

WEE WISDOM

**"YE are of God, little
Children. . . .
GREATER is HE that is
in you than he that
is in the world."**





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MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor.

A Truth-Goose Jingle.

Here is the little girl
Who has a little curl
Right down in the middle of her forehead;
Who always is good,
Yes, very, very good,
And never can be bad or horrid.

—AUNT EMMA.

An old time friend of WEE WISDOM has furnished the "stuffing" for our pillows this month.

The little letters were all crowded out in this number. It is certain WEE WISDOM wants to grow bigger, and it looks like we cannot much longer say No.

We have such lots of nice stories on hand for WEE WISDOM. One of them is from Mrs. Harvey, and one from Lucy Kellerhouse, who is in Washington, D. C.

You will notice the story by Miss de Witt, called "The Garden, the Gate, and the Key," is finished. So many of you have enjoyed it that we think we shall print it in a little book of 48 pages, illustrated. How many would like to have a copy for just 25 cents?

We have met some of WEE WISDOM's lovers during our little outing. Cleo, who is a dear, sweet Wisdom, now grown to High School dignity, has called, and her big sister, Linnie Faulkner, who sent you all such a sweet blessing in her little poem in February WEE WISDOM. All the dear friends here are *your* friends, and Aunt Myrta, especially, sends you more blessings than I have room to name, but you will have room to receive them just the same.



[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—THE JOY OF THE LORD IS YOUR STRENGTH.

Jewel Word—STRENGTH.

Song Word—TRUTH IN SONG, No. 12.

Verse Word—

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 heredity.

"One is your Father, even God."

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

A NEW VOLUME.

Volume 2 of Wee Wisdom Library is now ready for its readers, and we hope to have a large demand for it, as it is filled with good things, entertaining, healing, enlightening. You may be glad to know that the lovely story "How Marjorie Blossomed" is one of the stories in this Volume. The other stories are: "While Hazel Waited," "The New Shoes," "Whatever," "How Tulips were Made," besides poems and illustrations. Price, 25 cents.

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.



VOL. V.

KANSAS CITY, MO., MAY, 1901.

No. 10.

FOR A RAINY DAY.

N. DIXON HAHN.

Listen, listen, hear the rain
Tapping on the window pane;
Pitter, patter, hear it say,
We can work and you can play.

Listen, listen, hear it drop
On the roof without a stop;
Pitter, patter, hear it say,
Thus we work and thus we play.

Play or work, what'er we do,
Profit it will bring to you—
Make the flowers bloom in spring,
Grain and fruit and beauty bring.

Little would you have to eat
Should you never hear our feet
Pitter, patter, on the pane.
Don't you love to hear it rain?

How Marjorie Blossomed.

NINA LILLIAN MORGAN.

"JUST think of having a little cousin coming to live with me like my own really truly sister! O mamma, it's too good to be true!" Julie clapped her hands and danced about her mother with all the childish freedom of her nine summers.

Mrs. Rogers folded the letter she had just read, and smiled happily upon her joyous little daughter.

"It's just what you've wanted all the time, isn't it, dear? A little playmate to be with you every day."

"Oh, yes, mamma, and it'll be my own cousin, too. I can't wait till the time comes. A week is such a long, long way off, mamma."

"It won't seem long, dear, for we'll be getting ready for Cousin Marjorie, and the time will fly. We must have everything sweet and bright and fresh to welcome the lonely little girl."

Julie's dancing ceased suddenly. "Is she lonely, mamma? Will she be sad?"

"Julie, your cousin hasn't any papa or mamma, as you have, and she has never known a real home. She has visited about among her uncles and aunties and cousins

ever since her papa and mamma left this earth. None of the relatives seemed ready to offer her a home for life, so your papa and I decided to have her with us always, just like our own child."

"O mamma, I'm so glad! Let's make her real happy."

"Yes, Julie, we must do all we can to make her forget that she's an orphan. I know my little daughter will do her share."

"Deed I will, mamma!" cried Julie. Tears shone in the child's eyes, and her small face was flushed with eagerness. "Why, mamma, I feel as if I just loved her right now, without ever seeing her. What does she look like, mamma?"

"We have no picture of her, dear, and Uncle Ross does not say much about her in his letter, except that she is a quiet child, and we must have her romp and play as much as possible. I know my Julie will like that."

"Won't I, though! Oh, I wish winter would go away so we could play outdoors all the time. What fun we could have! But we can have some splendid times anyway, can't we, mamma? I'll get out my

games and dolls and things—and oh, say, mamma, can't we fix up the play-room all nice and pretty before she comes?"

"That's just what we'll do, dear. I have some lovely plans in my mind for that play-room. We'll start today and see what we can do."

"Oh, you're such a dear mamma! You always want me to have fun! I wonder if all little girls' mammas help them the way you do?"

"It makes me happy to see my little girl happy, and to know that she wishes to give

were going on in earnest to have everything at its best to welcome the little stranger. Julie's small hands were of greater assistance than Mrs. Rogers had imagined they could be, and her willing feet trotted about on many a helpful errand.

At last the day came when Marjorie should arrive. Julie and her mamma flitted about up to the last moment to see that everything was as it should be. The house was as fresh as a flower, and the play-room a delight to behold. Many changes had been wrought in its appear-



"Julie stood by the parlor window peering out into the dusk for the first glimpse of her little cousin."

pleasure to others. I know Marjorie can't help but feel welcome when she finds what a generous little cousin she has."

