

WEE WISDOM

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



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. V.

KANSAS CITY, MO., MARCH, 1901.

No. 8.

The Garden, the Gate, and the Key.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

CHAPTER VII.—THE STORY.

ON THE following day the three little girls were playing in the meadow where Uncle Noble had said he would meet them. Uncle Noble, true to his word, appeared on time, and, seating himself beside them on the grass and pulling a little clover blossom that grew near, began the story he had promised.

Now hear about the wonderful garden of Wisdom or Thought. Once there was a man, not a very good man, but a kind man at heart, and one who wanted to be good to everyone. Well, this man found himself one day feeling very queer—everything had gone wrong. He had lost one of his cuff buttons in the morning, then at breakfast he spilled over his coffee on the clean table-cloth, then when he reached his store he scolded his man for being late, and at last he grew so cross that he didn't like himself at all.

"Why, Uncle Noble," interrupted Prudence, "I thought you were going to tell us about the garden?"

"Wait and see," said uncle. "Let me tell it my own way."

Now when this man began to see how cross he had been a thought way deep in his heart spoke and said, "I must stop this; it is very wrong," and just as he thought this he felt a little tap on his ear, and looking around he spied a tiny little creature dressed all in green sitting on his shoulder. "Why, who are you?" exclaimed the man.

"I'm a little being from Fairyland, and

I have a message for you from our King and Queen. The first person that enters here this day be very kind to, and see what comes of it."

"Very well, I'll try and do as you say," said the man.

At this the little fairy took off his green tasseled cap, and waving it in the air, said, "Good-bye," and was gone.

Now it was not very long after this that the door opened, and an old bent woman came in.

"Will you help a poor woman by buying some of her oranges?" said she.

Now the man was in a great rush of work just then and did not feel like being troubled by anyone, so he was about to say, "I have no time for buying just now for all my moments are taken up in selling," when suddenly remembering the little green fairy, he turned to the woman more kindly and asked, "How do you sell your oranges?"

"Three for ten cents," she answered.

"Well, give me three; here is your money, and here is a flower," said he handing her a long-stemmed rose which he lifted from the counter.

"Ah, thank you, sir, I'll take this to my little sick grandchild; it will please her," and holding the flower carefully she went out the door, saying "God bless you" as she went.

Now the man felt better after doing this little act of charity; his heart felt kinder and more gentle towards those about him.

Later in the day an old gentleman came

into his store and ordered white pinks for a wedding. Now this old gentleman appeared to be a very wise old man. Just before leaving he turned to the man and said abruptly, "Young man, is yours a Garden of Wisdom, and have you found the gateway and the key?"

When his customer had gone the young man said to himself, "Why, the old fellow is crazy. What can he be talking about?" but then after thinking it over he decided the old man knew a little more than he did.

You all know this old gentleman came the next day and looked through the garden and told the young man to find his key — this you have heard. Now listen to how the young man went into his garden through the wonderful gate with the rusty key, and what he found there.

Trailing over the gate he discovered a Passion Vine. Now the vine had been so covered by the hedge that no one could tell unless they looked very closely of its growing there.

"Ah, this is a pretty thing!" thought the young man, and while he was examining it he found the tiny green fairy clinging to one of its green tendrils, and looking so much like a part of the vine that at first he thought he must be mistaken, but the fairy spoke, saying:

"I see you followed my advice; it is well you did so, for otherwise I could not come to see you today, and I have a few words to say to you. I saw you buy the old woman's oranges and give her a flower, and then I followed her home, for my work in this world is to watch over well-meaning people, and help them all I can. Now the old lady took that white rose to a little child who has been in bed for some weeks. As she entered the poor home a little plaintive voice cried out, 'Is that you, grandma? did you sell any oranges today?'"

"Yes, darling, and grandma has something pretty for her pet! A kind gentleman gave her this — see, isn't that sweet?" and she laid the rose in the little child's hand.

"O grandma, how beautiful! how I love the good gentleman for being so kind."

"Yes, pet, he was good and kind, God

bless him for buying for now grandma can make a nice soup for you; it will do you good."

"The little child lay there and talked to the rose, and I flitted away, for I had finished my work in that place at that time. You see how much good one tiny act of kindness may do, and it cost you nothing, bringing its blessing of peace and happiness to your mind. This act made it easy for you to find the gateway. Now look at the Passion Flower and see what it has to say."

Now the Passion Flower teaches a big lesson which I am going to tell you little children in one word — Faith! Have faith, just believe in the good in the world and in people and don't worry about things. Just expect to have a good time. It would n't do for Uncle Noble to try and tell you all the flower said, for it might not all be interesting to little girls.

"Did you talk to another flower?" asked Patience.

Oh, yes, I saw a little yellow cowslip peeping out of the grass that had a good deal to say, but now I've told you all the story, let us run a race to the gate and then home to our dinners. Now, one for the money, two for the show, three to make ready, and four to go! So away they all ran, but Faith reached the gate first and so won the race.

(To be continued.)

THE TARDY VALENTINE.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

I've come with a rose in my button-hole,
And a note in my pocket, I think;
A kiss on my lips from a dear little soul,
And the note, it is pretty and pink,
With blue and gold for the letters, I'm told;
And tho' I've come late, they say,
The message is still as sweet as before —
A message of love for today.

