


WEE WISDOM.

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



Copyrighted by F. F. Filleau, K.C. Mo. 1901.



YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM

AGAIN welcome! Ye Editor is heartily glad to meet you all and to see that there are many more of you than when we last met. Why! our name will be *legion* one of these days. Who knows what that means? Every little seed planted, when it grows and ripens its seeds, you will find you can hardly count, so many are there of them. And then think how very many little seeds there are to grow next time and what an uncountable harvest will the next one be. You can get some idea in this way of what *legion* means.

When *Wee Wisdoms* get to be as countless as the sands of the sea, surely then will the old earth *everywhere* be full of health and beauty and love. The little *Truth* words you speak are seeds that you plant, and like every other little seed, they *always* bring forth of their kind and multiply themselves. Is n't it a beautiful law that increases so greatly the good we speak and do? Why! just to think every time we *bless* that blessing, like the little seed we plant, grows a lot more blessings, and we are blessed and blessed. Let us choose our word-seeds as carefully as we would choose for our flower gardens and be as careful to pull up the weeds that may come from our careless speaking. To be a *Wee Wisdom* means to keep a wise little tongue in your head, and a *wise tongue is health*. All our *Wisdoms*, old and new, must know this. *WEE WISDOM* stands for the happiest and best and most loving of all life's goods. Why! to be a *Wee Wisdom* is to know always —

"Love is gentle, love is sweet,

Love has *willing* hands and feet."

And that brings to mind the beautiful

little song in January *WEE WISDOM*. If you will all learn to sing that song of love and sing it every day, you will find such beautiful *plants* coming up in your Love gardens and every task will be delightful and — well — you'll all be *too happy for anything*, as Mamie says.



You came very near getting a Valentine this month. The picture "was took," but Rick didn't get quite the right do on the print. The picture will come in some other time. We are so glad of Ruby's and Robert's visit to us this month. There was a little mistake made in Ruby's statement last month. When the bee *kissed* Ruby, this is what she said, "*O mamma, I'm just suffering with delight, and I think if anyone is going to suffer at all, that's a good thing to suffer with, don't you?*" Ruby sends this gift, a free subscription to someone. Who shall the blessed child be? We do not give because people are poor, but because we love to *prove* the blessing of giving, and help everybody find out how blessed it is, and that the Giver of all good gives, and gives continuously, and so we love to keep our Good always busy growing and growing. Blessed ones, there is no lack in all God's great universe. So let us rejoice in the everywhere Good. Let us be glad, let us shine out all the clouds and darkness. Let us plant joy-seeds every day and everywhere. Let us see Good so continuously we can see nothing else. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they *shall see God* (the Good.)"



Some little letters are crowded out this month, but they'll be on hand next, and everyone who writes a letter or story will get an extra number of *WEE WISDOM*, besides a card. We have some of Aunt Mary's *Truth* cards yet.



VOL. VI.

KANSAS CITY, MO., FEBRUARY, 1902.

No. 7.

MOTHER GOOSE.

Old Mother Goose from out of the ages,
Flew down the halls of time
Gathering remarks of fools and sages —
She put them all in a rhyme.

And as each year was listed as past,
She younger and prettier grew —
And each year added more truth to her last,
For now what she says is quite true.

From out of the past she came on an old broom
Sweeping everything clean down the pike,
But into this New Year she comes all a-bloom,
Riding the latest model of bike.

— H. R. W.

MR. SQUIRREL'S VALENTINE.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

ONCE upon a time, there lived a frisky young squirrel all by himself in a wood. His home was a pleasant one, up in the branches of a good-sized beech tree.

Mr. Squirrel slept in a hole at night, and in the day you might often catch a glimpse of him as he promenaded up and down his verandah, or rather, one should say, danced, for this squirrel's movements were much too quick to be called a promenade or walk.

Sometimes he would sit up straight, his fore paws uplifted, and his little head perked on one side. Sitting thus he would look about him with bright eyes, and sing. You would have called it scolding or chattering, but Mr. Bob Squirrel called it singing, and very fine music he thought it. And what did he sing? Why, he sang of the beautiful day, the air, and the sunshine, and the sweet beech nuts that hung just above his head.

Very soon he would scamper to the

end of the branch, or rather his verandah, and then he would jump to the limb overhead, bushy tail swinging over his back; and after this lively exercise you would see him return with a nut between his teeth. After repeating this little performance many times he would seat himself before his door, beneath the shadow of the friendly green leaves, and crack and eat his nuts. It was fun to watch him crack a nut with his sharp white teeth, holding it between his fore paws to do so.

One day Mr. Bob Squirrel came home with a new word in his head. He had heard the Bumble Bee say it, and also the Violet, and the Daisy was going to make one out of a piece of her gown and lay it at the door of the White Clover.

"It was great fun to make them," said Mrs. Spider, and she intended making hers of a fine piece of lace to lay before her majesty, the Rose, to protect her from any thoughtless people, such as the little green Bugs, the Aphides, who ate her leaves and petals.

"What are you talking about?" asked

Wee Wisdom

the Squirrel at last, for he was growing curious.

"About Love," answered the Red Ant, who was wise.

"About Valentines," said the little Black Beetle.

"They are the same," said the Pansy who was thoughtful; "a valentine means love, and when you send a valentine you send love."

Thus it was that the Squirrel went home with a new word in his head.

"Ah, ha!" laughed he, "I shall send a valentine, too, but what shall I make it of, and to whom shall I send it?"

