



WILLARD, SENECA LAKE, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—You asked me to write for WEE WISDOM some time ago. Well, I've been resting. I am now well and strong, and the first bit of outside work I've done is for WEE WISDOM. Here it is:

"Love is sunshine; hate is shadow." Now if this is so, and it really is, why not have as much sunshine as possible? Try to think love thoughts, for if you think the right way you will always be in sunshine and not in shade. Try speaking kind words, for,

The Spoken word so soon forgot
By thee, but it has perished not;
In other hearts 'tis living still,
And doing work for good or ill.

Let us speak kind words, for gentle speech is like manna from the skies.

I have here on my desk the picture of my friend, a dog, who was very good to me when everyone else seemed too busy or angry; and here is a little poem I composed after his death:

"Only a dog," you say and sneer,
As I wipe away a gathering tear;
"Only a dog," with a nature grand,
Somehow he always could understand.
To me he was ever loving and kind;
Friends so true 'tis hard to find.

"Only a dog," but his heart was true,
Whether the skies were gray or blue;
Always faithful what e'er might betide,
Content to linger at my side;
Whether I gave him a smile or a frown,
Love looked out from his eyes of brown.
Yes, my little dog was a true Sunshiner.
— RAY WILLIAMS, Boy Editor.

Dear Wee Wisdom:

Mamma and papa let me earn all my spending money by good work at school. I love the Sunshine Corner, and want to help give sunshine so I will send a dollar I have earned. With love,

GEORGE NORMAN FARGUHAR,

Brookline, Mass.

[Shall we send WEE WISDOM to Nellie Butcher and Mary Wilcox and two other homes that need a year of wholesome cheer to bring out health and prosperity, George?]

Mrs. Hardin says: "The offering of dear little Agnes made two little girls happy — what a new dress is to them you can judge. Nellie's mother is almost blind at times caused by a growth on her eyeball. Nellie is a sweet little girl but don't get to go to school much. Mary is a sweet child too. Her father is an invalid."

(Here are the girls' letters to Agnes.)

Dear Girl;

I got your precious gift I shall always remember. I am going to get me a new dress. Good bye, Nellie Butcher, Pattonsburg, Mo.

Dear Friend Agnes:

Mrs. Hardin brung my 25 cents to me. I thought I would write to you. I got me a new dress with it. Many thanks for the 25 cents. I was proud to get it. I guess I will close for this time, so good bye. Your friend,

MARY WILCOX, Pattonsburg, Mo.

Vol. VII.

KANSAS CITY, MO., APRIL, 1903.

No. 9.

Uncle Noble's Rainbow Rose.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

CHAPTER VIII.

FOURTH OF JULY.



T WAS not until after dinner that the gifts were displayed. There was a large box of fireworks not to be opened until the morrow, also torpedoes,

some pretty little flags, and a good-sized box of candy, in red, white and blue colors.

The little girls were delighted, and went to bed to dream of noise and fun.

"I wish I could stand all by myself tomorrow and surprise every one," said Pansy as Rose wheeled her into her her mother's room for the night.

"It would be lovely," said Rose; "I believe you can do it. When you are in bed just say over and over, 'God is my strength, God is my help,' and I will think it for you too."

The children waked quite early the next day, in fact no one could sleep much after six o'clock on account of the noise outside. Mrs. Bright allowed the children to be up by seven. She dressed Pansy, and Rose wheeled her onto the porch where they amused themselves with the torpedoes while Mrs. Bright prepared breakfast.

Shortly after breakfast Frank appeared. His pockets were full of firecrackers, and in his hand he carried a lighted punk.

"My mother said I could come over for a little while," said he, pulling out a bunch of firecrackers.

"That's good," said the girls, for Frank was a favorite with them.

"Rose, please go in and ask mamma if I can't sit in the rocking chair out here. I'm so tired of lying back," said Pansy.

Mrs. Bright appeared at Rose's call with a couple of pillows and seated Pansy comfortably in the rocking chair on the porch.

After a while Pansy became restless. "Oh, how I'd like to get out of this chair. I wish I could," sighed Pansy.

"Look," said Frank, "my mother's coming." This diverted Pansy's attention.

"What's this I hear?" inquired Mrs. Love as she stepped up on the porch. "So you want to walk, Pansy? Well I don't see why you should n't.

"O Mrs. Love, do you believe I can?" cried Pansy eagerly.

