pharaoh's daughter, "and I will give you your wages. Have good care of him. He is a dear baby, and already I love him."

Then the mother left the palace with her baby in her arms; and she took him home and loved and cared for him, knowing that now the King would not slay him, and that God would keep His word which had come silently to her.

One of these Little Ones.



DEAR WEE WISDOM:— We had heard about you, but had not made your acquaintance until you came to us as a Christmas gift. We welcomed you heartily. We have been repeating the slumber thoughts from Aunt Emma's pillows. We like the one for Wednesday very much.

One night when we were repeating it together, mama says, "Let's sing it." So we all sang together, and I will send you the little song, as I have put it to music. I sometimes make up little melodies on the piano, and then write them in notes on paper. Mama likes me to do it, and says it will teach me harmony.

I'm eleven years old, but I like WEE WISDOM just the same, and mama says we are all children. I have a little brother Eliot, six years old, He stands side of mama with his eyes and mouth open when she reads the little stories from WEE WISDOM.

We did so like Mrs. Coonie's picture and her letter.

As some of the children are sending you their photos, I will send you one of mine, and shall expect to hear from you every month.

WARREN W. REED, 1138 Adams St., Dorchester, Mass.

It is real nice of Warren to share his music with us and we hope he'll do so some more.

"Uncle Dave" has given us his word that he will furnish the *pillow-thoughts* for our Easter number, if we 'll promise to get out some pretty Pillows. We promise. So if any of you would like to have the Easter pillows, printed in gold on either royal purple or cream satin, we can furnish them for 25 cents. The size of the satin will be 10 x 13 inches, with the pillows printed in the center. Can be mounted for banners, or made into "sure enough" pillows. But be sure your order reaches us by March 15, for we shall print them that day, and will make only enough to fill orders.

Lavernia.

Lavernia is a sweet, rosy-cheeked girlie of two-and-a-half years. Her sunny curls circle her head like a halo of light, and her large blue eyes are so clear you can look right through them into her beautiful soul. Her spirit shines out through her eyes and makes light wherever she goes. Lavernia's papa and mama are living in the Light, so Lavernia lives in the Light. She is a Truth-child and is unfolding her petals of beautiful life unhindered.

You know, children, these petals are the Divine Mind—some of them are white, which is purity, some are pink, which is love, and so on. When one knows of these little petals they feel very rich, for they know *all* they need is there already for use.
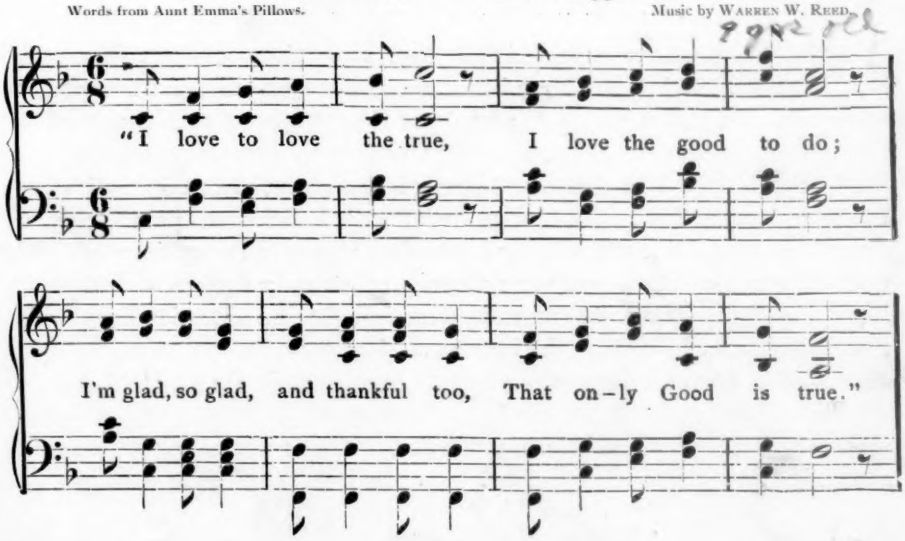
Little Lavernia seems to realize this, for she is very self-reliant and seems very wise sometimes. She fears nothing, will walk right under her papa's horses and they never harm her, for she loves them. She will go into a dark room, or run out to the barn when it is dark to meet her papa.

Quite lately she has had an experience that has taken her near Shadowland. It is known to mortal sense as lung fever, but Lavernia seemed to know the All-Good was with her, ready to let on the light of Truth and drive away the shadows of pain. She would say to her mama, "Say 'God is good' for Vernie, mama," then after a little while she would say, "Vernie feei bety, mama," and she came out of the as shadow clear and bright as ever.