Mr. Squirrel sat very still for some moments turning the matter over in his mind. We all know that if we are still long enough we are sure to be able to think wisely and well, and thus it was with our friend Squirrel.

"I have it," he exclaimed, skipping about for joy. "My valentine shall be a nut, and on it I will write words of love, and I'll send it to Miss Gray Squirrel, who lives in a tall pine just over the brow of the hill."

Towards evening Bob Squirrel hunted through his store until he found his large, and finest nut, then quickly climbing down the beech, and carrying the nut in his mouth, he ran to where a tiny brook prattled over the stones. Dipping his long bushy tail in the water, and using the end of it as a pen, Squirrel wrote upon the nut a message of love to his friend Gray Squirrel. He then ran swiftly away, and flitting over the hill, and frisking to the top of the tall pine, quickly dropped the nut before his neighbor's door. This done, he sped away home again.

Valentine's day dawned fair and beautiful. Bob Squirrel awaked with the singing of the Lark. He came to his door, peeped out cautiously, then flirted his tail, chattered "Good day" to all

the world and looked about him.

What was Bob's surprise to find above his door a canopy of gold and green leaves. They waved about him like little banners, and sang to him this song:

"Good day, Squirrel, Squirrel!
Your valentines are here;
You've been kind to all of us,
So good and kind and dear!

We thank you for your courtesy,
Your gentleness to all;
The birds, they, too, are grateful
For the crumbs you oft let fall.

And so we built this bower
As an offering of love;
And may your days be happy
While you dwell with us above!"

"Hi, ho!" said Master Squirrel, "I did n't look for a valentine. You are all very kind I am sure, and I thank you many times."

While this was taking place Miss Gray Squirrel of the pine tree had discovered the nut before her door and great was her joy when she read the words upon it. This is what it said:

"Come and dwell with me
In the old beech tree;
All the world is glad and gay,
Let this be our wedding day."

Thus it was that Mr. Squirrel and Gray Squirrel set up housekeeping in the beech tree, and everyone was glad, for Gray Squirrel, too, had a tender heart, and our two friends together did many good deeds. They cheered the leaves with their merry songs, and their sayings were so very droll that the old tree used to shake its sides with laughter, and as for the birds, they were more grateful than ever for two can scatter more crumbs than one.

If you should travel to the Forest of Happiness, perhaps you might have a peep at our two jolly friends, the Squirrels, who as far as I know are still keeping house in the old beech tree.

"ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES."

Here's our little Ruby, set in Pearl;
Gem of purest water is our Ruby-girl.



All things good and lovely everywhere
Are her friends a-plenty, in earth and sky and air.
Ruby's heart is happy, Ruby's spirit's light,
Ruby never suffers—*only with delight.*

CAROLINE—A MOURNING DOVE.

"PAPA HARRY'S" STORY TO ORION AND ALBERT.

IV.

ZENAIDURA made a careful examination of all the trees, but could not make a selection of the proper place to build a nest. Like all of his kind, precedent and custom did not bind him to any rules, and he was always seeking a place for a home that would be more secure than any that he had had heretofore.

While looking around he noticed where the rains had washed a pair of parallel gullies about fifteen feet deep, and leaving a ridge of clay between them that rose to a sharp edge. At one place on this ridge a patch of grass still retained a root-hold on a little peak. He was delighted with this patch of grass, as it seemed absolutely safe, being so situated that no four-footed or creeping enemy could climb to it, and no biped—winged or not winged—would think of finding the doves' nest there.

He immediately explained to Caroline the reasons of his selection of this place, but she had as yet exhibited no interest in nest building. After coaxing and begging some time, Zenaidura became vexed and forced Caroline to go to the grass patch and stay there while he brought the building material and helped her arrange it.

She now realized the responsibility that rested upon her, and took an active part in the nest building. When finished, the nest was nothing more than a depression in the grass, lined with a few straws. The next day a beautiful crystalline white egg occupied the nest. The third day two eggs were in the nest. Caroline and Zenaidura divided the time at sitting. The grass drooped over the nest and completely hid the sitting dove. Surely no dove ever had a nest so securely hidden. But the angel that watches over the wild creatures and guides them from unseen and unknown dangers sometimes fails in his purpose.

It so happened that this little forest was the home of a great black bull that roamed through it, "monarch of all he surveyed," proud of his power and strength, and exceedingly opposed to any intrusion. Now a certain wild young "biped without feathers," named Harry, ranged continuously over that whole section of country, knowing nearly all

of its inhabitants and being perfectly acquainted with its topography.

It was Harry's great delight to tease the great black giant by slipping from tree to tree, till he was between the bull and the gullies, and then stepping out into full view, draw the attention of his kingship, who would come furiously charging, with the intention of removing young Harry to the ethereal realms. Then would be a race to the gullies over the first of which Harry would jump, and sitting on the ridge between, he would pelt the bull with mud, making him insane with passionate rage. A grand sight this powerful beast would present, prancing up and down, pawing the ground, quivering with rage, bellowing out his challenges and daring Harry to come over and play in his back yard. He was a perfect type of strength from the tip of his vibrant nose to the end of his fly-smashing tail. After enjoying this sight a while, Harry would slip down into one of the gullies, and get start enough to get over the fence before the bull could reach him.

