

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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I want to be a Sunshiner and help keep the world bright and the Sunshine barrel always running over. Tillie's a Sunshiner. Tillie and me's friends. She's got *ideas*, she says, and she wants to get them into me. I don't know whether I could hold all Tillie's ideas or not. 'Cause she says everything you see is all inside of you.

I just told her I knew the folks and world and things were not inside of *me*, 'cause I was n't's big as they were. Then Tillie laughed, and said she meant my *Mind*. I told her my head could n't hold them either. Then Tillie said if I had any gumption I'd know my head was n't my *Mind*; that *Mind* was bigger than anything, 'cause *Mind* was everywhere, and your head was only a kind of workshop where you made your *Mind* rule thoughts and things.

Tillie's so full of *ideas*! Why, she says all the stuff you have to work with is just *Mind*. I'm sure I did n't make my *outside*, but Tillie says I do, and that it is all in my mind. I wish Tillie had n't so many ideas, they worry me; she says that 's 'cause I need more ideas.

One day when Tillie and me were coasting, somebody's sled ran into me, and I got an awful hurt; Tillie did n't seem to make any fuss over it at all. She just said, "You're all right, *Mind* can't be hurt; come on, let's take another turn."

Why, I was mad enough at her to just eat her up. Did n't I know how my brains tasted? and my! how dreadful it was to feel all the stars in the sky shooting 'round in my head! But Tillie only stood and smiled, and said, "You're all right, Mamie. You're head is n't you, come on!" As if I

could come on without my head. I guess not! and I told her so. And what do you think! she just said so funny like it made me laugh, "Of course not, you'll need it, just pick it up and bring it along." I never can tell why my head did n't hurt any more after I laughed, but it did n't. I can't stay mad at Tillie, she has such funny *ideas*.

I saw her give a little girl part of her luncheon at school one day. The little girl was poor, and hungry, and I knew it, but do you know, Tillie told her she did n't divide with her because she had more than the little girl did, because God gave everyone everything just the same, but because *she loved her so, and wanted her to taste how good her mamma made things*.

I told Tillie I thought she told a big story, 'cause she knew that girl was as poor as Job's turkey, and did n't have any lunch to eat. Tillie looked at me then in such a way I felt like maybe I'd done the story-telling, and Tillie said that's what I had, or I would n't call any of God's children poor and hungry. She said you could n't let in the sunshine by making the clouds of *mortal sense* heavier. Now I did n't know what *mortal sense* meant, and maybe you don't. So I'll tell you what Tillie told me.

Tillie said, *mortal sense* was just no sense at all. 'Cause if you had sense or gumption, you'd know God's world's all right, and He never made anybody poor or sick or foolish, and we were making 'em so every time we *believed* they were so. Tillie says:

"If you want to meet a smile,
Take one with you all the while.
Loving Good is always brought
Into sight through loving thought."

—MAMIE.



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No. 8.

Uncle Noble's Rainbow Rose.

MARY BREWERTON DEWITT.

CHAPTER VII.

PANSY TRIES AGAIN.

THE FIRST thing that met their eyes was the empty bed; no Pansy reclined upon it.

"Why, where is she?" cried Mrs. Bright.

"Here," came a weak little voice from the other side of the bed.

Mrs. Bright stepped quickly across the room, and there in a little heap on the floor lay Pansy.

"Why, Pansy, Pansy, how could you have fallen from the bed?" cried Mrs. Bright.

"I didn't fall, I crept out, I just climbed somehow, but, oh, dear, I can't stand. Won't God ever make me well?"

"There, there, you are trying to do too much at once, my poor little girl," said Mrs. Bright, tenderly lifting Pansy up in her arms.

"God will surely make you well," said Rose; "He is helping you every minute."

"Now, Pansy, don't try any more experiments today. Wait until tomorrow; you have done quite enough for one day," said Mrs. Bright anxiously. "I am now going to fix you in your wheeled chair, and you and Rose may amuse yourselves with the dominoes while I prepare dinner, for papa will be home very soon, and I expect he and

Mr. Comfort will both be hungry. You ought to be ready to eat, for you ate nothing to speak of for lunch."

"Could I have a cup of cocoa for my dinner?" asked Pansy.

"Yes, that will be just the thing for you. I will make a pitcherful for you and Rose, and then we will have rice and mashed potatoes and peas, and some nice custard for desert."

"That's a good dinner," said Rose. "Oh, there's Uncle, I hear his voice," and she ran to greet Mr. Comfort.

"We have brought something nice for two good children," said Uncle Noble upon entering the room, accompanied by Rose, his eyes twinkling.

"You will know if they live here," Mrs. Bright.

"They certainly live here," that lady replied.

"What are their names?"

"Rose and Pansy."

"Then they must be flowers," said Uncle Noble, pretending to be very much surprised.

□ "They are flowers, sir, they grow in a Bright garden."

"Indeed! and I suppose it is a Pleasant garden as well."

