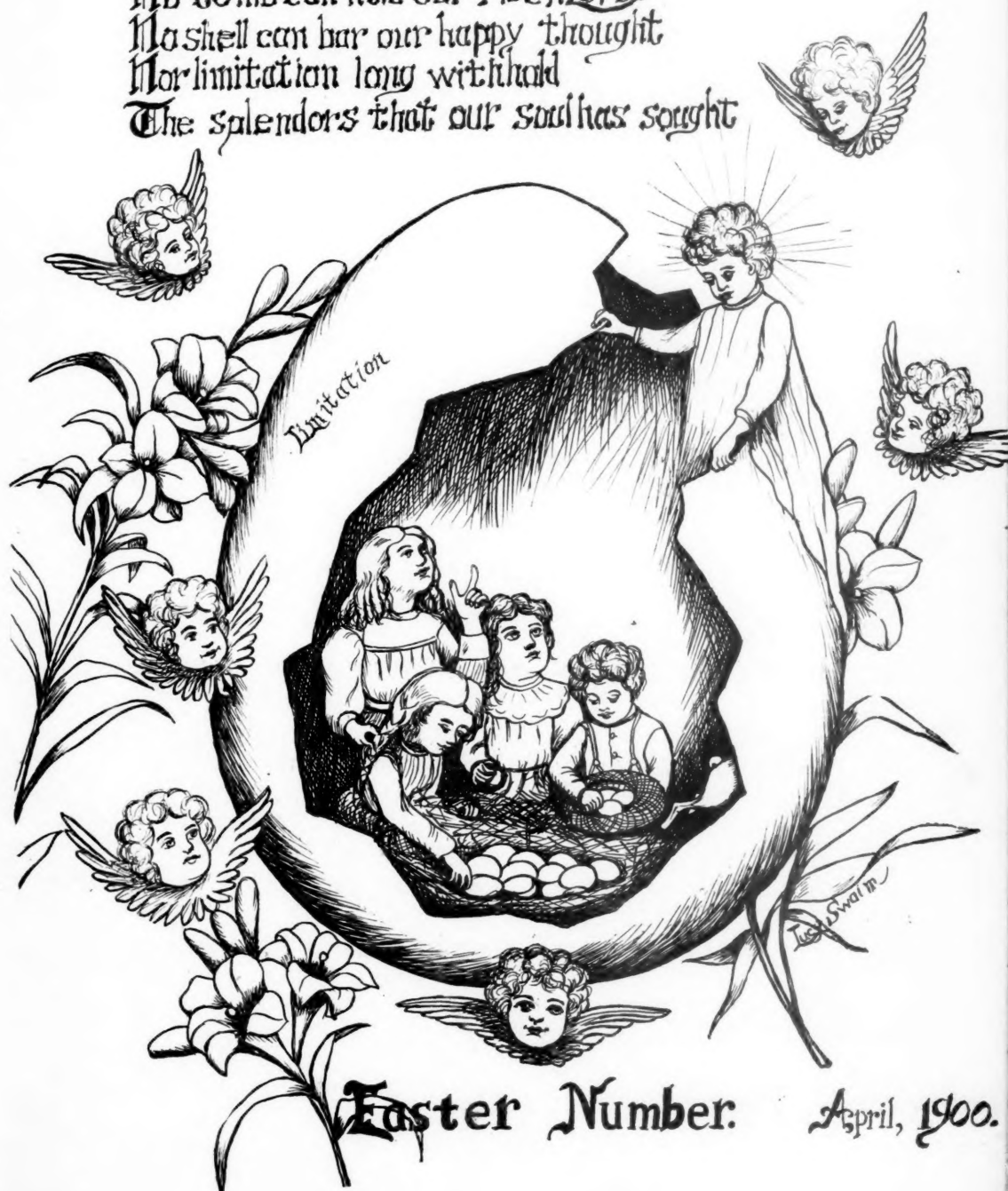


# WEE WISDOM

No tomb can hold our risen Lord  
No shell can bar our happy thought  
Nor limitation long withhold  
The splendors that our soul has sought



Easter Number.

April, 1900.

# 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.

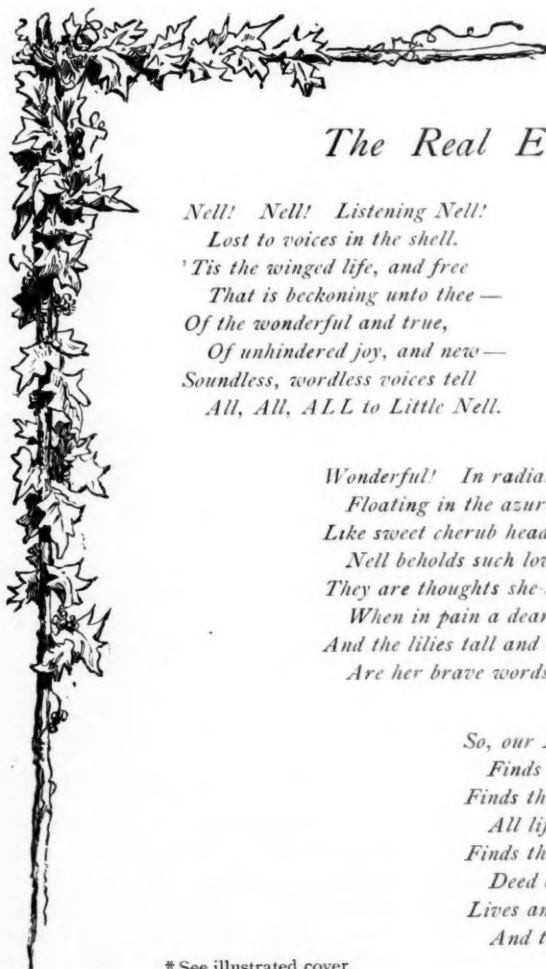
—JESUS.



VOL. IV.

KANSAS CITY, MO., APRIL, 1900.

No. 9.