Papa. — See the spider, my boy, spinning his web. Is it not wonderful? Do you reflect, try as he may, no man could spin that web?

Johnny. — What of it? See me spin this top! Do you reflect that, try as he may, no spider can spin this top. — *Selected.*

"I'll Wait Till Mama Comes."

VICTOR'S MAMA.

NOW this is a true story about truly little people. Ronald was three years old, and his mama had invited several little friends of his own age to come to his home and help in celebrating the event.

One of the little boys present was a boy

tears from his eyes exclaimed, "I'll wait till my mama tumes."

And he *did* wait and hugely enjoyed the rest of the afternoon, so much so that when his mama came he begged to "stay longah and play wiv Ronald's fings." But like the good boy he was went home contentedly, taking with him one of the "birthday candles" which they had *blown* out. But not the one *he* had blown out, for his little dog "Bug" had eaten his up, so Ronald's mama kindly gave him another one which *he* thought just as good, making a very happy ending to a day that might have proven very uncomfortable if he had not concluded to "wait till mama came."

We wish he and all other boys and girls would be as sensible always, making the best of things and finding enjoyment in things provided for their comfort until the



Ronald on his fiery steeds.

named Victor. His mama had brought him to Ronald's house, then left him, kissing him several times, and saying to him, "Now, Victor, you will be a good boy and mama will come after you in a short time."

Victor said, "Yes, I'll be dood and wait for you," and ran away to play with the other children, giving Ronald the plate which he had brought for his birthday gift.

However, shortly after his mama had left he began to show signs of uneasiness, and going up to Ronald's mama, his little hands folded in front of him, asked, "Has you dot a telephone?" his little eyes filling with tears and his little lips trembling with emotion in spite of his efforts to be brave.

"No, I haven't," answered Ronald's mama. "Why do you ask?"

"Ob," replied Victor, "I wants to tell my mama to tume and take me home," then burst out crying, and nothing could comfort him. Finally being left to himself a moment, he jumped down out of the chair he was sitting in, and wiping the



Victor at his papa's telephone.

thing they most wish for comes, just as this little boy played contentedly and "waited till his mama came."

MORE OF JOY'S WAYS.

VIRGINIA BELLE WADDINGHAM.



TRUST my little readers have not forgotten Joy—our little laugh-provoking Joy. Well, Joy is just as good at dropping a timely hint to her little friends of the insect world as she is at giving sensible advice to her elders, and her diminutive friends are just as quick at taking the hint, too.

One day an army of black ants invaded Joy's back yard and after a thorough reconnaissance decided to make an encampment there. Without much ado they selected what they considered a most desirable site, and set to work excavating for their new quarters. Each wore a bright black armor, polished to such a degree that it fairly shone in the golden sunshine, and it was an interesting sight to see them disappear under the ground and come forth laden with as much earth as one little ant could possibly carry, working like little Trojans, for there was not one "lazy-bones" among them.

So they dug and dug away down in the brown earth, for they intended to have their houses snug and warm under the ground. They had brought their families with them, and were anxious to get the little ones housed and a good supply of provisions safely stored away before the summer ended.

Soon the dwellings were completed, and then began a lively skirmish after food for their larder. Most of them set to work in the yard, carrying away the seeds which were there in abundance; but one little fellow, more venturesome than the rest, found his way into Joy's grandmother's kitchen, where he skurried about poking his tiny nose into every crevice and cranny, until he espied the pantry, and it did not take him long to find the heaps of sugar and bread and bacon, and other dainties that delight the palates of little black ants. I suppose he thought they were put there for his especial benefit; at any rate, he did not hesitate to invite his friends and neighbors to come and help themselves to the

good things, an invitation they were not slow in accepting, and forming a long line they followed their host to the window in the pantry of Joy's house. Up, up, the side of the house they climbed, creeping under the screen and into the pantry, issuing forth again bearing their heavy burdens, for they can carry wonderfully heavy loads, these little black ants.

At first Joy's grandmother did not notice her tiny visitors, but as their number increased day by day she began to think them a nuisance. She was trying to devise some way to get rid of the little invaders, when a little girl, who was visiting Joy, came in and begged her "to come and make Joy stop. She is acting so naughty; she won't let me kill those horrid ants, and she is talking so silly to them."

Grandmother tip-toed around the house, and this is what she heard: "Little ants," Joy was saying, "little ants, we don't want you in our house! We love you, but we don't want you to take our food. God has put plenty of food for *you* out of doors, and you mustn't take *ours*. Now, go away, little ants, and don't *ever, ever* come back again."

The little ants kept sturdily on their way, one long line going in at the window and another long line coming out, but they must have heard Joy and respected her wishes, for in a few hours they had disappeared, and they never invaded Joy's home again.

He dreamed he was in a big giant's country, and because he took the big giant's picture, the giant caught him and made him his slave. When he had grown very tired of serving the big giant, it came to him that he could say words that would set him free, and so stretched out his arm and said, "*I am good and great and powerful*," and he grew so great and strong he slew this big giant and was free. And now he knows that means for him, if he makes a picture of giant-evil, it will surely catch him and he will have a hard time 'till he remembers to declare that *God made him* to be good and great and powerful.