"I just hope she'll love me. I know I'll love her. I shouldn't wonder if she is just the dearest sweetest cousin in the world. And she's about my age, isn't she, mamma?"

"Yes, just about. Oh, I'm sure you'll be good friends. And now come, Julie, we'll see what we can plan for the play-room."

All that week there was a great deal of stir and bustle in the house. Preparations

and with its white curtains, cheerful draperies and bright pictures, it was a sight to rejoice the heart of the little cousin the moment she should cross its threshold. In this room were several charming surprises planned especially for the benefit of the unknown cousin. One of these surprises had been the original thought of Julie herself. Over in the corner was a little table laid with a sunny cloth, around which sat five dolls, in various attitudes of tea-drinking.

"Won't she be surprised to see anything

like that, mamma? A regular doll's tea, with dishes and napkins and everything! Don't they look just 'sif they're talking and laughing like grown-up folks?"

"They're just as cosy as can be. And now come, Julie, we must be dressed and waiting in the parlor when papa comes with Marjorie."

Julie, her heart light with anticipation, skipped off with her mamma to dress. She wanted so much to go to the train also, but as it was very stormy outside, she had been persuaded to remain at home to welcome her cousin when she should arrive. It would soon be time now for them to come, for Mr. Rogers had said that they would probably reach the house at about the dinner hour.

It was not long before Julie, dressed in her prettiest frock, stood by the parlor window peering out into the dusk for the first glimpse of her little cousin. Mrs. Rogers sat before the ruddy grate fire smiling to herself at Julie's joyful eagerness.

"The train may be late," she suggested, "so we must not wonder if we have to wait quite awhile."

Just then Julie uttered a cry of delight. "There they are! There they are, mamma!" and she rushed to the front door as fast as her feet would carry her. Mrs. Rogers hastened after her, and quickly unfastened the door, letting in a gust of wind and snow. Julie's papa was coming up the steps almost lifting the small well-bundled figure of a little girl.

"Heigho!" cried Mr. Rogers. "I've brought you your new sister, Julie. Here's Marjorie!" Julie bounded forward with outstretched arms, not yet seeing the small face beneath the big drooping hat.

"Dear Marjorie!" she said impulsively. Her hasty movement pushed the brim back from Marjorie's face just as she bent forward to kiss her. With a little gasp of dismay, Julie started back and let her arms fall limply. Instead of the beaming eyes and smiling lips she had expected to see, she found herself facing a pair of sullen gray eyes that did not brighten at her greeting. The childish mouth she had

expected to kiss was drawn tightly together in a straight forbidding line. Poor Julie was so stunned that she only stared in shocked disappointment, instead of giving the welcome that had been on her lips. Before she could decide what to do, Marjorie had pushed past her, with a half frown puckering her forehead.

A big lump swelled in Julie's throat. Was this the dear cousin she had dreamed about, planned for, and longed to see?

Mrs. Rogers took Marjorie gently by the hand. "We are glad to see you, dear,"



"Julie's outstretched arms."

she said, "fetched freshened up, and then you'll see. No doubt my little one is a beauty. Dinner is all ready, and I know you'll feel all right after you've had something warm." Then she led Marjorie away, telling Julie to wait in the parlor with papa.

Julie followed her father into the parlor, blinking very hard and trying to swallow the lump that grew bigger every moment. "O papa, papa, is that Marjorie?" she cried.

"There, there, pet, don't mind it if she seems rather strange at first. Remember she doesn't feel acquainted yet. She'll be all right after awhile."

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"There, there, pet, don't mind it if she seems rather strange at first. Remember she doesn't feel acquainted yet. She'll be all right after awhile."

Julie went over to the fireplace. She would not let her papa see the tears that rushed to her eyes.

In a few moments Mrs. Rogers and Marjorie reappeared. Julie had wiped her eyes vigorously, and now she tried hard to smile into her cousin's face. But no smile answered her. The gray eyes were still sullen. When Julie bravely drew near to take Marjorie's hand the child shrank from her.

"I'm glad you came," said Julie, her voice trembling a little. "I hope you'll like it here."

"I didn't like it at Uncle Ross's house," replied Marjorie, in a voice that had n't any gladness in it.

"Weren't they good to you?" asked Julie's mamma in astonishment.

"Yes, but I didn't like them," answered Marjorie in the same tone.

All through dinner the child sat still and stiff, eating very little, and never smiling when the others spoke to her. Julie was brave to the last, and kept back the tears courageously. But after dinner she rushed up to her own little room and flung herself on the bed, crying heartily. There Mrs. Rogers found her a few moments later.

"I know just how you feel, dear," said the mother, taking Julie in her arms. "You are disappointed now, but you will feel better after awhile. You must not think that Marjorie will always act this way. She feels shy among strangers, that is all."

"I can't help it," sobbed Julie. "I was going to bring her to the play-room after dinner and she was such a nice time, and now I can't do it. I just know she would 'nt enjoy it at all."

"After she has a good night's rest she will feel brighter and happier, I am sure Julie, dear. Wait till tomorrow morning and then take her to the play-room and try to entertain her. Don't notice it if she does act that sullen way. Just go right on and act cheerful yourself anyway."