### *The Real Eastertide.\**

*Nell! Nell! Listening Nell!  
Lost to voices in the shell.  
'Tis the winged life, and free  
That is beckoning unto thee —  
Of the wonderful and true,  
Of unhindered joy, and new —  
Soundless, wordless voices tell  
All, All, ALL to Little Nell.*

*Wonderful! In radiance fair  
Floating in the azure air,  
Like sweet cherub heads with wings,  
Nell beholds such lovely things.  
They are thoughts she sent one day  
When in pain a dear child lay;  
And the lilies tall and white  
Are her brave words for the right.*

*So, our Nell this Easter day  
Finds the great "stone rolled away,"  
Finds the sweet Christ waiting there,  
All life's joyful truths to share —  
Finds that every word and thought,  
Deed and action, in love fraught,  
Lives and thrives, nor ever died —  
And this makes joyous Eastertide.*

\* See illustrated cover.

## The Au-to-bi-og-ra-phy of A Nickel.



## MR. NICKEL'S INTRODUCTION.

It is with great pleasure I make my first bow to the readers of *WEE WISDOM* in the capacity of an author.

I am really not so young as my years would indicate. For ages I was locked up in the crystal palace of the gnomes, deep under the ground. I suppose the wonderful secrets of the underworld would interest you greatly, but as I had no head I brought away no memory of them. How I was rescued, how I was put through fire and water, how I was mixed and unmixed and mixed over, rolled, and pounded and stamped to become a citizen of the United States and get a government position, I can never explain. You will have to go to the U. S. mint or the En-cy-clo-pe-dia to find out.

You will please take notice I am always accompanied by the "Goddess of Liberty," and that my motto is "E PLURIBUS UNUM." I think this is the reason I was so willing to listen to the reading of *WEE WISDOM* in Fred's home, and so ready to learn about the good and true, the loving and kind, which Fred and his dear mamma talked so much about.

Now, I want it understood by all my little a-man-u-en-ses [that means you who undertake to write down what I have to say for *WEE WISDOM*] that I AM A SCIENCE NICKEL and intend to do good and bless wherever I go. I shall always refuse to talk error. I shall always rejoice to tell about the good. Please bear this in mind.

## CHAPTER I.

Written by FRED REA MUNSON, age 13.

I am A Nickel. One beautiful, cold, sun-shiny day, as I was lying peacefully in a little china dish with another nickel and a penny and some collar

buttons upon the folding bed, *WEE WISDOM* came into our home, and a little boy's mamma read CHAPTER I (that was not chapter one) of "*The Autobiography of A Nickel*" who did not keep his engagement. When her little boy came home from school she asked him if he did not want to do something for A Nickel.

"If it is for you, mamma dear, I will do it without a nickel."

"But this," she said, "is something you cannot do without A Nickel, for the nickel is to help you, and you are to help Mr. Nickel keep an engagement that he failed to keep last month, because no one would help him 'translate what he had to say into readable English.'"

So the little boy's mamma took me out of the little dish and laid me on his desk, and the little boy looked at me a long time, and he told his mamma that I was a young nickel, only one year old. But what a great amount of good one little nickel can do in one year! How many little children I could make happy, into how many homes I could

help carry the wonderful truth, and he said he hoped *I would always go where I would hear nothing but truth and love*. So they decided, then and there, to send me and the other nickel and the penny to *WEE WISDOM*, who, they said, was very wise and would know just where to send us that we may keep on doing the most good.

I am so glad I have learned the way to be happy while a young nickel, that I may *begin* my life right. There is only one way to be happy, and that is to keep trying to make others happy.

The little boy's mamma has told him that—

"Every day is a fresh beginning,  
Every morn is the world made new;  
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning  
Here is a beautiful hope for you,  
A hope for me, and a hope for you."

So the old nickels need not be discouraged, it is never too late to begin to *live* truth.

"But you help me, and I will help you,  
Then what a wonderful work we will do."

I love to hear *WEE WISDOM* read. I am so well and happy today. I feel so "*loving and kind*," as Marion says.


But I am now ready to leave my happy home and go out into the big beautiful world to help the other nickels send the truth to little children.



Use This

## AN EASTER PARTY.

AUNT SEG.

“ WISH we could have an Easter party!” exclaimed Elizabeth Gray, a little girl of ten years, to her friend and play-mate, Ella Wright.

The children had been speaking of Easter and all that it meant to them. They had learned to think of Jesus Christ as their dearest comforter and friend, and were wishing that they might, in some special way, show their love for him.

“Yes, we might have something like a May party,” suggested Ella.

“But I don’t see how we could have one without a queen or a — king,” Elizabeth thoughtfully replied. “No one *could* be king in Jesus’ place, you know; ’t would n’t be right. Oh, I know!” she joyfully cried, throwing her arms around her little friend and whispering eagerly, so that the trees and birds and flowers might not hear, I suppose. Ella whispered back again, and not even the meadow lark, who stopped singing for quite a while because he was so interested, you know, could catch a word, or give me a single idea concerning the wonderful discovery occupying the attention of these two little girlish minds.

I will stop right here to explain that I am Miss Marion Gray, Elizabeth’s auntie, and a teacher in the Sunday School. The children are in my orchard laying plans for an Easter party. A little later Elizabeth said to me, “Auntie, please tell me something about raising from the dead.”

Elizabeth had learned that every event in life has a spiritual meaning.

“My dear,” I answered, “the death of the body is simply laying aside a garment which we can no longer use. If the soul *entirely* leaves the body, then the body has become a cast-off garment of flesh, and is not to be mourned over any more than an old dress, for the soul at once has a new dress, or body, in which to manifest and has lost nothing at all. This experience comes to all at the present day.”

“Won’t it be so always, Auntie?”

“I cannot tell you what *will* be, dear, but I can tell you what I think will happen

by and by, when people come to know more of the great power of God *in themselves*. To be raised from the dead, Elizabeth, *really* means the soul becoming alive to truth. Then the soul begins to instruct the mind, and the mind sends living messages of Truth into every part of the body, and the body becomes *really* alive with the perfect Life. Before this new condition, soul, mind, and body seemed only to *hang on* to life, and not to have life *within themselves*.

Now, in this *new* condition, the body may become fine—spiritual—obedient to the spirit dwelling within, and it may be so pure—so spiritual—so *unearthly* that it will not be seen by earthly sight, in which case it will not die, but be *lifted up out of sight of mortals*. I do not say this *will* be so; I say it *may* be. Do you understand me, Elizabeth?”