What Shall We Name the Baby?



TROPICO, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I was twelve years young, and my brother Willie six, November 2d. He was my birthday present. Brother Burt is five this month, and I have a little Truth brother who came Sunday, December 30th, weighed 10½ pounds. Mamma by knowing the Truth has cared for him without a nurse, doctor or any other house help.

He has had many visitors, and mamma took him to King's Daughters Society when he was four days old. He has been to Los Angeles five times, which is six miles, and visiting several times. I enclose his picture taken when he was ten days young.

Grandpa was eighty-five years young October 28th. He is a wonder to people, because he keeps young and well. He, too, enjoys WEE WISDOM.

I would like WEE WISDOM to help us name this wonderful Truth baby. I enclose fifty (50) cents for WEE WISDOM.

Yours in love,

EULALIA RICHARDSON.

P. S.—I should like if his picture would be in WEE WISDOM.

[Here is the blessed baby's picture taken in seven different ways. What shall we call him? Send along your very best name.—ED.]

THE CHRIST-CHILD.

I dreamed it was my happy destiny
To guide the tender Christ in worldly ways;
Explain the sights that filled him with amaze,
And smooth his first rough steps toward Calvary.
The aureole revealed divinity,
Crowning his brow with mildly beaming rays.
His docile mien and far-off wistful gaze
Had moved severest mentor's clemency.

Awake, I was a teacher of rude boys,
Thenceforth I saw them with indulgent eyes
Partaking heartily their simple joys;
Nor sought to make them prematurely wise,
But drew them on with innocent decoys;
For each one seemed the Christ-child in disguise.

—WARREN HOLDEN, in *New Church Independent*.



[These seed words are contributed from month to month, by the Wee Wisdom Society of Merchantville, New Jersey, and are for the use of all WEE WISDOM'S Truth sowers.]

Class Word—FROM EVERLASTING TO EVERLASTING I AM FILLED WITH THE LOVE OF GOD.

Jewel Word—PEACE.

Song Word—TRUTH IN SONG, No. 74.

Verse Word—

"Ye know God but as Lord, hence Lord
his name with ye;
I feel him but as Love, hence Love his
name, with me."

"Though Christ a thousand times in
Bethlehem be born,
If he's not born in thee, thy soul is all
forlorn."

"What'er thou lovest, child, that, too,
become thou must—
God, if thou lovest God; dust, if thou
lovest dust."

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

Extract From Uncle John's Last Letter.

Our Dear Mrs. Fillmore:

The children are all very much in love with these words of Spirit and Life, and we are very glad to continue establishing them for another month—

*From everlasting to everlasting I am
filled with the love of God.*

* * * In discussing the meaning of the word "everlasting" I asked the Wee's if they knew what it meant. I had not

explained this word before, and I was curious to know just how they would figure it out. Frances started the fun by saying that it was like an orange. This set all the other chicks flopping their wings and crowing at a great rate. After they had worked off the surplus of their joy, I said that I thought Frances was about right, considering that she had an *everlasting* appetite for oranges that up to this present reckoning we have never been able to satisfy. We all knew this, that's why it caused so much fun.

Another definition of "everlasting" was yellow. Now, the orange is yellow and this Truth color (yellow) stands for Wisdom. Mary said that "everlasting" was round like the orange, and Elsie said that the round orange had n't any beginning or any end. Marion likened "everlasting" to love. We all know that "love never faileth."

The wisdom of the Christ within each child expressed itself in a beautiful truth, unity, simplicity and harmony.

There was a rich discussion of Orion's experiences with rats and birds and hornets and bees, etc. Some one said that if you were not afraid of a thing that it would never harm you. Frances quickly replied that she was not afraid of hornets, but one had stung her last summer, and it didn't hurt much though. Some Wee sung out, "The hornet wasn't stinging you; he was only tickling you with his toes." * * * The children all send their best love.

The Robin, The Snowbird, and Squirrel.

KATHRYN WALLACE.

"Heigho!" said the little brown squirrel,
"I'll take a peep out at the snow;
It is time to be raising our spirits—"
"Cheep! cheep!" said the robin, "that's so."

"It is cold," said the dear little snowbird,
"And dinners are scarce, I know;
I must sing all the sweeter and louder,
For sunshine will banish the snow."

"I'll sing the first song," said the robin;
"I sing with the joy of the knowing
That seeds and nuts and all good things
Are all around us growing."



KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am pleased with you very much. I like the little stories, so true. And I have one to tell you: One evening when our fire was burning bright, and no one was thinking of evil, my little sister was playing on the chairs when she fell, oh, so hard on the floor! Mamma picked her up and she looked as if her neck was broken. Mamma said, "Oh, my child is killed," and told papa to go quick for a healer, but I could not wait, for I knew God was there already. And I just closed my eyes, to make sure that I could see nothing but life and good, and oh, how I made the good words pass through my mind, and it was not long till I saw my sister open her eyes; and oh, how grand I felt to know that I, only seven years old, had mastered an error. Now, little friends, remember that you are a healer. Just be still and know that no harm comes to the good. Now our home is happy and bright, and we don't have any accidents any more.