"Yes, my dear, I certainly do; just be a little patient and you will very soon be just like the rest of us."

"I'm so glad you think so," said Pansy. "Mamma is afraid to have me try, but Rose is n't."

"When your mother comes out, we'll

ask her permission to let you try and stand alone at least."

"I tried yesterday all by myself and fell, and it frightened my mother. I don't believe she'll let me try again," said Pansy sadly.

"Here comes Uncle," exclaimed Rose, who had her eyes upon the street.

"Yes," said Uncle, opening the gate, "here I am, and I want you to all hurry and get your things on for Mr. Bright is waiting for us on the upper piazza of the hotel, and we are all to go there to view the procession. Run in and call Mrs. Bright, Rose, and tell her I will carry Pansy over. We have an easy chair already for her there. Here, Frank, put the rest of those firecrackers away; you can set them off when we come back."

Suiting the action to the word, Mr. Comfort helped Frank stuff the crackers

into his pockets.

Mrs. Bright appeared very soon with hats and light wraps, and Uncle Noble,

lifting Pansy, led the way.

The place Mr. Bright had secured was excellent, and gave them a full view of all that passed. There were long rows of soldiers, and pretty floats, among them a boat filled with little girls dressed in white, with red and blue sashes and ribbons.

After the procession had passed, Uncle Noble told them to wait for him, and disappeared inside of the hotel. He soon returned, followed by two waiters. One carried a mound of red and white ice cream. The other waiter drew up a table and placed glasses, dishes and napkins on it.

"This is a surprise indeed," exclaimed

Mrs. Bright.

"How nice to eat it out of doors," said Rose, dipping her spoon into the edge of her saucer.

"What kind of ice cream is it?"

asked Frank.

"Vanilla and strawberry," replied Mrs. Love.

"It's ever so good," said Pansy.

"May we go down on the beach now?" asked Pansy when they had finished their repast.

"I never saw such a child!" exclaimed Mrs. Bright. "She's ready for everything lately, and takes so much more interest than she used to."

"I think that proves how much better she is," said Mrs. Love.

"Yes, Pansy is better," added Mr. Bright, "I see a great improvement in her only this last week."

"Come, come," called Frank impatiently. "I'm going to set off the rest of my firecrackers down on the beach."

"That's a good idea," said Uncle;

"I'll help you, Frank."

On the beach Uncle found an empty barrel, and before very long they were listening to the most terrific noise, for Mr. Comfort had brought with him some very large double-headed crackers.

While all this was going on, Pansy, who had been lying on shawls on the sand, was slowly dragging herself to her feet. Her father was seated not far away, and no one was noticing Pansy when she stood upon her feet.

She took three steps forward toward her father, then as he turned his eyes and saw her, giving vent to an exclamation of surprise, Pansy tottered and fell

full length on the sand. Mr. Bright jumped, and lifted the

child in his arms.

"Are you hurt?" he cried anxiously. "No, indeed, I almost did it," said

"You're a brave little girl: and you're sure you're not hurt?" questioned Mr.

Bright.

"Not a bit," replied Pansy, laughing

delightedly.

They all clustered about Pansy. expressing surprise and delight, but Mrs. Bright seemed still fearful.

"Oh, don't, please don't be afraid for me, mamma," said Pansy.

"Next time I believe Pansy will walk

right straight off," said Rose. "How do you feel?" asked Mrs.

"My ankles shake a little, that is all," replied Pansy, "but my back feels strong and well."

[To be continued.]



The last customer and the last clerk had gone, and the florist had locked the door and mounted the stairs for home; and the flowers left over this Easter eve waited serene and sweet for the morrow, indifferent whether they were to share the Easter festivities, the center of attraction in some fine church, or linger into the week, purchased at last for secular ends. The lilies half wondered why they had been left; the roses were proudly unconcerned; the carnations, the hyacinths, and the violets thought with a sweet wistfulness of the chancel adorned with flowers. were still dreaming of this when daylight and young voices witnessed that it was really Easter morning.

"Yes, papa said we could make a cross for the hospital, and Edith will show us how," said the youngest, a grayeyed girl with a soft voice.

"We must hurry so as to be in time," said the middle girl, gold-haired and arbutus-faced.

"But do not let it be a cross. Let us make a wreath. The poor ones in the hospital have their crosses to bear; a wreath of flowers will symbolize endless peace and beauty and life," spoke Edith, the eldest.

"Edith is right," said Nina, the youngest.

