WEE WISDOM

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Trixy's Foreign Mission.

(Continued.)

Uncle Ben's Letter.

The other letter was for Trixy's mother and read—

Dear Sister Ceil:

We want to borrow your little girl for a fortnight longer. We've made the discovery that little girls are a great institution in a family; like the old man's liniment, they are

"Good in sickness and good in wellness,
Good in prosperity and good in adversity;
Warranted good for everything
From a broken heart to a busted shin."

I'm sure the old vender's estimate of his "magic oil" would scarcely exaggerate Trixy's versatility in filling the needs of this family. And the surprising thing of it all is, she seems perfectly unconscious of having done anything at all remarkable.

The very first night of her stay she upset the "old wives' fable" about teething babies, and gave Sue and me something to cut our *wisdom* teeth on, by taking charge of the youngster herself and putting him so soundly to sleep he never waked till late the next morning. Whatever the spell she put upon him was I can't find out, but the tooth-getting with him has been a very comfortable affair since. Frank says, "She's a painless dentist."

I tried my best to get at what it is in this child that compels the very best in everybody and every thing to show up.

She says Aunt Joy don't believe in any other side, and that you're all convinced she's right,'cause a bad boy with a bad side turned out proved to be a good boy turned wrong side out, or something like that, and Ned turned him right side again with a kind word.

You see, Ceil, my happy-go-lucky philosophy which has always so horrified you and Sue, fits in here very beautifully. I took my opportunity to talk it to Trixy. She listened with pleased attention and said, "It's awful nice of you, Uncle Ben, to believe in being happy always and making folks glad."

But my conclusion was quite different evidently from what she expected, and when I stated, "We give up life as a flower does its bloom and that ends it all for us, Trixy," the child looked at me in such astonishment I felt ashamed of uttering such sentiments to her. She was so still I knew something was coming of it. At last she said, "Uncle Ben, that wasn't bad for you to say after all. I 'most thought it was at first; then I thought about it, and you know the plant don't die when it drops a bloom, it lives right on and blossoms some more. Doesn't it?"

I admitted such was the case.

"Now, Uncle Ben, you like to live and be happy and make everybody happy, and that's your blossoms, and when one drops off some more come. But there's something in you, Uncle Ben, that wants to blossom bigger and better; it don't want to stop blossoming either. Isn't that so?"

Again I admitted it was so, wondering what she was driving at.

"What is it in you, Uncle Ben, that wants to keep on doing more and more, forever and ever?"

"Oh Trixy!" I answered, "How do I know that there is anything in me that wants to go on doing forever—forever is a long time."

"But, Uncle Ben, you keep on wanting to live on and on every day, don't you?"

Oh, the child! She fishes into my very depths with her question hooks, and yanks out the secrets of my soul. She ended up with telling me about Aunt Joy's lesson of the Balsam seed, and Grace's idea about the little "know" in it, and about Ned's wonderful healing. It goes beyond my comprehension, but Trixy speaks of it as the most natural thing in the world.

This Aunt Joy must be some fairy godmother dropped down among you disguised in modern raiment, and I think she must have endued our Trixy with her magic. But seriously, this must be a delightful hallucination of "Aunt Joy's." No wonder you're all so willing to be inoculated with it since it hides from you *stern reality* and makes life a gala-day time without end. Why it beats hasheesh and the old orthodox heaven all to pieces! But don't you think, Ceil, a fellow's imagination's liable to give out with such a constant strain upon it? And then what?

But I've promised Trixy I'd go and sit at the feet of "Aunt Joy" for a season and let her try it on me. I had to do something to induce her to lengthen her visit and that seemed the acceptable thing.

By the way, Trixy caught me pretty slick upon one point. You know I am always freely admitting *Nature* as the Universal Mother of all that is. Well, Trixy's improved such an opportunity to push me to the wall in an admission that *fathers* were quite as much a factor of life as mothers were, and then demanded of me the necessity of admitting the existence of a Universal Father. I was quite entertained with her logic. She has no idea of leaving the world Fatherless, nor Nature a widow. She gave me to understand I was "a back number" in the affairs of the Universal if I did not know that *Mind* was the Father of all, and *Mind was God*, for "Aunt Joy" said so, and that settles it.

I've caught onto a little idea that appeals to me. The possibilities of the race are held back, and cramped, and dwarfed by the fears and superstitions held over it of that terrible and revengeful God of scripture. Now, it seems to me, if those who must have a god could only know about "Aunt Joy's," what a jump the race would make.

