

WEE WISDOM

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





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.

April!

"April Fool!"

Who's April fooled?

It might be you, it might be me,
If we were not so wise to see
That April's tears are "all in fun,"
That April's smiles are quickly won.
Behind her handkerchief of cloud
Her blue, blue eyes she may enshroud,
And almost drown you with a flood
Of sudden tears in merry mood.
The children of the grass and flowers
Rejoice in April's passing showers;
Shadow and sun each other chase
In smiles and tears across her face,
And what in earth was hidden, bright
Her wiles are coaxing into sight,
And life that hid away in gloom
Comes bursting forth in gladdening bloom.
What wonder songsters find their voice,
And earth its soul, and all Rejoice
With thee, O April! *Thou hast fooled*
The tomb alone, for thou hast ruled
That Life must quicken — *Easter bring to sight*
Our Risen Lord, Sweet Prince of Love and Life!

The "Brightside" boys are filling the editor's chair with credit to themselves and Mr. Field. We made a misstatement. *The Champion*, their paper, is offered now for 50 cents a year instead of \$1.00. Address, *The Champion*, Brightside, Colo.

Helen Pain sends us a duplicate of her little poem which was mislaid. We leave it over for lack of space.

Alma Anderson, too, sends us a nice little story of her own authorship, which we will give you in the future.

WEE WISDOM will be furnished in quantities 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.

The mamma of a Wisdom wants to know just what kind of thoughts to think to heal chickens of cholera and to rid chicken-houses of mice. We wonder if *our Joy* won't help her out? Who doesn't know that Intelligence is everywhere present, and responds when it is addressed?

As if it were not good enough that Mother Truth and Mother Goose are to unite their efforts on your behalf, we hear of "Daddy Gander" getting in his part. Fortunate children you are! We will welcome "*Daddy Gander*" with a glad "hurrah!" and you'll all want to make his acquaintance.

Names For the Truth Baby.

The names sent in up to the present date are:

Paul	Howard	Verne
Royal	Dewey	Solomon
Kenneth	Russell	Harold
Mark	Leo	John
Cassius	Truman	David

Are n't you glad of "THE NEW PARTNERSHIP?" What a delightful span of mothers they will make — Mother Truth and Mother Goose. Our artist, Mr. Filleau, has just really made us feel as if he was right on the spot and saw it all. Now, if you can bring in a whole lot of new boys and girls with their subscriptions we will soon be able to get Mr. Filleau to do much of this kind of delightful thing for us. *This is Ye Editor's Easter gift to you*, and it would take a lot of new subscriptions to cover it if she was to charge it up to WEE WISDOM. She would be glad to demonstrate "a mint of money" to spend in making Truth attractive for her Wisdoms. But the dear Lord knows what ye have need of.



VOL. V.

KANSAS CITY, MO., APRIL, 1901.

No. 9.

APRIL'S GUEST.

HELEN AUGUSTA FUSSELL.

Daffy-down-dilly
Has a new bonnet.
It's a lovely shade of yellow,
And it has a frill upon it.

Daffy-down-dilly
Has a gown o' green.
She wears her best dress every day,
Just like any queen.

An Easter Lesson.

AUNT SEG.

WILHELM and Paul were brothers who did not agree very well in their work or in their play. Perhaps it was because there was quite a difference in their ages, Wilhelm being nine, and Paul five years of age, but I have noticed that sometimes older brothers are not always as kind to the little ones as they ought to be.

Now it was their daily task to bring the wood in for their mamma, and sometimes little Paul would bring in more than Wilhelm, and sometimes Wilhelm would let him do it, which was not fair, you see.

Now, Wilhelm had a very loving heart, and he really wanted to be good, but he often found it easier to be bad, and this was a great trial to his mamma, who did so earnestly wish her little boys to be kind and good.

Wilhelm would often say when he had been behaving badly, "I wish I was better," but would forget that good wish very soon and give everyone around him so much trouble.

Of course Wilhelm's bad conduct had its influence upon Paul, who had been a dear little fellow, but he soon began to show up in a very bad light, because he was following a bad example.

You know, children, there are forty days called "Lent," which come before Easter,

and you know Easter is a day kept in memory of our dear Lord as he arose from the dead. The resurrection is like rising out of darkness into light, and to us, especially it means to rise above wrong-thinking and wrong doing.

"Forty days" has a very deep meaning also. It means the days and weeks and months and years of careful thinking and doing that it takes before we are able to rise out of the grave of sin and wretchedness. True living is what we need, children, whether we are little or grown up, and this is what Wilhelm needed, both for himself and his little brother, who was sure to act just as he saw his older brother act.