Your loving friend,

LAVADIE WALKER.

[Ye Editor has made the acquaintance of this dear Wisdom, and had heard of her sweet faith before this letter was written. It is quite wonderful what a seven-year young Wisdom can do towards making God manifest. She has written her letter clear and plain, and only misspelled two or three words, which is quite an achievement for a seven-year old girl.—Ed.]

**

EAST BRAINTREE, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have taken you for a year, and am going to take you another year. I have enjoyed you very much and shall be glad to have you in my home again. I am twelve years old and this is my first letter to you. I like your Pillow Verses and the story called "The Garden, the Gate and the Key." I am in the seventh grade. I have no brothers or sisters, and only one pet, a cat, which I call "Bobby." He is so heavy, he weighs most fifteen pounds. With love from your unknown friend,

GLADYS W. BEANE.

**

STERLING, KAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — You ought to see our cat and guinea pigs together. The

pigs will crawl all over the cat and under him and he does not mind it at all. You ought to see them crawl under him and stick their noses out. They say if you pick a guinea pig up by its tail their eyes will drop out. Do you know why? They have no tails. OCTAVE THANET WRIGHT.

**

STERLING, KAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOMS — You will allow me to be a Wee Wisdom, will you not? I wish you all could see our dear Editor. Her shining face greets you with the sunniest smile as she welcomes you to her home. And those dear boys, Lowell, Rick and Royal. Thanet and I spent a lovely half hour in their Den, and carried away some of their kodak pictures. I have them stuck up in my room. I will send you some "stuffing" for your pillows.

THANET'S MAMMA.

**

MANSFIELD, MO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I thought I would write to you. I have taken WEE WISDOM two years and think it very nice. I have "Wee Wisdom's Way" and have read it through twice. I thank you very much for writing such a nice book for children. I would like a truth card. I copy some verses which I think would be nice for WEE WISDOM. I enclose ten cents and wish you would send a copy of WEE WISDOM to my little friend, Leota S., Arlington, Iowa.

Yours in truth,

GRACE CARNALL.

[Your word of encouragement is very sweet, Grace. This selection is excellent.—Ed.]

"There is beauty in the forest
When the trees are green and fair.
There is beauty in the meadow
Where the wild flowers scent the air.
There is beauty in the sunlight,
And the soft blue beam above,
Oh, the world is full of beauty,
When the heart is full of love."

**

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am five years old. I have a dog and a cat, called Gypsy and Peter, and a dear little kitten. I like the stories all about flowers and animals in my own little paper. Good bye. From

OSCAR HAMBROUGH.

[Your letter is very plain, Oscar, and you are a brave little fellow to undertake it all by your own self and finish it all up, too.—Ed.]

**

IOWA FALLS, IOWA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I would like a Truth card. I have never written to you

before. I am eight years of age. I am in the third grade A class. I have five dolls, a big sister and a kitten. I like you very much. I go to school every day. I go to the People's Church to Sunday School. My address is Iowa Falls, Iowa, 701 N. Stevens Street.

Yours with love,

BEULAH PARTLOW.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Your sweet little letter to Master Natie Cook has been read by his Aunt Lou, who paid for your ticket to visit him last year and also for this year. Natie and his mamma love you; you are "waking them up" and sowing much good seed; they have missed you this month very much indeed. They unite in sending love and many "thank yous" for your bright and cheerful visits.

Sincerely yours,

AUNT LOU.

WANTED—A GIRL.

Yes, wanted, a girl!—a daughter, in thousands of homes, bright, smiling, helpful, always ready to hold the baby, set the table, or sweep the floor, and to do these things so happily and cheerfully and well that the baby will crow, the table will look like a well-balanced picture, and careful, critical grandmother will find no dust under the chairs or in the corners of the room. Wanted! a loving daughter, the touch of whose caressing fingers brings a happy light to the weary eyes of father and mother, the sound of whose cheery voice and mellow laughter is a joy to the whole household. Where is there a home in which such a daughter is not wanted? Does anyone know such a girl? There is a situation open for her. She is advertised for, sought for; she can have any place she wants; the world is hers, but why are there not more applicants!—Ah, she is already occupied; she has a home which cannot give her up; she is enshrined in the hearts of father and mother; her brothers have bound her about with the cords of love, and will not let her go.

Those are sorrowing homes where she is not; for they have a lack which is hard to fill. Blessed be the daughter of the household. God comfort the home which has her not.—*Youth's Instructor*.

A STRANGE REQUEST.

FLORENCE HARVEY.



MOTHER and her little son, about six years of age, were talking over Christmas, and he was telling her of all the presents he hoped to find in his stocking. He mentioned numerous things that always lie near a boy's heart, such as a ship, a train of cars, a whole bag full of marbles, a singing top, and then the cunning little fellow said there was one thing more he wanted, and that was a picture of God. "I've seen pictures of Jesus Christ, but I've never seen one of God, so that's what I'd rather have most of anything for Christmas!"

Now, children, who read this, stop and think! How many of you have ever seen a picture of God?