The two little girls laughed at this, and Mrs. Bright nodded her head.

Wee Wisdom

"Yes, truly," said she, "Bright and Pleasant are not without Comfort."

"My, is this so, then I've surely come to the right place, but here comes the Pansy's papa."

"O papa, dear papa," cried Pansy, "I sat up all myself today."

Mr. Bright looked to Pansy's mamma. "What's this, is this true?" said he.

"Yes, positively so. The child held herself up without any support whatever for about fifteen seconds or more," replied Mrs. Bright.

"Well done, little girl, bravo! I believe Rose is doing you worlds of good," said Mr. Bright heartily, patting Rose on the cheek as he spoke.

"Some day I expect Pansy will surprise you by walking," said Rose hopefully.

"Well I'd like to think it possible," said Mr. Bright.

"Oh, but really it is possible, sir," exclaimed Rose.

"Yes," added Uncle Noble, "Rose speaks from experience. She was a frail little flower when I first took her to my home, but she improved rapidly under our care."

"Rose told me all about how she got well. God did it, and God is showing me how to be stronger, for I really am well, you know," said Pansy, opening her big eyes wider than ever. "But what have you for us?"

"You haven't forgotten that," said Uncle Noble smiling. "Something very nice it should be for two such good girls."

"Show it to us quick," said Pansy.

"I'm afraid you're a little impatient," said Uncle.

"Really we ought to keep these things for tomorrow," said Mr. Bright.

"What day is tomorrow?" asked Pansy.

"Oh, I know," cried Rose, "it's the Fourth of July."

"Yes, that's right," replied Uncle. "And we're going to have a grand time."

"I believe it's fireworks you have," said Pansy.

"That's not all; no, you can't guess what we have," said Uncle.

"Do you want to see the things now or will you wait until tomorrow?" inquired Mr. Bright.

"We'll wait 'till tomorrow to look at the fireworks, for they're only interesting when they're set off," said Pansy.

"How do fireworks look? I never saw any," said Rose.

"You shall see tomorrow," said Uncle Noble.

"Well, show us some of the small packages you have there, Papa," begged Pansy.

"Come, you people, dinner is ready," interrupted Mrs. Bright as she put her head in at the door.

[To be continued.]

 THE VERY LATEST.

Something's come to Tessie's house,
 Something soft and sweet,
 Pink and white and dimpled, too—
 Tessie's joy's complete.

Something's come to "Uncle John's;"
 Three Wee maidens there,
 Too happy for the solid earth,
 Are treading on the air.

Something's come to Margaret, too,
 Same as to the others;
 Margaret's happy with the rest—
 They all have baby brothers!

You and I are temples of the living God, and
 Christ in your heart and mine, Christ alone, is
 the foundation and corner-stone.

If the Sky Fell Into the Sea.

[A nonsense verse for which Minny Maude Hanff got \$100.]

A little old man did nought but sigh!
 "Pray tell me now what makes you
 cry?

You little old foolish old man," said I;
 That little old man thus made reply:
 "Oh, I've a grief that makes me sigh,
 For there's no prop to hold the sky —
 It's apt to fall from up so high!
 It might drop in the sea, oh, my!
 Just think! The sea would wet the
 sky,

The waves would knock the moon awry,
 The man inside would fall and cry,
 The crabs would bite him till he'd die!"

"Oh, little old man —

Oh, foolish old man —

Oh! little old foolish old man," said I!

"'Twould be a dreadful thing," said
 he;

"Why, angel food would fill the sea!
 The fish would eat it greedily —
 The weak fish weaker still would be!
 The planet folk would disagree
 When once they mingled in the sea —
 They'd fight their duels gallantly!
 The swordfish would their weapons be!
 But, worst of this catastrophe,
 The folk from Mars would thirsty be!
 They'd swallow all the waves for tea;
 Alas! Alack! Oh, woe is me —

I'm a little old man —

I'm a foolish old man —

A little old foolish old man," said he.

"Think how the whales on clouds would
 lie,

And then how could the clouds roll by?
 And if no clouds rolled in the sky,
 There'd be no thunder heard on high!
 The eagles all would drown and die,
 The eels would take their wings and fly,
 And all the little stars — oh, my!
 They'd change to starfish by and by!
 No angels in the sea could fly,
 Their gilded wings would rust and die,
 The greedy goldfish they might try
 To melt, and steal them on the sly!"

"Oh, little old man —

Oh, foolish old man —

Oh! little old foolish old man," said I!

"But think! those monsters of the sea!
 Those serpents! how they'd thrill with
 glee!

They'd eat whole planets easily!
 We'd have no more astronomy!
 And mermaids would gaze jealously
 At comets' tails so fiery;
 They'd tie them to their own, you see,
 'Twould spoil their shapes, you must
 agree.

Oh, when it comes, this tragedy,
 And I am from this earth set free,
 To join the angels in the sea,
 My ghost must learn to swim, oh me!

I'm a little old man —

I'm a foolish old man —

I'm a little old foolish old man!" said he.

