WEE·WISDOM



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



VOL. II. KANSAS CITY, MO., JANUARY, 1895. NO. 5.

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. January, 1895. Number 5.

The Child and the New Year.

Mary F. Butts, in The Outlook.

Little New Year, little New Year,
Born in the winter weather,
I am young like you, and hand in hand
We will journey on together.

Little New Year, little New Year.
By trying every day,
I hope to be good company
Until you go away.

Our New Year.

Dear children, a New Year has begun on earth with us all.

I wonder if it has begun in heaven with us all. You would like to know what I mean, wouldn't you? Well, heaven and earth mean something more than places for our bodies to walk around in. Heaven means that part of your thinking self which always thinks truly and purely.

You have discovered, have you not, that you sometimes think thoughts which you do not approve of? What part of you is it that does not like wrong thinking? It is your true Self and its state of mind is heaven, for heaven is just a condition of joy and peace and love. Indeed, it is made up of love. Love always thinks purely. Bad thoughts make hell, and when you read about heaven and hell you just remember that they are states of mind, or thinking. Earth means the temple which the mind lives in, or the body. It is a very pure and healthy and happy temple if the thoughts are pure and loving, but it gets very sickly and weak and miserable if the mind thinks unkindly or impurely.

Earth is still more than the body. All the people we deal with, our home, our work and all things of our earthly lives are *our* earth, just as our pure clean thoughts are our heaven. Now, my dears, you can see that if our New Year begins right in our minds, just thinking purely, speaking kindly, acting wisely, will make our earth a heaven also.

Now, that is where we intend to begin our New Year, isn't it? We are all children even if our bodies do grow and become what we call men and women.

Mother Wisdom, Mother Goose, Aunt Emma and I, with all the rest of Wee Wisdoms nurses, have to begin the New Year by making a new covenant with the Holy Spirit, that we will think purely, speak kindly, and act wisely in all things. But, dears, it is not so difficult to do this after you try faithfully a little while. Your thoughts are your kingdom. You are the king. You know another King greater than you, who is always helping you to keep your kingdom in order. You, dear little people, are the sheep of His pasture, the lambs of *His* fold, and he never loses sight of you. When your thoughts children, get unruly and think wrongly, you just remember your King and say, "I am your good child, Oh! loving Father; I think purely, speak kindly, act wisely, because I am one of the lambs of your fold, and am folded in your love." This little prayer will drive wrong thoughts right out of their wrong thinking, for they begin to think purely right away. They do just as you tell them to do. And New Year means more than most people think it does. You are full of intelligence, for God, our King, gives all his children just the same whether they are large or small, and so I talk to you upon big subjects just as I would to big Wisdoms. A year in the Bible means a state of mind instead of a length of time. It usually means a new state of mind: As if some great new and beautiful thought comes into your mind straight from the Holy Spirit and you see all things in a new

bright light, and your heart is very light and happy, and your thoughts obey you more easily and keep in better order. This would to be you a New Year, and these New Years come very often if we use all the opportunities the Holy Spirit gives us day by day to learn lessons of truth and love. This is what we–you and I, are going to try and do. My dear little Ones, God give you many, many happy and blessed New Years—*Aunt Seg.*

"*Pride Goeth Before a Fall.*"

A Parable.

There was once a big fat thistle that had grown up among the wheat. It had shoved aside every blade of grass that had come near it; had taken the place of the wheat stalks and monopolized all the land over which it could spread its fat leaves. It would not tolerate any other plant to grow near it, but shot forth its prickly spears in all directions in a-touch-me-if-you-dare-fashion.

Finding itself, as it believed, superior to every other plant in the field, it grew very proud and began to talk in Latin, big swelling words; and this is what it said.

"*Nemo me impunio lacessit.*" Which means in plain English, "Nobody shall touch me without being punished, or as the poet Burns says, "I take daunts from nobody."

When this thistle looked down upon the thin blades of grass and wheat which he himself had deprived of food, his pride swelled within him and he burst into song.

"I'm monarch of all this fair land.
No rival my power can withstand,
I drink every morning the heavenly dew,
And no one can say, 'I'm equal with you.'"

Now you know, my dear children, when people begin to boast and praise themselves they grow very proud and look down upon other people and forget to love their neighbors and work only for self interest. When you see that, remember the old proverb, "Pride goeth before a fall."

Now this very thing happened to the thistle. One morning when he was swinging his his leaves in the breeze and nodding contentedly with his head, there passed by a meek ass, who was in search of a breakfast; he saw the fat thistle and straightway walked up to it and made a feast of it.

The ass stands for meekness, the thistle for pride and the moral gained from this little story is, that meekness being of a higher nature than pride, meekness can always overcome pride, but pride can never hurt meekness.

And we know by the words of the Master, The meek shall inherit the kingdom.—*Conrad.*

Song of the Lark.

Little Blossom, peek-a-boo,
Hiding in the shadow:
I am on my way to you,
Flying o'er the meadow.