After the doves had occupied themselves with the duty of incubation for several days, Harry made one of his usual runs, but on reaching the gullies the space between him and his titanic friend had disappeared, and Mr. Bos Taurus politely helped him to rise from the ground. Straight across the first gully, and up against the doves' castle-crowned pinnacle flew Harry; and patch of grass, nest, eggs, Zenaidura and Harry landed at the bottom of the second gully in one entangled mass. The eggs were hopelessly wrecked, and Zenaidura flew to tell Caroline, leaving Harry to recover from his surprise in time to scramble out of the gully just ahead of the cause of mischief, who had entered the gully at its head.

Caroline and Zenaidura soon put

aside their troubles, and began to build a new home in a honey locust tree that stood by the side of the gullies. The doves had long ago learned not to grieve over the past, nor to worry about the future. They looked only to the present today, and trusted to God to look after tomorrow. The new nest was placed in a bunch of great thorns about fifteen feet above the ground, and constructed as doves' nests usually are so as to attract as little attention as possible. Soon the doves had two more eggs, and the work of incubation went forward steadily.

Hawks and owls made several attempts to catch Caroline and Zenaidura, but respect for the great thorns compelled them to give up the chase. Raccoons, squirrels, etc., refused to climb this tree, but that evolved monkey, Harry, could not resist the burning desire to see the eggs, as it was possible but highly improbable that the eggs were shaped or marked differently from what they should be.

Harry always felt it his duty to examine every egg that he could find. But here was a hard proposition. To climb a tree literally covered with needle-pointed spikes from two to ten inches long, with branch stickers, and at the same time keep a watch out for a furious old bull, was a feat that the attempt did not seem inviting.

The more troublesome the climb looked, the more settled in Harry's mind became the conviction that it was necessary to examine those eggs. So the climb began. It was slow, painful work. The great thorns pricked and tore, and the bull had to be reckoned with, so as to keep out of his line of sight. After a long painful climb the nest was reached. Mrs. Caroline tried the broken wing trick, but Harry only laughed and reached for the eggs, to find them two normally shaped, plain white

eggs. The descent was as slow and painful as the ascent.

Arriving at the ground, Harry took an inventory of his scratches and jags, and found he had a couple of dozen deep holes through his hide, and that two thorns had passed completely through his right foot. But the satisfaction of knowing that those eggs were just what they should be repaid him for his troubles.

Summer was well along now, and the two eggs were soon transformed into two little featherless balls of flesh that demanded and received the doves' constant attention. As the summer waxed hotter, the two little baby doves grew stronger and larger till they were able to sit on the thorns at the side of the nest. One day they flopped down to the ground and could not get back again, so the whole family removed to the ground and lived in friendship with the cottontail rabbits and the little, fairy-like deer mice.

Caroline and her mate had long ago learned the warning note of the blue-jay, and they now depended upon him to raise an alarm whenever an enemy drew near. With all his faults, the blue-jay is respected and liked by all the denizens of the forest. The doves were fond of taking long walks, and their progression was always gradient, never saltatory. During these walks the young doves became acquainted with other proper birds and insects and mammals, and many a pleasant game they had with them. As soon as the young doves became strong enough their pastime became more arboreal. Thus passed the pleasant summer time, and autumn came and painted the trees, vines and shrubs with crimson and gold and purple. But soon another kind of paint was spread over the plants. It was white, but disappeared when the

good old sun looked at his flower children. Being imperfectly migratory, Caroline and Zenaidura considered some time whether to stay all winter or spend the season abroad. The latter decision was reached, and the family started south, accompanied by hundreds of their relations.

Year after year Caroline and Zenaidura returned and nested beside the gullies, till forced by the encroachments of the city to build elsewhere. And Caroline lives as the type of true doves—as the emblem of peace, purity, constancy, and love.

The End.

A LESSON FROM THE ROSES.

A. F.



SEDLITH came dancing into the room from school one afternoon, she saw on the table three slender vases, each containing a rose—one white, one pink, and one red.

"O mamma! how pretty!" exclaimed the little girl going forward that she might inhale their perfume.

"Wait, Edith," said Mrs. Tryne, putting her hand on her daughter's shoulder to detain her. "Did I not hear you yesterday telling some playmates that of all things in the world that you wished for was to be very pretty?"

"Yes, mamma, I did. I want to be as pretty as Miss Vivian."

"But, daughter, do you know why you have found Miss Vivian so pretty?"

"I never gave a thought as to why she is pretty, but a more charming teacher I never knew, and all the children love her."

"Which rose do you think has the least beauty?" asked Mrs. Tryne.

"Why, that little short-stemmed red rose," answered Edith.

"Correct," said her mother, "but do you know that although it lacks external beauty like either of these roses, it has a fragrance which surpasses this white or pink rose?" Edith came forward to smell the rose as her mother continued, "Although the red rose does not, as yet, boast of so beautiful an outer garment as her sisters, she is giving forth a fragrance so refreshing and sweet we love it the more."

"O mamma, am I mistaken? This pink rose which has such beautiful leaves and stands so straight and tall, has no odor."

"None whatever," answered her mother, "she is like some beautiful people whom we see, who have no sweetness from within, no loving thoughts, for love is like the perfume of a rose."

"How beautiful this white rose is, and what a delicate perfume it has," said Edith, carefully taking the rose from the vase.

"What do you think that teaches us?" asked Mrs. Tryne as she wiped some drops of water from the surface of the table.

Edith was silent for a few minutes, then she thoughtfully said, "I think, mamma, we may liken this white rose to those people whose character is as pure within as the without is beautiful, whose life is as fragrant with beautiful thoughts and deeds as this rose is sweet with invisible perfume."