“Yes, Aunt Marion, I understand, but do you think Jesus’ body died?”

“Not *really*, my dear. It *seemed* to die, and would have, if Jesus had not possessed the power to keep it alive until he wanted to use it again. He had learned to use his Father’s will—his Father’s power; for he had proved himself to be the Son of God in every way, and all that the Father had was *and is* his.”

“Could n’t Jesus have had another body and not tried to raise the crucified body?”

“Certainly, but he had a lesson to teach the people. They must know the power of God even to raise the dead to life. They must know that they also have this power. They must be taught how to find God in themselves, and how to make a godly body—or a body pure and whole. Jesus came to teach them truth, and he would not leave them in ignorance of how to use all the power God, their Father, had given them.”

\* \* \* \* \*

I am not going to tell you how that party was planned, but instead, I invite you to be present and learn a beautiful lesson. It is the afternoon of Easter Sunday, and I will take you into the orchard. The apple trees are pink and white, the peach trees a vivid pink, the plum and pear trees are pure white, and the grass is like green velvet. In the midst of the green is a pure

white cross, and above the cross, suspended by invisible wires, a golden crown of yellow daisies. At the base are pots of Easter lilies, the pots being hidden under branches of green. A message was left at the church inviting all friends to be present, providing they would be very good and not talk, and also that they would leave the space around the cross quite free for *what was going to happen*.

The friends are all here and silently waiting. Hush! from just behind the hedge comes floating strains of music, soft and low; now a throng of girls and boys arrange themselves around the cross. The girls are robed in white, the boys wear white ribbons, and each one carries on the left arm a wreath of white lilies, and the heavenly music floats on. Presently the tallest boy and girl approach and hang a wreath upon each arm of the cross, and their attitude is full of loving reverence. This is repeated until each child has given its love offering to the Lord, and the music floats on. Suddenly all is silent; not a sound; not a word. The children stand with bowed heads and closed eyes. A few moments of intense stillness to which even the birds seem to contribute. \* \* \* Now the music breaks the heavenly silence; the children join hands and move rhythmically around the cross singing—

"Jesus blessed the little children,  
Long years ago."

I turn to the audience and perceive that every heart is touched. I *feel* the communion of soul with soul. I *know* the Lord is in our midst.

\* \* \* \* \*

As the last strains die away upon the soft warm air, the white robed ones softly move away, one by one, their friends following. The power of *silence* is strong upon us all. Now my child comes to me and we sit long in the loving sunshine, before the shining cross with its golden crown and its wealth of love offerings, in the midst of living green, and we feel that every tree and bird and bud and flower are saying—softly saying, "Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God forever and ever. Amen."

## HOW WE GOT ACQUAINTED.

H. LOTA KUEHL.

**M**Y PAPA was janitor at a large, beautiful church which stood on a corner, and our home was in pretty rooms in the rear. A little patch of well-kept grass at the back made a beautiful spot for spending the summer evening, as papa always took care that both the grass and mamma's plants had plenty of water each day to keep them fresh and green; for we lived in a city of the far west where rain is so scarce that even the trees have to be watered.

Across the side street, and opposite our side door, stood a little old-fashioned double house whose front doors would have opened directly on the stone sidewalk except for a very narrow porch between. One day a new family, who had a little girl with long, golden curls, moved into one side of the old-fashioned house. We watched them moving in, and many days listened to the little girl practicing on the piano, and saw her at play on the sidewalk, and wished so much to ask her to come and play on our grass. But we were timid, and the little girl was timid too, and so none of us spoke, but watched each other and smiled to each other across the street. We did not know that mamma saw what was going on until one day she called us to her and said she was going to make her two little girls very happy, and that she was going to invite the little girl across the street to take tea with us that very afternoon so that we might become acquainted.

Then she washed our faces and combed our hair, and handed us pretty gingham aprons to put on while she wrote a little note for us to take to the lady across the way. It read:

*To the Mamma of the little girl with golden curls:—*For many days I have watched my two little ones smiling across the street to your little girl and have noticed that she smiled back, and have wished to help them to become acquainted. With your kind permission I should be

happy to have your little girl take tea with us at five o'clock this afternoon. From

THE MAMMA WHO LIVES IN  
THE BACK OF THE CHURCH.

We took the note to the lady who was standing in the door talking with her little girl. She read it and looked very glad and asked us all to step inside. Then she sat down in a rocking chair and gathered us all closely to her and kissed us many times, and told us she was very glad to accept the invitation for her little girl had been wishing very much to play with us. That afternoon a little before time for tea the lady came to our door with the little girl, and after exchanging greetings with mamma left her with us "to be glad together" she said. When tea was ready we found that mamma had placed a low table on the grass and had spread it with nice things to make children happy, and after seating us and talking with us a little while she left us "to be glad together" and went into the house.

We are quite big girls now and the pleasant acquaintance continues, and we are always so glad to mamma for helping us to know each other. Our little friend still lives in the old-fashioned house, but we have moved to another city.

#### A Letter to Wee Wisdoms.

TROY, N. Y.

Dear Wee Wisdoms:

I want to tell you how happy I have been made by the receipt of one of dear Mother Sparr's "moss cards." And the funny part of it all is, I don't know really who sent it, or who to thank for it. True, in renewing my subscription for UNITY and WEE WISDOM, I *did* throw out rather a *strong hint* for one, (for I had been wishing for one ever since I first heard about them), but knowing them to belong especially to the children, I hardly dared consider myself an eligible candidate for one. But *here it is!* Sent by some one who felt I needed just this inspiration, and I fly with my treasure straight to you Wee Wisdoms. You will be glad I am brought to you through Mother Sparr's "moss card," and allow me a few moments conversation with you. Shall I tell you the first thought I had when I looked upon this Christmas and New Year's greeting?

I saw Mother Sparr engaged in arranging these beautiful mosses that were to give so much pleasure to you children. Without a thought of self, or of giving where she would be certain of returns, she was, carrying on this labor of love with the hope of making you happy, and helping you to be good. My second thought was, Do the children *realize* what this means? More — much more — than the beautiful mosses arranged so prettily upon the card are the loving thoughts sent out through them to you. As she is giving of her best for *your* pleasure and happiness, so must she expect *you* to give out to *others* from all the good you are getting. She would have you, "Little Sunbeams," "Little Lovebeams," letting your light of Truth shine even now upon every little boy and girl you chance to meet — and so the beautiful "moss cards" fulfill a grand mission if each little Truth-seeker will but follow her example of unselfish love.