I'm a bird, and I can sing,
All the livelong day;
But I'm not so sweet as you
Little floweret gay.—S. E. G.

Marguerite, aged three years, once had great faith in headaches, but now she says to the first little pain, "*Go 'way, go 'way. You don't 'long to me*"—repeating it many times. Of course it goes away as fast as ever it can. She sings,—

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
I know I to him belong,
For he makes me well and strong."

Her brother, Verner, two years older did not possess her faith and so was complaining of a sore and lame knee. She told him her little word and he repeated it, but cried because the pain did not go away. "*Say it some more,*" she insisted, which he did and awoke free and happy. Then they sat on the steps and sang their little song of praise together. MRS. L.

"The old story of Saint Theresa is true to-day of our work for the Lord. Theresa longed to build a much-needed hospital. People laughed at her, taunted her with her poverty. 'Theresa with three pence! What can you do with three pence?' She said: 'Theresa with her three pence can do nothing. Theresa with her three pence and God Almighty can do anything.' And she built the hospital."

New Year's Day in Boston.

"Such a snow storm! O my! exclaimed Dr. Charlie, when he opened wide his blue eyes upon the snow covered earth.

A snow that stays on for a day or two—long enough to have a sleigh ride, is not a common occurrence in Boston, and this snow bid fair to pile pretty high. Charlie dressed in the biggest kind of a hurry, and then just as he was about to rush down stairs he suddenly remembered something, and going very softly he peeped into the open door of the breakfast room. What *could* Charlie be doing? He crept on his hands and knees through the doorway, then under the table to where his papa sat reading the morning paper. All at once there issued from under the table a vociferous shout, "Hurrah! hurrah! A Happy New Year, Mr. Papa!!!" Now Mr. Howard seemed very much frightened and springing up he dropped his paper, saying, "*Dear me! what is that? I'm so scared!*" whereupon he dashed into the sitting room and hid behind mama, Charlie chasing him on all fours and growling like a young bear. Now, mama wasn't afraid at all, and she caught the little two-legged bear in her arms and nearly smothered him with kisses. Then papa seemed to recover his courage and he slowly and cautiously emerged from his hiding place; but alas, the young bear nearly throttled him and all he could do was to submit to a tremenduous hugging, but it didn't seem to hurt him; on the contrary he rather seemed to like it. Strange, wasn't it? After breakfast, papa had an errand down town and Charlie went along. Charlie never teased, or bothered and so was permitted to do pretty much as he pleased. He scarcely ever went to town that he did not buy some fresh flowers for his mama. It was what she best liked and papa understanding this, always supplied the funds. Today, Charley chose pure white lilies, which indeed were his favorite flowers. He said they made him think of the angels mamma had told him about. Papa sent him home on the street car saying he would come later. When he entered the sitting room he stopped in surprise; there was his baby cradle that he used to be rocked in, and in it—"Oh! Oh! Oh!!! "my Peace baby," he shouted, "my little darling Peace baby!!!" and down he dropped on his knees, his rosy face radiant with joy and tenderness.

Little Peace was the cunningest sight; she had kicked her little pink feet quite clear of their coverings and they were performing wonderful gymnastics, I can assure you. The same sort of activity with variations was going on with tiny hands, and such a 'gooing.'

Charlie just kept quiet and adored his wonderful 'Peace baby.' Three people stood in the door watching, with shining eyes. The lilies had fallen from their wrappings and lay upon the carpet shedding their sweetest fragrance. Mama stepped forward and picked them up saying, "Are these for me, Charlie boy?"

"Yes, mama, he answered softly but let me lay one right here over my little Peace baby," saying which, he placed one just above the baby's head on the pillow: Then he kissed Auntie and Grandma and gave them one of his loving bear hugs, but after that returned to his post by the cradle. He was very quiet, for noisy Charlie, and after quite a long while Grandma asked "Why so still, Charlie dear?

"I don't know, grandma, 'cept it's because I just want to look at my baby; isn't she mine, Auntie?" he asked with a touch of anxiety.

"Yes, darling, she is your very own," replied Auntie. He wished to hold baby in his arms, but grandma was afraid to let him do so, still he did so want to touch her.

Then a comfort was spread upon the carpet and he was allowed to lie down with little Peace in his arms. After awhile he began to sing in his happy content and when the three ladies again turned their attention that way both the children were asleep. One might go far before seeing such a sweet picture as they made: the sturdy rosy faced boy and the tiny flower-like Peace-baby.

It broke upon three watchers with a wonderful significance. Many plans were suggested throughout the day for Charlie's entertainment, but nothing could draw his attention away from baby for long. He did take Grandma and Auntie to his play house where his white dove had a

beautiful little house all by herself, and Charlie *did* love her so; but he confessed that his baby was dearer still.