Wilhelm knew about Easter and what it meant. He also knew that the forty days of "Lent" meant a time of trying to grow purer in heart, so one day when he had been very bad indeed, and his mamma was very sad over it, he thought a long time, and talked it over with himself in this way:

"I wonder what makes me so bad; I hate it, because it worries mamma so, and I just know I make Paulie act horrid, or I s'pose I do, 'cause he was a good enough boy when he was little. He's mean enough now anyway, and keeps me mad half of the time bothering around with him. I don't s'pose I can blame him though, if I've set him a bad example."

Wilhelm did not speak any more of his thoughts out loud, but he went on thinking. He sat on the grass, and you could see that he was doing some very good thinking, for he pulled hard at the grass, and occasionally gave the ground a pretty hard thump with his fist.

Now Wilhelm had a grown-up sister whom he loved very much, and she, too, was much distressed when he had one of his naughty spells, and now just as he gave the ground that last vigorous punch she came and sat down beside him, saying with a laugh, "I am almost afraid to sit near that mighty fist, but hold on to it, Wilhelm, so that I shall not be in danger, will you?"

"You needn't be afraid, Sis, I'm only thumping my badness."

"What have you been doing now, dear?"

"Oh, the same old story, quarrelling with Paul. I'm just sick of myself."

"Well, little brother, when you come to that state of mind, there's hope for you."

"What do you mean?" asked Wilhelm, looking at her in surprise.

"What self are you sick of, Wilhelm?"

Wilhelm looked as if he did not understand, and sister explained.

"There seems to be two of you, Wilhelm, for there is a little boy of your name and size at our house who is at times very good, and then again he seems quite otherwise, another boy, in fact. There is a self of you which was born of God and is His child; that self is the good Wilhelm. Now the bad boy we call 'Wilhelm' also."

"Well, what am I to do about it?"

"You see, dear, we have to deal with two natures, one is from our Father (God), and the other we take on from the world, and it really does not belong to us, nor will it ever belong to us until it gives up to our better nature or to the real Wilhelm, who is the child of God. That side of us which wants to be selfish and mean—which calls names and makes ugly faces, must become converted or made good. Now it cannot become good except you—the real Wilhelm—take it in hand and teach it to be true, and you can never do this except your wise and loving Heavenly Father helps you. It is He who gives you

the good sense to lift up and purify this disposition to be bad, for it is much like a poor ignorant child that knows no better, but you know better, for God gives you of His own Wisdom to know right from wrong. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, I think I do," he replied.

"Now, when you want the largest piece of candy, it is that selfish self who is acting the pig. If you would think a bit you would say to that selfish disposition, Pshaw! I don't want to be a pig; Paul may have half, anyway; then, after a few times of doing right you will *feel* generous, and perhaps give the biggest share, and that generous state of mind is real happiness, Wilhelm."

"It don't look easy, Sister."

"No, not at first, but practice makes perfect, little brother. Now, Wilhelm, is it generous to tease Paul?"

"Well, he teases me."

"But, dear, who taught him to tease? and, Wilhelm, Paul is only a little more than half your age."

"Oh, I know I'm mean as dirt, but you see he's just as bad. I tell you, Sis, it isn't so easy for a fellow to be good!"

"Don't I know, dear, that it is not easy? but will you go on all your life this way?"

"Not if I can help it; only tell me how."

"It is coming 'Lent,' Wilhelm, and we are going to try to keep it sacred. What will you do?"

"Stop fighting with Paulie, I suppose."

"Now, dear, I am going to try to keep every evil thought out of my mind," said his sister.

"I didn't know you ever had any bad thoughts."

"Well, I do have, Wilhelm, and I am ashamed to have to confess it to my little brother who needs the best of sisters. I am quite too apt to condemn people who don't suit me, and you know our Lord taught us to judge no man, so I am going to try, with His help, to stop condemning."

"Well, I will try to do better if you will help me," said Wilhelm.

"Indeed I will. Now if I were you I would try to do everything, whether in work or play, for Christ's sake, and that will keep you straight."

"How would you start out?"

"Well, in the morning I would ask the Lord's help for every moment in the day, and then I would keep thinking as I worked or played, 'I am doing all things for Christ's sake.'"

"I should forget in ten minutes if Paul sassed me."

"No doubt you would at first, but keep starting over again each time, and you would soon learn to remember."

"Will you help me remember?"

"I will."

"And you won't scold?"

"I'll try not to."

"And you won't tattle on me to mamma, when you know I'm trying not to be mean?"

"No, dear, I won't."

"It's a bargain. I'll make a try of it, anyway," and his young face took on an earnest look of resolution which promised success.

Sister told mamma, and mamma told papa that Wilhelm was going to try to be good, and they all fervently promised each other to be patient and helpful to the dear boy, and really, children, it was very good practice for them all, as they found when they discovered that they, who were grown-ups, had to keep as close a watch over themselves as Wilhelm did over himself; but it was a great success all around at last, for it took the whole forty days and a good many more to convert that selfish self and make it obedient to its higher nature.