The next morning Julie determined to do as her mother had said. So she invited Marjorie into the play-room and flitted

about showing her the various pretty surprises. But Marjorie's face did not brighten, even when she saw the dolls at tea.

"How many dolls have you?" asked Julie, trying not to be downhearted. "Did you bring them all with you?"

"No, I haven't any dolls."

"You may have one of mine, if you like!" cried Julie impulsively. "Here, take this one." She held up the prettiest doll in the group.

Marjorie sat down stiffly in a chair. "I don't want your doll," she said, "I don't like dolls."

Julie's lip quivered. "What do you like? Do you play games?"

"Sometimes, when I feel like it. When I don't feel like it, I want to be left alone."

Julie said nothing more, but went on playing with the dolls as if nothing had happened.

At length Marjorie reached for a book and began to examine the pictures. She did not seem to see Julie.

Days went by, and still Marjorie seemed obstinate and hard to reach. Sometimes she would join Julie at play, but very seldom. She never seemed really to enjoy anything, and rarely showed an interest in Julie's plans. She preferred above all else to go off into a corner by herself with a book or a game. She wanted to be left alone.

Julie struggled on, determined not to give up, but one morning when Marjorie had gone off alone to the play-room Julie rushed to her mother and flung herself sobbing into her arms.

"O mamma, there's no use! I've tried and tried, and it don't do any good! Can't you send her away, mamma? I can't be happy while she stays."

Mrs. Rogers soothed the child gently before she spoke. At last she said, "No, Julie, we can't send her away now. We have promised to keep her, and we must. It is our duty, dear. God has given us this charge, and we must be true to it. The wise Father has left it in our hands to bring out the good hidden away in Cousin Marjorie. Dear, have you forgotten our little talks on the ever-present Good?"

"No, mamma, I've remembered it all the time. But Marjorie don't seem to have any good any where in her."

"Why, Julie, how can that be? You believe that the image of the *Good* is in *every* one, don't you?—every man, woman and child? Then it must be in Marjorie."

"Yes, mamma, but why is it so *awful* hard to find?"

"We haven't believed in it enough yet, Julie. We haven't had enough faith in Marjorie's goodness. Come, dear, let's go over to the window. I want to show you something. There! look out, and what do you see? Cold, sodden earth, bare branches, dead grass in the lawns. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, mamma, it isn't pretty at all out doors."

"No, dear. But now think a moment. Does it seem possible to you, as you look at it now, that the bare cold earth could ever be any different?"

"It don't look like it, mamma, but we know it'll change when spring comes."

"Yes, we know it, and we have faith to believe each year that the change will come again as it has done before. But suppose you and I did not know of the spring-time. Just suppose we had never seen the wonderful change in our lives, and no one had ever told us of it. Then imagine that some one would tell us, as we stood looking out at the wintry scene, that in a few months all would be changed as if by magic. The bare branches would burst with leaves, the hard sod shoot forth tender green, and the bushes blossom forth in pink and white beauty. Wouldn't it seem ridiculous to us? We'd think it impossible, wouldn't we?"

"Yes, mamma, I'm afraid we would."

"Even now, Julie, with spring so near and knowing about it all as we do, it seems hard to believe that the great change will come. We can't see any signs of it yet. Still we believe it is coming. We know that the ice and cold and hardness will all vanish and give place to sunshine, flowers, rustling leaves, and soft fragrant air."

Julie's eyes grew wide with sudden wondering joy. "O mamma, I think I see

what you mean. I never thought of it that way at all! Then you think that Marjorie can change, too?"

"She can, and she will, but we must help her. We must ourselves be *sure* of the goodness and loveliness hidden beneath the ugly, sullen surface that Marjorie shows us. We must not think of the *outside* at all. We must believe only in the sunny love and sweetness ready to blossom out under our faith and tenderness."

"O mamma, I see, I see!" cried Julie joyfully. "Oh, won't it be beautiful when Marjorie blossoms out!"

After that Julie went about with a golden hope in her heart. No matter how Marjorie acted, Julie resolutely put away all thoughts of the *outside*, and remembered that down beneath the cold, hard surface was a great wealth of love and sweetness and beauty.

"I will help you, Julie," her mamma would say each day.

The weeks passed and spring would soon be near. Easter was already close at hand. Mrs. Rogers began to plan for some little extra pleasures for the children on that day. When the time came for coloring eggs Julie took great delight in telling Marjorie of the fun it would be. But Marjorie did not enter into the spirit of the happy Easter-tide. When Julie and her mamma went into the kitchen to dye the eggs, Marjorie only stood off and looked at them.

"We'll go right on just the same," whispered Mrs. Rogers, as she bent to dip some eggs into a rich crimson dye. Julie nodded and smiled.

After awhile Marjorie came closer, and at length sat down in a chair near the stove. She was silent for a time, then suddenly she spoke up, "I don't see what Easter's for, anyway," she said.

Mrs. Rogers glanced at her kindly, with a quick smile. "You know the story about the Lord Christ rising on that day, don't you, Marjorie?"

"Yes, I know all about that. Uncle Ross was always telling me about it. But I don't see what it has to do with me."