"Yes, Edith dear, you see what I have endeavored to explain by the lesson of the roses. Originally the bush where grew this white rose, was dwarfed, the blossoms but ill and scrubby roses, but through care, grafting and cutting, it has evolved to bear such flowers as you now hold."

"Why, I can scarcely believe it!" exclaimed Edith, putting the rose into the vase.

"You see," continued her mother, "our lives are just the same as that of the growing rose bush. Every experience, no matter what it is, should be for the promotion of growth, just as the pruning and grafting of the white rose, bush has made it bear such beautiful roses. Now, should the rose bush discontinue growing because the gardener pruned it, never would you have seen this white blossom. Some day this little red rose will wear a more perfect garment by proper treatment, but now it is giving forth so much of its inner nature that we almost forget it lacks external beauty."

"Mamma, dear, never again will I make so foolish a wish, to be pretty just for admiration's sake, lest I grow like the little pink rose, which lacks the inner sweetness of nature. Rather would I grow like this little red rose knowing by kind thoughts and actions my outer appearance will be like that within."

SNOWFLAKE.

MARIE A. WATSON.

Little snowflake, soft and white,
Came silently in dead of night
And wove for Mother Earth to wear
An ermine mantle rich and rare,
To shield her well from wintry storm,
And keep her seed-babes nice and warm.

Snowflake's deed so sweet and kind
'Roused a seed thought in my mind;
To likewise silently and still
Ever do the Master's will,
By doing kind deeds here and there,
And serve the Master everywhere.

"Mamma, the right way to spell 'high' is h-i-g-h, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear. Why do you wish to know?"

"'Cause I'm writin' a composition about the hyena."—*Chicago Tribune.*



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 WAY TO GOD ALL
CONSISTS IN ONE HEARTY DENIAL OF
EVERYTHING WHICH WE KNOW DOES
NOT LEAD TO GOD.

Jewel Word—LOVEST THOU THESE MORE
THAN ME?

Song Word—NO. 1 — "OMNIPRESENCE."

Verse Word—

"God's Spirit lives in me as the dewdrop in a rose,
If I but like a rose my heart to Him enclose."

[TO BE MEMORISED.]



RAWLINS, WYO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—As we have just renewed our subscription I thought I would write you a few lines so as to account for my delay. I could not do without WEE WISDOM, and I love to read all the letters within it. Last summer we spent our vacation in the mountains, and what lovely times we had! It will sound ridiculous to many of you when speaking of the snow on the mountain tops, which lays there the year 'round, but it was warm in the dells, and what I thought was the

most beautiful was to see the fish in the clear mountain streams, and the wild violets and other flowers blooming on the banks.

I am your loving friend, EMMA NICHOLSEN.



PABLO BEACH, FLA.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I thought I would write you a few lines. I have had three copies of your dear little paper. I enjoy reading it very much. I watch for it every month. We have only two mails a day, one at 9 A. M. and one at 7 P. M. Mrs. Shane, a lady who lives here at the Beach, came to see my mamma and told her about WEE WISDOM. I am ten years old. My papa keeps a grocery store here. We have lived in Florida about a year. I came from New Hampshire. I enjoy reading the little letters the dear little girls and boys write and would be pleased to see my letter in next month's WEE WISDOM. From your loving little friend,

RUTH SMEDLEY.



RAWLINS, WYO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—You have no doubt forgotten me, as it is a long time since I wrote, but I am the same little girl as ever. I have my name at school in the roll of honor every term, and so has my sister. We have not been absent or tardy for years. That is what we call to be scientific. Our motto is, "I can, and I will." I must speak to you about my pets. I have two fine cats, and they are so loving, playful, and wise that they can almost speak, and what I enjoy best is to play with them. I remain your loving friend,

JUNA E. NICHOLSEN.



SEATTLE, WASH.

DEAR WEE WISDOMS—One of papa's friends sent me to you last year and I like you so well that I want you another year. So I send 50 cents for next year, to begin with the January number. I am 10 years old, and go in the 5th grade at school. I haven't any brothers or sisters, and my kitty died last summer. Yours with good wishes,

BARBARA CROKETT.



WATERFORD, MICH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the first time I have written to you. I have nine pet chickens, and four pet bantams. What do you do to get a Mother Goose card? [Just write a letter to WEE WISDOM.—ED.] Would like one very much. Here is a pillow verse for Wednesday:

The love of God is everywhere,
It dwells in every creature.

I wish you a happy New Year. I am in the 4th grade. Somebody's kitten was lost and it

Wee Wisdom.

came to my door. I let it in and gave it some milk and it was very happy. Every morning I go to the village half a mile to get the mail and the milk. I live with grandpa and my auntie. My grandpa is 80 years of age (young). My mamma works in Detroit. My papa is in heaven. I have two pet cats, their names are Clover and Figeo. With love, I am your loving friend,

MARJORIE MAURINE CRANE.



BLOOMSBURG, PA.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I wish to take the pleasure of writing to you. I received WEE WISDOM, and was very glad. The gift was liked very much, because there are such beautiful pieces in it. My leg is drawn up; I wish it would get right. I believe just as you do in Divine healing. Grandma told me I could write and put it in her letter. We have about six inches of snow on the ground now. I am in school now, and we are having Mental arithmetic. It is getting about 4 o'clock, and I will close. Your friend,

HURLEY WALTER.

[You have made dear little Hurley very happy by giving him WEE WISDOM. Now you can see him in thought strong and free and whole, just as God's child must be.—Ed.]



SEWARD, NEB.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I write to renew my subscription for WEE WISDOM and also send the names of four new subscribers. I like the paper very much. When I have read it, we send it to two little girls who have no mother.