"I thought wreaths were meant for funerals," said May, of the sunny face. "We want to send them something cheerful."

"A funeral is only the dark side of something bright and beautiful, which the wreath typifies."

"Yes, let us make a wreath," said Nina. "Here is papa to give us the flowers and moss and frame."

Eagerly they set to work, and the circle of roses and lilies and carnations and violets, softly nestled in green, was almost finished; when May observed that they had crowded the flowers too close, there were not enough to complete the wreath.

A boy's voice in broke upon their discussion.

"Bob, all the way from the farm," cried May, delighted.

"Rode in on my wheel; and brought you this," said Cousin Bob, showing in his pudgy, freckled hand, a thick bunch of sweet arbutus, pink and white and fragrant.

"'Coals to Newcastle," laughed Edith.

"The very thing for our wreath," said Nina, taking the wild flowers with a certain reverance and laying them beside the more royal beauty of rose and lily.

"They don't generally put little field flowers in wreaths," remonstrated Edith.

"Hush, don't hurt the feelings of the pretty, sweet arbutus," said Nina, gravely. "It has come all this way just for our wreath. Bob, you don't care if we use it, do you?"

"Fire ahead," said Bob, with grand unconcern.

Between a chaste lily and proud rose, was placed a modest, sweet arbutus. The lily felt that she was growing paler, a deeper flush suffused the rose at the touch of their plebian neighbor-little wayfarer from the woods, right from the bosom of the brown earth. little sweet arbutus, found on the dusky earth under a blanket of dead leaves, where she had been the first to open her pretty eyes upon the chill world, wondered mutely at this rich company of noble flowers, sheltered sweet blossoms that had never known the hard struggle for life when the skies were gray, the bitter winds blew, or the late snow fell. Tenderly watched, they had opened their pure petals under the kind shelter of glass; while little sweet arbutus had been roughly nursed by the wind and rain and fickle skies, at last to unfold her small stunted blossoms close, close to the ground under cover of dry leaves, that the struggle for life might not be too hard, life's enemies too relentless.

"Well, the wreath is done; I'll dress and take it over to the hospital," said Edith. "Its pretty, isn't it?"

Someone had made this latter remark almost every five minutes. It certainly was pretty, despite the paltry little arbutus, humble child of the wood.

"Mamma suggested the Home of the Incurables," said Edith.

"Does n't that sound dreadful? incurable, so hopeless," said May, shuddering.

"Bob, you have your wheel, suppose you take it?" said Edith.

"All right," said Bob.

"I'll just write a little note, saying the wreath is for the chapel."

"But the poor sick people in bed will never see it," said Nina.

"Of course, they are the very ones who need flowers," said May.

Edith was already at the desk writing. "I'll add, 'The flowers after service to be distributed among the patients confined to their rooms."

May and Nina were placing the wreath in wet tissue paper in a box; the note was written, Bob had on his cap. "Here, gimme," he said, and was off with the treasure and minute instructions from Edith.

In the small chapel of the Home of the Incurables the wreath of flowers hung before the altar, heeded with notes of admiration for its beauty, and pleased sighs as the fragrance stole on the breath of the Easter music to the half helpless ones gathered there that morning, and faces were happier and voices gladder because of that sweet company of flowers; and after service the wreath was borne among the other patients for their loving admiration; then, in the afternoon, the hand of the matron began the work of devastation, and nurses took small, sweet remants of the wreath to the sick.



"Miss Agnes lay very quiet in her white bed."

Miss Agnes lay very quiet in her white bed, very still, lest the sharp rheumatic pain twinge her thin frame. When someone brought her a rose and a spray of sweet arbutus, she smiled with pleasure, and lay with the flowers in her burning fingers, looking upon them with eyes of quiet delight.

"Put the rose in this little vase," she said at last; "the rose is a hothouse flower, like myself. It tells me of careful warmth, and sunlight through glass panes, and fear lest some ill befall it. But let me hold the arbutus a little longer, sweet, sturdy little messenger from the wood, with a flush of pink on its pale cheek, tinged by the March wind; and a strength in its woody stem, given by fight with adversity. Oh, I like the little flower, for it tells me of strength and courage and victory and life."

Long Miss Agnes looked at her small friend from the spring woods. The rose in the vase held up her proud head, for her beauty was unnoticed. Sweet arbutus lay on the white coverlet, and mutely, humbly, spoke her message of life and power and victory over adversity.