"It has a great deal to do with you,

Marjorie, and with all of us. It means that we should do all we can to waken the Christ nature—the love and goodness—in ourselves and in others. That was what Christ was always trying to show people—how to bring forth the spirit of good in their lives.”

Marjorie was silent. Then she spoke again. “Some people don’t have any good in them. What’ll they do then?”

“Everyone has the Christ nature, if we only knew it. We cannot always see it, but if we search for it with faith we’ll find it.”

“How do you know?” asked Marjorie.

“Because man was created by God—Good.”

“That’s so,” said Marjorie. Her eyes had a wide-open look new to them. “Then the Christ goodness is in everyone?” she went on, gazing fixedly at Mrs. Rogers.

“Indeed, yes, Marjorie, in every man, woman and child on this earth.”

The kitchen was very still for awhile, except for the sounds of stirring and bubbling as the egg-dyeing continued.

Then Marjorie spoke again. “I declare it must be in me, then!”

Mrs. Rogers turned upon the child with radiant eyes. “Why, of course it is, Marjorie. It always has been!”

“No one ever told me about it before,” cried the wondering Marjorie. “It seems so strange, don’t it? I never show it, do I?”

“You can show it, Marjorie, for it is in you.”

On Easter morn the sun shone bright and clear. By noon it was so warm that Mrs. Rogers told the children they might lunch out doors on the big back porch.

Marjorie was still rather quiet, and showed no spirit to enter into the pleasures provided for her, but Julie went on with the preparations just the same. She put their little table over in the sunniest corner and spread it for two. Mrs. Rogers brought out many tempting dainties, and talked cheerily of the beautiful day. Finally the crowning triumph appeared in the shape of two small baskets filled with gorgeously colored eggs. Julie put the

prettier basket at Marjorie’s plate, and then sat down with hers on her lap.

Presently Marjorie came out on the porch and sat down at her place.

“I didn’t help dye the eggs,” she remarked, after she had sat still for a moment. “Why did you give me any?”

“I wanted you to have them, Marjorie,” and Julie smiled straight into her cousin’s eyes. Marjorie looked down suddenly. A flush rose to her face.

“I like you and your mamma and papa lots better than I do Uncle and Aunt Ross,” she said, still looking down.

“Do you? Weren’t they good to you?”

“Yes, but they could n’t like me. None of them ever liked me. I never s’posed anybody ever could.”

“Why, Marjorie!” cried Julie. Her voice choked up suddenly. “Why, I like you!”

“Do you, *honest?* or just make believe?”

“Really and truly, Marjorie.”



“Julie’s arms were about her neck.”

Marjorie looked up. “I’m awful glad I came here,” she said. There was such a strange shining in her eyes that Julie jumped up, forgetting the eggs and everything else in her impulsive gladness. Before Marjorie knew it, Julie’s arms were about her neck and she felt a soft kiss on her cheek.

“I b’lieve you do like me, honest,” cried

Marjorie, blinking very fast.

"Course I do!" answered Julie, trying not to cry.

Mrs. Rogers came to the window just then and looked out. Her heart leaped at what she saw and she moved back softly into the shadows. Marjorie's eyes were actually dancing!

"Julie's done it at last," whispered the mother, smiling. "Marjorie has awakened to her true self. Bless their dear hearts! How glad Julie will be now that Marjorie has blossomed!"

FIRST UP.

A brave little dandelion woke from his nap
And hunted around in the dark for his cap.
"I'm certain," he muttered, "it ought to be here,
In the very same corner I left it last year."

He poked all about in the dirt and the dark
For the same little hat that he wore in the ark—
For fashions may vary with people and clime,
But dandelions wear the same hats all the time.

"What's o'clock?" and he paused, while he
counted the fuzz
That had crept through his locks, as old age
always does;
Then he settled himself to pluck out the old
feathers
That had done so much service in all sorts of
weathers.

Rather frowsy he looked getting into his hat,
But he knew that the rains would take care of all
that,

If he only were up; so he pulled on his boots,
And began to push up from his tough little roots;

Kept pushing, still cheerful, still hopeful, till—
push!

He rose to the surface close by the old bush;
With the frost scarcely out and the ground hardly
mellow—

Here he is on the top now, the brave little fellow!

The first dandelion! Well may we delight,
And call all the children to see the glad sight!
For of all the bright prophets of hope and of
spring,

The golden-crowned dandelion surely is king!

— *Youth Companion.*

"The earth is the Lord's."

THE GARDEN, THE GATE AND THE KEY.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

"GIRLS, girls!" shouted Prudence, coming up to her two friends in the meadow not many days after their visit to Rose. "Girls, we three are invited to a picnic in Uncle's garden, and we are to go right now, for it being Saturday and no school Uncle said it was just the best time. There will be seven of us at the picnic. Uncle says that's a happy number."

"Who are the seven?" asked Patience.

"Why, there's mother and the orange lady—her name's Mrs. Pleasant—and Uncle Noble, and you, Patience, and Faith and me, that makes seven. Do you know, I just found out the other day that mother knew the way to the beautiful garden, is n't that nice! And she showed me her key; it is so pretty, a darling little pearly white cross."

"Why, I knew that," said Faith. "Her face is so sweet, I thought she must have been in the beautiful garden many times."