From *Chicago-American*.

A WALL OF SNOW.

THERE is a pretty, curious old
 town in Germany. The streets
 are narrow and the houses very
 quaint, with their pointed gable-ends
 toward the street. One house stands
 somewhat isolated from the rest. It is

at an angle where two streets meet,
 and is built with so many projections
 and jutting windows and carved friezes
 that it is quite a study.

One cold, cold afternoon in midwinter,
 when the silent frost was penetrating

everywhere, and men moved quickly, muffled up in furs—a time for people to close their doors and gather round their firesides—all the quiet inhabitants were astir. There was a bustle of preparation in parlor and kitchen; and young and old, wrapping their garments about them, were ready to go out in the cold. There was dismay and confusion in all the streets. Why?

They had heard that the French regiment, called the Pitiless, on its retreat from Moscow, was only three leagues off and was to quarter in their village that night. There was everything to fear from these soldiers, who acknowledged no right but that of the strongest.

In the queer old house of which we have spoken there was no bustle of preparation. By the fire, in a large old room, sat an aged woman and her two grandchildren. Unable from her lameness to leave home, her grandchildren would not forsake her. Her faith in God enabled her to feel that they might be safer there than when fleeing from danger.

"O God, till darkness goeth hence,
Be thou our stay and our defense;
A wall, when foes oppress us sore,
To save and guard us evermore!"

These, the last notes of their evening hymn, died away amid the rafters of the shadowy room.

"Alas!" said the boy, mournfully, "we have no wall about us tonight to protect us from our enemies."

"God will be our wall Himself," said the aged woman, reverently. "Think you His arm is shortened?"

"No, grandmother; but the thing is impossible without a miracle."

"Take care, my boy; nothing is impossible with God. Hath He not said He will be a wall of fire unto His people? We must trust Him, and He will be our wall of defense."

They sat quietly by the fireside. The

wind moaned down the large open chimney, and the snow fell softly against the window-pane. Steadily it fell all night, and the wind drifted it in high banks, covering the shed, streets, walls and paths of the silent and deserted town. And yet there was peace by that quiet fireside—the peace that can only be felt by the mind that it stayed on God. Few words were spoken. They held one another's hands, and looked into the fire, and listened, in the pauses of the storm, to catch the blast of the French trumpets. At nine o'clock the sound was faintly borne to them on the breeze; a few hurried blasts swept past them, intermingled with sounds of trampling feet and loud voices—and all was still.

Their hearts beat almost audibly; and they drew closer together, as they felt that they were now in the midst of their enemies. Helpless age and defenseless youth! What armor had they wherein to trust? The shield of faith! And safely they rested beneath its shadow.

Every house was a scene of revelry. Great fires were kindled. Altars were ransacked. The soldiers, with their songs and winecups, their oaths and blasphemy, made the streets ring, striving to drown the remembrance of intense cold and terrible privation in those hours of drunken merriment.

Still the little group in the quaint old house sat peacefully through the long, long hours of the night, till morning dawned and showed them the wall of defense that God had built round about them. Exposed as was their house, from its position, to the eddies and currents of the wind, the snow had so drifted about them that the doors and windows were completely blocked up; and the French soldiers had not found it. With the daylight they had left the town.

Wind and storm had fulfilled God's word, and encircled those that put their trust in Him with a wall that protected them from their enemies—a wall, not of fire, but of snow.—*From Snowflakes.*

THE STORY OF THREE BOYS.

"PAPA HARRY."



BERT, Leo and Harry were three little boys that loved the trees and flowers and animals and birds and bugs and fish and snakes, and all other free wild things that were to be met with outside of the city. Now, while they loved all the free creatures they did not hesitate to deprive any of them of their freedom or life, as they had never been taught that these creatures were as fond of freedom and life as they were themselves, and as Seton Thompson expresses it, they loved to gather the birds and animals the same as we pluck flowers, not realizing that it was unjust to the poor creatures, and not knowing that every creature's life and freedom is as dear to itself as is our own to ourselves, and that we should hold sacred the freedom and life of all creatures.

One day, in late May, these three little pleasure-seeking imps of destruction, taking hatchets, baskets, a plenteous supply of talk and laughter and a dear old dog named June, went on an investigating tour through the woods. The full-leaved and blossoming trees, the carpet of flowers breathing out their soul fragrance into the air, the deep blue sky, the song blend of the birds and the flash of their colors, the pleasing chatter of squirrels, the melody of frogs and toads, the life-giving sunshine, the rainbow-hued sparkling morning dew, the music of the zephyr, and a thousand other soul inspiring conditions, made the boys happy and full of life. The first excitement occurred when June had a violent dispute with a small black and white animal hitched to a large bushy tail. During the rest of the day June's company was at a discount.