On Easter morning as Wilhelm lay awake in his little white bed, sister came and, kneeling by his bedside, twined her arms around him and said, "Little brother, you have done well; I am sure our Lord has seen your earnest efforts to be good, and has sent His angels to help you, and Wilhelm, He has helped me, too, so that I no longer feel like condemning other people."

Mamma held him closely to her heart and called him her good boy. Papa put his hand on the curly head and said, "My son is getting to be quite a man." And Paulie really was forgetting how to quarrel.

CHILDREN'S SERMON.

FLORENCE HARVEY.

THE LILY BULB.

Let us take a lily bulb and hold it in our hand. You can hardly realize that anything so beautiful as our Easter Lily can come forth from a little round, brown object, looking so very "meek and lowly." Yet, if you will plant this funny little ball, you will find it can do something wonderful. It does not show on the outside, but "within" the beautiful perfect "Spirit of God" dwells in the heart of every atom of which the bulb is composed, whispering the directions just how to grow and be a gorgeous lily.

As we hold the bulb in our hand we would not dream unless we already knew what will happen if we plant it, the possibilities contained in it; nevertheless, whether we know it or not, all the potential qualities of being a beautiful lily lie sleeping "within" that funny brown ball.

Each one of us is just like the lily bulb, for "within" we hold the possibilities of being just such a beautiful man or woman as the full blown lily is to the bulb.

Jesus Christ was one of God's children who had arrived at this place where the pure, white, fragrant lily represents him. He is the most perfect man that has ever lived, and that is why God was so delighted and called him "My beloved son in whom I am well pleased."

As we follow in the footsteps of Jesus Christ, who has made "the way" and given us an example to follow, we too will be able to unfold to correspond to the full blown lily.

The lily passes through many changes in its unfoldment; first, it is a bulb, then next it must be put in the ground, watered, and warmed by the sun; then the root is thrown down, and the stalk appears above ground, grows to a sufficient height, and lastly the full blown lily is evolved. Some of us may be compared to the bulb before it is put in the ground in the state of our soul unfoldment, and perhaps a few have gotten as far as the stalk, but Jesus Christ in his perfect knowledge of the spiritual laws and his at-one-ment with God is the only one who corresponds to the pure, white, sweet-smelling lily.

God will be just as pleased when any other of His beloved children reaches this beautiful place, of soul unfoldment, and which we must each do some day, at some time, for what one of His children has done we can each do, and then He will say to us as he did to Jesus Christ, "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased."

The Garden, the Gate, and the Key.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

CHAPTER VIII.—ROSE.



“GIRLS!” called Prudence, running up to where Faith and Patience awaited her in the meadow, “Uncle Noble is coming here at sharp four o’clock and will take us to see the sick child who lives with her grandma—the same old woman he bought oranges of, you know! Won’t it be nice? and I have some good things in this little basket mother gave me to take to her—there are eggs, home-made bread, and jelly and sponge cake. It must be very lonely for her just living with her grandma and no one to play with, and think, in bed all the time! but Uncle says she is not so sick as the old lady thinks, that she needs plenty of good food and fresh air and sunshine, that such things will cure her quicker than medicine. Here comes Uncle now. Well, if there isn’t Rover with him! I wonder if Rover thinks he can go.”

“Oh, yes, we’ll take Rover along,” answered the uncle, coming up to where they stood waiting for him. “Here, Rover, lie down, that’s a good dog. Now, girls, sit down and hear my plan, and see if you approve. I suppose Prudence has told you where we are going—over the hill to the orange woman’s house, not to buy oranges, but to take some food for the little girl and her grandma. I went to see them the other day, and you little girls that always have plenty of good food and warm clothes can’t know anything about how poor I found these people. The grandma works hard to have enough to eat for the little girl. Now, what we want to do is to help them and then put them in a way to help themselves.”

“Let’s show them the way to the beautiful garden,” chimed in Prudence.

“Yes, little Prudence, that is what uncle is trying to do.”

“How are you going to do it?”

“Why, you must know that part of it, Prudence, for you helped me, and now

you and Faith and Patience and Noble Comfort are all going to help the old lady and her Rose, and see what good work we can do together.”

“Is that the little girl’s name?” asked Prudence. “Isn’t it pretty?”

“Yes,” answered Uncle Noble, “her name is Rose, and this little Rose like other roses needs fresh air and sunshine. Now, you little children have seen the little two-roomed cottage back of Uncle’s greenhouse; here the little rooms are cool enough and yet bright and sunshiny. The cottage has n’t been used for some time, and will be comfortable for any one.”