Sometime after this she and mama would say "God is good" for her big sister Ethel, then Lavernia would look up wishfully and ask: "Eta feel bety?" and Ethel always felt better. VERNIE'S MAMA.

Pillow Song.

Words from Aunt Emma's Pillows. Music by WARREN W. REED.



The Story of the Little Pillows,

As told by Aunt Emma.

The editor has asked several times for the "Story of the Little Pillows," and wont take "No" for an answer, so Aunt Emma will try to stop in her busy life and go back over "Memory's Rapid Transit Railway" to the land of "Once-upon-a-time," where she was a Wee Wisdom with a brainful of queer fancies and always an enquiring "Why?" in her mouth, until her papa used to say she was nothing but a big interrogation point (**?**). Now these fancies were not always the bright fairies and angels they should have been, but were distorted into ugly black witches *and things*, especially at night when she was put to bed, and they would keep her awake and trouble her with their ugly appearances. They were really fairy and angel thoughts "thinked" wrong, and so appeared to be very witches.

One day Aunt Emma's mama read a story to her—I think it was a translation from the German—where a little boy was given "thought pillows" on which to rest his heart, when he retired at night. These thought-pillows were peaceful, reassuring bible texts.

The suggestion was just what was needed, and every night a soft, comfortable thought-pillow was tucked in that busy little brain with the good night kiss and all the witch thoughts were turned into fairies and angels.

If you want to know the down with which these pillows were filled—it was changed every night and there never was any lack of new—just take your bible and see how many kind, loving things Jesus said when on earth.

You will find the pillows this month filled with the down of some of my mama's texts to her little Emma.

.. ..

Many of *you* have repeated *little* Aunt Emma's experience since you, too, have tucked in your busy brain these thought-pillows furnished in Wee Wisdom. But both you and Aunt Emma, *grown up*, have made a step farther in the understanding that these thought-pillows could not only keep off the bad dream-witches of the night, but could dissolve the troublesome dreams of mortal belief called sickness, pain, sorrow, etc. You and Aunt Emma now know that "only the good is true," and *only* the good comes if you have a care to tuck only the good into your busy thought. When we entertain true thoughts we entertien the angels that bring to us Life, Health, Peace and Joy.

A dear friend writes that she had some unyielding chronic cases which she put to rest upon our little Pillows and the result was miraculous—they all sprang swiftly into Health. That's what comes of us all resting on *one* Pillow every night.

The Fool's Christmas.

Florence May Alt,
in St. Nicholas.

On Christmas eve, the king, disconsolate,
Weary with all the round of pomp and state,
Gave whisper to his fool: "A merry way
Have I bethought to spend our holiday,
Thou shalt be king, and I the fool will be—
And thou shalt rule the court in drollery
For one short day!" With caper, nod, and grin,
Full saucily replied the harlequin:
"A merry play; and, sire, amazing strange
For one of us to suffer such a change!
But thou! Why, all the kings of earth," said he,
"Have played the fool, and played it skillfully!"
Then the king's laugh stirred all the arras dim,
Till courtiers wondered at his humor grim.
And so it chanced, when wintry sunbeams shone
From Christmas skies, lo! perched upon the throne
Sat Lionel the Fool, in purple drest,
The royal jewels blazing on his breast.
On Christmas morning, too, the king arose,
And donned, with sense of ease, the silken hose
Of blue and scarlet; then the doublet red
With azure slashed; upon his kingly head,
That wearied oft beneath a jeweled crown,
He drew the jingling hood, and tied it down.
All day he crouched amid the chill and gloom—
None seeking him—within the turret room.
But when calm night with starry lamps came down
Her purple stairs, he crept forth to the town.
His scanty cape about his shoulders blew,
Close to his face the screening hood he drew.
He knocked first at a cottage of the poor,
And lo! flew open wide the ready door.
"We have not much to give, dear fool," they said,
"But thou art cold; come share our fire and bread!"
With willing hands they freed his cape from snow,
And warmed and cheered him ere they let him go.
And so 't was ever. By the firelight dim
Of many a hearthstone poor they welcomed him.
And children who would shun the king in awe,
Would scamper to the doorway if they saw
The scarlet peak of Lionel's red hood.
"Dear fool," they called him loudly, "thou wert good
To bring the frosted cake! Come in and see
Our little Lisbeth—hark! she calls for thee!"
And so 't was ever. On his way the king
With softened heart saw many a grievous thing:
But love he found, and charity. And when
He crept at dawn through palace gates again,
He knew that he who rules by fear alone
May sit securely on his dreaded throne:
But he who rules by love shall find it true
That love, the milder power, is mightier, too.
"Dear fool," he said, "thou art a king, in sooth:
The king of hearts! To-day no farce, but truth!
For I have seen that thou, beneath my rule,
Hast often played the king, and I the fool.