Lovingly, LENORE DENISON.

[Lenore has WEE WISDOM's grateful thanks for this kind effort in her behalf.—Ed.]



Lower Boise, Idaho.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I saw so many little letters in your paper I thought I would write one too. I send 50 cents for payment of my WEE WISDOM. I read it to my little sisters and brothers. I wish many children would read it this year. I like it very much. Your loving friend,

MARY SPECHT.



DADEVILLE, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I love WEE WISDOM's stories very much. I have three sisters and three brothers. The baby's name is Lily Bell. She laughs and plays with us. She is 7 months old, and when night comes she likes to go to sleep. That is all I can think of. I am a girl 10.

MAMIE.

Six-year Robert writes this letter -
Don't you think it fine?



Here he is, I think we'd better
Have him for our Valentine.

CARBONDALE, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—For more than a year I have taken WEE WISDOM; now I have learned to write, and I will write you a letter, and send my picture. I am six years young. I go to school at the Normal University, and in the 2nd grade. There is a large green-house full of plants with a fountain and two live alligators, and another fountain out on the campus. We have great times in the gymnasium hall playing football, swinging and acting. I like your little paper.

Yours truly, ROBERT ALSTON YOST.



RENO, NEV.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I thank you very much for the WEE WISDOM. I enjoy it very much. I send a photograph of myself when I was seven, now I am nearly half-past eleven. Papa sometimes takes pictures and I send one, the latest of me and my white kitten. [It was too light for a good half tone.—Ed.] I have one pure white cat and two coal black ones. With love to all the Wees, and thanking you again for WEE WISDOM, I am your loving little friend,

RUBY S. CHANDLER.

DADEVILLE, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write something for you. I have a Shepherd dog. I must tell you how I got him. About three years ago, I guess he must have got lost, and hurt in the back, for he could hardly jump over a fence three feet high, and the poor dog could scarcely see where he was going. One day another boy and I sent a white dog I had after him; he was so weak he could do nothing. I was sorry, but the next night he came and slept by the house; it was very cold. Next morning I went out I saw the little dog. Mamma said to bring him indoors. I picked him up and brought him in the house and put him by the fire. He got warm, and now he is a very loving little dog. He loves to do all he can for me. He got over his weak eyes and lame back. He shows his love very plainly to us. I have a pretty white hen, and a white-faced hog. Mamma has some lovely black chickens. We have cows, calves, pigs, and a bull. Everything we have is good. I have four sisters and two brothers. Papa and mamma take UNITY and WEE WISDOM. I love WEE WISDOM and her stories. I will tell about little Lilly, the baby. She was very sick and God made her whole in three hours, and she began to laugh at us and play with us. Your friend, JACOB G. ORTLOFF.



[Jacob Ortloff is writing for his little brother, who is 5 years old. This is what he says to write:]

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I like the good WISDOM. Mamie's got a good kittie. One time when she was little she was nearly frozen to death, and Mamie brought her in and asked God to make the little kitten well. And God did make the little kittie well. Little Ernest says he would like a Truth card.

ERNEST ORTLOFF.

[Jacob Ortloff will now write what Charles says to write:]

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I like the paper. I have a little dog, his name is Shep. The little birdies are so tame that they come right to the door to eat the crumbs, and they seem to like to see us. And last summer the birds had a nest in nearly every tree. Sometimes I would watch them build their nests. I am 7 years old. CHARLES ORTLOFF.

[It is ever so nice and kind of Jacob to help his little brothers with their letters. *Kindness is Love at work.* I think everybody appreciates Love most when it is at work, don't you?—ED.]



DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would tell you about my little baby sister. She was seven months old the ninth of January. She loves to play with the children. I love WEE WISDOM's stories. I would like a Truth card. I will soon be 13 years old. VERDIE ORTLOFF.

GROS PLACER, SOUTH AMERICA.

MY DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—WEE WISDOM is the best magazine I ever read, and the November number reached me on Thanksgiving day. Methinks those whisperings from the All-Good, to which you have so fully opened your consciousness, was the cause of its being mailed just at the right time to reach me in this far-away country on the day it did. Why, those delightful stories were like Northern visitors. Our Thanksgiving dinner consisted of brown beans, rice and potatoes, just what we get each day, and mixed up with it was a great deal of fun and happiness. Is it not a good thing to be children, and when we cannot get the things we wish for, take others, and say, "Let's play"? We played that we had a proper Thanksgiving dinner. There are four of us white people in the camp, and we dined together. I am the only white woman who has ever been here, and how welcome you and all of your Wee Wisdoms would be! But to get here you must be carried through the jungle in a chair placed on two long poles, the four ends of which rest on the heads of bush negroes. Quite an elevating ride! Bear in mind that the weather is very warm; bring summer dresses, and very few of them, as all must be put in little tin trunks, so they can be carried on men's backs. And I am quite certain when you arrive, if I do not warn you, that you will lay something on this table that stands by the door opening into the dining room, and you will please be careful not to hurt my pet toad; he is such a progressive little fellow, and absorbs the "New Thought" with a relish, at least he spends the entire day sleeping here close to my magazines, UNITY and *Mind*—he has not been awake long enough yet to learn about WEE WISDOM coming. Such a cunning little fellow as he is, only about three inches long. Through the day he is white and flat, and looks so queer as he lies resting his chin on his front feet, but at night he turns dark, opens his great big mouth, and takes his breathing exercise. You see he cannot jump out of your way until he is filled full of air, that is why I am careful that his toadship is not disturbed until he is ready to protect himself by jumping. The toad is only one of my queer pets, but all I will tell you about today. Please send WEE WISDOM for one year to Margaret J. Haight, Chicago, Ill., and will you drop her a line telling her it is from "Aunt Toot." Being certain that you will know of some other dear child whose life will be brightened by receiving the magazine, I enclose check for two.