Whenever my eyes rest upon this card I shall think of you *all* — a band of workers helping to spread the grand Truth that we whose eyes are partially opened have revealed to us, and I shall wish for you now and always prosperity and success.

Very sincerely your friend,

AUNT SARAH.

[Oh, you innocent "Aunt Sarah!" It would have taken a heart of stone to have withstood that "*rather strong hint*" you refer to. I'll leave it to the Wisdoms if it wouldn't, for *this* is just what you said:

"And the dear WEE WISDOM I enjoy almost more than all the rest. Dear Mother Sparr! Hasn't she the loveliest face? I wish I were a little girl and could have one of her moss cards. Can't I cut off a cipher and call myself six years of age?"

Now, wouldn't *you* cut off that cipher, (we don't believe in 'em anyway), and make "Aunt Sarah" eligible to the kingdom of heaven and a moss card? — ED.]

"Mamma, I guess I have found out where the pins and needles go."

"Where, child?"

"Why, the bees and the hornets use 'em for stingers, and the devil's darning needles get the lost shawl pins." — *Selected.*

The interesting little story on the following page, entitled "Whatsoever," is reprinted, by request, from the December, 1893, WEE WISDOM.

## "Whatsoever."

Homer and Norman, aged respectively four and three years, were the recipients of a beautiful little kitten, which they tenderly loved, and especially enjoyed taking it to bed with them, and the kitten equally enjoyed cuddling between the little boys in their soft warm night-gowns.

One night after the little boys had fallen asleep, their mother requested the servant to remove the kitty to the barn. They awoke early next morning, and missing their little playfellow, sprang from their bed and hurriedly dressed to go in quest of it.



*"They especially enjoyed taking kitty to bed with them."*

The first real blizzard of the winter had come that night, and it was bitter cold. The plants were all frozen in the window, the little pigs were frozen in the pen, and when Homer and Norman opened the barn door and called "kitty! kitty!" there was

no familiar "m-e-w!" in response; but to the right of the door they found their kitty dead, frozen stiff; its paws stretched out, its teeth set, its eyes glaring, and all covered with frost. Pitiful sounds of weeping came up from that barn. The funeral procession started to the house—the two heart-stricken little mourners carrying the frozen cat between them as they would an iron rod. Entering the sitting-room they cried out: "O mamma! how *can* we live without our kitty?"

"Don't you *fink*, mamma," asked dear little Norman, as he held the cat by its frozen tail with one little hand and wiped his tears with the other—"don't you fink that the Good Father would gim it back to us if we ask him? You know you said *whatsoever* we ask the Savior for He will gim it to us."



*"Two heart-stricken little mourners, carrying the frozen cat between them."*

The mother saw that her little sons were ready to take God at His

word. But as she looked upon that frozen, dead "whatsoever" she stood a moment hesitating, when dear little Homer came to her rescue and said, "Brother, I speck its this way: If the Good Father thinks it *best* for us to have our kitty, He will gim it back to us if we ask Him in the dear Savior's name."

That settled the question, and down went the little boys on their knees, side by side, two little gingham aprons with pearl buttons up the back, (I see the picture now as vividly as I did the real twenty years ago,) two pairs of dimpled little hands folded in prayer, two little heads bowed low and quivering with the very intenseness of the heart's petition, alternately praying and rubbing the dead kittie with warm flannels.



"Two pairs of dimpled hands folded in prayer."

One—two—hours sped by with no abatement in the zeal of the two little believers; now they prayed, now they rubbed, never stopping to doubt or question.

At the end of the third hour, the mother, who was quietly "pondering these things," whispered to her husband—

"I just now saw a pulsation in that dead kitten!"

"Impossible!" replied the husband; "your sympathy for the



boys has made you nervous; that thing is as dead as a door-nail; and—and—but—my! Did you see that? It *did* breathe, *sure!*"

By this time the entire household was interested. A pulsation at intervals of fifteen, ten and five minutes, and by noon the kitten walked across the floor and the prayer-meeting closed with, "We thank you, Good Father, for giming us back our little kitty. Amen."

N. M. A.

## A Good Method.

ANNA M. PRATT.

There was a little schoolma'am  
Who had this curious way  
Of drilling in subtraction  
On every stormy day:

"Let's all subtract unpleasant things  
Like doleful dumps and pain,  
And then," said she, "you'll gladly see  
That pleasant things remain."

—St. Nicholas.



## One of these Little Ones.

Our little Easter visitor is Grace Maurine Adsit. She came to dwell in a certain home in Westfield, Wisconsin, early one morning on the 30th of September, 1896.



Why she came to that special home at that special time was because a dear papa and mamma, who had already been blessed with three sons, wanted a daughter. They had been studying and thinking for two or three years about the Truths of Being and were living much in the spiritual thought.

They wanted to see a beautiful expression of truth in the form of a little daughter. So they asked the "Infinite Life" to bless and bring into manifestation their united desire for this dear little girl-life.

After that there were still happier thoughts thought in that home. There was music and beauty and joy, love and thankfulness expressed everywhere, that the nest of this wee birdling of Thought should be downy and pure.

So the months rolled on like a happy song till nine were gone.

And then—the dear little Birdling came from her hiding into the welcome arms of parents and brothers.

When her little tongue found out the cunning way of speech, her first sentence was "I am perit" (spirit). "God is lub" (love) followed. Now she says, "Grace love everybody."

She is very fond of looking at pictures and reading stories from them. One day she came across the picture of two rabbits, one's ears pointed up and the others were hanging down. She didn't know how to read that picture, so she asked mamma, and mamma explained, "that is a rabbit with its ears hanging down." Then down went her small finger on the ears of the other rabbit as she said, "*This rabbit got ears hanging up.*"



She has heard her brothers say much about their "Report Cards." So when the moss cards came to her she called them "*My Port Cards*."