“Oh! Oh!” interrupted Prudence, “I know what you are going to do.”

“Well, as you’ve guessed the rest, come on, all of you, and we’ll make our way over the hill and tell little Rose.”

They started off in good spirits, Uncle Noble leading the way, the three little girls beside him hand in hand, and Rover bounding along the path, now on this side, now on that. It being a short distance they had soon reached the door of the little cottage.

Here Uncle Noble knocked. A little voice piped, “Come in,” and they entered, Prudence going in first. That which met their eyes was a small tidy room. On one side near the only window was an old fashioned big bedstead. In this lay a little child of about seven or eight years of age. About her face was a tangle of brown curls, and beneath them a pair of gentle blue eyes. She looked surprised to see so many strange faces all at one time, but she was not afraid and smiled, saying pleasantly, “How do you do? Grandma has gone out, but I think she’ll be home soon. She’ll be very glad to see you.”

“We came to see you as well as your grandma,” said Mr. Comfort.

“Yes, we came to tell you Uncle’s plan,” added Prudence. The little girl opened her blue eyes as if she did not quite under-

stand. "This is Uncle—this gentleman here, he's my Uncle Noble Comfort—and he has a plan, such a lovely plan," exclaimed Prudence, patting her uncle's hand.

"Oh," said little Rose, turning to Mr. Comfort, "are you the gentleman who sent the pretty rose to me? My name is Rose, you know, and I do love roses and all kinds of flowers."

"I am that person," answered Mr. Comfort smiling. "And now we'll explain to you about the plan Prudence speaks of, and you may tell your grandma and see what she has to say to it. You see I know something about flowers and what is good for them, and a little Rose like yourself needs much air and sunshine, for that is what is given to the roses that grow in my garden and they thrive under such treatment. Now, when your grandma comes you tell her that Noble Comfort wants this Rose to blossom in his garden with the other flowers in the sunshine."

"Oh, away from my grandma's?" asked Rose, looking frightened.

"Oh, no, no," said Faith, "Uncle Noble wants both of you."

"Yes, indeed, both of you, and I have the cosiest, sunniest little room for you and your grandma, and the prettiest little rustic chair for a little girl to sit in out in the sunshine until she gets well and strong and can run about with these other children."

"Oh!" sighed Rose, "wouldn't it be oh, so lovely, just like the fairy stories grandma sometimes tells to me?"

"Well, it is quite true, my little Rose, and I will come around tomorrow with a little wagon and shall expect you and grandma to be all ready to go with us home."

"I'll tell grandma all about it when she comes in," said Rose.

"My mother gave me this little basket for you," said Prudence, stepping nearer to the bedside. "I am going to leave it on the table. Your grandma will open it when she comes. There are bread and fresh eggs and some nice jelly inside. I guess we'll have to go now for I see Uncle looking at his watch."

"Yes, come girls, for poor Rover is growing impatient. I hear him whining outside the door now," said Uncle.

So away they went leaving the little girl smiling with happiness, and looking quite like a little rose for her cheeks were pink with pleasure at the joyous prospect.

(To be continued.)

KISS MONEY.

AUNT EMMA.

'Tis a beautiful country, this Land of the Real,
Where nothing is stolen, for no one can steal.
There's an even exchange, and everything sought
Is paid for in coin of golden thought.
In the wonderful storehouse is everything good
From sweet smiles and happiness to clothing and food.

When you go to this storehouse to buy something nice,

Be sure to take with you a liberal price—

Love answers for money, though you may think it strange—

And queerest of all, sweet kisses make change.

A QUEER LITTLE HOUSE.

DEAR Wee Wisdoms, I want to tell you about a little house. It is oval shaped and has no doors or windows. It looks as if no one lived in it, and yet we know that life is there, even though we cannot see it. But how can that life get out of the house when there are no doors or windows to go through? Does it say, "I do not see any way out, and I know I can't get out and I won't try to get out?" No, it does not say that, but says, "*I can get out, I know I can,*" and goes to work with its little bill and keeps pecking at the walls of its house until it makes an opening. Then out it comes a beautiful little chick. So we know we can get out of the house of mortal thought, but we have to keep pecking at the walls with good spiritual thoughts until the walls of mortal thought will, like the egg shell, fall and crumble away, and we can manifest what we really are—the Good in all its wondrous beauty and life. We praise the Good that we are irresistible Spiritual life. —A. W.

A NEW PARTNERSHIP

You must know of the wonderful meeting
In the Nursery over the way;
Where two best friends of the children
Came together the other day.




Illustrated
by E. A. Tilleau
N.C. 1900

And of one you can guess when I tell you
Of her queer tall and pointed old hat;
Chin and nose that bow low to each other,
Coming from under the frills of her cap.