"Come on now, let's go to Uncle's," interrupted Prudence, we'll just get there in time. He and mother together fixed the lunch, so we have nothing to carry."

"Very well," said Faith, jumping from the ground where she had been sitting, "I am quite ready to go. Lead the way, Prudence, Patience and I will follow you."

It was not long before they reached Mr. Comfort's gate, where they entered hand in hand. Here a pretty sight met their eyes. The lunch was already spread on a big red table-cloth in the center of a green grass plot beneath the shade of a large spreading tree. The cloth was covered with all manner of good things, such as hot biscuits, sandwiches, sweet buns, potato salad, pickles, sweet cakes, chocolate and cocoanut cakes, pies and everything you can think of. Smilax from Uncle's greenhouse was twined in and out the dishes and at every one's place was a flower Mrs. Peasley had just put the finishing touches to the feast, while Uncle Noble stood off a little distance admiring it all.

"Come, little girls," he called as the three approached, "we are just ready for you, the lunch is spread and now that we are all here we will sit down together and enjoy ourselves."

"But where is Rose and her grandma?" asked Prudence.

"Right here coming now," answered their Uncle, and at that moment the orange woman came through the door of a little cottage at the back of the grounds. Beside her walked a sweet-faced little girl with sunny brown curls about her face. She was dressed in a pretty blue dress and looked altogether very charming.

"Why, is that Rose?" exclaimed Prudence in a surprised tone of voice.

"Yes, that is Rose. Does she not look well?" answered the Uncle. "There's nothing like sunshine and fresh air to make one look well and strong."

"And love and kindness, too, sir, I'm thinking," added Mrs. Pleasant, "for Rose was lonely in the little house over the hill. Why, little girls, it didn't take but a day or two to put strength into that child so that she could walk."

"The great Spirit of Love did it, grandma."

"Yes, my darling, that is true," answered the old lady.

"Come now, we are all together, we will be seated right on the ground, for I hold that Mother Earth will hurt no one, for she is warm and loving, so now before we eat we will silently give thanks to the Great Spirit of Love little Rose speaks of for all our blessings."

After the silent thanksgiving Prudence said, "Isn't it nice to be here, all of us together, and to have Rose so well?"

"Yes, indeed, it is," answered the grandma. "We feel very grateful to Mr. Comfort for his kind thought of us."

"Now please don't give me all the thanks, Mrs. Pleasant, for a certain little green fairy had a hand in this as well as three little girls who go by the names of Prudence, Patience and Faith, so really when we come to look into the matter of your happy change you will find Mr. Comfort had but a little to do with it. I was only

one to help. But now let us tell them all our delightful plan, shan't we, Rose?" asked Uncle Noble, turning to the little girl.

"Oh, yes, do," and Rose clapped her hands.

"Well, you see Rose and I together have planned it all out. Now, you all know that all work and no play is not good for anyone, neither is all play and no work, so Rose and her grandma are going to be as busy as is possible. Instead of going from door to door to sell oranges we think a little stand on a certain corner, which I have in mind, and a chair to sit on, and both oranges and flowers to sell, will be a greater help in earning money for one's daily bread. I know the corner I think will do nicely, and where I think Mrs. Pleasant can carry on a nice trade. For Rose I have also a plan of work. Rose must go to school like other little girls, but after school hours and on Saturdays she can be a great help to me by serving customers who like to buy flowers from the garden, cut under their very eyes — this Rose will be able to do nicely, after a little instruction from me, and it will be a healthy, happy work for her. Isn't that so, Rose?"

"Oh, yes, I should love it," and Rose's eyes shone with pleasure at the thought of being useful.

"How will you get a stand for Mrs. Pleasant?" asked Prudence.

"Oh, trust me for that. My man of all work understands carpentering, and between us we will fix up a nice little table, and I have a number of chairs and benches about my garden, one of these I can easily spare."

"Won't that be nice, dearie?" said Mrs. Pleasant, turning to Rose with a happy smile.

"Yes, indeed, grandma, and think, you won't have to walk about and get so tired. Oh, it is all so beautiful I have to stop and wonder if I am really awake, and not dreaming."

"Oh, indeed, you are not dreaming," said Faith quickly. "Only the horrid things in life are dreams, all of the good is true and real."

"Like the beautiful garden we found," said Prudence, "that is very real, and oh, so delightful. Have you ever been into the Garden of Wisdom, Mrs. Pleasant?" she asked, turning to the old lady.

"Well, my dear, I hardly know."

"Oh, but you'll know if you have really been," said Prudence eagerly. "We'll all show you the way, Uncle and Patience and Faith and mother and I," and she edged up a little closer to Mrs. Pleasant, for Prudence was seated between her and Rose.

"That is very kind of you, Prudence, dear, I shall love to go with you, for it must be a pretty garden if it is anything like this one," said Mrs. Pleasant, looking about her as she spoke.

"You must make your garden pretty by the flowers you plant," said Patience.

"What kind must I plant?" asked Mrs. Pleasant.

"The kind you plant? I don't know—I guess those you love," answered Prudence.

"I shall plant lots and lots of roses in my garden, for they are all love," said Rose eagerly. "And I do love you all for being so good and kind to us."