Another mother having two children heard the little boy's strange request, and wondering what her own little ones would say about having seen God's picture, she told them the story of their young friend desiring a picture of God for a Christmas present. Then she asked her son, a boy of eight years, if he had ever seen a picture of God?

"Oh, yes," he replied quickly, "one hangs over the pulpit in church where the minister stands."

"No, my dear," corrected the mother; "that is a picture of Jesus Christ."

Then she turned to her little daughter, aged ten years, and asked her if she had ever seen a picture of God?

Her eyes became soft and dreamy as she thought for a moment, and then answered, "Why, no, God is not a man, but He is so infinite, so great, so beyond anything of which we know anything about that no one could make a picture of God, for no one knows how He looks."

That, dear children, is the reason why there is no picture of God, and each one of you who desires to know how the dear Father-Mother looks must turn "within," and there you will be able to find His picture in the most beautiful, pure and loving idea of which you can conceive at this time.



HARRIET H. RIX.

LESSON IX. MARCH 3.

Jesus Betrayed. John 18:1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.*—Matt. 26:45.

Judas made a mistake. It was a mistake that began years and years before he betrayed Jesus into the hands of his enemies. This was his fault: he loved money better than he did the good and the true. Now we know that if we do not stop a fault it leads to other false things until it makes us very unhappy, but we must always remember that it is never too late to mend, so whenever we make up our minds to do so, we can pick ourselves up and begin over again. Are we not glad that this is true? Who knows, perhaps Judas has been trying to do better and live true all these many years, but he is not helped in this by the people who say hard things of him.

Now as we have made up our minds to be a real help in this world, we will love and forgive and only have kind thoughts for Judas and everybody. Jesus did not condemn him; he called him "friend."

Judas found to his sorrow that good cannot come out of evil. Now if we remember that good can only come from good we will never betray our Christ, but always give him first place in our hearts. Peter forgot this for a moment and thought he could help Jesus with his sword, but the Christ told him to put it out of sight, for the true life is not fighting or quarreling, but it is gentleness, forgiveness, meekness and love.

LESSON X. MARCH 10.

Jesus and Caiaphas. Matt. 26:57-68.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.*—Matt. 16:16.

This was one of the many trials Jesus had before he was crucified, and each one of them gives us some beautiful lesson of Christ patience and wisdom.

You know, children, that Christ is our real self, and these people who are trying

him stand for all those naughty feelings and thoughts that come up in our minds at times. Now when they talk too loud in your heart, the Christ voice cannot be heard: it is silent, or seems so, until the loud noises stop, then we can hear him.

Jesus was so good that he could be silent and not even try to say a word back to those men who thought they wanted to prove him evil. He held his peace, and thus without a word proved to the whole world his innocence. He was not silent because he was afraid to speak. Oh, no. He was no coward. Silence sometimes shows a very brave spirit.

Now, little ones, we might all remember this to our advantage, that is, for our good: "Speech is silver, but silence is gold," and, "Have something good to say about everybody, or else keep silent."

Suppose someone while impatient should call you an ugly name or say something unkind to you, or about someone you love, what then will your Christ child do? Throw stones back? Now I think if you will go quickly at such times into your heart and ask the Christ what to do, you will still hear this message, "Love your enemies," "Do good to them that hate you."

LESSON XI. MARCH 17.

Jesus and Pilate. Luke 23:13-26.

GOLDEN TEXT—*I find no fault in this man.*—Luke 23:4.

In the real, true Christ self there is no evil or sin, for this child of God is and always has been perfect. This one always lives in the real world, the kingdom of the All Good, where nothing untrue, like sickness, fear or evil can ever enter. God made this spiritual world for us all and wants us to live there in peace and happiness all the time, and we will, children, as fast as we put away from us everything that is unreal or what people call evil. Jesus lived in this true self and so no one could really find any evil in him, although they tried to. It is wise to always think of yourself as pure, sinless, spotless, for this is the way to prove it.

Pilate said, "I find no fault in this man," and that was good, but at the same time he was not as brave as he might have been in standing by the good and the true. I like to see brave boys and girls, don't you? The kind that stand right by the good, and when they know a thing is right, stick to it no matter who laughs or makes fun of them. Pilate was afraid of other people, therefore he lost the chance of being a hero, but no one need ever be afraid of evil,

when he stands by the good, for he will always come out all right.

LESSON XII. MARCH 24.

Jesus Crucified and Buried.
Luke 23:35-53.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.*—John 15:13.

You may sometimes hear people say that Christ died, but do not believe it, children, for there is no death, and Christ never died, for Christ is life, everlasting life. "I am the life," and "I will never leave you," says the Christ. Jesus wanted to prove to himself and to all people forever that there is no death, so he let those men nail him to a cross and his breath went out of his body, and he was what people call dead, but he had all power, so he brought the breath back to his body and came to life, proving for all time there is no death, it has no power over the Christ-self.

Suppose you were afraid of some dark corner and your mother says to you, because she knows there is nothing in that corner that can harm you, "I will go in first and prove to you that I am not hurt." Well, that is what Jesus did on the cross. Everybody was afraid of death and it looked very real to them until Jesus proved it nothing. It is just as though he had said, "I will go right in there and show you that God's child has power over it."