Soon a poor little rabbit was started from his flower couch, and away through

trees he sailed "with his flag of truce" waving to unheeding eyes. He was soon cornered by June in a bunch of old fence rails, and captured. He was carried by Leo in triumph to an old log where all sat down to rest, and Leo became interested in a game of putting the rabbit on the other side of the log and then jumping over and saying, "Boo!" Poor little frightened Bunny saw his chance and ran as hard as he could with a dog and three young savages yelling after him. June became fastened in a rail fence, and Bunny disappeared among the bushes. The boys went back and rested awhile by the log, and then turned it over very much to the surprise of a three-foot harmless blacksnake that was hiding under it. The snake was immediately pounced on and safely stowed away in the lining of Harry's coat. But Leo took the snake out and said he was a snake charmer, and wrapped Mr. Snake around his neck. The snake became interested in the performance, and concluded to properly do his part, and so tightened his coils till Leo's breather ceased to work. It took a great effort of the boys to remove the snake and place it back in the coat; and Leo had lost all desire to perform at snake charming.

The boys wandered on and came to a beautiful little creek with high banks. A Belted Kingfisher was flying around uttering his delightful clattering notes that stir all nature. The boys soon discovered his home—a hole near the top of one of the banks. They climbed up and dug a hole down about three feet back from the entrance. Bert reached in, but could not reach the nest. Three feet back another hole was dug, and Bert again tried. He yelled, "A rattlesnake's got me," and jerked out his hand with Mrs. Kingfisher hanging on to it. All grabbed for her, but she escaped and flew angrily away.

[Concluded in April number.]

Original Stories by the Wees.

PINK NOSE, THE CAT.

RUTH STEVENS.

[10 years old.]

Pink Nose is a very pretty cat, always playing and purring. I call him Pink Nose because he has such a pink nose. Every morning Pink jumps through the window and runs to mamma's bed to say "Good morning." Then when mamma says, "Where's my little boy?" he will always begin to purr and purr all morning.

After he says "Good morning," I put a pillow on the floor by the fire, and if I don't play with him he will purr himself off to sleep.

He will be two years old on April 7th. He is a very large cat for his age. Pink Nose was a very ugly kitty when he was born.

THE LITTLE SEEDS.

VIOLET SMITH.

Miss Daisy and Miss Pansy were two little girls who lived next door to each other. They were very good little friends to one another until one day while playing. I am sorry to say they now were not friends. Pansy would not speak to Daisy, neither would Daisy speak to Pansy. Mrs. Rose was Pansy's mamma, and Mrs. Clara was Daisy's mamma. A few days before the girls had begun to quarrel, Mrs. Rose sent Pansy over to Mrs. Clara's to get some seeds. Mrs. Rose did not send anything for Pansy to get them in, so Mrs. Clara put them in a little basket. Pansy thought to herself, "I have been doing wrong to Daisy." Daisy thought the same to Pansy. Pansy said to herself, "If I see Daisy I will tell her I have done wrong, and I am sorry for it." So when Mrs. Rose sent the little basket home by Pansy, Pansy saw Daisy and Pansy said, "I have done wrong to you, and I am sorry for it."

Daisy said, "I have done wrong to you, and I will not do it again."

Thus they confessed their faults one to another and soon were at play. Mrs. Rose and Mrs. Clara were very glad the children had made up together. They have sown little seeds of kindness and are reaping the harvest now.




Noddy Winks


Jessie K. Juliet Knox.

Illustrated by Filleau, K.C.

Sing Ho, for the land of Noddy-Winks, Sing Ho, Sing Ho;
To the land running over with winks and blinks we go, we go.




Come rest with thy mother, my little king, by lo, by lo,
While dream-land fairies around us sing, so low, so low:




A cradle of roses and thistle-down, my sweet, by lo;
A dream in each petal that tumbles down, on eye-lids snow.

A fairy comes, with a dream in her eyes, sing low, sing low;
And throws a veil o'er the bright sun-rise, by oh, by oh.




Such tropical warmth has the land of dreams, O, rest, little boy,
It gently closes thine eyes dark gleams from all annoy.

Soft on thy bed of delicious green, sleep on, sleep on;
While slumber-clouds cast a hazy sheen thine eyes upon.



The chalice of poppy-nectar, sweet, thou'st drained, sleep on;
With blue-eyed grass at thy head and feet, dream on, sweet one.



The fairies surmount thy perfumed bed, sing ho, sing ho,
And softly chant o'er thy dark, brown head, by lo, by lo.

But hasten, awake, little Rex, my king, Heigho, heigho;
Dost hear the sweet sounds of the lilly-bells ring?
One kiss -- now, we go.



RAYMOND, KAN.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE AND WEE WISDOMS—I thought as I now have time I will write a few lines. I also will write a story entitled "The Little Seeds." I am so busy in school I hardly have time to do anything. My brother and I go to school regularly. A dear pigeon came to our house today, and mamma throwed some wheat out to it. I hope to see my letter and story in the next number of WEE WISDOM. I will close for this time.

Yours truly,

VIOLET SMITH.