Very sincerely yours,

LUCY HAIGHT COLP.



HARRIET H. RIX.

LESSON V. FEBRUARY 2.

The First Persecution. Acts 4:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT— *There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.*—Acts 4:12.

Our last lesson, which was on the healing of the lame man, is closely connected with this one, for when the people saw this man who had been born lame, and whom they all knew as a poor cripple, walk and leap and praise God, they could hardly believe their eyes, and a great crowd gathered around to see if it was really true, and to ask how it was done; and in the lesson today Peter tells them all about it. He told them that he and John did not do this wonderful healing alone, but it was all done through the power of God working in them, and that Jesus Christ had taught them how to speak the Word of God to heal the sick. He also showed them how untrue and unsafe it is to deny the Christ, and that they must repent of their sins, and love the Christ, then they would be blessed.

Some of the people were not pleased at being told that they had done wrong, and they wanted to stop Peter from talking and telling the truth, so they put him with John into prison, but instead of this stopping these good men from talking they went right on telling the truth until the prison doors were opened, and they were set free. During this time five thousand people, all of whom heard Peter and John preach about Christ, learned to walk in the light of truth.

Now, let us think about Peter as a real presence within us, one who is in our hearts, teaching us of the good, and if sometimes we hear him say, "You have not been kind today," or "Don't do that," as he often does, or if he should ask us to be sorry for a mistake we have made, let us be glad to listen to him, and not wish to stop his voice or put him away from us (into prison) where we cannot hear him. Oh, no, he is our good friend and only has blessings for us. He points to the Christ in our hearts, and teaches us how that sweet presence can heal the sick and save from evil, bringing happiness and peace.

LESSON VI. FEBRUARY 9.

The Sin of Lying. Acts 5:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT— *Wherefore putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor.*—Eph. 4:25.

Our lesson today points out the error of deception and lying, and shows plainly that these can never end in good to any one, but always lead to pain and suffering. How quickly one wrong step leads to another one, unless the first is taken back so that we again find the right path. The right path is always the exact truth, and it is always better, no matter what occurs, to tell the truth.

Now, truth students, both little and big, love the truth so much that they tell it all the time to themselves and to others, and never desire to deceive any one. A lie on the heart is just like smut on a clean white paper, it leaves an ugly black mark, which ought to be rubbed out at once before it gets a chance to sink in. A lie can only be rubbed out by quickly saying it is a lie, and by doing all we can to stop it going any farther; if one does this he will soon get where he is never tempted to tell lies. Now, Peter at one time had one of these black marks on his own heart. You remember when he denied Jesus, and said that he did not know him, but afterwards he was sorry for this falsehood that the mark was blotted right out, and he was as pure as ever, and I think it must have been the last lie he ever told, for only a very pure and truthful mind would be so quick to know that Ananias was deceiving. His eyes must have been as piercing as the X-Ray, for he knew at once that this man and woman were not telling the truth.

Now when one is free from fear, and pure in heart, he never deceives others, and no one can deceive him, thus he is protected. How beautiful it is to have clear, honest eyes, that do not fear to look any one in the face, and a heart so true that every thought in it is like a white angel.

The truth is life and gives life to whoever has it, while lying means dying, and that is why Ananias and his wife gave up the ghost. Every lie in the whole earth will finally die, because there is no truth in it to keep it alive. Christ can only live in hearts that are clean and pure, and free from all selfishness and fear, for these two make all the lies in the world.

LESSON VII. FEBRUARY 16.

The Second Persecution. Acts 5:33-42.

GOLDEN TEXT— *Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*—Matt. 5:10.

Peter and John, and all other truth students with them, kept on preaching and healing all the time, and many of the people who were in darkness did not like what they said, because they did not have the light of Christ, so these people sent word to Peter telling him he must stop talking about the Christ, but, dear children, they might just as well have screamed to the ocean to stop roaring, or the sun to stop shining, or the birds to hush their songs, as to try to stop these men from telling the truth.

You know, children, that wherever there is fire there is always light, and so when a heart is full of love it is just like a fire that gives forth light, shining and shining all the time. Of course, it was foolish to put these men in prison; they could not put the light of truth out that way, for it could shine right through prison walls, and so this man whose name was Gamaliel told them. He said that if the Christ and the christian teaching of faith, life, and love, was not of God it would surely die, but that if it was of God they could not kill it, and in trying to they would only bring sorrow to themselves. We know this is so, for every day we see the things that are not of God, such as sickness, fear, lack, and pain, dying, while the things of Good, such as life, peace, health, and strength are getting stronger and stronger.

LESSON VIII. FEBRUARY 23.

The Arrest of Stephen. Acts 6:7-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul.*—Matt. 10:28.

Now we will have two lessons on Stephen, a great and good man, who loved everybody, and worked for them, healing their diseases, and doing many other blessed things. He is sometimes called the first christian martyr, because rather than give up his truth or his faith, he was willing to be put out of this world.