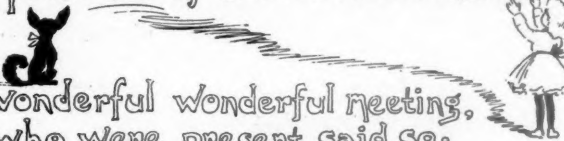


You all love her Jingles and Ditties,
And keep them forever in use,
Child-days will lose half their pleasures,
Unacquainted with dear **MOTHER GOOSE.**


And the other, how shall I describe her,
So queenly, so tall and so fair;
In snowy-white garments a trailing
With the sunshine of love in her hair.




You are learning to know her and love her;
 This pure, gracious friend of the youth;
 We all feel a joy and a freedom,
 In the presence of Sweet **MOTHER TRUTH**.




Twas a wonderful wonderful meeting,
 And all who were present said so;
 And begged that hereafter both Mothers
 Forever together should go.



And that's why it's come to be settled,
MOTHER GOOSE in her Jingle shall chine;
 With the Good and the True and forever,
 Carry healing and life in her Rhyme.



And that's how it's come to be settled,
MOTHER TRUTH in the Nursery will lend
Her Substance to Mother Goose Jingles,
 Her presence to you, little friend.



And so, these two Mothers hereafter,
When you write to **WEE WISDOM**, I know,
Will come round and make you a visit,
And bring a Truth Jingle or so.





[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—MY WORDS (THE CHRIST WORDS) THEY ARE SPIRIT, AND THEY ARE LIFE.

Jewel Word—LOVE.

Song Word—TRUTH IN SONG, No. 2.

Verse Word—

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."

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

UNCLE JOHN'S COLUMN.

YOU should have peeped in on us Sunday morning when the question came as to what kind of a crop of Word seeds we wanted to plant in our Wee Wisdom garden for April. After careful consideration "LOVE" was decided upon as being the Jewel seed, and the first and second verses of "What Wee Wisdom Stands For" as our Verse seed for April.

We took up the word *unwarped* (the *unwarped* faith that believeth and hopeth all things). For explanation "Cousin

Fred" took a small board and held it before the fire to show the children just how a board became *warped* by heat, and then I asked the "Wees" if any one could now tell what an *unwarped faith* was like. Elsie thought that if the "hot" were on both sides of the board at the same time, then the board would be straight (*unwarped*) and not bent up like "a little hill" (*warped*). Then she took her little board over to the open fire and held it close to a blazing log, and gave it a good toasting to see how the heat *warped* and *unwarped* it. The heat and light of the open fire were then taken as a symbol of Light, Life, Intelligence and Love. Then every one quickly saw just what *unwarped* meant. Marion held up her hand quick and burst out with the truth that a *warped faith* was a faith that was hot within and cold without. Marjorie thought that an *unwarped faith* was a faith that the light "shined all around it the same on all sides."

In the second verse no one had any difficulty in understanding that if we were always happy (*fresh*) we would always behold the Good. Marion Logan wanted to know how we were going to see Good if we did say "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God," since God was like Love, everywhere, and couldn't be *seen*? Marion Sleater quickly replied that the pure in heart are blessed, and that we would see God in Spirit and in Truth. She quoted Christ's words, "My Words are Spirit and they are Life," and said, "We being God's words, we must be God's expression." So the questions developed that in every act of love and truth and kindness we could see God as good manifest. Marion further pointed out this truth in our first Class Thought, "*I am loving and kind*," and that the other side of this truth was, "*Loving and kind am I*." So it came about that we selected for our Class Word, "*My words they are Spirit and they are Life*."

Then our dear little sunbeam, Annette, climbed upon a bench, and with a face twinkling all over with smiles of love, recited her favorite speech—"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. Amen."



ANGLETON, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write and tell you about our country. We have had beautiful rains. The dewberries are in bloom. I gather the beautiful flowers. I can sit in our door and see the cattle in the valley. I gather the lovely violets and the dewberry's flowers. I am feeling sad for my step-papa has passed out. Please send my mamma some loving thoughts. I have two little sisters, and one little brother three weeks old. Please send mamma some sample copies of UNITY and WEE WISDOM. She lives in Brownwood. I have gotten two new subscribers for WEE WISDOM, and I want "The Wonderful Wishers of Wisherwell." I will close for this time.

Your loving little sister,

DELLA NELSON.

[Della must live with her grandma, we guess. And we will know for her dear mamma and the little ones that the loving Father blesses and cares for them. The sample copies are forwarded. We thank Della for the new subscriptions she has sent. If all our Wisdoms would go and do likewise we could soon afford to have lots of pictures *always* in WEE WISDOM.—ED.]