"I remember when I was a child and hunted through the woods for sweet arbutus," said Miss Agnes to her mute companion on the coverlet. "I was sturdy then like you, little flower. How I would search under fallen leaves with my stick, and cry, wild with delight, when the treasure was disclosed, the pink and white nestling in its brown bed. I would fill my eager hand and run gaily along, ready for a new triumph, a fresh prize. Then home, with face aglow with health and pleasure, I would run, bearing my sweet captive, my hair blowing with the March wind, my voice sounding with the note of health and joy. Health and joy! Where now are they, health and joy? Tell me, little sweet arbutus. The rose cannot tell me, for she was born in a glass prison; but you, you fought bravely for life among vicissitudes and gained the victory. You dared,

and conquered. You began the combat in the dark ground, struggled up, struggled with chill and dark, were not afraid nor thwarted, holding ever the thought of life and of bearing your message of life to the winter-dead world; and at last you crowned yourself with the victory of flowers. A sweet incense,



"And run gaily along."

steeped from the very cold and darkness, lingers in your breath, as you tell the earth, as you tell me, of life, life, life!"

Miss Agnes gazed at the wild flower with passionate yearning, listening while it told her what it had striven to tell its proud neighbors in the wreath; and she had ears to hear; and hearing, a quiet joy settled upon her face, as of victory assured.

Sometime later she spoke again: "Little arbutus, you have come to me to help me, to bring your sweet message of life. You left your loved wild haunts to come to this sick room and breathe out your gentle life, telling me of this. There are other sweet arbutus in the wood, to whom it was not given to be my messenger of life. They have come this year, though I may not see them; but next year they will come again. Sweet arbutus, sweet arbutus, I will go find them, and tell them how you came to me, with tidings of health and strength and life and victory. I will go to them,

because you have taught me how, valiant little sweet arbutus. You know the name of this place? Hush, it has a dreadful sound. What, when the North wind blew and the snow unwelcome fell, was that the end of life for you? No, nor for me! I will bear your message, sweet arbutus, back to your brothers and sisters in the wood next glad springtime!"

And Miss Agnes kept her faith with the sweet arbutus.



HOW DOROTHY GROWS.

I don't know why they say it— I am sure there is no need; But folks are always saying That I grow just like a weed.

I know that I don't like it, And I think it is real hard; Lots of pretty things grow fast As the weeds do in our yard.

1 would be so much nicer
If they would just smile and say,
"You grow like a rose, my dear,
Or daisies that bloom in May!"

-Selected.

FUNNY BROWNIE.

HELEN LERCH.

[Age II.]



NCE upon a time there lived a little Brownie in an old oak tree. He was very fat and funny, and did not care much for anybody but himself. The three things he liked to do were to eat, sleep,

and frisk about playing tricks on people.

One day he saw a lumber wagon coming through the woods. He jumped from his tree and ran after it as fast as he could go. When he got to it he said to himself, "I just guess I'll jump on that wagon and get a ride." It was no easy matter climbing in, but after a long and tiresome climb he managed to get into the wagon. He perched himself on a big log and began whistling and When the driver enjoying himself. turned around he looked all about, but could not find Brownie. Soon he spied Brownie, though, and threw him out of the wagon. When Brownie fell he did not hurt himself much, but jumped up After this quickly and ran home. Brownie does not go hitching lumber wagons, but stays around his home.

WILMA'S TRUTH LESSON.

WILMA L. BABBERGER.

OD IS my health, God is my power, God is my love, God is my truth, God is my all. He is very great and very good. It is God that is in me, and that keeps me well. God is faithful.

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

Do not fear, for God is all around you. There is no personal devil; it is only evil and bad and sick. God is not personal; He is only the Good, the Power, the Life and the Truth.

Here is dainty Snowdrop, lifting up her head; Where can all the flowers be since she went to bed? Where is stareyed daisy, dressed in fluted gown? And where are all the tulips, Belles of all their town. Each one was so pretty, robed in red or blue; Each one bore a message sweet, from God's heart to you. Where is yellow cowslip? where is butters Sleepy heads a - dozing still; are they not yet up? Where is golden pansy, with her smile so bright? None of these have wakened yet, all the world is white. little Snowdrop peeps above the mould Devers at the Frost King's breath, why is it so cold? But the sun comes creeping, chases him away; "An at last!" sighs Snowdrop dear, tis a perfect day." ooks about her smiling, calls to sister-blooms. Awaken it is Easter, Rise up from your tombs



CHURCHE'S FERRY, N. D.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—We have a little baby boy, and he is two weeks old Sunday, March, 15th. His birthday is on the same day as my brother Albert's, and Albert is thirteen. I have two brothers and three sisters. I am nine. We have twenty-two colts. Our school begins the 15th of April. I will send a little verse:

Do you know how many children
Go to little beds at night,
Sleeping there so warm and cozy
Till they wake with morning light?
God in heaven each name can tell,
Knows them all, and knows them well.
CLARA E. WEIRMULLER.