Grace has quite an idea that she was always connected with the events of this family. When she hears them relating anything that was done ever so long before she was born she will quickly say, "I was there, too, mamma." One day she got a Testament that had been given her mamma when a girl. She sat down in her little chair and tried to read it, saying "mine, mamma." "No," explained mamma; "grandpa gave it to me when I was a little girl." "Well," said Grace, "I need it, don't I? Well'en grandpa sent it to *me*." She's a useful little maiden and likes to "help mamma."

Upon this sunny Wee Wisdom health, strength, love and fearlessness are always in attendance. Her parents, Jacob and Mary Adsit, (her father's name ought to have been Joseph) are living and preaching this gospel of Love and healing Truth in Westfield, Wisconsin.

God blesses their home.

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### Kathryn's Prayer.

A few years ago there lived in the City of Wyandotte, Michigan, a sweet little girl. We will call her Kathryn. At the time to which we refer she was about four years old.

The newspapers had just brought the information that a meteor had recently fallen into the State of Colorado. Kathryn heard her papa and mamma and grandma and uncles and aunt talking about it and finally she asked, "What is a meteor, mamma?"

Her mamma told her that it was a great mass of molten metal and rock that looked like a great big black rock, and had the odor of brimstone. "And did it come down from the sky, mamma?" she asked. Her mamma told her it did, and then she asked, "Could a man lift it, mamma?" Her mamma told her it was much too big for a hundred men to lift.

Then she said, "God lives up in the sky, don't He mamma?" Her mamma believed so, and told her that was right.

After that little Kathryn did her own thinking. When ready for bed that night she knelt down and "said her prayers," as usual, and after she had asked God to "bless papa and mamma and all the rest of the folks," and take good care of them all, she paused to reflect a moment, when she remembered the meteor, and then she closed her prayer with these words: "And please, God, don't throw any more stones."



*I am the Way,  
I am the Truth,  
I am the Life,  
I am! I am!*

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

## Epistles.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I am sending these three pieces for the WEE WISDOM. We are three of Bro. H. H. Schroeder's Sunday School pupils. Yours truly,

CHARLES HEINRICH.

[The "we" here referred to stands for Charles, Dailie and Walter Heinrich. Each has made a beautiful selection for WEE WISDOM. Charles has copied the 23rd Psalm for his selection; Dailie, "All Things Bright and Beautiful;" and "Little Walter, five years young," sends the poem, "A Good Boy."—Ed.]

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LANE, KANSAS.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I take your paper, WEE WISDOM, and like it very much. I love to read the letters the little girls and boys write for your nice paper. I think the story about "Mary's Ups and Downs" is very nice. I saw a letter in your paper that Mrs. Brown wrote. I always delight in reading what she writes. I would love to have one of your beautiful moss cards. I think Mother Sparr is very nice to make such nice cards for the children. I will close for this time. Your loving friend,

MILLIE NOFSINGER.

CHANNING, TEXAS.

DEAR MOTHER SPARR—I am eight years old and my little brother Edgar is five. We read the letters in WEE WISDOM and think them so nice. We don't have much here in Texas. We have two pet kitties. Edgar wanted to write to you but don't believe you could read his letter. We do want a moss card so bad. We will send you a violet full of love from mamma's window.

We are your loving friends,

MAY and EDGAR McALLISTER.

LATER MAY and EDGAR WRITE:

DEAR MOTHER SPARR—

We received the moss cards. They are so pretty. It is so good of you to make such dainty cards for little boys and girls. Will tell you what Edgar and I saw today. Papa opened a car door and we stepped in. There were five grown buffaloes in stalls; one had such a large head. Edgar says to tell you that some little chickens just came last night and they say "tweet, tweet."

We are your true friends in Truth,

MAY and EDGAR McALLISTER.

\*\*\*

SANTA ANA, CAL.

DEAR MOTHER SPARR—I would like one of your moss cards very much. We keep Belgian Hares and they are all quite tame. I have a little one called Frederick, and brother and sister have some, too. Doris, my sister, has a little fellow called Billy Boy, and Mac, my brother, one called Uncle Tom. We have them for pets. I am nine years old and in the fifth grade. I like to go to school and hope I will go into the A class soon. As I skipped the fourth grade I am not sure of passing. I like the Pillow Verses very much and enjoy reading them. I hope I will see my letter in print in next WEE WISDOM. Your little friend,

EDNA ROBBINS.

\*\*\*

URBANA, OHIO.

DEAR MOTHER SPARR—I like WEE WISDOM very much. I am twelve years old. Mamma takes the UNITY and likes it very much. A friend sent a WEE WISDOM over to our house for me to read and I subscribed for it that night. I would like a moss card very much. Yours truly,

JESSIE BELTON.

P. S.—I send some stamps.

\*\*\*

HUDSON, MICH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a Truth boy eight years old, and would like a moss card. Please send me one. Mamma takes UNITY. Love to Mother Sparr. With best wishes,

HOY BOW.

## Wee Wisdom

11

Cosby, Mo.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little girl eight years old, and I go to school and I am in the Fourth Reader. My aunt gave me some WEE WISDOMS to read. Please send me a moss card. Yours truly,

LUELLA VERAGUTH.

\*\*\*

WALNUT, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am nine years old, and I take WEE WISDOM. I have a cat and a dog. I would like one of Mother Sparr's moss cards. I have taken WEE WISDOM for one year and a half and I like it very much. When I saw Mother Sparr's picture I thought it was very nice. I have two sisters, Marion and Ruth. Marion is three years old and Ruth is twelve.

OGDEN C. MORLAN.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—My Grandma reads WEE WISDOM to me and I like it so well. I'm nine years old. I go to school and I'm in third grade. Please send me one of Mother Sparr's moss cards. From your little friend,

ALICE JONES.

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BRANDON, MAN., CAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I would like to have one of your moss cards very much. We have taken UNITY and WEE WISDOM for some time and we find them very helpful. When in Los Angeles, Cal., which is my home, I was healed of inflammation of the eyes through the Home of Truth in that city. I do wish we had a Home where the Truth was taught in Brandon. I remain yours in Truth,

ALICE PATERSON.

### "WEE WISDOM'S" LETTER TO YOU.

*My Dear Wisdom:*

KANSAS CITY, MO., April, 1900.

You see, two of me comes to your home this month. I will tell you why I bring my extra self along this time. I want *you* to help me extend my acquaintance.