Now, don't you think I'm getting quite a missionary spirit wrought up in me?

Trixy says I *do* better than I *say*, and that's why she knows that I *know* more than I think I know about the wonderful good of "Aunt Joy's" everywhere-present God.

Well, anyway, I want this ardent follower of His to be an everywhere presence in our home for a fortnight longer. You cannot say me nay?

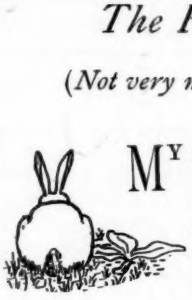
With kind regards for all the Days and "Aunt Joy," I am still your old time, good time

BROTHER BEN.

—M. F.

The Rabbit's Tale.

(*Not very much of a tail at all.*)



MY name's Bunny. I live on a farm with several of my brothers. We belong to a little boy named Jim. Jim is a good boy, but he used to have such a big "forgetter"; and Dorothy, that's the little girl who came to spend the summer at Jim's house, said he was making it bigger and bigger all the time by saying whenever anyone asked him about anything, "O, I forgot!"

She told him "forgetters are only made to forget uglies and bads with," and to change it to, "O, I remember" and see what it'd do.

It made a great change in him I can tell you.

Before that he'd forget to feed us and we'd get awful hungry shut up in a cage in the yard. Now, he never forgets.

Isn't it wonderful what just a difference in words can make.

I should think little "chatter-boxes" of boys and girls would have to be very careful as to what they say, so they wouldn't say anything but what would make what they want.

I'm glad I can't talk, for Jim said, "I forgot" just said itself. I have trouble enough keeping my "thinks" all right. You see we've all learned some lessons from Dorothy.

We don't have to stay in the cage now. That's Dorothy's doing too. She told Jim if words made such a difference in a boy wouldn't they in rabbits, too. So they just told us we didn't want to eat the flowers in the front yard when they let us out, and we didn't.

They must have said the kind of words which Dorothy's mamma calls "freeing words," for didn't they make us free from our cage and free from the wanting to do wrong.

We're very fond of nasturtinum leaves, and it would have been a great temptation to eat 'em if Dorothy and Jim hadn't given us so many good things to eat and the words, too.

I suppose you think it's queer to talk about eating words; but Dorothy told Jim that her papa said folks don't live by eating things alone, but by the words they speak with their mouths. The words feed the mind, she said.

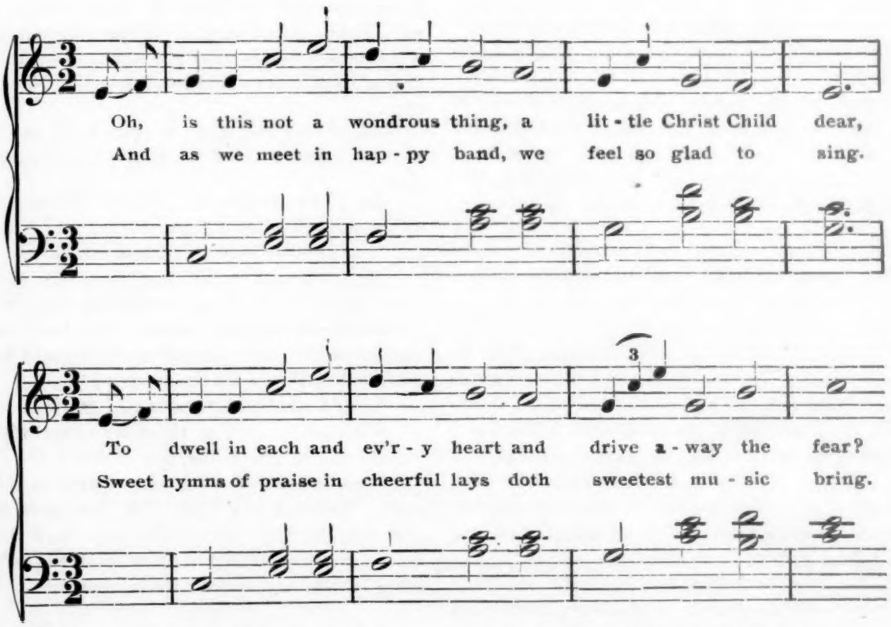
Oh! I've just heard some of the nicest words. I heard Jim tell Dorothy that I was to go home with her to stay. If you were a rabbit, I know you'd like to be a love-gift to such a nice girl as Dorothy is. —E. H. H.