St . St . St

NARCOOSSEE, FLA.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I thank you for that pretty book you sent me. We are hoping to have no more frost this year, we have got this far without having our groves frozen. Mother has an incubator, and she put in fifty hen eggs, and got forty chickens. She put in seven turkey eggs, and got five turkeys. All the children in the school and their sisters and brothers had such pretty presents sent to them by the Wee Wisdom Sunshiners, and they are so proud of them. I had a present sent to me by Edith Tappan, Signal, Arizona, and I am going to thank the friend who sent it.

FREEBURG, ILL.

DEAR FRIEND—I read in the paper about writing a story about a Raindrop. So I thought I would write what I could to let you know I do all I can to help my little paper. I think I will close this letter and begin my story.

IDA E. SCHANZ.

St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I thought I would take the pleasure in writing to you. I received a lovely card with three verses on, and I think it is very nice. I am very glad when the little paper comes; I like to read it very much. Inclosed you will find 50 cents for another year's subscription. Yours truly, Agnes Wittich.

HERNANDO, MISS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - I am eleven years old.

I will write for the first time. I could not write, because I did not have time. This is a very short letter. I will come to a close. Your friend.

FANNIE W. FAIRLEY.

* * *

MERCHANTVILLE, N. I

MY DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I might as well start right away to tell my news. We have a dear little baby brother named Charles Fillmore Sleater. When he gets big we are going to call him Fillmore, now we just call him Brother. The way it happened was this: Sunday morning mother was not feeling up to the mark, and so Elise, Frances and I went out to the School (Unity School) to sing healing songs to her, and father stayed in with mother and so did the nurse. And while we were singing No. 3 in the School our dear little brother came. The doctor came five minutes after the baby was born. I think I had better close now.

Your loving little friend,

MARION SLEATER.

P. S.—Much love from all to all, and keep some yourself.

N. B .- Mother is doing splendidly.

Jt Jt Jt

WASHINGTON C. H., OHIO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — My Uncle has sent you to me for two years. I enjoy reading you so much, I look forward to getting you every month. I am eleven years old, and am in the sixth.

Your loving friend, JANET L. STUTSON.

* * *

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I like to read the WEE WISDOM. It is a nice paper. I have a dear little brother; his name is Theodore Fillmore Wallace. He laughs when I look at him, sometimes. Brother weighs thirteen pounds, and is six weeks old. Mamma and papa think him the dearest little baby in the world. Papa holds him every morning when he gets up. We like our new home in Westport. The meadow larks have been singing all winter. I have a nice little kittie, and she comes to meet me as I come from school.

Your little friend,

TESSIE EVELYN WALLACE.

x x x

EDEN VALE, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I got the pretty cards you sent me, and I thank you very much. I sent a subscription to WEE WISDOM to a friend for a Christmas present. I got the paper yesterday,

and I have read nearly all of it. I have a dog and a cat. My dog is three years old this month. His name is Davy. He can do a good many tricks. He can make a bow. I say, "Please jump up, climb, jump over a chair, and catch." He is a very good dog. I will stop now. Your friend,

SYLVIA B. FIELDING.

JE JE JE

CHICAGO, ILL.

Dear Mrs. Fillmore and all the Wees—I have a dear little sister whose picture has been in Wee Wisdom twice. I am eleven years old, and am in the sixth grade. I love Wee Wisdom very much, and I can hardly wait till the postman brings it. I wish it would come once a week instead of once a month. I will write you a little story for this dear little paper. The name of it is "Funny Brownie." I will close with lots and lots of love.

P. S .- Excuse my writing.

[Your writing is all right, Helen, I just wish you'd set your funny Brownie doing real good things for everybody.— Ed.]

* * *

TRENTON, Mo.