Doggie was there also curled up on a soft rug. Charlie made him stand on his hind feet and ask for a bite; he also made him run and try to catch his tail, which made grandma and auntie laugh till the tears ran down their faces. He opened the door of his dove's little house, and standing at the other side of the room he made a soft cooing noise which caused the dove to fly straight to him and perch upon his extended hand.

He would toss her up into the air but she would fly back to his hand; then he put his hands in his pockets but the dove then found a resting place upon his shoulder.

The boy and dove seemed well mated. Charlie's New Year was not a very eventful one but it was full of quiet happiness and peace.

Along in the night mama heard him singing and she went to his room. He was singing in his sleep with his arms tightly hugged together. Mama knew he was dreaming of his baby, and she went back without disturbing him. The next morning at breakfast he said he had a dream. I will relate it in his own words:

"I dremp I was in a great splendid garden full of flowers. All kinds, you know; well, 'cause I like lilies best I 'spose, I looked round for 'em. Soon as I began to look for lilies *all* the flowers turned into lilies, wasn't it queer, mama? But I didn't mind, 'cause I never had enough before. Pretty soon a angel come and said "Charlie, don't you want something besides lilies?" I said, "Yes'm I 'spect I do. I like my dove and my Peace baby better 'n I do lilies, 'course." Now, mama, what'd you think she did? she kissed a great beautiful lily and it spread out like a cradle and she said, "Look up, Charlie."

I looked up and a little white cloud came down out of the sky and fell right into the lily, and then the cloud broke apart and there was my Peace baby a laughin' and a goo-in just like anything. Babie looked *so sweet*, and I just rocked the lily cradle and sung to her. Something waked me up and I was orful sorry, but I've got my baby all the same.

"Wasn't that a great dream, mama?"

"Yes, dear, and what do *you* think?"

I heard you singing in the night and I went to you. You had your arms hugged tightly together and was singing in your sleep."

"How funny," said Charlie. "But mama I think that must have been a angel dream don't you?"

"What do you mean by angel dreams, Charlie?" asked papa.

"Why, papa, if I go to sleep with angel thoughts in my mind, I dream of angels."

"What are angel thoughts, my boy?"

"Just good loving thoughts, papa; that's what mama says."

"I always think 'em 'fore I go to sleep."

Dear Wee Wisdoms, this is Dr. Charlie's New Year's lesson for you and me and all.
—*Aunt Seg.*

Dolly's Lesson.

Come here, you nigoramus!
I'm 'shamed to have to 'fess
You don't know any letter
'Cept just your cookie S.

Now listen, and I'll tell you—
This round hole's name is O,
And when you put a tail in,
It makes it Q, you know.

And if it has a front door
To walk in at, it's C
Then make a seat right here
To sit on, and it's G.

And this tall letter, dolly,
Is I, and stands for me;
And when it puts a hat on,
It makes a cup o' T.

And curly I is J, dear,
And half of B is P.
And E without his slippers on
Is only F, you see!

You turn A upside downwards,
And people call it V;
And if it's twins, like this one,
W 'twill be.

Now, dolly, when you learn 'em,
You'll know a great big heap—
Most much's I—O, *dolly!*
I b'lieve you've gone asleep!

—*The Youth's Companion.*

Love's Message.

Our Love is seven years old; although she cannot see to read and write as most children can, yet she can do lots of arithmetic in her head—quite hard numbers and long problems. She wants to learn about everything that there is in God's beautiful world, and more and better than that, she is as loving as her own sweet name. Here is her message to WEE WISDOM—two little pieces of poetry:—

"MY BABY BROTHER."

Just in the room a little ways
There is a *picture*. Oh! so pretty!
And it has pearls in its mouth!
And roses red, and blue forget-me-nots,
With white and fleecy snow around!
But when the night falls down in dark,
The lids do close on the forget-me-nots;
For they do keep them from all the harm,
And God does tend them through the night.

It is only my baby Brother—
With beauty blue eyes and cheeks as roses,
And eyes as forget-me-nots.

And best of all he squabbles and squirms
And has his pearls for teeth.
His precious dimpled hands are so nice
And play about on tables so bright;
And he slaps his tiny hands.

At night all still his eyelids close
For God doth keep them with His strength.

And how could people get along without this dear
God to help them along?

How could the love for our dear friends
Be so strong without dear God to help us along?

CHRISTMAS TIME.

The wind was high and blowing far
A little man comes riding by
In a car of white
He drops the snowflakes far and near.

And best of all he paints his pictures
Of hills and forests and mountains high,
And what's his name?
Jack Frost.

But Santa comes on Christmas morn
The Christmastide is coming now!
The children hang their stockings up,
And wait for Santa, who dressed in fur,
Is coming from Greenland far away.

Down through the chimney he rattles about;
And then fills the stockings with candy and nuts.
And then little Mabel wakes with the dawn
To see what she has for Christmas morn.

A Dollie! For my old one is cracked;
For this one has red hair and her name is Dora;
And the one who has black hair is Rachel.

But now Santa brought me so many candy and nuts.
Mama won't let me eat them, she made me give them all to Jane.