I can say I have never killed a bird. I would not crush the meanest insect that crawls upon the ground. They have the same right to life that I have, they receive it from the same Father, and I will not mar the works of God by wanton cruelty.—William Ellery Channing.

Out of the Mouth of Babes.

In my own home there is much discussion relating to science and it is not strange that six year old Rex practices what he picks up. For example, his little sister and I had gathered some ferns and wild flower roots to transplant, and in carrying them home they began to wilt. Adella cried, "Oh, mamma! They will all die;" but Rex promptly informed her that if she didn't want 'em to die to hush talkin' about dyin'. It is needless to add they didn't die! When he gets hurt, which is quite frequently, he says: "Mamma, I just don't *think* about it hurting and it *don't*. He also makes some remarkable assertions for a baby; he declares he has lived thousands and thousands of years, and that he never intends to die; says, if people don't want to be sick they shouldn't think or talk about sickness. He used often to awaken in the night frightened, claiming to have had "bad dreams;" he

*The Christ-Child Song.**



3. To every one within our reach
We quick obedience show,
And thus in reaching out in love,
Love unto us doth flow.

4. Come one and all and join us then,
For every one we need,
'Tis not enough that we should reap,—
We all must sow some seed.

Emilie.

*This little song first appeared in UNITY and was afterward sung by a chorus of children at the Divine Science Congress held in Kansas City, May, 1896.

would recall them the next night and be afraid to go to sleep. I taught him that these very thoughts and fears *caused* the bad dreams, and that if he would think only of pleasant things he would have pleasant dreams, if any. He is entirely cured of his frights, which were very real to him. — Myra Peppers in *Freedom*.

Picture Painting.

FAITH E. BOWEN.

Away out in the country, many miles from the smallest city, lived a little boy and girl who were as happy and loving as any little people who have all the things that amuse city children.

One sunny morning a gentleman called upon the children's papa. The gentleman introduced himself as Mr. Max, and talked some time with the family. He said he was from Boston, where he had a studio in which he painted and sold many pictures.

Jack and Florence listened to all that was said about painting, the different colors, different lights, and ever so many things that they could not understand or remember. Jack was extremely anxious to see the contents of a large leather bag that the artist carried.

The children ran to their play again, and did not notice the movements of the artist until he had seated himself on a little camp stool in the back garden. He then opened the wonderful bag and the children ran to his side to see this strange work.

"What are you going to do?" asked Jack.

"I am going to sketch your vine-clad veranda,' answered Mr. Max. "The honey-suckle is in blossom and the effect will be charming."

He then produced his canvas, brushes and paints and began work. The children watched every move with increasing interest and neither of them spoke a word. How strange it seemed to see flowers and leaves grow on canvas, but they certainly did, and their own house too was now nearly finished. The slats of the porch, the gables of the roof, dormer windows — all were now perfectly natural and the picture set up to dry. The artist packed everything back in the bag, and after talking with the children's papa, left the farm. The children watched him until he had disappeared behind the hedge-row.

They were silent many moments after his departure and the first to speak was Florence who said, "Jack, were all the pictures in our parlor painted like that?"

"I guess so," said Jack. "But he did that pretty finely, didn't he? Just think how fine; let's go try.'

"What will we do it with; we have no paints?"

"Oh! Pencil and paper will do."

So off they went for stools, pencils and paper. They tried very hard to produce the same effect on paper as the artist had produced on canvas, but the vines looked like a multitude of little pigs' tails and marbles, and the house was something like a poorly made hen-coop. They were very disappointed with their likenesses to the objects and trudged into the house to show their work to their mother.

Mrs. Brown laughed and told them they might try painting pictures on their faces of what they admired.

"Why, mother," said Jack, "what do you mean? How could we ever get it off?"

"I mean a different kind," said Mrs. Brown. "Your thoughts are the colors and brushes and your faces are the canvas that you paint upon."

"How shall we do it?" asked Florence.

"If you feel cross, do not show it in your face, but always hold up a sweet picture of happiness and the cross will go."

The children, filled with a new idea, ran back to their seats near the veranda. After some minutes Mrs. Brown looked out at them through an open window and this is what she saw: The children sat facing each other and Florence said, "Now it's your turn."

She closed her eyes to open them the next second and there sat Jack with a broad grin on his face.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "you are thinking of something happy! Can't I guess fine?"

Jack nodded assent and told her to try.

"Now when I smile and look nice at you, you must say I am thinking something nice; will you?'