These two lessons teach us one beautiful truth, and that is, that there is really no need of suffering; that what would cause pain and sorrow to one who does not know the blessed truth, is not felt at all by one who does. Perhaps some of you have found this to be true in little ways, for should you fall, or scratch yourself, or burn yourself, how quickly you can stop the pain by getting all right inside—holding to healing thoughts, and paying just as little attention to the hurt as possible—how quickly the pain goes, while one who does not know how to do this, might suffer a long time with such a hurt. Now that was the way with these early christians, they were so full

of faith in God, that they could be stoned and even go through fire without suffering. They had no hard feelings towards those who tried to injure them, because their minds were filled with love.

What a beautiful picture the fall of Stephen must have been to all these people; how they would remember that sight long after other things were forgotten. It would always teach them the sweet lesson of love and patience. Can you keep your face like an angel's when things go wrong, and people find fault with you? How did St. Stephen do it? When did it begin? I think I hear you all say, "In his heart and mind," and that is right. A face is always beautiful that has beautiful thoughts back of it. A beautiful heart is of all things the most lovely.

STORY OF ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Dear Wisdoms:

As I am not very original, and still feel I want to send you a message through your beautiful paper, the thought came to tell you a part of the interesting, because beautiful, life of Ella Wheeler.

She was raised on a farm with three playmates, brothers and sister. At eight years she began to write stories and poems for the school, taking great delight in Composition day. If you younger Wisdoms have n't had compositions to write, ask your papa or mamma what that means. If I would say Story day, you would understand, would n't you? Well, that is just what it means.

As young as Ella could remember she had the desire, and felt that she *would be* a writer. You see, children, that desire was prayer, and that is why she became the powerful thought painter that she is today. Ella's brothers and sister were better scholars than she; they would get the highest grades, while she fell as low as twenty in arithmetic sometimes. Now if there is a Wee Wisdom that gets discouraged sometimes

because he does not do as well as others in his classes, keep a brave heart, and do your best.

Ella had few good books and papers to read, so read many that gave her a false taste for healthful reading. This made her so anxious to supply her home with better books and papers, and other good things, that she resolved she would earn them with her writing. This was at the age of thirteen. She sent her first poems and stories to the newspaper men without telling any of her folks, for fear she might fail. In a short time she had received many gifts and some money for her work. She became so interested in her writing that she persuaded her mother to let her stop school at sixteen.

She would count that day lost in which she had written nothing. The neighbors thought Ella's mother very unwise to allow the child to spend so much time in this "scribbling," as they called it, until they learned that with one day's work at her desk Ella could earn enough money to hire help for her mother a month.

Sometimes her work would be returned by the editors. Many a manuscript took nine or ten journeys to New York or Boston before it was accepted. You see, Ella knew no such word as fail, in the work she loved.

Ella always expected wonderful things to happen to her. Another good lesson, children, make high aim in some line of work.

Ella was born with much hope and great faith in God. In the hardest days when everything seemed to go wrong with everybody at home, and her papers were returned for six weeks at a time, without one being accepted, she would look out over the lonely road and think, "Before night something beautiful will happen to change everything.

Here is a sentence she says became a life motto for her, and where could we find a better one. "*If you have 'nt what you like, try to like what you have.*" That simple motto did wonders towards changing her disposition, until now she is one of the happiest persons living, and her thoughts in rhyme bring so much hope, faith, and love into our lives.

Maybe your dear Wisdom editor will find some of this beautiful woman's verses to print for us, at least I hope so. As I close this message I will copy a stanza from her pen that may encourage all to have bright hopes for the future.

"For I am one who lives to say
My skies have held more gold than gray;
And that the glory of the real
By far outshines my youth's ideal."

Work having been a necessity in early life grew to be a habit, and still forms a great deal of life's pleasures for her. She still writes to bless the world.

Now, dear children, you or I may have a beautiful record, and be a power in the world, although it might not be seen of men. Of course, we have n't the *good* or *wise* motive if we work for praise. You know our Great Teacher of long ago said, "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them." — J. S. H.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Flossie Miller sends this verse as her selection to be put in the little paper:

"The daisies white are nursery maids,
The daisy buds are little babes
They tend upon their laps.
They sing, high ho! while the wind sweeps low,
Both nurses and babies are nodding just so!"

A little boy said that he "did n't see what made satan act so, for he did n't have any devil to put him up to it."

— *Selected.*



5 cents per year.

5 cents per copy

To UNITY subscribers, 25 cents.

Foreign Subscription, 3 shillings per year.

Published monthly by

UNITY TRACT SOCIETY.

McGee St.

Kansas City, Mo.

CHARLES E. PRATHER, Business Manager.

Entered at postoffice as second-class matter.

MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor.

February, 1902.

St. Valentine!

Her First Valentine.

It was a long, long time ago,
In a place that's far away,
When a queer little girl I used to know
Discovered St. Valentine's day.

She broke the seal of a packet fair,
She stared at such awful things—
A bleeding heart with an arrow shot there
By a naked child with wings.

And it read:

"This is my heart, so true,
My heart that's full of love for you;
Cupid has shot it through and through.
Come, give me your true love for mine,
And then you'll save your Valentine."

Such dreadful thing! What could she do
To save this heart with sorrow laden?

Mamma needs come and help her through,
And still the sobs of this sweet maiden,
And tell her that a loving heart
Can never, never wound or sorrow;
That Cupid and his little dart
Are fancies, queer, men borrow.

The Love that never fails to shine
On all alike is your Valentine.

Hallie's New Year song came too late for publication, but she is blessed in the effort, and new songs will come to her.

Begin your Easter stories and letters right away. We want a beautiful Easter number. We want beautiful numbers all the time.