Some day when everybody has faith in God and in eternal life, there will be no more grave-yards in this beautiful world and no more funerals, because God's children will learn better than to die, and we must all do our best to overcome death now by living as near to God as possible every minute.

REVIEW OF THE FIRST QUARTER.

LESSON XIII. MARCH 31.

January 6th.—Jesus Anointed at Bethany. Matt. 26:6-16.

GOLDEN TEXT—*She hath done what she could.*—Mark 14:8.

The purpose of review is to see how much we remember of the lessons we have studied and to freshen our minds about them, so today we will run quickly over the past three months and bring to light all we know of the important points in each lesson. I will suggest a few questions for you to answer and your teacher can add to them.

Who anointed Jesus?

Why did she do it?

Can you give the spiritual meaning of the act of anointing?

What is the name of the precious ointment that flows freely from every Christ-child's heart?

* * * *

January 13th.—The Triumphal Entry.
Matt. 21:1-17.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.*—Matt. 21:9.

Who rode in triumph into Jerusalem?

What did all the people do and sing?

Who is to ride in triumph into your heart (your Jerusalem) and rule it as the One King?

Will you let Him?

* * * *

January 20th.—Greeks Seeking Jesus.
John 12:20-33.

GOLDEN TEXT—*We would see Jesus.*—John 12:21.

Why do so many people seek Jesus?

How can we see the Christ today?

Where is this Christ to be found?

Do you remember in this lesson what this great master said about a corn of wheat?

Why must it die before it can truly live?

What must die in us before we can truly live in peace and harmony?

Can anything *real* or *true* be lost or die? Why not?

* * * *

January 27th.—Christ Silences the Pharisees. Matt. 22:34-46.

GOLDEN TEXT—*What think ye of Christ?*—Matt. 22:42.

What is the first and greatest commandment?

What is the second Christ commandment?

Is there any difference between them?

Who is the real father and mother of us all?

* * * *

February 3rd.—Parable of the Ten Virgins. Matt. 25:1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Watch therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.*—Matt. 25:12.

Children, what is a parable?

Is this a real true story, told about real true people?

Have you five lamps?

What is the name of the oil that must keep them burning?

How can the five foolish virgins become wise ones?

* * * *

February 10th.—Parable of the Talents.
Matt. 25:14-30.

GOLDEN TEXT—*So then everyone of us shall give an account of himself to God.*—Rom. 14:12.

What does the word faithful mean?

How can you be faithful?

How can you make one talent grow into five?

What are some of the names of the talents belonging to the Christ-child?

* * * *

February 17th.—The Lord's Supper.
Matt. 26:17-30.

GOLDEN TEXT—*This do in remembrance of me.*—Luke 22:19.

What kind of food must our minds eat in order to be strong and healthy?

How can we in our heart eat the Lord's Supper?

What will it do for us?

* * * *

February 24th.—Jesus in Gethsemane.
Matt. 26:36-46.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Not my will, but thine be done.*—Luke 22:42.

What must each of us obey?

Why did Jesus pray, "Not my will, but thine, be done?"

Is that the way for us to pray and live?

How can little children do the will of the All-Good?

* * * *

March 3rd. Jesus Betrayed.
John 18:1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.*—Matt. 26:45.

Who betrayed Jesus?

Did he love Christ or money most?

Is this the reason he made his mistake?

What must we do in order to be true to our Christ?

* * * *

March 10th. Jesus and Caiaphas.
Matt. 26:57-68.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.*—Matt. 16:16.

Who was it in Peter that said this Golden Text?

Was this the same one in Peter who denied he knew Jesus?

Does fear ever make us untrue?

Is there anything to really fear?

Was Jesus afraid to talk to Caiaphas?

Why then was he so silent?

When is it good for us to be silent?

* * * *

March 17th. Jesus and Pilate.
Luke 23:13-26.

GOLDEN TEXT—*I find no fault in this man.*—Luke 23:4.

Can any fault be found in Christ?

Is Christ your own true self?

Is this perfect self all there really is?

Did Pilate really have any power over the Christ?

Is Good the only power and presence?

* * * *

March 24th. Jesus Crucified and Buried.—Luke 23:35-53.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.*—John 15:13.

Was Christ crucified?

Can Christ die?

Can you really die?

Why not?

CASTLE BUILDING.

WILHELMINE SMITH.

The children all were building castles,
Castles towering in the air;
Some were glittering, golden structures,
Some were like the rainbow fair—
All the colors bright were there.

Came a dull and weary traveler
Of the world, with shaking head,
Trembling form with sorrow bending,
Eyes from which all joy had fled.
To the children thus he said:

"Foolish children, building castles;
Tear them down; they will not stay!
Never can you dwell within them
Till you build with sticky clay,
Keeping close to earth away."

"No," said One, "build high and lofty,
With foundation stones of love;
Let your faith in God cement them,
Till they tower clouds above.
Dwell there then with Peace, the dove."

We enjoy WEE WISDOM so much and often bless the sweet inspired soul who makes it possible for us to have this blessing. It is such a help in making the "children's hour" profitable as well as enjoyable.

LAVERNA'S and VIOLA'S MAMMA.