"Oh, I have a thought," interrupted Prudence. "I believe Uncle Noble has helped you both to find your gate today, or anyway you'll know which way to look for it when you start your work selling oranges and flowers."

"Perhaps you are right, little girl," said Uncle Noble.

"Oh!" exclaimed Rose, "I think I found my gate to the beautiful garden the first day I was here, and Patience and Faith will help me find the key I am quite sure, as they helped Prudence. I know all about it, you see; Uncle Noble told me. I hope my flowers are roses and lilies; lilies are so pure and beautiful."

"Mother found her garden long ago," said Prudence as she passed the cake to her Uncle, for during the conversation all of them had been doing justice to the good lunch spread before them.

"Yes, mother found her gate when you were quite a baby, Prudence, and many visits have I made to the beautiful garden since, and all these ten years have I been

trying to help my little girl find her way into the garden, but I was not the one. Faith and Patience came and helped you, and so you saw the way yourself without my help."

"Let us all agree together," said Uncle Noble, "to do all in our power to help all about us, no matter how they may look, no matter what they may seem, rich or poor, good or bad, to find their way to the garden, and so lead their steps that they may find their gate and key, and so enter in to enjoy God's beautiful blossoms—those flowers planted in love and joy and wisdom."

"Oh, yes," said Prudence eagerly, "I promise to try. Let's all join hands in a circle here and promise to do what we can to help."

"That's a good idea, little daughter," said Mrs. Peasley.

So together they joined hands and repeated after Uncle Noble the words—

"I promise to try to help others to find the way into the beautiful Garden of Wisdom."

Now let us steal quietly away from the happy group. Having seen the fruits of their wisdom let us go and do likewise—find our way into the beautiful Garden of True Thought.

[The End.]

KINDNESS AND RUDENESS.

A little girl one day went to her mother to show some fruit that had been given her.

"Your friend," said the mother, "has been very kind."

"Yes," said the child. "She gave me more than those, but I have given some away."

The mother inquired to whom had she given them, when she answered, "I gave them to a girl who pushes me off the path and makes faces at me."

On being asked why she gave them to her she replied, "Because I thought it would make her know that I wished to be kind to her, and she will not, perhaps, be rude and unkind to me again."—*Selected.*

One of these Little ONES.

DEAR WEE WISDOM:

Our little Wee Wisdom, Thomas; was so delighted with the story about Joy, in February WEE WISDOM, he has made me read it to him several times. He sat still in my lap and listened to every word of it, and when I got through he said, "Joy laughed and laughed," and then he laughed.

He thought it was so funny. Then he looked at the picture and loved and kissed little Joy, and played hide and seek with her, for children in pictures are just as real to him as those out of the pictures. But what are the names of Joy's two sisters? that was the first thing that Tom wanted to know. He was so pleased with the Easter number, and especially the pictures taken by the "Den-ers." When he was told "Ye Editor" was Royal's mamma he said,

"I saw Royal." When asked where, "Oh," he said, "in WEE WISDOM." His papa told him about a trip he once took to California, so now Thomas seems to think he was the one that went to California and will tell about the mountains and rivers he saw on his imaginary journey.

I must tell you what a little singer he is getting to be. He has always been very fond of music, and began singing tunes when he was twenty months old. Now he is two and a half years old and he learns

every song he hears, both words and music. His especial favorites are "The Spirit of Peace," "Jesus Blessing," and it is "Time to be True." He knows all the words, and when we are rocking him to sleep and singing to him if we make a mistake in the words he corrects us instantly.

The other day he picked up UNITY and

said he was going to read it. So he sat down in his little chair and looked at it very earnestly. I asked him what he was reading; he said, "I'm reading good." I thought that showed great intuition, for he had never heard any of us say that. He has a way of knowing things. He can find many of the songs in his singing books himself, when there seems to nothing to show him.

Little Thomas has golden hair and very large blue eyes that

look as if they knew everything; he does n't look at all like his name sounds. He likes to play ball, and build towers out of his blocks, and is a regular boy. He is determined to learn his letters now, so it won't be very long before he will be able to write to you, I presume, although we don't try to teach him anything. He has a little baby brother now, whom he thinks is perfectly lovely, and he says, "It is such a coot baby," and "such a sweet baby," and "it is Tom's baby."



Little Thomas is getting so he talks like a "grown-up," delights in speaking long words and sentences very slowly and precisely. If we ask him what we have down cellar, he says, "an incubator." His latest accomplishment is playing the scale, do, re, me, fa, sol, la, si, do, all by himself, and doing it correctly. He is very anxious to play like "Aunt Myrta," so he sits down on the piano stool and drums away awhile; then he says, "I can't remember the tune," and stops.

Little Thomas' memory has always been the wonder of all his friends, and several months before he was two years old, he could name everyone of the twenty-two portraits of great men in a book we have, from Washington to Grant.

He has never forgotten his Truth statement that I wrote to you about once before, and one day when he and I were rocking the little baby to sleep to my surprise he began whispering "Peace and ha'mony now prevail," though he had n't heard it for a long time, and baby went right off to sleep.