And then mama went on a visit to the mountains;
And next Christmas Day was happy and free
For Santa had come, and brought me candy and nuts;
And a Rachel and a Dora were both given to me
For my having given mine to Jane.

—Dictated by Lovelia Hiltz to Kate Cheyse. Dec. 30th. 1894.

* * * *

Dear little Love! How glad we all are that she thought to send us these sweet pictures from her own loving heart,—surely there are no dark places in there.

Yet they say, "little Love is blind."

Nay! It is not true. With all our soul we declare—*It is not true.* Love is God's own child and God is the Father of Light. How then can the human thought hold her in darkness? It has no power to do so.

Dear little Love, "Arise, shine, for thy light has come and the glory of the Lord is upon thee."

In Christ's dear name,
In God's clear light,
Be free! be whole!
Receive thy sight!

(Let all Wee Wisdoms declare this truth for little Love.—*Editor.*)

One of these Little Ones.

DEAR WEE WISDOMS: We are glad to introduce to you Freddie Dienstbier, of St. Louis, Mo. His Sunday school superintendent has kindly sent him to make us this photo visit, and this is what he says of him:



Freddie is seven years old and one of the brightest scholars of our C. S. Sunday school, and shows his knowl edge of our science by demonstration. He treated his father for rheumatism, and dispelled the belief in one night by affirming that God is life and denying that evil has any power. In another instance when he was suffering from a high fever (according to mortal sense) his mother wished to give him some medicine, but he said, "No, mama, I am a son of God and God is my life, and death and evil have no power over me." He was well enough to go to school next morning. At another time he was scratched in the face by a dog, and, coming home with his face covered with blood, frightened his mother so that she sent for some brandy. He said "No, I will not have you put that on my face. You do not call that Christian Science, do you? I will hold a good thought and you do the same, and all will be well in a few days;" and so it was.

Verily, out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God has ordained strength. SUPERINTENDENT ST. LOUIS C. S. SUNDAY SCHOOL.

How many of *you* have learned to shut the door on sickness, like Freddie did?

How many of you will have nothing but *true words* rubbed on your scratches and bruises?

If any of you have not yet learned to shut off the sick, just try Freddie's words. Say to the fever, or whatever they call the wrong picture they are seeing on you: "Go away! You are not true. I am a Son of God and God is my life, and death and evil have no power

over me." You just say that with all the loyalty of a true Son and you will begin to see what our Father does for a child that stands up boldly and believes in Him only.

How many of you have magic lanterns? You have all seen them and know how they work? Yes? Well, where is the real picture, in the slide or on the canvas?

"In the slide, of course."

Suppose some boy who didn't understand this, should try to rub the picture off the canvas. Could he do it, ever? No? Why? How must he get it off the canvas, then?

"Take out the slide."

How quickly you would make him master of the magic that commands the pictures on the canvas at will, just by showing him the trick of managing the slide. It's all so easy when you understand, isn't it?

Well, now, Freddie has learned the magic trick of thinking rightly. You can see, when he doesn't like the picture of sickness, thrown upon his body, he doesn't try to wipe it out with medicine. That would be as foolish as the boy's attempt to rub the lantern-picture off the canvas. He just changes the slide. He puts God into his thought and takes fear out,—that shows forth health. See?

If you haven't learned to manage the magic lantern of your mind, you'd better learn the trick right now.

"For as a man thinketh so is he."

Look after the pictures you hold in your thoughts, see that they are just such kind as you desire to behold upon the canvas of your outside world.

Fear, danger, fretfulness or unkindness of any sort held in the slide of thought, make very unpleasant pictures to look upon.

The beauty of the City of God will glow out to you on the canvas of your every-day, when you keep the glory of Good always in the slide of your thought.

.. ..

Wee Wisdoms who are resting every night upon Aunt Emma's downy pillows, will be glad to know that these pillows have a dear, tender history which Aunt Emma has promised to tell us soon, perhaps next month, and give us their original message.

Many are telling of the peace and gladness and healing these pillows have brought to them, because filled with the substance of God.

"*God is Love.*" Love thinketh no evil, Love is kind. Isn't that *truth* a sweet resting place for little heads and hearts?

I remember a little girl who was taught to keep the *fear* of God before her always, and she *did.* Every night when she went to bed she would kneel and beg God to not kill her that night, but to just let her live till morning. She was a real loving-hearted little girl and oh! how she would have blossomed with gladness to have known God was the giver and not the taker of life; to have known Him as the very substance of the tenderness and love she craved.

She *knows* now and wants every little craving heart to satisfy itself with God's all-present love.

Wee Wisdom's Reception Room.

Again Welcome! A brand new year is before us. What a big book full of everydays!

Why, it looks like the biggest kind of an undertaking for *us* to fill this great three-hundred-and-sixty-five-dayed year with our life-pictures. But we're bound to do it, 'cause there's nothing else we *can* do. There's only one little *now* given us at a time, so we never feel that is much to do, and before we tire of it, a whole day is done and the next leaf turned over.