I want to go into the homes of more girls and boys and tell them of these beautiful truths *we* love so well. I want every home to be a joyful, healthful, prosperous home. I want every little head to have a downy pillow of pure, wholesome thought to rest upon. Don't you? Well, what will *you* do to put me in some new home for a year? *You* know somebody who wants *me*. Who is it? You will bless both them and yourself by bringing us together.

Knowing that *you* will succeed,

I am yours for the good and true,

—WEE WISDOM.

WASHTA, IOWA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am twelve years old and go to school every day. I have one sister ten years old and another nearly one year old. I love to read the nice stories in WEE WISDOM. Please send two moss cards, one for my sister Lulu and the other for myself. My school is not half a block away. My grandma was in California last year and she gathered some sea moss herself. Well, I hope many good works will be done for WEE WISDOM, and God will put far better thoughts in your head so you may print it in WEE WISDOM. Love to all, and God be with you.

EVA LEOTA MATTOON.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little girl ten years old and am in the fifth grade. I went to Mrs. Militz' Sunday School today for the first time and enjoyed it very much. Mrs. Militz gave me a WEE WISDOM, and I was told she gave them to her class every month. I read that you send moss cards to those who write for one and I would like very much to have one, and I will be very much obliged for one because I have never seen sea moss. I enjoyed the Sunday School so much that my sister is going next Sunday with me. Your very loving friend,

MARCELLA ASHTON.

## JUVENILE BIBLE LESSONS.

BY A. R. M.

## LESSON I. APRIL I.

The Blessed One.—Matt. 4:25 to 5:12.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.*—Matt. 5:8.

Now let us read the Beatitudes all together.

You know what the Beatitudes are, don't you? Those verses that all begin with what word?

Yes, *Blessed*. Isn't that a dear word! And what does it mean? What does mamma mean when she says to baby brother, "You blessed baby"? And how that baby laughs and coos when she says it! He is so happy and he makes everybody so happy, too.

Why, there! that's what blessed means, just to be happy and make everyone else happy, too. Nobody is too little to do that, is he?

What is the name of the blessed one in everybody that smiles so sweetly, and says such loving words, and does such good things? That's right, it's the Christ-child.

Have all of you this Christ-child in you? Of course. Jesus said so once, when he was talking about little children, "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven," and your angel is your True Self or the Christ-child.

What was it in the Lord Jesus that made him bless the people so when he began to talk with them? It was the same One that is in every one of us, which is our Lord and was his Lord, and is the Father and the True Self of us all. It has many names, hasn't it? What are some of the other names, children? Love and Life—yes, and Health and Good and God.

In these Beatitudes our Teacher names over the different kinds of people that will learn about the Truth and so be healed and grow happy and make others happy.

There are eight:

1. The poor in spirit.
2. They that mourn.
3. The meek.
4. Those that are hungry for truth.
5. The merciful.
6. The pure in heart.
7. The peace-makers.
8. Those who are treated unkindly when they are being good.

Perhaps you can find all these kinds of people in you. Every child has the first kind, "poor in spirit," because you know they say children don't know much and can't do much—when really you can do everything through Christ in you. It is just such people as you that are in the

heavenly kingdom, happy and free.

Now the second, the mourner. Is that ever in you? Do you ever feel *sorry* when you haven't minded mamma, or when you've hurt sister, or were naughty in some way? Then you had the mourner in you that is sure to be blessed right away, and you'll feel so comfortable as that naughty self flies away before the Christ-child, who always seeks to do good and be kind to the one that was not treated right.

Then the meek. Is that one in you? It's the one that is never angry or proud or selfish. Why, children, do you know that if you would never be angry or proud or selfish that you would inherit the earth—that is, have all the good things of life? What a happy time that would be—to be able to give everybody any good thing that was wished for. You can be a regular fairy god-mother if you love God with all your might, God is so good.

Being hungry for the truth is just like being hungry for bread and butter after school. Don't it taste good? How we love to hear truth and to read it and to learn it in those dear little pillow verses.

Next is *merciful*. I know a little girl, that whenever her papa was going to whip brother would beg and beg papa not to do it, and almost always succeeded. And, do you know! that little girl never received any whippings herself. She was so merciful herself that no one could have the heart to hurt her even in the least way. It's the Christ-child that makes us merciful.

The next two are easy. You know all about being pure in heart and so seeing God, the good everywhere, and why making peace brings joy and blessings.

Now for the crowning one of all. I wonder if you can be gentle and loving when some one has acted unkindly to you. And, when they talk against you, are you patient and forgiving? Such a blessing comes then. Because then you become like a great giant in good for you grow like the greatest Blessing that ever walked the earth. Who is that children? Yes, the blessed Lord Jesus Christ.

## LESSON 2. APRIL 8.

Precepts and Promises. Matt. 7:1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.* Matt. 7:12.

Did you ever know a girl who talked against other girls? If you will notice you will find other girls talk against her. That is just the way the carnal mind always works. The carnal mind—what is that?

It is the one that is not your true self—some people call it mortal mind, the one that claims to get sick and to make mistakes and to do unkind deeds.

Now, people who are finding fault are not happy, so the Master tells us never to find fault with others, for if we do some one will find fault with us, and so there will be inharmony all the time, and that is not heaven. Besides, that is not the way to cure people of their faults. Right in these verses (3, 4, 5) Jesus tells us how to do that: instead of thinking about the evils in other people ("the mote that is in thy brother's eye") let us see that there be no evil in ourselves at all—no beam in our own eyes. If you wish another girl would be more polite, then be even more polite and thoughtful yourself and not talk about her, and soon she will try to be like you, because she cannot help but admire you. If you wish the teacher not to be so cross, don't call her names or talk against her, but silently say kind words to her, be sweeter and kinder yourself, and soon she will change.

Now, what can the Master mean by this next verse (6). Let us read it together. I think that he means that there are some things that are so sacred that we should never talk about them with any one who will say unclean things about them or make fun of them because they don't know any better. Perhaps mamma can tell you more about this. If she will send to the Mother of this little paper, Myrtle Fillmore, for a five-cent leaflet called "At What Age," it may help her to tell you.