Dear Wee Wisdom — I have been a reader of you since June, 1902, and I enjoy your visits each month. I enjoy reading the dear little Wee. I think I shall take the dear little paper another year. I have a wee baby girl four months old. I call my Wee one Ethel, and hope she will be a reader of Wee Wisdom some day, and that many more will be readers of the dear little paper.

I am your friend,

MRS. WELTHA MURPHY.

. . .

LEMP, IDAHO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I read in WEE WISDOM that you would like a story about a Raindrop, and I thought I would do my best in writing a story.

Your loving friend,

ELISE BISCHOFF.

[Elise was the very first to answer the call for Raindrop stories, but they are coming in a regular shower now, and that's good.—ED.]

N N N

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I take you, and love you very much. I like the story, "Uncle Noble's Rainbow Rose," very much. I am twelve years old, and in the eighth grade. Besides my other studies I study Latin, and like it very much. I have two sisters and one brother, but my brother is in a military school; so I see very little of him; in the summer is the only time he is at home. I save you every month, and when I have the whole

year's books I am going to give them to some little girl who is too poor to afford to subscribe to you. Hoping to see this in next month's paper, I must close. Lovingly, Marcella Ashton.

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MERRIMAC, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter, I like you very much. I am ten years old. I am going to school, I am in the fouth grade. I like to read the letters the little ones write. I will write a little verse here that I sing to my little brother when I rock him to sleep:

Peace, baby, peace,
For God the Good is here;
For God the Good is Love and True;
He takes all sores and pains from you.
Rest, baby dear, peace, baby, peace.

Yours truly, Annie Schellhardt.

JE 36 36

CAMDEN, N. J.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I have had one Truth card, and I like it very much, and I thank you very much for it and the California wild flowers. I have had WEE WISDOM almost a whole year, and I like it so much I am going to subscribe for it another year. Marion Sleater is the girl that gave me my first year's subscription. We, that is, mamma and myself, have invited her to spend two days with us. Enclosed find fifty cents in stamps. With love to you and all the little Wees,

Yours sincerely, GERTRUDE TRAUBEL.

A 14 16

OLIVER, VA.

DEAR MRS. FLLIMORE—I send you a story called the "Raindrop." It is very badly written, but I can't bear to stay in the house long enough to write it any better. We are having fine weather now, the first in a long time. We play outside nearly all the time. I am going to plant a garden as soon as it is a little warmer. I like Wee Wisdom so much, and look for it every month. I am eleven years old. Your little friend,

JULIET LUCK.

P. S.—Can't you help me make my mamma well?—I. L.

[If there's anything your mamma has a right to have, it is health, sweet, strong beautiful health. Your Truth card tells you how to find health: "God is my Health, I can't be sick. God is my Strength, unfailing quick," etc.— ED.]

JE JE JE

PLEASANTON, NEB.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my first letter. I have one little sister, her name is Mary Marjorie; she is very sweet and new. I have a little brother named Arthur; he is three years new. Mamma

has an Easter Lily. I like "Uncle Noble's Rainbow Rose." I send fifty cents for WEE WISDOM.
I am seven years new. Good-by,

GUERNEY HAYS.

ORLWEIN, IOWA.

Dear Wee Wisdom — I will write you a letter for the first time. My brother takes the dear little paper, but I read it. He is going to school in Chicago. I have a sister that goes to the blind school. I have two sisters at home, one eleven and one three, and I am seven. I live on a farm. I have a pleasant home. My pa takes the Life. This is all for this time. Your true friend,

INEZ POND.

M M M

TRENTON, Mo.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I enjoy your paper so much, and the letters that are in it, that I will write a few lines for others to read. I am nine years old, and go to school. I have had to stay out of school for the past week; my papa has been sick with the pneumonia, but he is better now. I have two little sisters and two big brothers. I attend Baptist Sunday School. I will not take any more of your space this time, and hoping the dear little paper a long life, Your friend,

NELLIE HOWLAND.

[Dear Nellie, don't you know life is as long as eternity?— Ed.]

KANSAS CITY, Mo.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - I thought you would be glad to hear of my experience; so I will tell you through WEE WISDOM. Last summer I went to grandpa's house in the country, and there I found an orchard of apples, so I thought I would climb a tree, and the limb broke and let me fall, cutting a long gash in my head. When I found I had a wound I held the flesh together and ran to the house. Mamma said, "Now, Hubert, say your Truth words, 'God is my help in every need.'" I was taken to a surgeon, and had my wound sewed up, and it did n't hurt. The doctor said it usually took two or three to hold a child in such a case. I was asked how I could stand it so well. I said, "I kept saying our prayer." I am a reader of WEE WISDOM. We think it is the dearest little paper that ever entered our home, it is so full of good things. Yours in love,

HUBERT SCOTT.