It was quite an undertaking to get Thomas' picture taken for *WE WISDOM*, as we had to go thirteen miles. This was quite a ride for a little boy who had been shut up in the house all winter where there were blizzards raging, but the day that had been set for the trip dawned warm and sunshiny, I think it must have been warm on purpose so that little Thomas could have his picture taken, don't you? His papa and mamma had to stay at home with "Little B-a-b-y," who was too young to take, so Grandpa and Aunt Myrta took him. He is such a mamma boy that we were almost afraid he might cry for mamma, as we had to be gone all day. He had never been away so long before, but his auntie held the thought of happiness for him, and he was just as good and happy as he could be all day. We explained it all to him, that he was going to Tecumseh to have his picture taken and he was very much delighted at the idea. He admired everything when he got there, especially the large court house, which he called the "Capitol," because it looked like the capitols in the pictures. At the photographer's he was perfectly at home, running around and looking at the pretty pictures, and when he had his taken, he sat up like a little major and did just what the man told him to do. He thought it was lots of fun, especially when the man played peek-a-boo with him, and that is the reason he looks so happy in his picture which we think is good enough to pay for all the trouble it cost, and we hope you will think so too.

AUNT MYRTA.

TABLE ROCK, NEB.



HARRIET H. RIX.

LESSON V. MAY 5.

Jesus and Peter. John 21:15-22.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Lovest thou me?* — John 21:17.

If you will turn back to the 18th chapter of John you will find another story about Peter, in which he shows that his love for the Christ and the Truth is not as great as his love for himself and his own comfort and safety. In that account John shows us how Peter let fear get the best of him, and how it made a coward of him so that he denied his Lord three times.

Now, trouble always comes along with fear, because when we listen to fear we do things that are untrue. Never be afraid of standing by the good and the true, because then the good and the true will always stand by you.

When you study this lesson it would be well for you to find out all you can about Peter, for his life teaches us many lessons, and shows very plainly that love and faith always lead to blessings, while fear and doubt of the good always bring trouble.

Peter was not always afraid, for sometimes he let the Christ in him come forth and stand out very strong. He denied the truth three times, therefore in order to be healed he had to affirm his love for it three times.

What did Jesus mean by telling Peter to "feed my sheep"? What and who were his sheep? He tells you all about it in that beautiful tenth chapter of John.

Every one who needs care, love and teaching, belongs to the fold of Christ, and they shall all be loved and taught by the Christ Spirit of truth until the whole world stands as one united family.

Now we must all work for each other in love, doing little deeds of kindness and unselfishness, and giving forth the truth as best we can, for this is truly feeding Christ's sheep with the best food for its spiritual growth — love.

LESSON VI. MAY 12.

The Great Commission. Matt. 28:16-20.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.* — Matt. 28:20.

The nearer we get to fire the warmer we are, the closer we draw to love the more loving we are, and the nearer we get to God the more power is ours, for God is the only power.

Jesus had all power in heaven and on earth because he did not feel or know any separation between himself and God, but said, "I and my Father are one." It is by using our power that it grows and we find out what we can do. You cannot tell what you can do until you try, and it is only by being fearless and striking right out with a good will to do your best that the best comes out of you.

You all have much more power than you think. You have first all power over your tongue and words, and can so control them that they serve you in the highest way; then you have a great power over your hands and feet, and may command them to serve in love and obey the good. By exercising power over the thoughts, making each one lovingly obey the truth, you little by little prove yourself the master over every weakness and error.

The "I am" that is always with us, and never leaves us, is the Good, and we can always turn to it for comfort, guidance and power, and ever find it ready to help us.

The subject of this lesson is "The Great Commission," which means that you have been chosen by God to preach the glad tidings of God's presence, and of His power in man working to heal disease and making everybody well and happy.

LESSON VII. MAY 19.

Jesus Ascends into Heaven. Luke 24:44-53; Acts 1:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT — *While he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.* — Luke 24:51.

The truth tells us that we are each a temple of the living God, and that God dwells in us. No temple or church made by man, be it ever so grand and beautiful, is half as grand and beautiful as this temple of God, which is your true self. Sometimes this temple of the soul is called in the Bible "Jerusalem" or the "New Jerusalem," and that is why Jesus told his disciples to remain there until they felt the power of God come upon them.

When you go into the silence, closing your eyes, keeping still, and praying and listening to God, you have really entered into your own temple of Jerusalem. You see we must go there every day if we would have the truth.

Now every word of truth you speak, or think, is like a strong brick in the found-

ation of your temple and if you work to keep them all true, they will shine right through your body, keeping it healthy, strong and free from suffering.

This temple of God within you Jesus tells us is the Kingdom of Heaven, and it was into this pure House of God that Jesus went when he left the disciples.

To ascend to God does not mean to go into the sky, or go *anywhere*, but just to lift yourself and all you know out of all evil into all good, and this we are to do daily until nothing remains but good, for only the good is true.

LESSON VIII. MAY 26.

The Holy Spirit Given. Acts 2:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT — *When he, the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth.* — John 16:13.

The Spirit of Truth is this Holy Spirit, which is God's presence in each one of His children, for God is within us as well as above and around us.

The Golden Text is a statement made by Jesus. He had the life of the Holy Spirit within him, and it was this presence that taught him all his wonderful knowledge of God and spiritual things, of how to heal the sick, walk on water, turn the water into wine, and raise the dead; it showed him how to read men's hearts, and help them overcome sorrow, sin and sickness, and at last it gave him the greatest wisdom of all — how to raise his own body from death to everlasting life. It also taught him that this power and wisdom was not for him alone, but belonged to the whole world, to anybody who lived the same life of the Spirit that he did, and so he said, "What I do, you may do also," for "the Spirit of Truth will teach you all things."