She drew her curls around her face and looked quite ready to have her picture taken and Jack said, "What was it you told me to say?"

"That I am thinking something nice."

"Oh, yes! You're thinking nice things," said Jack. "I can guess fine, too; can't I?"

"Yes," answered Florence. "And now it's your turn. You can look like"— but just then the hired man who had also been watching laughed outright and the merry little couple went down behind the barn for the rest of their living pictures.

A lady who is teaching in a mission in New York city says: "I taught the children some of the sweet pillow verses. They were much pleased and asked for more. One boy who is *considered* bad listened with tears in his eyes and said to me, 'What bible did you get that out of?' "

Song of the Flowers.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

We are little blossoms
  Dancing all the day;
In the sunlight golden,
  See us at our play.

We are glad and happy,
  Nodding in the sun,
Through the golden hours
  Until day is done.

Here is gentle Violet,
  Dainty little miss;
In her eye a dew-drop,
  On her lip a kiss.

Here is gorgeous Poppy,
  Crowned in orange gold;
Sleeping thoughts and dream tales
  In her cloak to fold.

Here is Rose, dear red Rose,
  Telling tales of love,
Sending out her sweetness
  To the skies above.

Here is thoughtful Pansy
  With her smiling face,
Bearing us a message
  Of God's love and grace.

See Good.

Each thing has a purpose, whatever it be,
Be it dewdrop, rivulet or mighty sea.
  The rivulet watered the grass on its bank,
  And the dewdrop the sweet flower drank;
The sea bears great ships on its wave,
While in its vast depths myriad life forms lave.
  Each does some good, be it great or small,
  And good can be found in each and all
If we look for it well. We will find the good—
Seeming evil to us—is another's food.
  The sweetest flowers from dark earth grow,
  And nothing is bad lest we think it so. —E. H. H.

Juvenile Bible Lessons.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

Lesson 12. September 18.

Captivity of the Ten Tribes. 2 Kings. 17:9-18.

GOLDEN TEXT: *If thou seek him he will be found of thee, but if thou forsake him he will cast thee off forever.*—1 Chron. 28:9.

This lesson teaches that we must not worship idols, but must love God first and above all else. Perhaps you think an idol is just a stone image; no, that is not the only kind of idols. Many of us worship idols when we do not know it. People all over the world are taking medicine to make them well when they ought to be thinking of God, for God is the only one that heals.

We must think of God always if we want to keep from making idols to ourselves. An idol is a false image of God. Some people think there is a naughty power, called the devil; that is their false image of God for they have put that power up in the place of God, and really there is no such thing.

Then there are little children who want to play all the time instead of learning their lessons or doing something for father or mother.

So you see *play* is their idol, for they are thinking more of their play than of pleasing God. We must always think of God first.

If we look for God we will surely find Him. You know God is Love and if we look for the love in people and things, we will find it.

We always find what we look for, if we look long enough. Sometimes we look just a little while and say it is no use. That is not the way to find anything.

We must keep on looking patiently and then we shall surely find what we look for.

God does not cast us off, but we seem to cast off God when we do not think of Him. God always loves us for He is all Love. We must pray to God always, that is, we must thank Him all the time, for giving thanks is true prayer.

If we won't think of God, things will go all crooked, and we are very unhappy. When we try to do all things for the sake of the beautiful God-Love that is everywhere, then are we truly happy.

Lesson 13. September 25.

Review.

GOLDEN TEXT: *No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.*—Ps. 84:11.

The more good we show forth the more good we draw to ourselves, that is, the more we give our good thoughts and words to others, the more good will come to us in all ways. If we are naughty and cross and fretful, then no one will feel like doing anything for us. It is the happy, sunshiny little girls and boys that have so many friends and such good times.

It is God who gives us all good. The good things that God has given us we cannot see with our eyes, but we know we have them. These gifts of God are health, strength, life, joy, peace, wisdom, and love. These are spiritual gifts.

All these are ours, but we must think about them a great deal to know that they are ours. The reason so many people seem to be sick is because they are thinking and talking so much about sickness instead of thinking of the health of God that lies right within them.

Some people seem to be sorrowful and unhappy. This is because they are not thinking of the joy within their own hearts that God has given them.

When we fret and cry we cannot see the good and beautiful things that are all about us.

You shall hear a true story of a little girl who looked for good and made the best of things. This was a little girl named Bessie.