"Ask and it shall be given you" say our heavenly Father by his Spirit in Jesus. Then he tells us that our Father, God, is just like a good earthly father and all that you ever need to think is, "Would a good man of this earth give me that thing I wish for?" And if you see he would, then you can ask it of God. And if you do not get your answer immediately, then you must learn more Truth, in order to know how to live and speak and act so that nothing can keep the good away from you that God has already given you.

Verses 12, 13, 14. Have you heard about the ten commandments? You know they tell us not to lie, or steal, or kill—quite a list so long that not many people remember them. But Jesus tells us that if we will do only those things to others that we are willing others shall do to us that we shall be keeping all these laws. That is very plain to see. It is the Christ-child in us that keeps us straight and true. That is the only One that goes into the kingdom of heaven. And we are all that One.

#### LESSON 3. APRIL 15.

#### The Daughter of Jairus Raised.

Mark 5: 22-24; 35-43.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Be not afraid, only believe.* Mark 5:36.

Once we thought we all had to die to go to heaven. But now we know better.

We know we are all to live just like the trees that keep on for hundreds of years and keep fresh and strong and beautiful all the time.

That is what Jesus came to teach, and if we live like him we shall not die and we shall keep others alive, too. And even if we should fall asleep like this little daughter of Jairus, then the Christ working through somebody could waken us and bring us back to life.

Those that people call dead are not really dead. They are alive and they think and love and are doing good just the same as ever, because they are Mind now, just as they were before.

Jairus was a minister and when he sought Jesus first his daughter was still alive, but soon a servant came to tell him it was no use to ask help any more for she was dead. That is the way some people give up thinking that the Christ might heal disease but he cannot heal death.

But the Truth will not let you draw any lines at all. It asks us to believe in Life in God, not in death or evil—"Be not afraid, only believe."

When he comes to the house to wake the daughter from her dream of death the people begin to scoff at such an idea. Then he has them put out, just as we put unbelieving thoughts out of mind, and he takes with him only those that have faith.

It is always best when we give anyone a treatment to take them by themselves, so that those that laugh and are doubtful will not have any influence upon them.

The Christ-child, your real Self, can do everything that Jesus did. That is the Truth in you and It tells you just what to say and how to act with every case. It is the One in you that will live forever, and It will show you how to keep this body, your little house, just as long as you please—hundreds of years. It need never be sick or suffer from any accident, or grow old or weak, but keep just as a beautiful vase is kept as long as it is useful and there is a suitable place for it in the world. Jesus raised up his own body, and so taught us that we need not depend upon people, for we have the power within ourselves both to heal us and deliver us from death. To-day we celebrate Jesus' victory over death, which has become a sign to us that the



whole world shall finally triumph over death through the power of the God-truth, and then no one will ever die again.

LESSON 4. APRIL 22.

The Centurion's Servant Healed.

Luke 7: 1-10.

**GOLDEN TEXT**—*Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.* Ps. 103: 13.

This officer in the army who asked Jesus to heal his servant while yet at a distance showed a wonderful knowledge of the power of thought. He saw that Jesus could send his thought to the man and so heal him. And Jesus did it.

We do not need to go to people to heal them, we all know this and most of us have seen people cured that have never seen their healer.

Once there was a little four-year-old girl who healed her auntie that way. Her mamma had been treating Aunt Mary for several days but did not seem to reach her case, and one evening she returned home from visiting Aunt Mary and her face looked so troubled and puzzled that her little daughter, whose name also was Mary, asked her about her auntie.

"She is very sick," replied her mother, "and I cannot seem to reach her."

"Let me treat her, mamma," eagerly asked little Mary.

"Very well, daughter," said her mother indulgently, not thinking she would do anything but play at giving treatment.

Mary seated herself in her rocking-chair, closed her eyes, keeping very quiet. Soon she began to move uneasily in her chair and to wrinkle her brow and then she opened her eyes and said:

"Aunt Mary won't shut her eyes," which information sounded rather strange, as her aunt lived several blocks away.

"Well, tell her to do so, dear," said her mother now quite interested.

Then Mary continued her absent treatment.

"Now she's all well," finally she exclaimed with a sigh of relief.

And sure enough, when her mother went the next morning to call upon her she was up out of bed and engaged in the housework perfectly well.

She remembered distinctly the night before the feeling that she must close her eyes and keep still, for it was the last thing she remembered before falling asleep. She slept soundly the night through for the first time in weeks, and when she awoke was healed.

God is the great Healer in us all, and He

can use a little child just the same as a grown-up person, and sometimes it would seem better, because they are so pure and loving and full of faith.

LESSON 5. APRIL 29.

Jesus and John the Baptist.

Luke 7: 18-28.

**GOLDEN TEXT**—*He hath done all things well.* Mark 7: 37.

John was a minister who belonged to the old school of preaching. He was a wonderful teacher and his preaching caused the people to stop sinning and live purer lives so as to be ready for the new teaching which Jesus was to bring in.

Most of the ministers of today are of the same style as John, and they have been doing good work, getting the people ready for the teaching that we are having now, and that is going all over the world soon setting people free from diseases and death.

Many of the ministers are beginning to inquire into this teaching, and they are receiving the same answer that Jesus sent to John: that all the signs of the true ministry are here, the blind are seeing, the lame walking, all manner of incurable (?) diseases are being healed, the dead are being brought back to life, and it is taught that everybody can receive these divine powers.

John did not do any healing and it was not expected of him. That is true also of the ministers of the past. They have all been looking for a Christ outside themselves.

But Jesus knew the Christ was in him, and everyone who follows in Jesus' steps knows the Christ-child is the True Self and that It is in each one of us. It is the Son of God, which we are. We are the King's children and so all the good and great things of life belong to us. We don't have to live in deserts like John, and be poor, and get into prison and have our heads cut off. It was because John did not know he was the Christ that all these things came to him. Yet he was a very great man.

But the tiniest child that knows what Jesus knew is greater than John because he can keep his life and be himself a mighty ruler over all the earth by being a ruler over himself and sin, disease and death.

"Zeal without knowledge is fire without light."



## YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.



AST Fall one of these three boys who are privileged to call "Ye Editor" "*mamma*" went about the home yards with spade and hoe and hide away in the brown earth such quantities of ugly-little-potatoey-looking things—"bulbs" he called them.