The Holy Spirit comes only to those who love the Good so much that their whole life is filled with it and given to it. The Holy Spirit is God's own voice speaking in the soul, and it has much to teach and tell us of God's love to His dear children and how that love is always preparing all joy and happiness for us. If you will close your eyes and get still enough, and expect to hear, you, too, will hear what it has to say. It will teach you much more than books can tell, for it knows all things, and all that is really true in books came from this Holy Spirit. All the good in the world, as well as all the wisdom, springs from the Holy Spirit, and it loves to work through little children who know how to keep their hearts pure and their thoughts clean and white.

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM. (Away from home.)



WELL, here we are once more! The joy of this beautiful May morning abide with you! Geographically our Sanctum is changed in location, for Ye Editor is having a little outing, and as we come together in mind and spirit this month, externally Ye Editor is sitting on a turned-over box under the branches of a soft-leaving-out-shrub of some kind. Under her feet is the delicate carpet of the young Spring, over her head the undimmed blue of a perfect May day bends softly down till it fits the rim of the green and brown old bowl of earth. It is so delightful to have all out doors for a Sanctum! What would you give to know, in Missouri parlance, "where we're at?" Well, we're right out here on a big lawn with a beautiful grove of budding maple trees in front of us, and country and orchards, and everything desirable all 'round us. In short, we're at Tom's and Aunt Myrta's house.

Yes, it is quite a surprise to be 'way out here in Nebraska, but it's a delightful one, and there are acres and acres of orchards lying around on the gentle slopes of this big Orchard Farm, which will be immense bouquets in a week or two. Wouldn't we like to stay and see them all in bloom? If it were not for three boys and Kansas City affairs awaiting our return, we would be tempted to linger here and see it all.



You will make Tom's acquaintance for Aunt Myrta has sent him to visit you in photo, and told you about him, but she can only tell you a little about this sweet, bright little man, whom it is a pleasure to know. One very beautiful thing about "our Tom" is, he has never heard a cross, complaining word in all his little life. Nobody ever says, "don't," "take care," or "you mustn't" to little Tom. Nobody has ever fretted at him, or tried to make him do things. His sweet, pure little soul has been let bubble up in its own natural spontaneity. Tom is not being fashioned and warped after unnatural ideas of childhood. So Tom's tiny brother receives the same kind of treatment from little Thomas.

Won't it be a beautiful world when every home becomes like Tom's in this respect, where love is the only law? Let all turn right in and help make it so.

Oh, what can we not find out here in our sky-covered Sanctum to call forth joy and praise! The birds! dear-a-me! the birds! It would seem what time they are not busy nest-building they stop and pour out their joy with ours. Little Tom could tell you the names of every one of them, but he's somewhere else just now. What is that sad, queer little "coo" that comes from farther away than these joyous notes overhead? It must be what they call the mourning dove, but let's change her name to the "rejoicing" dove and see if she won't catch up a more cheerful note. But here comes a voice that distance would lend enchantment to. What kind of a bird does it belong to? A great big Plymouth rooster. He is just bidding us "good cheer" in his "Cock-a-doodle-do." This is his way of salutation, and making sure he has done his duty, he passes on to join his feathered companions in the grove. Such lots of chicks as there are in Tom's poultry yards! In one of the chicken houses you can see hundreds of wee chicks pouring out and in from what they call a "brooder." Now a "brooder" is a "make believe" hen mamma, that furnishes warmth and protection for these incubator chicks, and it has a little lamp hidden away under it to keep up the heat the real mamma would furnish. They seem as happy as wee chicks can seem.

A pretty black bird stops and surveys Ye Editor from a limb near by. He seems inclined to be social and answers back in little chirps ending in a little squeek when she addresses him. He really seems to be interested in what she is doing, and shakes himself and turns his head and sends messages I cannot translate into English.

There! He's gone and told his friends, and here come "the four and twenty black birds" to see what it's all about, maybe they want *unbaked* black birds to have a place in WEE WISDOM. Who'll fix up the black bird song to suit them?

What a wonderful many-voiced choir attends sweet May! Oh, the glory of God does cover our spring earth, even as the waters cover the seas. Nature is surely the glorified face of Good. See the beauty about you and you do see the manifestation of the Infinite Mind.



How would you enjoy having WEE WISDOM changed into a little magazine form; enlarged in both size and price? We need more room for the good things that are sent in for publication. And 100 cents are only twice 50 cents, and just as easy to demonstrate.



Monday

Love is gentle,
Love is sweet;
Love has willing
Hands and feet.

Tuesday

Love your work,
And love your play;
Love the Lord
Of every day.

Wednesday

Love the birds,
And love the flowers;
Love the fresh
Sweet morning hours.

Thursday

Always love to
Do your part;
Then you'll have
A happy heart.

Friday

Love is never cross nor
rude; Love is ever kind
and good.

Saturday

Love makes happy
Smiling faces;
Let it shine
In all dark places.

Sunday

Whether great,
Or whether small,
Love the Good
You see in all.