CUPERTINO, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have wrote you a story about my cat, and sometime I will write you a story about my saddle horse or my dog. I am ten years old.

Your loving friend,

RUTH STEVENS.



GRAND SALINE, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I received a copy of you today. We moved up to Grand Saline a few months ago, and we have a great big yard to play in. I intended to write before but forgot all about it. I do not go to school up here. We went to the salt works and through one of them about a month ago; there are three here, and so much salt in them, too, for such a small city. I have not much to talk about, because there's so little up here there is not anything to talk about. The cows here walk up and down Main Street, and even come up and look in your back doors and windows. I like WEE WISDOM, and I study it, too. I would like a card very much, but you needn't send it unless you want to. I guess you are getting tired of my nonsense, so I will close with lots and lots of love.

ALMA AULT.



SIGNAL, ARIZ.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thank you very much for the pretty Truth card you sent me. It is very windy here today. I like the Sunshine corner very much. I trained one of my dogs to pull a small wagon. His name is Lovie. I am in the fourth grade. I have a cousin, and she is in the fifth grade. She is a year older than I. We have about sixty-seven chickens. I am very fond of pets. Horses are my favorite pets. I

read the WEE WISDOM out loud to mother when I get it. I like to read to myself. I have a cat, and she is hungry most of the time. I have five cats all together. I will close now.

Your true friend,

EDITH G. TAPPAN.



CORINNA, ME.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I want to write and tell you how I like you. I like to read you. I am glad each month when it comes. I like the piece about Ella Wheeler Wilcox. I like her motto, "If you have n't what you like, try to like what you have." I have two brothers and one sister. I should like very much to have a Truth card.

Your loving friend,

CYNTHIA KNOWLES.



HASKELL, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I did not get my Christmas WEE WISDOM in time to read about the children Mrs. Hardin told about, and so I will send 50 cents my papa gave me for them. Will you please send it to them, and oblige,

AGNES AUTREY.

[Bless the child! to be sure her gift of love shall be sent to bless some little heart—whose Mrs. Hardin shall decide.—ED.]



WESTPORT, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I feel as though I must write a few lines for this little paper this time, as



I went home with Mrs. Fillmore and spent eight days, and had a lovely time. No one can help having a fine time there, as there is everything nice for amusements. I was a pretty sick girl, in my belief, when I went

there, and I came back well, strong and happy. Mamma and papa came down to visit me on Sunday, and enjoyed their visit very much, as everything was made so pleasant for them. I am ten years old, and I am ready to go back to school Monday. I could sit all day and write about the good things and nice time I had. Grandma Fillmore is a good grandma, I like her so much; they all are as good and nice as they can be.

Lovingly,

MINNIE GERBER.

[Since Minnie has gone and told you about her visit I will have to explain how it all came about. It looked a little serious when Ye Editor called at Minnie's home. There seemed too many fears on hand for the brave little girl and her mamma to scare away. So we picked Minnie up and brought her home for a season, and all the beliefs vanished away, for there isn't anybody in all this

house who believes in beliefs, and that's why Minnie went home well and happy. She's a dear little girl, and her home in Westport is in the Southern part of Kansas City.—Ed.]



ST LOUIS, MO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I would like to have WEE WISDOM sent to Ida Ketterer. Enclosed find 50 cents in stamps.

IDA KETTERER.



PISMO, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. We received the two sweet Truth cards, and thank you for them, and thank you for the WEE WISDOM paper; and we love all the stories in it. I like that continued story about Rose very much. I am twelve years old. I forgot to tell you that we say the little prayer that is on the little Truth card's every morning and night for two years, we learn it from Grandma Dennis. I will close with love to you all. Your true friend.

ETHEL MOSKIMAN.

[Ethel's letter is so beautifully written we would be glad to let you all see it just as it came from her pen.—Ed.]



PISMO, CAL.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I like WEE WISDOM. I have a pretty little black kitty, and I love it dearly. I love to do good. I am 7 years old.

Your friend, ROBBIE MOSKIMAN.



VENTURA, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I would like to have you visit my home again for a while. I expect to go where I will have several brothers and one sister. We are going to live in the same house, and I think they will like you very much. I should like very much if you would send me the Christmas number, if you have one to spare.

Yours with love, ELINOR E. ASHBROOK.



NORTH LEWISBURG, OHIO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have read your little paper. I go to school every day, and so does Hazel and Chester; they are my sister and brother. I have one sister and six brothers. I will send you their names: Walter, Dell, Carl, Hazel, Chester, Burmer, Victor. My Sunday School teacher's name is Miss Dibble. And Miss Bailey is my school teacher's name.

Your loving friend, ETTA IMPSON.



DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter. My sister takes WEE WISDOM, and I like it very

much. I am eight years old. Please send me a Truth card if you have one to spare. I will write a little verse. Here it is:

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealth and wise."

With love to you all,

HERBERT DUFF.



MARENGO, IOWA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I enjoyed you so when you visited me before, that my mamma says I may have you again for another year; so I send 50 cents for you. Please call on

WANDA ELLS. (Seven years old.)