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LEASANT , NOTTH HANDIN , LEASANT

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I have just received the March number of the paper and I am so glad I can take it, and I want to know about the cards spoken of in the letters, and how much they are,

for I think I would like one. I am seven years old. And I always lived in New Hampshire, which is my real home, now I am in North Hampton. I had a dog named Nibo, and my cat her name is Snogo.

Your loving friend,
REX MADDEN.

[The cards are given to little writers for WER WISDOM, and are Truth cards — ED.]

Jt Jt Jt

St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR WEE WISDOM —I thought I would write a letter to you to let you know that we still like your little paper very much. This is the first time I have written to you. I was eight years young last September. I go to school every day. We often write little stories, so I thought I would write a story about a Raindrop. From your little friend,

CLARA BEHLE.

MT. IDA, ARK.

EDITOR WEE WISDOM—I have a little friend who sent me a copy of your paper, and I like it so well I want you to send it to me for one year. Inclosed find fifty cents. Please send the paper to my address. Yours truly, REA HOWELL.

A A 1

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR WEES—I thought I would write a few lines, for I like the WEE WISDOM, and did not write since Thanksgiving. I will write about the Raindrop. I am twelve years old.

Yours Respectfully, ALBERT SHAFFER.

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MAYVILLE, WIS.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I thought I would write you a letter, because I am sick and have nothing else to do. I like this dear little paper very much. We have a very pretty lawn and flowers in summer time. I cannot tell you which story I like best, because they are all very nice. I have a Maltese kitten. I have a little brother who was ten months old the 28th of February, his name is Byron; he was named after my papa. I am nine years old. I have a sister whose name is Elsa, she is seven years old. Give my love to the Wees. I am your friend, Adele Barwig.

George Farguhar has sent some photos of his cunning kitties, "Punch" and "Judy," which we will all enjoy next month.

How many will bring in a new subscriber for WEE WISDOM next month?



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.

Thanksgiving Word—"I THANK THEE,
FATHER, THAT THOU HAST HEARD ME,
AND I KNOW THOU HEAREST ME
ALWAYS,"

Class Word — "THY WAYS (CHRIST'S WAYS) ARE WAYS OF PLEASANTNESS, AND ALL THY PATHS ARE PEACE."

Jewel Word — I AM PEACE.

Verse Word —

TODAY'S FURROW.

Sow the shining seeds of service
In the furrow of each day.
Plant each one with serious purpose,
In a hopeful, tender way.

Never lose one seed, nor cast it Wrongly with a hurried hand; Take full time to lay it wisely Where and how thy God hath plan'd.

Thus the blessed way of sharing
With another soul your gains,
Which though losing life, you find it
Yielding fruit on golden plains.

For the soul which sows its blessings, Great or small, in word or smile, Gathers as the Master promised, Either here or after 'while.

-I. M. C.

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

UNCLE JOHN'S COLUMN.

I've introduced little 3-minute sand glasses into our Kindergarten of God. The children like them very much. They are taught that the sand glass as a symbol of Time is but a punctuation mark in the eternal Now. The red sand in action suggests the blood in circulation which is an emblem of Life. Each grain of sand is like a thought-seed. It must be sown (become active) in order to express Life, Intelligence and Power.

The way we use the sand glass is as follows. The children form a circle, (three to five in a group), glass elevated on box or table on a line with the eye so that they can concentrate their whole attention on the action of the stream of falling sand as it flows from the upper globe of the glass into the lower one. They are given little colored sticks, or seeds of some kind (corn or bean or pea seeds are good counters) of which they hold about a dozen in their right These seeds are to be used as hand. counters to keep tally of the number of times the mind wanders. We are now ready for the game. With eyes concentrated upon the falling sand (which has been made active by reversing the glass), we now hold the thought "LIFE" in mind. Each time our mind wanders from the thought "Life," or our eyes from the falling sand, we drop a seed from the right hand into the left.