STERLING, KAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—We have a cow and it has a calf. Lorena, Myrth and I go to school. I missed once in speaking. I like to go to school. I can cut a snow-star out of white paper, my teacher showed me how. We have three rabbits. I got a hundred in spelling. I like to read.

THANET WRIGHT.

STERLING, KAN.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—We take WEE WISDOM. I have a little brother two years young. My birthday comes in August. My school is not four blocks away. I like the Pillow Verses very much. I am nine years young. I would like to have a Truth Card very much. With love and truth, your little friend,

MYRTH WRIGHT.

STERLING, KAN.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I take WEE WISDOM and like it very much. I like to read the stories in the WEE WISDOM. My birthday is tomorrow, March 10th. I am going

to have a party. I will be eleven years young. I have been reading "Wee Wisdom's Way" almost every day. I find something new in it every time. I learn the Pillow Verses and think them over in the day. Easter day comes next month. I have written to you before, but mamma wanted me to write again, so I thought you would like it. I would like a Truth card. I will look for my letter in WEE WISDOM. With love and truth, from your friend,

LORENA WRIGHT.

For Monday—

I see the light
That lives in you;
I see the love
That is true.

—L. W.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—The WEE WISDOM came a day or two ago. It brought as usual good cheer and pure thoughts with it. Enjoyed the pictures of the little baby very much, though I can think of no name for a boy. Finding girls' names is where I shine. It wouldn't be a bad plan, it seems to me however, to call him after Royal.

[Extract from Vivia's letter, the little author of the Dorothy Papers.]

IOWA FALLS, IOWA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write to you. I have taken WEE WISDOM two years and think it very nice. I would like a Truth Card. I think the story about "The Garden, the Gate and the Key" so very nice. I have four sisters and five brothers. Papa takes UNITY. The Christian Science Class Meeting broke up on account of having no teacher. I do not go to school now. I quit about four weeks ago. I am in the fifth grade. My address is Eddie Meyer, Iowa Falls, Iowa.

Love from your unknown friend,

EDDIE MEYER.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Well, the doctors are saying that we are all going to have the mumps, and my teacher sent me home because my face was fat. You know what she said I had. I have been home four days from school, and have had a fine time standing before the glass, patting my fat face and laughing at it. Now, little friends, don't be afraid of the bumps, for they don't hurt one bit; you just get fat for a few days and that is all.

Two days later: I am all well, and going to school again. Good thoughts never let anything hurt you. So be happy and think only good things.

LEVADA WALKER.

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

BLESS the Dear Wisdoms! What a nice lot of us we are getting to be, and how happy we are to be one with the waking blossoms and the starting leaves and the thrill of the everywhere-presence of glad Spring. But hold! Ye Editor forgot how big *everywhere* is. Why! Geography divides it up into *wheres*, and puts Spring on one side and Fall on the other. So that while we are rejoicing in Spring our "Caroline" way down in South Africa and our Wisdoms in Australia and New Zealand are having Fall. And you, dear Wisdom, off up there toward the North Pole, are just getting your first little gleam of Spring sunshine. But, oh! aren't we glad that there's no North nor South nor geographical division to Life and Love and Truth? *Omnipresence* is everywhere-presence, and that's why we can all be ever so close together when we are thinking the same true thoughts. Ye Editor feel that place or space cannot divide us while WEE WISDOM gathers us all together in loving thought, and teaches us that we are children of one Father —

Filled with loving life and free,
The same life in you and me.

But here are the Den and Den-ers! They have put us off with a few snap-shots, and queer ones at that. Ye Editor wonders if she don't feel, under the circumstances, a good deal like that little girl she saw last week at the school entertainment, who pointed out the figures in "Madam Jarley's Wax Works." They were awfully queer. To start with, here are the two houses. You cannot fail to see which is the "little one tagging on behind." Well, *that's the Den*. One little corner of its interior is given in the round picture. The stair corner too, with a *very profound student*,



to appearances, hard at work with books enough about him to stock a library — well, that's one of the Den-ers, but the stock of books you are safe in thinking is mostly for looks.

The other two snaps are outside. You never can account for a boy's taste. I suppose it was a love for novelty and

contrasts that caused 'em to snap "Prince Chubby" just as they had inspired a little neighbor, not "bigger than a minute," with the ambition to trundle the wheelbarrow, boy and all.

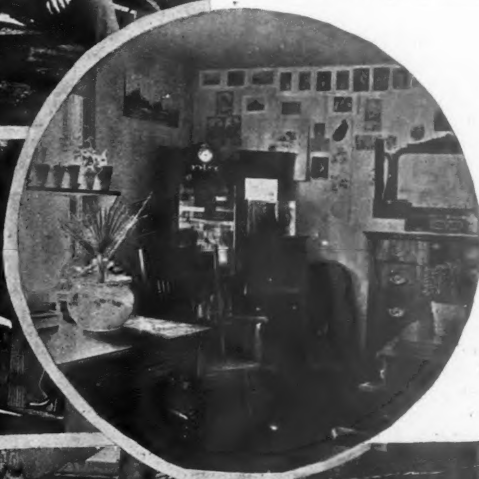
And the other, where the bat hides the face of the whittling story-teller while his audience on the big log listen with breathless interest, and pony comes in for his share, this we suppose *our student* snapped-up because it was picturesque.