EAST OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am ten years old. I like to read WEE WISDOM, and I enjoy reading the letters of the little ones; so I thought I would write you a letter. We have chickens and three cats; I have a pet goat. We have three cows and calves. We have a piano, and I am taking lessons. Your loving friend,

GRACE SETZER.



CRYSTAL SPRINGS, ARK.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write to you for the first time. I love WEE WISDOM. "Uncle Noble's Rainbow Rose" is a nice story. All of the stories are nice, too. I am eight years old. I have an aunt visiting us. My papa keeps bees, and sometimes I get stung. I have two cats, and papa has four jogs. I have lessons every day, and I am in the Fourth Reader. I study at home. I would like to know what the "Birthday Number" means.

Good-by,

HATTIE TOMPKINS.

[Hattie will have to love the dear little honey-makers so that she can call their little attentions to her, kisses. That's what Everett used to call them, and they have ceased to hurt him. WEE WISDOM's birthday is in August. We call it the little paper's birthday because that month is the beginning of each new year of its publication, and the anniversary of its very first issue. So we celebrate that number by letting the boys edit it and the Wees do all the writing for it.—Ed.]

Some of our little writers get their English a little out of plumb sometimes, but its no wonder, with such a lot of verbs and tenses to keep in order. Violet should have said *threw* instead of *throwed*, and Ruth have said, *I have writ-ten*, for "I have wrote." We will leave some of these mistakes to see how many of you can straighten them out. Maybe we will leave some of the spelling for you to correct sometime.—Ed.



BY A FRIEND OF THE CHILDREN.

LESSON IX. MARCH 1.

Paul and Apollos.—Acts 18:24 to 19:6.

GOLDEN TEXT—*If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?*—Luke 11:13.

DEAR WEE WISDOM readers, do you remember how at Christmas time, when you received your long-wished-for gifts, you were very happy? And do you remember wanting very much to see your little friends, that you might show them your gifts and tell them how glad you were? When we have good news, we don't usually wait till we get home to tell it, but almost the first friend we meet hears it.

Our lesson today is about one who, when he had good news, was quick to tell it. His name was Apollos. We do not know much about him, but the little we do know is very good. What fine things the Bible says about him! He was an eloquent speaker and knew the Scriptures well. A Jew, born in Alexandria in Egypt, at that time a flourishing city, he was brought up among people devoted to learning. Verse 24 gives us a hint of the many language and Bible lessons the little boy Apollos must have studied, and studied faithfully and earnestly. Dear little reader, do you do your best every day at school?

The Bible tells us Apollos came to Ephesus. We shall hear more about this beautiful and interesting city of old in the next few lessons. And here in the Jewish churches, the synagogues, Apollos taught what he knew of God. But, dear children, he did not know the beautiful story of the Christ-child, nor what Jesus had taught men of God and heaven in the heart. However, among his listeners were two that did know, and they gave him the glad message. While doing the best he could, the Christ way was pointed out to him. And the new man, Apollos, crossed the sea, and was warmly welcomed by the little Christian companies in Greece. The Bible tells us he became a mighty preacher of Jesus Christ.

All this time Paul was traveling about with the beautiful Christ message. When he came to

Ephesus he met the people with this question, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?" What did he mean dear readers? Our golden text speaks of the Holy Spirit. What does it tell us about it? More freely, more gladly, more lovingly than your earthly father knows how to give gifts to his children does your heavenly Father and mine give the Holy Spirit to them that ask.

You have seen the electric cars move, and have you wondered how? Just above the car you have no doubt observed a long, thin bar in touch with the black wire above. Occasionally there are sparks which prove that the electric current is present. Where does the electricity come from? You have heard of the power-house, and it is there that it is made. This power will move every car that is in touch with the wire. God is the power-house where love and all good things come from, and each one of us is a car to reach out an arm for the good which is brought to us by the Holy Spirit. Dear Wee Wisdoms, let us all keep in touch with this wonderful, living and powerful wire.

LESSON X. MARCH 8.

Paul at Ephesus.—Acts 19:13-20.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The name of the Lord Jesus was magnified.*—Acts 19:17.

No doubt most of you have at some time looked through a magnifying glass. How large it makes the smallest thing appear! Now you know what our golden text means. The name of Jesus Christ became greater, and word of his mighty power spread far and wide. Our lesson today relates an event in Ephesus that helped much to magnify the name of the Christ.