You see it 's perfectly easy and natural to make life-pictures. We can't help doing it. They are the lines our thoughts, words and actions pencil all over the everydays.

Though we can't help this making life-pictures of some kind, we *can* have the say as to what kind they shall be. The *real artist* is always in his studio and his studio is *in* us. His name is "I will be what I will to be," his swift pencil is our *thought*, his brush our *word*, his coloring our *feeling*, and his right hand our *action*. You recognize him? He's the *sure-enough* of us, and is the picture-maker.

You will notice, he seems to have two kinds of pencils, two kinds of brushes and two kinds of paints. One kind makes beautiful pictures and the other kind ugly ones, which nobody likes to look at. We are always wishing he would make pictures to please and charm us. Why doesn't he always do it? Why? Now *you* please answer that question for *yourself*, and when you have done so, tell us how you are going to manage to have the life-pictures of this new year just such as shall please your heaven-born fancy.

I like the "Sunbeam" idea Mrs. Selby told us about last month. You'll always be sure to dip your brush into the right color-box when you dip it into sunshine. And when you become a part of the sunshine, a sunbeam, you will be a little bundle of seven-colored brightness all the time. One of you is already a sunbeam to a dear little girl who has believed in lameness, and has made it possible for *her* to be with us every month, so we can all be sunbeams to her now and shine away all the dark shadows that have been thrown about her by wrong image-ing.

We will all be Sunbeams, WEE WISDOM'S Sunbeams, and we will shine and shine till all the shadows of sin and sickness and all the dark places of sorrow and suffering shall be filled with the light of health and truth. Yes, let *us* be "Sunbeams," and let us be Love-beams, and let our light always be *light* and never *seem* darkness. Let our *word* always be what is *true* of God's children, and never what is false. No matter what *seems*, always say to every one of God's creatures, *God loves you and you are perfect.* The glory of the Lord is upon you and you are perfect.

A Curbstone Scene.

Theron Brown.

In the shade of a tree, by the street of a city,
Lay a tired little boy, with the turf for his bed,
In rags, but no beggar appealing to pity,
A child of the lowly who toiled for his bread.
Beside him a handcart stood loaded with fuel,
Bits of board he had gleaned in the lanes where he crept,
Till the wheels o'er the pavement dragged heavy and cruel,
And, spent with the strain of his burden, he slept.

Will any one care, as the many pass nigh him?
A threadbare wood-sawyer, bent, wrinkled and old,
Caught sight of the sleeper, came near and stood by him,
And read in the picture the story it told.
Hungry face, scanty raiment, with barely a button,
Hatless head, naked feet, fretted sore on the stone,—
He fished out a morsel of dry bread and mutton,
And left him the dinner he'd brought for his own.

There were eyes bright and merry, eyes tearful and tender,
On the watch ere the old man had tiptoed away,
And some, in that meek loan of love and its lender,
Saw the angel that stooped where the little boy lay,
And the soul of the child, through the tatters that wound him,
Drew the souls of the clad and the fed to his side;
Young and old brought their blessings to scatter around him,
And crumbs from the table of God to provide.

A boy and a man dropped a dime and a dollar,
Women opened their purses by ones and by twos;
Willing hands from the mansions, both greater and smaller,
Brought a jacket, a hat, and a stout pair of shoes.
All stealthy and silent, with gentle conniving,
They laid down their gifts with the wood-sawyer's crust,
And lingered to see, at the sleeper's reviving,
His bashful thanksgiving smile up from the dust.

Soon the little boy woke. Was it bounty or plunder
Spread out at his feet? Then a laugh in his ears
Turned his face where a glance gave the key to the wonder,
And he clasped his new riches with blushes and tears.
And his helpers had joy that was tender and holy
When they looked then and after, full many a day,
Down the street where the toil-ridden child of the lowly
With his cart and his treasures had trotted away.

Oh, hearts that are human are human forever!
You may close them in caste, but they beat through the wall.
Wealth and want own a kinship no breeding can sever,
And in sorrow the lowest are brothers of all.
Bound love needs the magic of pity to free it;
Men only are selfish because they are blind;
When the poor help the poor, if the whole world could see it,
The haughty would blush, and the cruel grow kind.

—From the Youth's Companion.

Skipping-rope.

* * * *

Hold it high,
And hold it low,
This is
"Jump the fence,"
You know.
Swing it low,
And swing it high,
"Rock the cradle,
Baby'll cry."
Now the rope goes
Round and round.
"Skip," the pebbles
On the ground.
One, two, three,
Now whirl it fast,
See how long
The "salt" will last.
Slower, slower—
Now, I hope,
You will turn
This skipping-rope.



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.

HAZELHURST, WIS., Dec. 28, '94.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—I love you so much that I am going to tell you how much good I find in you. We love Aunt Emma's pillows and I learned all the little verses and said them. I did not have any leg ache after I learned the one—

"Let the truth
Guide my way
Every day."