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

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

Epistles.

JOHNSTOWN, WYO., Jan. 18, 1895.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—As the question has arisen regarding S. E. G's future signature, and as Dr. Charlie thinks "Aunt Seg too "scratchy" my brother and I have decided to write all the other Wee Wisdoms and tell them what we think about it. Though we would hardly be called *Wee* Wisdoms we take just as much pleasure in the dear paper as the little ones do. Now what do you think of calling S. E. G. Sunbeam, or Aunt Sunbeam? That would be original and then, too, we would always think of the beautiful song she wrote. Aunt Sarah is not exactly an original name while the other two are; and would be very appropriate for her because she always brings so much *sunshine* in her little poems and stories. From a constant reader

K. E. C.

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JOHNSTOWN, WYO,, Jan. 18, 1895.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—No, I do not think "Aunt Seg" is "scratchy;" but seeing that Dr. Charlie does, I propose that we call "S. E. G." Aunt Sunbeam, or Sunbeam, because she writes such sunshiny stories, and because she wrote the song for us named "Sunbeam." What do WEE WISDOM and Dr. Charlie think of that name? If Dr. Charlie thinks Sunbeam "scratchy" I am sure I don't know what I shall do, because I cannot think of another name. From one of your many interested readers.

HENRY SEYMOUR CHURCH.

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LEAVENWORTH, KAS., Jan. 1895.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—I've been reading you and like you so much that I am going to ask you to take me into your love and make me one of you. Did you ever see a little paper called *The Orphan's Friend?* It tells all about a lot of little children who have neither father nor mother, and are taken care of by kind and loving people who are God's messengers to those wee ones. I said that they had neither father nor mother, but I do not forget the *One* loving Father whose children we all are. You see this dear Father leads kind people to provide homes and clothes and food; yes, and *love* too, for these children. Now, dear Wee Wisdoms, would you not like to do something for these little homeless ones? Of course you would, and as you know our Father is everywhere in the universe, caring for even the sparrows, so I am sure you will say at once that these little ones are not orphans, but are cared for in every particular. They do not need to worry when their fathers and mothers leave them, they can never want for any good thing, while they acknowledge God in all their ways. Now perhaps you have jackets and dresses, pants and various good and useful things out grown; you don't want to put them away in trunks or hide them in closets where there are no boys and girls to wear them, do you? And an-

other thing, these little ones must be furnished bread, for you know we all love good things to eat. Now I am sure you have found something to do in two ways for these dear children of our Father. First bless them in your hearts with true thoughts; and the rest I need not tell you for you know. You little Wee Wisdoms are a great power in the world, if you are wee folk for you have great faith in the presence and abundance of our Father. Lovingly your friend,

M. M. Van Fossen.

(You declare truly, Mrs. Van Fossen, our Wisdoms are a power; and now with *one* loving purpose and *one* unwavering faith let all Wee Wisdoms pull together in strong affirmations of supply for these dear children whom the world call orphans—knowing well, that God our Father is alike the bountiful Father of all His children. Open your hearts and open your hands to these children, *bless* your pennies and dimes and the clothes you have outgrown and send them along to *emphasize* the blessings your hearts pour out upon these dear children. Direct your words and gifts of love to

Mrs. M. M. Van Fossen,
Orphan's Home,
Leavenworth, Kas.

She will see that that they are delivered safely. Ed.)

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Tell Wee Wisdom one child thinks S. E. G. should be called Aunt Sunshine, 'cause she makes us feel good, just like sunshine does.—*F. L. Pomona, Cal.*

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One friend writes,—"I hope that sometime you will explain the 'Sunbeam Society' which is mentioned in December Wee Wisdom."

(Now, Mrs. Selby, you or one of your Sunbeams are elected to tell us all about it, quick. Ed.)

"Sunny deeds will make a sunny day,
Let the cold sky be what it may;
Bright with sun sparkles, or shrouded in gray,
Still sunny deeds will make a sunny day."

Aunt Seg's Catechism.

Wee Wisdoms.— Won't you tell us more about God? We didn't get quite enough last time.