Little friends, you have read in your fairy tales of witches and magicians who could do wonderful things by waving a wand or speaking certain words. When Paul went to Ephesus he found many people believing in magic and ready to spend their money in its practice. And of course there were many who made their living selling charms and pretending to do wonderful things. Now Paul, by the power of Christ in him, really did wonder works. He healed the sick, gave sight to the blind, made the lame walk, restored lunatics to their right mind, and did many other marvelous things, always pointing to God as the real power. When some of those, who made their living by pretending to practise magic, saw the miracles of Paul and heard him do all in the name of Jesus Christ, they tried to do the same. Among these was a Jewish priest called Sceva, who had seven sons. But they had a bitter

experience, which was told throughout the city. A crazy man, whom two of them tried to heal by using the name of Jesus without believing in him, jumped on them. They fled out of his house with clothes torn off and wounded. The true followers of Christ have a secret power not given to mere imitators. Do you wonder that many were afraid to go on practising their deceptions? Our lesson tells us they had a big bon-fire of their bad books on magic, books which had cost a great deal of money. But the best was that many turned from the worship of idols to the worship of the true God, and so the name of the Lord Jesus was magnified.

LESSON XI. MARCH 15.

The Riot at Ephesus.—Acts 19:29-40.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The Lord preserveth the faithful.*—Psa. 31:23.

Have you ever read in your histories of different countries and cities which at one time were the greatest in the world but are today comparatively unimportant? In Paul's day Ephesus was a great city, the most important city of Asia Minor and the principal trade center for goods from the far East. Through this commerce it became very rich.

The people of Ephesus were most of them Greeks, and, like the people of their mother-country, devoted much time to learning, painting and sculpture. They loved the beautiful, as the magnificent temples, statues and paintings in their city testified. They could boast one of the seven wonders of the world, their magnificent temple to Diana. It was very large and built of the purest marble. Inside was a statue of Diana, believed by the people to have come down from heaven. The Ephesians worshipped many gods and goddesses, but thought most of Diana. She was believed to preside over hunting and marriage. Many people used to come from far and near to visit the beautiful temple, and to worship Diana. And it was customary for these pilgrims to take away with them small models of the temple containing the image of the goddess. They were called shrines, and were made of terra-cotta and marble for the poorer classes and of bronze and silver for the rich. Some were set up in homes, and some were so small that they could be carried about on the person as charms against disease and danger.

Now, the makers of these shrines found it a money-making business. But when Paul's preaching began to take effect, it decreased the sale to

such an extent that the workmen, headed by Demetrius, purposed to stop any further spread of this new religion of Jesus Christ. Read how they gathered a noisy crowd about them and created a great uproar in the city, thinking thereby to harm Paul. Did it profit them any? What does our golden text say? Paul had proven this to be true many times, and, dear reader, it is just as true today for you and me.

LESSON XII. MARCH 22.

Paul's Message to the Ephesians.

—Eph. 2:1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT—*By grace are ye saved through faith.*—Eph. 2:8.

For three years Paul lived at Ephesus, a tent-maker and a preacher. Many of the Greeks turned from their worship of idols to the true God. Many of the Jews gave up their old faith for the new. And here Paul founded a mighty church, as he did in other cities he visited on his missionary travels. But there came a time when he could not visit them. He was a prisoner at Rome. So he sent letters to the different churches and many of them are in the Bible. Today's lesson is a portion of a letter to the Ephesians.

In it Paul speaks of God's riches. Dear reader, have you ever wished you had a very rich father, who could give you everything you wanted? Well, you have. You are a child of God, and God is very rich. In verse 4, Paul names one of God's riches. What others can you name?

A story is told of a rich man who sent a poor man five dollars every month, always with the message, "More to follow." So God's blessings come to us. A poor woman long desired some grapes from the king's vineyard for her sick daughter. She often tried to buy them but in vain. One day the king's son heard her and gave the grapes gladly, saying, "The king's business is not to sell, but to give." When Jesus was on the earth, he taught the people again and again of his Father and our Father, who out of His abundance loves to give good gifts to His children. The Master tells us we have but to ask, but we must ask in faith. And when good things come to us, let us not think ourselves better than others, but thank God for the blessing, and share with our neighbor.

Think the good, speak the good, act the good all the day long. The more of the good you give to others freely and lovingly, the more will you have.



YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM

WELCOME! my Wisdoms, I am heartily glad to see you. So while March is rushing 'round outside getting things ready for an early Spring, we'll get out of his elbow-room, and come in here and see what we can find to think and talk about.

I see you're already laughing about the old man in the nonsense verse on page 5. Don't you think that young girl earned her prize of \$100 by showing up in such a cute way the absurdities of foolish worries and fears? "Borrowing trouble," it is sometimes called, and there's plenty of folks to do it.

Do you know when I first read this queer little verse the old man popped out of his place and a little girl I used to know years ago suddenly popped in. Maybe it was a memory, but anyway she was the dearest little woe-begone, red-headed girl, too miserable for the moment to even look after her large family of dolls and cats. She sat there looking intently skyward, imagining, just like the little old man, the most improbable impossibilities. So I addressed her after the manner of our rhyme, and she seemed to answer after the same fashion, and this is what we said:

"Pray, tell me, dear, what 's gone awry?
You little-red shining-head girl," said I.
And the little-red shining-head made reply,
"They say there 's a comet up in the sky,
And its comin' this way, too. bime-by,
And 's going to knock things all sky-high.
Oh, what will become of the pieces? Oh my!
And how can I ever i-dent-i-fy
My pieces when into so many I fly,
With every one 's scattered around in the sky?
I'm sure I'd better up and die
While I'm all together, and never try
To hunt myself after, Oh my! Oh my!"
"Oh, shining-head, foolish-head girl," said I,
'Mebbys ' are always by-and-by,
They 'll never catch up, don't fear. Oh my!
They 'll never come nearer than the sky.