My name is Lewis E. McBride. I have a little sister, her name is Clara, she learns the verses as soon as I do. She is a dear little sister. Last spring she had catarrh in her head so bad that the bones came from her nose. A lady from Michigan came here, her name was Mrs. B. Ellis, she asked God to make Clara well and He did. The lady told Clara she must say, "God is love," when she felt badly. Our little puppy was in the habit of biting her. One day she came near and was in fear of his biting her, she said to him, "Doggy, wag your tail and say 'God is love' and then you won't want to bite." She is four years old. Just four weeks ago, God sent us another baby girl; her name is Bessie, we love her too. We had a Christmas tree and so many pretty things on it. Lovely books, a dolly, a set of dishes large enough to eat off from. One little boy here did not have any Christmas things and we divided with him.

I think "Aunt Seg" is the best name. Sarah is too common. I have one Aunt Sarah and they would think I was talking about her. My Aunt Sarah gave me WEE WISDOM. God made her well, too, and she loves the Good and makes my burns stop and my head quit aching. She is never sick any more. Love to all the Wee Wisdoms and God bless this little paper. My Aunt sent one to Eugene Gray, Maine, N. Y., he's her nephew too.

LEWIS MCBRIDE.

***

CONCORD, MASS., Dec. 22, 1894.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—I wish we could hear some more of Aunt Joy's stories. We (Mama, Paul and I) think that Aunt Seg and Aunt Emma did the nicest thing when they made those lovely pillows for our heads to rest on, we use them every night. Wishing you all a happy Christmas, from

MARY LOUISE SMITH.

P. S. I have thought about writing this letter for a long time.—M. L. S.

***

CHICAGO, ILL., Jan. 4, 1895.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—You know Dr. Charlie didn't like the name Aunt Seg and I think Aunt Snow would be nice. I take so much interest in WEE WISDOM I am going to save up my pennies for it. Goodbye.

MILDRED COVELL.

***

POMONA, CAL., Dec. 29, 1894.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I thank you for sending me the Christmas number of WEE WISDOM.

It is so full of love that it fills me with love just to hold it in my hands. I feel sixty years younger and as though I wanted to be ever so much better. I am so glad of an opportunity to send it to the Indians. They are very dear to me for I was born among them. [Enclosed is a neat little sum, of which is said]—Use this in sending WEE WISDOM to the colored children and Indians spoken of by Mary Frame Selby.

F. L.

***

SING SING, N. Y., Jan. 1st. 1895.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:—How I wish I had a picture of my beautiful dog Jip, to send with this letter Jip is one of the dearest, best dogs in the world. My dear little niece Helen Randolph gave him to me when he was about nine or ten months old; he is now a year and a half old, and perfectly beautiful. Jip and I are such good friends, I think he must know that I believe in the All-Good. He often comes and puts one foot up, and looks into my face so pleadingly as if to say, "please take me up on your lap a little while" and there is something so human in his beautiful eyes, I can't refuse him, but say, "come on" and he will jump and cuddle down, while I tell him that "All is Good," and he must love the good, and love all the dogs and cats for they are his brothers and sisters; and while he does not understand the words I speak to him, dear children, he certainly does feel the influence of my loving thought, for he is such an affectionate little fellow. I have never known him to fight with any dogs, and he just loves everybody and everybody loves him. He is a beautiful brown water spaniel, with white breast, and long fluffy ears.

Is it not beautiful that we have power to influence even the animals around us by *love*. Love is a great power, or force. "God is Love," so when we are loving and kind we are God-like and the love, like the sweet fragrance of a flower, or the warmth from a bright, beautiful, glowing fire, or the glorious ray from the sun, just goes right out from our heart and cheers, and influences all those with whom we come in contact. I think it is sweet for boys and girls to say often, "I am a beautiful spirit of love. God is Love, and I am God's child," and then this love-power will influence all your playmates, and pets and even the grown up people in your homes; and you will be like the beautiful boy who was so much to the sweet virgin Mary, and good Saint Joseph in the little home, in pretty picturesque Nazareth ages ago. Can you guess who that beautiful boy was? Ah! yes I hear you answer. It was Jesus, the Christ child.—*W. J. L. F.*

***

WEE WISDOM:—I was so disappointed and sorry to hear that Aunt Joy and Grace and Trixy and the Day family were myths or fictitious characters. I am a man married and fifty-five years old, but they were *so real* to me and I hope they are only fictitious in name. I am still a great friend of WEE WISDOM because of their memory.

I want a copy of WEE WISDOM'S WAY to read and loan to others, or else I must have all the back numbers that contain that story.