"Caroline, the Mourning Dove," finishes her pathetic little history in this number. You can easily guess who that mischievous Harry is now, and why Caroline found such a true reporter of her joys and sorrows.

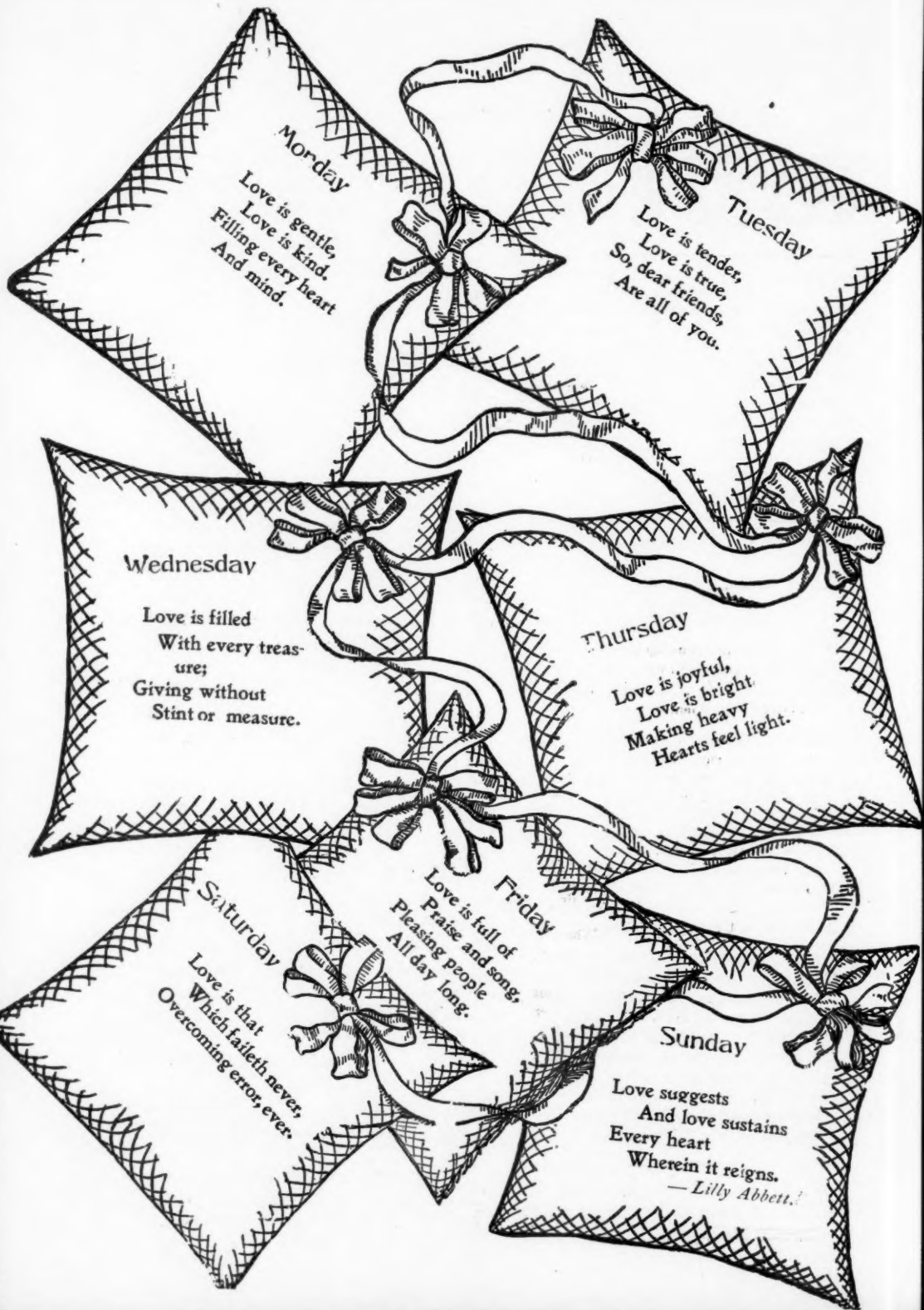
They had the loveliest time in Merchantville, Christmas. "Mr. Nickel" came clear back to tell us all about it, but those printers who work for WEE WISDOM are so swift and happy that they had the pages all set up when he arrived. We will see that he is first served next month and we are very sure you will be glad to see him again and hear what our Merchantville Wisdoms can do.

The January WEE WISDOM has just come. I like the cover—while it retains the original idea of the Christ-child, the gift to the children of all nations—it is artistic. Papa Harry's nature stories are not surpassed in any children's periodical, and I would like a hand-shake with our "Young Mother Goose." I am acquainted with Mr. Krohn, and he manifests daily the harmony you see in his music. I have some young friends who have promised to learn and sing "Love the Good" for me. This January number of WEE WISDOM is better than a Thanksgiving or Christmas dinner for our children.

—THERESA BROWN.

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.



Monday

Love is gentle,
Love is kind,
Filling every heart
And mind.

Tuesday

Love is tender,
Love is true,
So, dear friends,
Are all of you.

Wednesday

Love is filled
With every treasure;
Giving without
Stint or measure.

Thursday

Love is joyful,
Love is bright
Making heavy
Hearts feel light.

Friday

Love is full of
Praise and song,
Pleasing people
All day long.

Saturday

Love is that
Which faileth never,
Overcoming error, ever.

Sunday

Love suggests
And love sustains
Every heart
Wherein it reigns.
— Lilly Abbott.