Aunt Seg. Well, what question have you to ask?

W. W.—Will you please talk right along, and when a question comes we'll ask it?

A.—That is a good plan, and I will begin by asking you a few questions. Did I tell you that God is a person?

W. W.—You said God is Principle.

A.—Principle of what?

W.—Of Life, Intelligence and Love.

A.—What do you understand by Principle?

W.—It is something that works out things.

A.—How does the Life Principle work?

W.—It keeps Life going in everything.

A.—And the Principle of Intelligence?

W.—It shows all people what to do and how to do it, and it makes things that can't think for themselves act wisely.

A—And the Principle of Love?

W.—It makes people kind and loving.

A.—Well, now little ones, what do *you* think of God?

W.—We think He is good.

A.—That is just where I wish to begin this lesson. God is the Good.

W.—What makes you say *the* Good?

A.—If I say God is Good I am describing God, or the Principle of Life, Intelligence and Love. If I say God is *the* Good I am speaking of the Principle, not describing it. God was once spelled with two o's instead of one and so was called Good instead of God. When we speak of this Great Principle we like to call it the Good for we have an idea of what the Good means.

W.—What does it mean please?

A.—It means the highest, grandest, loviest ideas we can conceive of all put into One, and that One is God our Good. Now where is our Good, children?

W.—Everywhere.

A.—Then there is nothing but good is there?

W.—Why, it seems as if there were lots of bad.

A—Only *seems so*, my dears; You know that many things appear very different from what they really are, do you not?

For example, if you were to pick up a butternut with its rough black shell, and you did not know that inside of the shell was a delicious bit of meat, you would say it was not good for anything; but you know that the rough shell protects the meat, until it is ripe and fit to eat. You see the nut has an inside and an outside, and both are good.

Every person is like the nut, that is they are outside and inside. Inside is the Spirit—outside the body. You can see that the Spirit is not the body just as the meat is not the shell. Spirit is perfect and if the person would only let spirit act and speak through their personality there would never be seen anything to pronounce bad or evil. What part of you is it that thinks, children?

W.—It is the mind.

A.—Yes, some call it the thinking principle. Why do they call it so, do you think?

W.—Is it because it works out thoughts?

A.—Yes. It is your work-shop; if the boy or girl has learned to know God—that is, if they have learned that they are in truth Spirit and divine; if they understand what the wonderful Life Principle called God is to each of them what kind of thoughts do you think this thinking principle will turn out?

W.—Good and loving thoughts.

A.—True, and those boys and girls show out their spiritual or true nature do they not?

W.—Yes, like Dr. Charlie.

A.—Well, all children would act like Charlie if somebody did not start wrong thoughts to going in their minds. They begin by thinking innocently, and by and by some older person tells them that such a boy or girl is bad and they mustn't have anything to do with them, and then the sweet, pure, healthy thoughts turn sour and proud and condemning, so the child appears just according to his thoughts, do you see?

W.—And is it wrong thinking that makes evil?

A.—Wrong thoughts make a bad appearonce because they hide the goodness and truth of the *real* boy or girl, which is the Holy Spirit in every one: just as a black, heavy cloud hides the sun for awhile. But you never think of blaming the cloud, nor do you say there is no sun, for you know the cloud is only an appearance and will soon pass away. Do you understand me children?

W.—Yes; we understand that the cloud isn't the sun, nor the bad appearance the boy.

A.—Then what will you say if someone behaves in a way you do not like?

W.—That it is only an appearance.

A.—What causes a bad appearance?

W.—Wrong thoughts.

A.—Which is real, the sun or cloud?

W.—The sun.

A.—Which are real, right or wrong thoughts?

W.—Right thoughts.

A.—Well, children, what have you learned about God in this lesson?

W.—That God is our Good, and our Good is everywhere.

A.—What about evil?

W.—It is only wrong thoughts showing out.

A.—The only Absolute Reality is what?

W.—The Good.

The First Snow.

In the land of orange-blossoms,
Where the figs and banyans grow,
Dwelt a little Southern maiden
Who had never seen it snow.