She had been invited to a picnic and was very glad to be able to go. At last the happy day arrived, and they all started off for the boat that was to take them, but Bessie could not leave home quite so soon as the others and when she did start the cars were slow, and she knew she might miss the boat. At first Bessie wanted to fret; then remembering that only God's good could come to her she said to herself over and over, "I will not be disappointed. If it is right for me to go I will catch the boat, and if not I shall try and be happy and contented in knowing it is best for me to stay home."

When Bessie reached the end of the wharf there was the tug-boat steaming off without her and all the people aboard.

But what do you suppose happened? When they saw Bessie standing there all alone, the captain ordered his men to turn the tug about, so back came the tug to the landing, and little Bessie was taken on with the rest and had a beautiful day; all

the more beautiful, I am sure, because she was willing to take anything that came patiently and cheerfully. That is the way we must all do.

Lesson 1. October 2.

Reformation under Asa. 2 Chronicles 14:2-12.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Help us O Lord, our God; for we rest on thee.*—2 Chron. 14:11.

No one can do any good thing without God's help, that is, we must think of the Christ Child who lives within each one's heart and know that that one does all good. The Christ Child lives or thinks through us. We of ourselves, or alone, can do nothing.

We must always remember the Holy Spirit of Christ within us. No matter how little a thing you are about to do, if you remember that your true self, the Christ Child, does it you will find it much easier to do.

Suppose you are playing little exercises on the piano and are tired and do not want to practice. If you will then say to yourself, "The Christ Child helps me, and makes it easy," you will find yourself playing so nicely and all the tired feeling will go away. Before you know it your half hour will be over, and you will grow to love the practicing.

Suppose you want to be an artist and are taking drawing lessons. If you keep thinking while you are drawing that God guides your hand and teaches you, before long you will do such good work and make such pretty pictures that everyone will be surprised; but you will know it is because God works through you. In all we do, from threading a neeedle to taking care of baby, we must think of God.

Lesson 2. October 9.

Jehoshaphats Good Reign. 2 Chron. 17:1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT: *In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths.*—Prov. 3:6.

No matter what it is we do, we must remember and think of the True Self. When you remember that you are God's child and that God is your Father, then you are acknowledging God. If we do not keep our thoughts good and pure we will find we are unhappy. It is like this: Suppose a little boy is taking a walk with his father. His father says, "My boy, I want you to stay near me so that I may help you over the rough places on the road." But, the little boy does not listen and runs ahead, thinking proudly, "I am so big I can help myself." By and by the little boy comes to some blackberry vines and brambles which catch hold of his feet and trip him up. Then he picks himself up half crying with the tears blinding his eyes and rushes ahead, but he does not see where he is going, so this time he stubs his toe against a rock and falls headlong, crying to his father for help. His father comes to him, for he has been quite near all the time, and helping him up says, "My son, if you had kept by my side and held fast my hand you would have been safe and none of these hurtful things would have happend to you, for I would have led you around the brambles and helped you over the rock."

So you see we must keep close to God, that is, we must think of His dwelling in our hearts and directing all our steps, then whatever we want to do our True Self, or God within us, will tell us how we may best do it. If we know how to do things in an easy beautiful way, we may then show others how to work as well. But first we must learn then we may teach others.

First we must be good then we may help others to be good, and we can only be good by thinking of God, and saying to ourselves daily some words of Truth such as: "I am God's child." "God leads me." "I love to do all for God."

Once upon a time when your "M. F." was a little girl going to school she edited a school newspaper and in it she asked this little query, which has never been answered:

Who teaches the pupil of the eye?
Who beats the drum of the ear?
Who shingles the roof of the mouth?
Who furnishes salt for a tear?

Can't one of our Wee Wisdoms answer it?

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Monday
Free and whole,
Whole and free;
God's own child
Must ever be;
Full of love
Full of joy—
Happy girl
Or happy boy.
Tuesday
Life, Life, Life,
Not a spot,
Not a place
Where life is not.
Like the fishes
In the sea,
In Life
And Life in me.
Wednesday
Health, health, health—
Glowing health!
Giving joy, giving wealth;
Giving gladness and delight—
Joy by day and rest by night.
Thursday
I want to know
Only the Good.
I want to be
Gentle, not rude.
I want to do
Ever the right.
I want to act
Kind and polite.
Friday
Always round us,
Like the air,
Folds our Father's
Loving care.
Saturday
Now I lay
My head to rest,
On my pillow
Softly pressed,
While the dear Lord's
Tender arm
Folds me safely
From all harm.
Sunday
Life will always
Be delight,
In the day
Or in the night,
When my heart
With love is bright.