You who have been reading WEE WISDOM know something about these three boys who call Ye Editor "mamma," and who

had a little new house all their own built for them last fall which they named "*The Den*" and so got for themselves the name of *Den-ers*. There are a lot of things that could be told of these queer *Den-ers* and their ways. They really haven't done by us as well as they might, as there is no end to snaps they have taken. Their Uncle Dave calls

outside. You will notice at the right of the wheelbarrow a little low building which is the latest construction of our flower-loving boy. *It is a green-house*, and it already has a young

banana and orange tree and lots of young vegetables starting. The *Den-er* who has charge of this little green-house is as happy as a bird. And why not? He has proven himself deserving by his voluntary devotion year after year to beautifying the



this the "*Boycroft*," and it is filled like a boy's pockets "*chuck full*." There's a fringe round the stair-opening made of curios, which is not only an original idea, but saves a lot of picking up of that kind of a thing — the wooden spoon from Russia, the birch bark canoe from Manitou, the painted paddle from Mexico, the star-fish from the Pacific, and a lot more too long to enumerate dangle from the strings which suspend them and vibrate to the music of the concert held by these gay *Den-ers*.

Oh, yes, we almost forgot to call your attention to a very important acquisition



yard about with a variety of flowers, and by this means bestowing upon all a joy and pleasure. And let me say to you, *Wisdoms*, it is the Father's pleasure that all live in happiness.



HARRIET H. RIX.

SECOND QUARTER.

LESSON I. APRIL 7.

The Resurrection of Jesus.

Luke 24:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Now is Christ risen from the dead.*—I. Cor. 15:20.

Today we have our Easter lesson, and we will all enter into this glad spring-time with praise and joy in our hearts. Easter means spring—the time when every little seed that has fallen into the ground since last summer wakes up, opens its eyes, and comes to life, ready to burst into a glory of bud and flower. You might have thought that little seed was dead a few weeks ago, but oh, no, it was not dead, only just resting and waiting for the rain and sun to call it forth that it might show you how beautiful it could be.

Did you ever think, children, how unlike the great oak tree the little acorn looks, or how unlike the golden lily the hard bulb appears? Yet the oak is really contained in the acorn, and the lily in the bulb. Just so it is with your little statements of Truth, for these are seeds, and contain wonderful power that make over your life; yes, bringing out in you a new kind of life filled with all Good.

There are beautiful pictures of the resurrection all around you, for resurrection means coming to life, you know, and in the spring when everything is new these are quite easy to find. The little soft yellow chicken coming out of its egg shell, or the beautiful, many-colored butterfly bursting through the cocoon, are some of these, and they all say the same thing—"There is no death."

You know, children, that Christ never died, and you cannot die, so do not be afraid of death, because you are going to live always, and some of you little folks that read today about the Christian Easter morn are going to have more power over your bodies to keep them here as long as you please than the world has ever known since Jesus overcame death. You just hold to life and youth, and do not let go of these for a moment, then you will not get worn out nor grow old, but will resur-

rect your body every new day into new health and harmony. This is the sweet lesson that Jesus teaches little children in that first Easter. He rolled the stone of doubt, fear and sin away, and forever shows us that Life is all, the only power and the only presence.

Here is a good Easter statement for you to hold, "Christ is risen in my heart, alive for-ever-more."

LESSON II. APRIL 14.

Jesus Appears to Mary. John 20:11-18.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Behold I am alive forevermore.*—Rev. 1:18.

Mary Magdalene was on her way to the tomb where the body of Jesus had been placed after the crucifixion. She expected to see the body there just as they had left it, but much to her surprise she saw instead two white angels, for Jesus had already taken up his body and left the tomb.

These angels that Mary saw were really lovely thoughts, guardian, helpful thoughts, and everybody, yes, boys and girls, too, have these two angels always with them to help carry them over the rough and stony paths of life. I know you would give me good answers if I were right with you and asked you to name these two angels. Would you like to know the names I have given them? The one who takes care of the head, or the place where you think, I have called "Love," and whenever she is near and you let her guide you, you never think naughty or untrue things; and the one who takes care of the feet I have named "Wisdom," because she always leads the Christ-child in paths that are right and pure, keeping your feet from slipping into the wrong path. One angel, you see, puts good thoughts into your mind, and the other one makes you do them.