Z. THOMAS.

To this letter "M. F." makes answer—

"Dear Mr. Thomas, set your kind heart at rest, for Truth is stranger than fiction and the Day family and Aunt Joy are as real as Real. People may not know them by those names, but rest assured the little glimpses given by Trixy in 'Wee Wisdom's Way' are but faint pictures of what the leaven of Aunt Joy's teaching is doing for Day families all over the country. Trixy is growing wiser all the time and contemplates giving you, someday, a sequel to 'Wee Wisdom's Way.'"

* * * * *

Scarcely a day passes that someone does not clamor for this little story in book form and wonder why it is not forthcoming. It is safe to say that hundreds have asked for it and the files of WEE WISDOM have been rifled long since, in trying to meet the demands for this serial.

We intend putting it into book form—we hope soon. We desire to have it illustrated by an artist whose brush and pencil are impelled by the genius of Love. Aunt Joy and the Day family are to speak as truly through these illustrations as through their living words.

"*Search* not thy happiness to win,
The heavenly fountain lies *within*;
The sweetest bird no journey goes
But *breeds* the perfume in the rose."

Aunt Seg's Catechism.

WEE WISDOMS—Why can't we see God?

AUNT SEG—Because God is Spirit.

WEE W's—What is Spirit?

AUNT S.—Spirit means the breath of God. You breathe don't you?

W. Ws.—Yes or we couldn't live.

A.—*What* do you breathe?

Ws.—The air.

A.—The air which you inhale through your nostrils is the power of God in *the* air. The air could not exist if God were not in it. You cannot see breath or air but you know that there is breath and air and you know you could not live except you had the air to breathe and the power to breathe. *Whom* do you suppose gives you the power to breathe?

Ws.—God.

A.—If you breathe at all it is God within you breathing.

Ws.—How can God be in little folks like us?

A.—What causes your hearts to beat?

Ws.—God does.

A.—*How* does he do it?

Ws.—We don't know.

A.—Well, listen, and first of all let me tell you that God gives you the power to think as well as to breathe, and your power to understand what I am going to tell you is just the same as your power to think and breathe. Do you know what a principle is?

Ws.—No.

A.—When you were taught your first lessons in music you began with the scale, did you not?

Ws.—Yes.

B.—Well, now some of you can sing and play very nicely for little folks. Tell me this, have you ever had a lesson in music which was not made up entirely of the scale?

W.—There isn't anything to work on except the scales.

A.—True, and we call the scale the unit or principle of music.

W.—A principle is something that works out things, then, isn't it?

A.—Yes, that is it. Well there is a principle of music, and of numbers, and of language and many other sciences, but they all obey another Principle and that is—what do you think?

W. Ws.—Is it God?

A.—Yes, it is God; see the grass and flowers; they are alive, and the trees and birds also. Where do they get life?

W.—From God.

A—Yes: Then God is the Principle of Life. Come out here, and notice this company of little ants. See, they are marching in single file like small soldiers. This one in front is the captain. Now watch, there, he is telling them how to build their house; see how they all go to work in an orderly manner. They work intelligently, you see. Who is their intelligence?

W.—God must be.

A—Then God is the Principle of Intelligence. Look at that colt out in the field; see his mother caress him, how loving they are: look in the next room. See baby with his sweet little arms around mama's neck. What are baby and colty doing?

W.—They are loving their mamas

A.—Who gives you life and intelligence, health and strength?

W.—God.

A.—Why does he give you all good things?

W.—Because he loves us.

A.—Who makes baby and the colt loving?

W.—God.

A.—Then God is the Principle of Love as well as of Life and Intelligence, you see?

W—Yes, we see he makes everything and works everything.

A.—That is exactly the truth. It is by the word or thought or perhaps we might say, the very presence of this great and perfect Life Principle that all things are brought forth and put into operation. And now you understand, that while you cannot see God with your eyes, nor can you see any *principle* with your eyes, still every time you feel your heart beat, it is God, the Principle of Life causing it to beat. Every step you walk God is moving your feet. Every lesson you learn it is the intelligence of God in your understanding which is your power to learn that lesson. Every pure and loving thought is the pure love of God in you. When you want to *see* God you look at dear baby loving his mama; at the colt loving its mama; at the grass growing strong and bright; at the ants working joyously; at the strong, grand mountains; at the majestic ocean; at the great warm sun and the silvery moon and the twinkling stars. These are all the smiles of God, the blessed Presence of the Principle of Life, Intelligence and Love.


Monday
Loving Kindness,
You and me
Dwell together
Glad and free.
Carrying joy
To all we know,
You and I
Forever go.
Tuesday
Day is done,
Rest is sweet,
Kindness makes
My day complete.
Loving day,
Restful night,
Sleep is sweet,
My life, delight.
Wednesday
I am well,
I am strong,
I know no weakness,
Fear no wrong.
Love and Joy
With me stay,
I am happy
Night and day.
Thursday
Unto others
Gentle, kind,
I would always be,
Doing just the same
To them,
I'd have them
Do to me.
Friday
The sun and stars
Shine out above,
But the *light*
Of life is Love.
Saturday
The week is gone,
Its good lives on,
Glad, glad am I.
Love and kindness I have shown
In every act, in every tone,
Happy child am I.
Sunday
Loving Father,
Thou doth bless
Little hearts
With tenderness.
Tender Shepherd,
Thou doth keep,
Gently safe,
Thy little sheep.