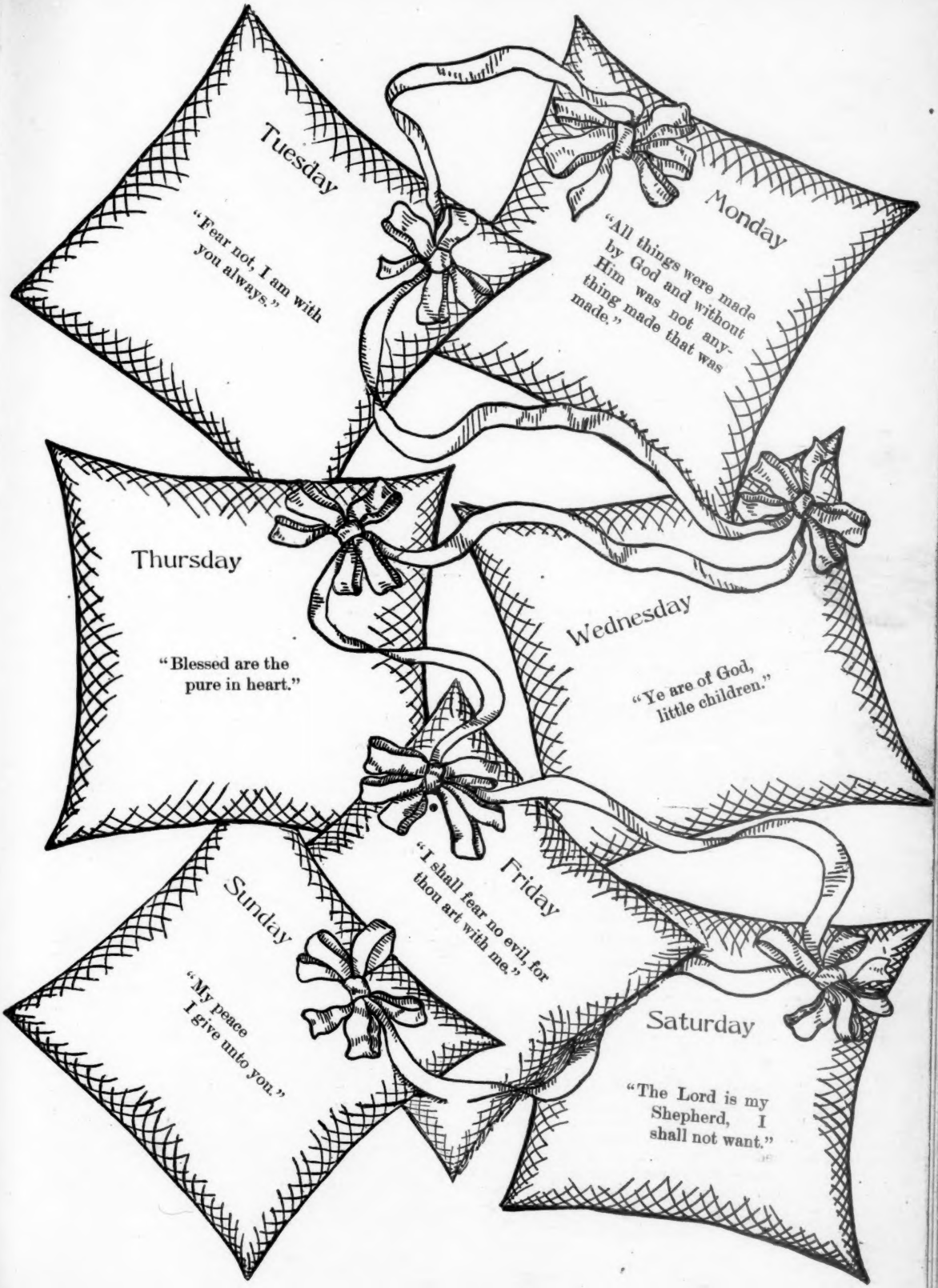
Visiting her Northern cousins—
From the gray November skies,
For the first time falling snowflakes
Met her startled, wond'ring eyes.

In excitement, to her mother
Straight this little maiden sped:
"Mama! quick! Do see the angels
Emptying their feather bed!"

—*Child Garden.*

We must praise the Spirit a great deal; not because it needs our praise, but because praise is the law of love. We must thank Spirit for all the blessings we desire, as that is praying as if we had already received, which we were told by Jesus is the true prayer.—*Eleve.*

"Truth is one,
And in all lands beneath the sun
Whoso hath eyes to see, may see
The tokens of its unity."—*Whittier.*


Tuesday
"Fear not, I am with you always."
Monday
"All things were made by God and without Him was not anything made that was made."
Thursday
"Blessed are the pure in heart."
Wednesday
"Ye are of God, little children."
Friday
"I shall fear no evil, for thou art with me."
Sunday
"My peace I give unto you."
Saturday
"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

WEE WISDOM

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