Mary was crying because she thought her friend and helper was dead, and so because her eyes were blinded by tears she could not see right, everything looked wrong to her, and although Jesus stood right by her and talked to her, she did not know him.

Now, children, that is what seems to keep us from seeing that our good is always with us. If you let things disturb you and cry about it, nothing goes right. You know what self-control is, I think—you know it is being brave, strong and true at all times, it is having faith in the Good and not fearing evil, and much more, all of which brings out the Christ. Well, no one can reach or see the Christ in himself who

is always crying and seeing evil, so do not cry; no, not if everything seems to go wrong. You cannot make it right by crying, but only by being brave.

Did you ever notice that the more you cry the more do things come into your life to make you cry, but if you make up your mind to make the best of everything, because of the Truth that teaches you that only the Good is true, everything good seems to love to come your way.

LESSON III. APRIL 21.

The Walk to Emmaus. Luke 24:13-35.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way?* — Luke 24:32.

Cleopas and another disciple whose name we do not know were walking, three days after the crucifixion, along a road, talking of the exciting times they had been going through, when they were joined by Jesus. Now they did not know it was Jesus, because, like Mary, they were too sad and discouraged to see things correctly, so although their good was right with them, not until they began to listen to the Truth that told them through Jesus about the reality of life, did they really see and know him.

You will notice that not only did they listen to Jesus' true words, but they invited him to abide, to stay and eat with them. Now, children, you must find a lesson in this that you can use. Paul once said, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Now this can be applied to books, words, advice from others, or a statement of Truth as well as to people.

Suppose someone has said to you, "You are a child of God," and this seems strange and untrue, but you are anxious to learn what it means, so you open the door of your mind and invite it in, asking it to abide with you, then you think of it a great deal. Now you begin to unite yourself with it, just as those disciples did with Jesus when they ate bread together, and presently you will find a change taking place, what was once a stranger in your mind becomes an angel of blessing to you. We all have a great deal to learn and if we are earnest and watchful, meek and lowly, our Good will teach us all things.

Although it is good to talk on true subjects, and sometimes express our own ideas, yet we must never be deceived into believing we know everything, but should learn to listen respectfully to what other people have to say, for God speaks through all His children.

LESSON IV. APRIL 28.

Jesus Appears to the Apostles.

John 20:19-29.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.* John 20:29.

After Jesus overcame death he appeared to many people, showing them his body and teaching them that it was the same body that went into the tomb. Our last three lessons of this month show us how he came to Mary, Peter, John and his other disciples.

Today we do not need to see his body in order to believe that the account of the resurrection is true, or that God's children have power over death, for the great Truth Teacher within reveals this to us, and we know that the Golden Text is true, "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." Now this is true faith, and it was this kind of faith that Jesus had, for he had probably never seen any one die and come to life again through their own power, but he believed it could be done, and so the blessing was his. You see what I mean, do you not? There are a great many things it is well for us to believe before we really understand all about them, just as it was very wise in you, when you first started to school to believe your teacher when she said that one and one make two. At first you could not see that this was true, or realize what it meant, or what good it could do to believe it, but as you went on with your studies you found the blessing in knowing that one and one make two. So if you will believe that only the Good is true, even when you cannot or have not seen the Good, it will prove the greatest blessing to you, for this kind of faith makes the Good appear.

What a blessing it is to always have peace in your heart, then you are not only happy yourself, but you make others so. Jesus was filled with peace, because he knew God, and everywhere he went this peace went from him like a great light that warmed and healed everybody. When he came into a room his first words of greeting were, "Peace be unto you." Peace is God's sunshine in true hearts, and each one of you is a little peacemaker. When things go wrong with you, and cross words come flying into your mouth, just fill it quickly with good by saying, "Peace, be still." No heart storms can stay when these words rise up, for storms are unreal while peace is real. You can say these words to pain and it will go away, or to fear and it will cease to trouble you, for these are living Christ words.

Monday
I am glad with the
Spring—
With the grass,
With the flowers,
With the birds on the wing;
And the showers.

Tuesday
I am glad
To be glad;
I am glad
To be free.
Life of itself
Is gladness
For me.

Wednesday
Keep Love
a-loving,
Keep Life
a-living,
And joy and health
You will be giving.

Thursday
I shall rejoice,
I shall not fear;
The Blessed One,
My Lord,
My Life,
Is here.

Saturday
Though it may seem
Dear Lord hath left us,
And of His sweet joy
Bereft us—
He liveth still.

Friday
Sorrow and gloom
May entomb,
And error's word
Conceal our Lord—
He liveth still.

Sunday
O Blessed Word!
O Risen Lord!
O Joy in me forever free!
No more Thy light
In error's night
Shall hidden be.