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

DID "Ye Editor" get a valentine? Indeed she did, two of 'em. And as she has no secrets apart from her Wisdoms, here they are for your inspection. You will observe they are both original and *hand-made*. This one that looks like a white card-board platter, with a big heart served up a *la* arrow-pierced, amid a garnish of periwinkle shells and scissors-cut paper, was borne into ye sanctum by its happy author and delivered in Royal style.

Now, "Ye Editor" being of a humane turn was about to take out the barbed arrow and set this tortured heart free, when she looked into the merry face of her boy-lover and received the kiss that went off like a giant fire-cracker, and saw there was no barbed-arrow-pierced heart here, and found out that *this* was only a "roast" on hearts that believed in bleedin' and pleadin' and needin' other love than God's love.

This other valentine is postmarked Sterling, and so "Ye Editor" charges it to Thanet. The outside of the two diamond shaped leaves which form it are decorated with little gold hearts and two pretty children and sweet faces. On the inner two pages are written these verses —

Beautiful thoughts
I send to thee,
Beautiful health
So full and free.

Beautiful life
So lovely and true,
Beautiful love
For me and for you

"Ye Editor" appreciates a valentine of this kind. It is *just a blessing* sent under St. Valentine's guise.

While we are discussing love and its ways, we are reminded about what Mrs. Leeman, Laverna and Viola thought about "Love's Roses," by Lucy C. Kellerhouse in January WEE WISDOM. Here it is in their mamma's own language:

"We feel a strong impulse to express our appreciation of "Love's Roses" to its author. No one could fail to find a beautiful lesson in its most outer application, and to one who understands the soul's symbolism and mental formations the beautiful picture is perfectly grand. We were much moved with the inner view of our own desires while reading it. The little girls to whom I read it caught the current and were wafted into the invisible side with me. We all had quite an experience over this wonderful description of that which we desire. Emotion silenced my voice several times and also their papa's when he re-read the story to them, they both smiled through the rain drops that would gather. I want the sweet soul who wrote this sweet story to know we comprehend her lovely picture. I have seen so much in this myself."

The "Den-ers" are bringing out a lot of "snap-shots" for Easter WEE WISDOM, and they're catching each other "at it," too. We'll enjoy all the jokes they've a mind to get on each other.

Still our little writers ask for moss cards, and again we will state that our dear Sea Gardener, Mother Sparr, is not gathering mosses now, and you will have to wait till Mother Truth and Mother Goose get out their Truth Mottoes, which we hope will be soon. We keep a list of all the little writers and will be sure to remember you.

The organ of Brightside has changed size, editors and name. It is a weekly now, called *The Champion* and edited by three of the Brightside boys. It is still \$1.00 per year. Here is an item from the last *Champion* which will call forth your realization of *plenty* for "Brightside's" needs.

"We are hoping this month we can raise enough money so we can be fencing our land. Our fencing is so poor that we can't keep the cattle out of our place, and we need our orchard fenced because cattle get in there and break down our trees and we don't want anything like that again to happen."

We see among the names of those who are adding works to their faith for the Brightside equipment fund, the Alameda Sunday School. *Good!*



50 cents per year. 5 cents per copy
Foreign Subscription, 3 shillings per year.

Published monthly by
UNITY TRACT SOCIETY,
1315 McGee St. Kansas City, Mo.

Entered at postoffice as second-class matter.

MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor.

March!

March! March away!
Is the order of the day.
Wind and weather
Joined together
In a glad "hurrah!"

They are pushing hard to free us
From the breath of Old Boreas;
He must get him back and up his icy pole,
For 'tis time sweet spring were coming,
So they've started things a-humming
To get awake Earth's slumbering soul.
From the shout of wind and weather —
Tempest-duet — we gather
That *March*, the conqueror, is here,
And glad we are to greet him,
And with flapping garments meet him.
Since he brings us such "rip-roaring" cheer.

Aunt Seg's Easter story is already here.

Who will our Easter visitors be? I know
of two sure.

WEE WISDOM's visits cost you less than
one penny a week. Who cannot afford to
keep up her visiting expenses?

The Brightsiders have a postoffice of
their own; it is called *Brightside*. So now
when you write to them you must remem-
ber to direct to *Brightside*, Colo.

The bright half dollar that came in with
Bessie Joachim's invitation for WEE WIS-
DOM to continue her visits, wore a purple
silk jacket lined with heliotrope satin and
white silk.

Volume II. of "Wee Wisdom Library"
will be out about Easter time.

Don't forget that WEE WISDOM expects
you to help think up brighter, happier
things for her pages. And don't forget to
help hunt a name for Eulalia's baby brother,
whose numerous pictures you will find on
page seven.

Little Thomas wants to know the names
of Joy's sisters, which is perfectly right,
since their bright faces appeared with Joy's,
and we think a little speech from each of
them will be much appreciated by the
readers of WEE WISDOM. Joy won't you
see that they come forward and get ac-
quainted with us all?

Someone suggests, too, that our dear
Miss Rix make us a photo visit so's we can
see how much she and Joy look alike.