They can't fall out, so don't you cry,
Shining-head, happy-head girl," said I.
"Let trouble alone and 'twill never come nigh,
Oh, shining-head, happy-head girl," said I.

Don't you think she 'll feel better now?
Don't anyone feel better to know there's
no need to worry? The sky 's propped
up all right, God's great law looks after
that. And the comets? Just you keep
out of their tracks and they 'll keep out
of yours. Like the flying race horse,
they're held to their own beaten ring.
We always have to go 'way out of our
own way to run into trouble; so

"Never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you."

You see that "little old foolish old man," and that "little red shining head girl" are not the only ones of their race. You'll find 'em everywhere. Sometimes it's the dark they're filling with their foolish pictures. Sometimes it's wasting all their happy years getting ready for "the rainy day." Who set a day for old age and need? Not the Creator of youth and strength and abundance! Don't you ever let your skies fall into the sea, and your man in the moon get bitten to death by crabs, or your angel food get eaten up by fishes. Keep the great props of Love and Trust under your strong heavens and don't let any man deceive you. Good and evil do not dwell together, for the reason, God is all and *God is Good*. Don't be fearing and worrying about getting sick. Health is the prop that holds up your heaven and blesses your earth. "I am the health of my people." Don't imagine unhappy situations. God never made such. Use all the coloring and imagery of your mind in making happy beautiful pictures that you shall love to see painted on your skies and earth. Be glad and be loving, be full of true, wise thoughts, and you will keep finding new beauties in your heaven and earth every day. You will find the flowers, the birds, the tiniest creatures that live will all confide in you their wonderful secrets of being, for you are "Lord of lords and King of kings" in this world of the visible. And it depends on you to keep the scepter of your dominion in Truth and Righteousness.



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March, 1903!

*Dear blustering, vigorous March, they say,
If like a lamb you come today,
Then like a lion you'll go away;
And visa versa. Why? I pray.*

*Then March made answer, "I'll explain
The reason why this saying came:*

*"If meek and gentle like a lamb,
I come to you in rest and calm,
Then when I've dallied half way through
I find my Spring work yet to do.
'Tis then I hurry up, and oh!*

*How I must tug and lift and blow,
And do a dozen days in one,
Because I loafed when I begun.*

*If visa versa, as you say,
Then turn it round the other way.
When like a lion my coming is,
Then you may know I'm here for biz;*

*And day and night and night and day,
I whistle, blow, and pound away,
Then when I'm through I take my rest,
And then folks seem to like me best.*

*I wait in peace, I go in calm,
They say, 'March goes out like a lamb.'"*
—M. F.

Some of you may be looking for cards that have not yet come. Ye Editor has gotten a new lot of pretty ones she is trying to find time to get off to you. She hoped to send them for your valentines.

Uncle John's packet came too late to get in its proper column.

The Seed Word—"MY WAYS, (CHRIST'S WAYS) ARE WAYS OF PLEASANTNESS, AND ALL MY PATHS ARE PEACE."

Jewel Word—"I AM PEACE."

If any of our little writers want to do something extra, see who can write the best "Story of a Raindrop." We will give a child's book for the best story sent in.

Miss Kellerhouse has sent in a lovely Easter story, and Miss Bell has written you a sure-enough Fairy Tale. Mrs. Day has given us a good glimpse of home life at Uncle John's, and so lots of good things are on hand.

Edith Tappin sent in a real artistic Scrap-book to make somebody happy. We forwarded it to Joe Beste, Narcoossee, Fla. He will know what to do with it.

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CORINNA ME.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am so confident that you make the Christ Way practical and plain for little feet to walk in, that I enclose 50 cents to enable you to make twelve beautiful visits to a very busy home of bright little girls in Belfast, Maine. Address, Girls' Home, Belfast, Maine.

Yours in Love, MRS. C. C. KNOWLES.



Monday

Sleepy Land's not far
away
When wee eyelids
Happy dreams come
trooping in,
Love reigns over all.

Tuesday

Everywhere the Good
is wrought
Into work and play
When we're ruled by
loving thought
That's the only way,!

Wednesday

Nid-nod, nid-nod!
Happy fancies teem.
When busy little tho't
Turns to happy
dream.

Thursday

Health and happiness
We'll find
na sweet
Harmonious mind.

Friday

Happy day
Makes happy night.
Let in only
Thoughts of right.

Saturday

Every true word
Brings to pass
Good alike
For lad and lass.

Sunday

Every happy
Little minute
Has the music
Of life in it.