And *now*? Well, you should see what has come of it! All over the yard little banners of bright color are unfurling themselves. Even before the last snow fall, tiny white spears pierced the black earth and made way for "My Lady, Snowdrop." When the snowflakes fell upon her a few days later, she shone out among them fearless and unchilled. The snowflakes melted away, but our Snowdrop is still here. How wonderful is this springing forth of life and beauty! If these little withered bulbs could hold such dreams of beauty, and bring them up out of the cold earth, what shall we not do with this Splendor of—that *Something* that shines *within* us, so deep, we think it's 'way off in heaven, we cannot find words to tell what It is like, but It is more beautiful than anything our eyes have ever yet looked upon. Trying to tell about this inward Splendor some have described fairies and fairyland, and others, angels and heaven. But *we*, dear Wisdoms, well know *It is our own glorious Selfhood* waiting to come forth. Once, so long ago men call it 2,000 years, Jesus brought the *glorified One* forth—and this is what we call *Easter*.

Our dear Mother Sparr is about her sweet work of love again, gathering the deep sea beauties for *you*. We did not tell you about the dark word that came telling it did look as if our dear friend were very near moving out of her dear old house. But the *Word of Truth* went forth and our sweet friend is growing stronger and more beautiful as the days go by. She sends you loving words and blessings, for some way she feels that *your* love and truth words for her have kept her here to go on with her work for you. A new lot of moss

cards have just arrived, and we hasten to fill some waiting calls. "Ye Editor" is delighted with the sweet spirit of returning something to her again, which so many of the dear Wisdoms show. Of course, there must be pains and expense in this work she has so lovingly undertaken for you.

In response to "A Nickel's" call for A-man-u-en-ses four Wisdoms have already stepped to the front. Fred Rea Munson, of Topeka, Kansas, has the right-of-way, being first. Those following Fred's beginning will please bear in mind that "A Nickel" is strictly Scientific and has gone out on a mission of good.

This *other* nickel seems of a more material turn of mind, so we will start him out in a story by himself, and call it *A Nother Nickel*. I. Chapter written by Jessie Swaim, South Bend, Ind.; II. Chapter, Theresa Beckett, St. Louis, Mo.; III. Chapter, Bessie Pyatt, Kansas City, Kan. Now, we want you *all* to take an interest in Messrs. Nickel, both one and two, and help them tell their story.

Thanks to the three Wisdoms who have sent in Pillow Verses; they will be used next month.

Little James had been imparting to the minister the important and cheerful information that his father had got a new set of false teeth.

"Indeed, James?" replied the minister, indulgently. "And what will he do with the old set?"

"Oh, I s'pose," replied little James, "they'll cut 'em down and make me wear 'em."—*Selected*.

The dog had been chasing his own tail for a quarter of an hour.

"Papa," quoth Willie, "what kind of a dog is that?"

"A watch dog, my son," responded the parent.

Willie pondered a moment.

"Well," he finally observed, "from the length of time that it takes him to wind himself up, I think he must be a Waterbury watch dog."—*Selected*.



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MYRTLE FILLMORE, EDITOR.

### APRIL.

HELEN AUGUSTA FUSSELL.

April's glad,  
And April's sad,  
April's awful fickle.  
I don't know why,  
But she'll always cry  
If the sun shine much or mickle.

April sighs  
And April cries,  
Till "her tears rin down like rain."  
And there appears,  
Through her tears,  
Laughter sweet again.

So many good things had to be left over,  
but they won't spoil.

Remember *Brightside* is only \$1.00 per  
year. Address, *Brightside*, Denver, Colo.

Miss Lucy Swaim has lovingly lent her  
skillful pencil to help WEE WISDOM to this  
pretty Easter cover. We are all grateful  
to her.

Be sure, everybody, to read the Bible  
Lessons this month. They are written by  
somebody who loves *us* dearly. Guess  
who it is?

How good that Mr. J. W. Bennett has  
given us a graceful sketch of Mr. A Nickel  
making his first bow to us! We thank  
you, Mr. Bennett!

Let none forget that WEE WISDOM's  
Birthday edition is to be gotten up by the  
Wee Wisdoms themselves. Better begin  
to get *your* part ready right away. Try  
your best on the August number.

### BOOKS THAT CHILDREN NEED.

**How Edith Found Fairyland.....\$0.75**

By Nina Lillian Morgan. We are sure  
all who read it will bear us out in the  
assertion that it is the very best book  
ever written for children.

**Springwood Tales..... 1.00**

By Helen Augusta Fussell. A book of  
stories and verses as fresh, fragrant and  
acceptable as "The flowers that bloom  
in the spring, tra, la."

**Big Truths for Little People..... .50**

By Alice E. Cramer. This book is a  
collection of excellent little stories and  
truth talks published in *Harmony*, and  
are very instructive.

**A Gap in the Fence..... 1.25**

By Harriet Louise Jerome. A sweet,  
pure, delightful story.

**The Story of Teddy..... .65**

By Helen Van Anderson. This is a most  
entertaining story of a boy of ten years  
and just the kind of a book the boys will  
enjoy. We highly recommend it.

**Aunt Seg's Catechism..... .25**

By Sarah Elizabeth Griswold. Six simple  
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By Helen Van Anderson. This book is  
filled with verses, sketches, stories and  
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**The Wonderful Wishers of Wising Well.**

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Monday

O Spring!  
Sweet Spring!  
Such joy you bring—  
You set the brown earth  
Blossoming.

Tuesday

So sweet and free,  
This joy to me  
Must feel like wings  
To bird and bee.

Wednesday

Like blossoms freed  
From Winter's tomb,  
So spring sweet thoughts  
When freed from gloom.

Thursday

As sweet germs wait  
In earth's brown breast  
For the glad Spring  
To wake from rest,  
So waits our loving Good  
To be Called into bloom  
By you and me.

Friday

Love is sunshine;  
In Love's light  
Life grows glad,  
And blossoms, bright.

Saturday

No fear nor gloom  
Can long entomb;  
Our Christ so dear  
Is ever here.

Sunday

Joy! glad joy! Our Lord  
we see!  
Swift on wings of love  
and light,  
Wings of joy and wings of  
might,  
Springs our radiant One  
to sight.