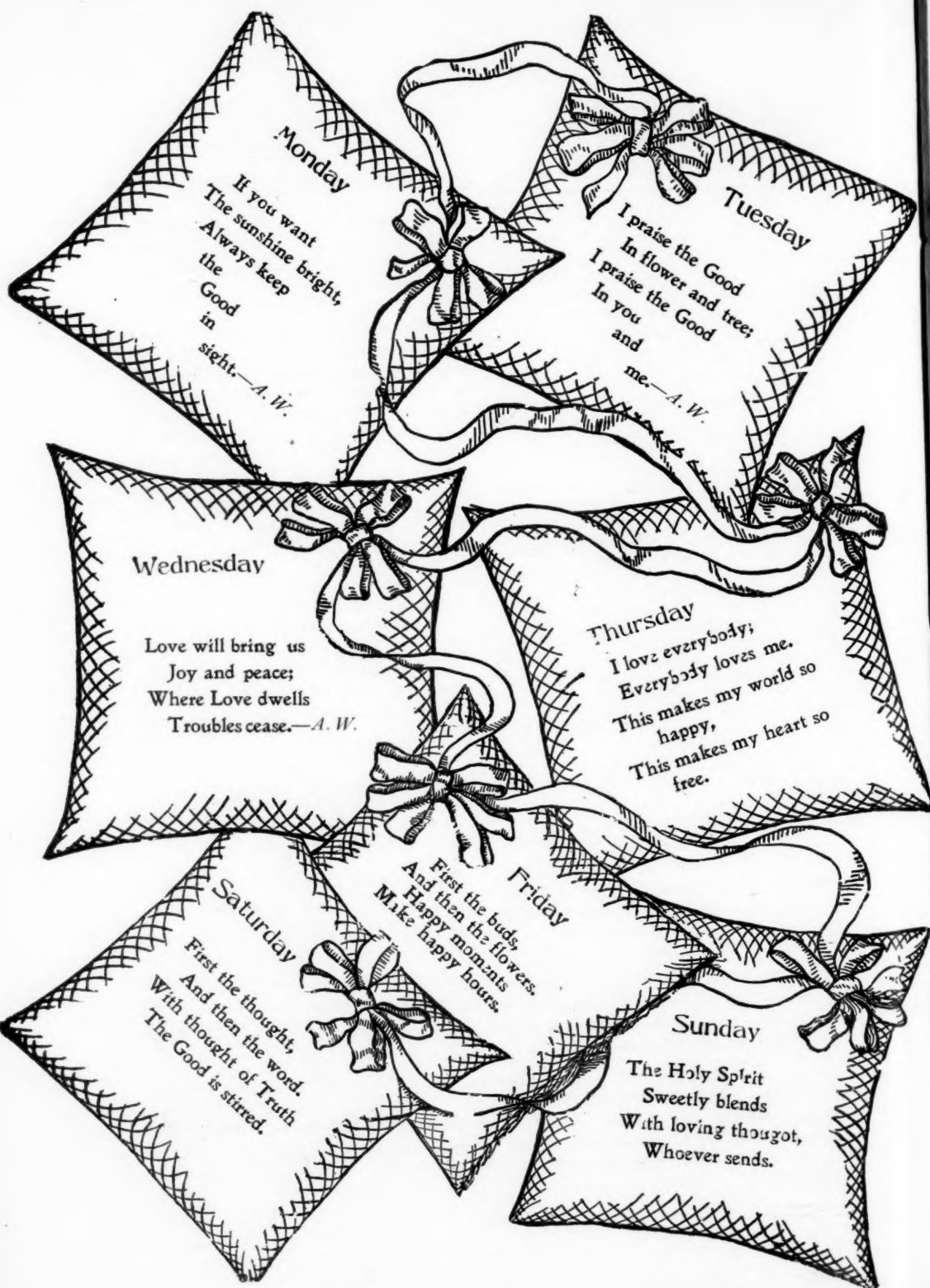
WEE WISDOM will be furnished in quanti-
ties to Sunday Schools at the following
rates:

- 10 to 24 copies, 30 cents each per year.
- 25 to 49 copies, 25 cents each per year.
- 50 to 100 copies, 20 cents each per year.



A forty-eight page monthly metaphysi-
cal magazine devoted to Practical Chris-
tianity, including healing and regeneration.
The interpretation of the International
Bible Lessons are given every month.
\$1.00 per year. Sample copies free. Ad-
dress UNITY TRACT SOCIETY, 1315 McGee
Street, Kansas City, Mo.

New. Wee Wisdom Library. Illus-
trated. 64 pages. 25 cents.



Monday

If you want
The sunshine bright,
Always keep
the
Good
in
sight.—A. W.

Tuesday

I praise the Good
In flower and tree;
I praise the Good
In you
and
me.—A. W.

Wednesday

Love will bring us
Joy and peace;
Where Love dwells
Troubles cease.—A. W.

Thursday

I love everybody;
Everybody loves me.
This makes my world so
happy,
This makes my heart so
free.

Friday

First the buds,
And then the flowers,
Happy moments
Make happy hours.

Saturday

First the thought,
And then the word,
With thought of Truth
The Good is stirred.

Sunday

The Holy Spirit
Sweetly blends
With loving thought,
Whoever sends.