WEE WISDOM

50 cents per year. - - - - 5 cents per copy.
Foreign Subscriptions, 3 shillings per year.

Published monthly by
UNITY BOOK CO., - Kansas City, Mo.
Entered at Kansas City Post Office as second class matter.

Advertisements not published. Books reviewed only when in harmony with our thought.

Subscriptions are payable at convenience of subscribers. If you find in this paper that which meets your needs, do not let the subscription price stand in your way, but write to the editor.

Silver can be safely sent by mail by inserting it in the split end of a piece of pasteboard.

A BLUE MARK around this means "Your subscription has expired." If you do not care to continue, kindly drop us a postal to that effect. Otherwise we shall consider the publication a welcome visitor, and, sometime during the year, send a bill for the subscription.

In matters pertaining to subscriptions, or books, do not send letters or make drafts, money orders, etc., payable to individuals here, but always address

UNITY BOOK CO., Kansas City, Mo.

Publishers' Department.

New Year, 1895.

"Ring out the old,
Ring in the new,
Ring out the false,
Ring in the true."

We are so glad of your letters and loving praise. WEE WISDOM gives God all the glory for the *good* that is spoken through her. Next month our little photo visitor comes from Massachusetts and brings with him two little bars of music which he has composed and written himself for one of our Pillow thoughts.

Aunt Seg has written a new book called *Johnny's Victory or Pictures made Real.* It tells about two little folks, Johnny and his sister Anna, who were left motherless and fatherless.

You get to feeling *most* like you were them while you are reading it. By the time you finish you are very sure you are "*kin*" to them in some way.

In what way? Just read and see for yourself.

You don't have to be told about Aunt Seg's stories, 'cause you already know *she's hard to beat.*

Koradine Letters, by Alice B. Stockham and Lida Hood Tolbot, Levant binding, $1.25.
UNITY BOOK CO., Kansas City, Mo.

We will send WEE WISDOM one year free to any one who sends us four subscriptions at 50 cts. each. We will also send it one year to anyone who sends us four subscriptions to UNITY at 50 cts. each, or two subscriptions to THOUGHT at $1.00 each.

We allow a yearly subscription to either UNITY or WEE WISDOM for every club to the amount of $2.00 That is, you do not have to confine yourself to any one publication, but may include WEE WISDOM at 50c., UNITY at 50c., or THOUGHT at $1.00, so long as the total is $2.00.

UNITY BOOK COMPANY.

(Publishing Department, Society of Silent Unity.)
KANSAS CITY, MO.

METAPHYSICAL ∴ BOOKS ∴ FOR ∴ SALE.

The following publications are issued monthly:

THOUGHT—48 page Magazine,	$ 1.00 per year.
UNITY—16 page paper,	.50 per year.
WEE WISDOM—paper for Children	.50 per year.
METAPHYSICAL SERIES	10 and .25 per copy.

Three Propositions.

Many people write us that they would like our publications but cannot afford to pay for them. To these, and all others, we make the following propositions:

Proposition No. 1.

We will send UNITY one year to anyone who secures four subscribers at 50 cents each.

Proposition No. 2.

We will send THOUGHT one year to anyone who secures four subscribers at $1.00 each.

Proposition No. 3.

We will send WEE WISDOM one year to anyone who secures four subscribers at 50 cents each.

A very little effort on your part will secure these few subscribers. Be sure to mention in your letter when you send in subscriptions that you are taking advantage of these propositions.

UNITY BOOK CO., Kansas City, Mo.

Wonder-Light
and other
Tales for Children.
By
Mrs. J. Campbell Ver Planck.

Price 50 cts.

"Black Beauty."

A beautiful story, in which a horse gives the history of his life, and tells many interesting stories about his companions, and their owners, keepers, riders and drivers. Young and old will be entertained and instructed by reading this touching autobiography. Price: cloth, 30 cents; boards, 20 cents; paper, 10 cents. Prices given include postage.

"The Story of Teddy."

BY HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

This book creates in every boy an appetite to be "good." Teddy is a glorious little chap, and every boy and girl in the land should read about him. "Jack" (Teddy's dog) ought to be held up as an example to all dogs everywhere. You will have to read the book to know what the beautiful crystal globe on the cover means. Bound in cloth, 80 cents, postpaid.

UNITY BOOK CO., Kansas City, Mo

Johnnie's Victory; or, Pictures Made Real.

By Sarah Elizabeth Griswold.

This little book is a touching demonstration of the creative power of thought. It tells how two brave-hearted little orphans "'magined" the good things they wanted, till they were made manifest.

Bound in cloth, 50 cents.

UNITY BOOK CO., Kansas City, Mo.