After all the sand has fallen into the lower globe of the glass (it takes just three minutes), we then count the number of seeds that the left hand contains, and the one having the least number wins the game. A great deal of fun is created by each child trying to recall a description of each particular wandering thought. With a little practice every wandering thought can be brought into subjection to our words of Truth. This game is a great favorite with the children and they readily group the idea of how to express (make active, alive) Love, Wisdom and Power in their heaven (thoughts) and the earth (body). "Ye are of God, little children; greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world."

-1. M. C.

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM



DEAR Wisdoms. You have done well this month. You have literally, as Uncle John would tell it, "tumbled over each other" in your effort to

serve WEE WISDOM. Why! just look at our letter list! No wonder Ye Editor smiles all over. Beside Lucy Ault's and Helen Lerch's stories, there are others waiting for need of room. "The Raindrop Stories" too are gathering into quite a shower. It looks as if we'd have to get out a "Raindrop" number for May. Who'll furnish more "Raindrops"? You will remember a prize of a child's book is offered for the best Raindrop story. We will leave the offer open till the middle of April. Don't you think it would be a real interesting subject for you to think about thoroughly before you attempt to tell it on paper?

Why! when you begin to make the acquaintance of the little Raindrop, you will find it one of the greatest travelers and the most wonderful sight-seers, and you can't find a greater historian, or a sweeter friend to everything living. So you have creation, poetry, romance, beauty, service—everything that can inspire you to your best thought and effort in our little Raindrop.

It's a wonderfully interesting game, this game of thought. Take any little thing that seems small or common and begin to think about it, and you will find the open door to fairy-land, for, oh! there's such wonderful things come to us when we begin to think. Just now, looking out at the beauty spots splashed over the green lawn, I find not only the marvel of color, but of shape and

shade, and texture in these little crops of blossoms out there. then comes up the how, and the why, and the where. And there is no answer on the outside. I must get in where the thinker in me comes in touch with the great Thinker of it all; and the artist in me comes into the great Heart of the Designer of All! And the mind in me comes into the Mind that clothes in beauty this wonderful blossoming April. And then? Oh, then, I become so dissolved in the processes of the Invisible Doer that I am lost in my effort to describe through tongue or pen this beauty that is Infinite expression. Well, dearies, you know, down in there where you live and stir with the thrill and pulse of the One Mind and Heart of it all, that's the place where we want to spend more of our time; that's the Kingdom of the Knower.

3

Speaking about Spring blossoms, Tessie and Marion and Clara and Gurney are all full of joy because into their homes have come the blossoms of new baby life. Three sweet little brothers and one little sister have dropped into sweet, petaled life to help bring out more love and unselfishness in these homes. With what gladness and swiftness they all run to minister to these new little helpless blossoms. And how they are all keeping minds and hearts pure and full of truth that Baby may have just the best little teachers and guides in the They, none of them, mean world. that Baby's ears shall ever hear a discordant sound, or Baby shall ever learn a word of error or complaint. Bless these dear brothers and sisters, and bless all the dear brothers and sisters, and let us all try this sweet thoughtful way, for is there not in every heart the sweet Christ-child that we would shield from discord and wrong belief?



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MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor,



"The Story of Three Boys," began last month, got crowded out of this issue. This comes pretty near being a Children's number. How does that suit you?

So far the competitors for "The Raindrop Story" are Elsie Bischoff, Lemp, Idaho, Ida E. Shanz, Freeburg, Ill., Juliet Luck, Hanover, Va., Mamie and Albert Shaffer, Philadelphia, Pa., Clara Behle, St. Louis, Mo. We will leave this "Story of a Raindrop" open for competition another month. A child's book is offered as a prize for the best child's story about a raindrop.

The offer of Truth cards to little letter writers will be withdrawn after May.

Please take notice. It takes more time and pains than Ye Editor has to give in that way. All who write for WEE WISDOM will receive one extra copy, and I'm sure that with the joy of reading your very own composition in print will be reward enough.

How loving and thoughtful of George to send the dollar of his own earning to make sunshine for some shady spot. As he has left it to the best judgment of Ye Editor as to how to get the most sunshine out of his offering, she has given it careful thought and has decided that she will stretch it so as to cover four WEE WISDOM subscriptions, and send them to make 12 months of sunshine in four families where health and joy and prosperity are blessings yet to be brought forth. What say you, George? Don't you think we can bring forth a crop of this kind in four home gardens by sending our little seed sower, WEE Wisdom, and the sunshine of our love? We will begin in these two homes in Pattonsburg, Mo. (See letters of the two girls in Sunshine Corner.) others of you have books or nice things you would like to send to those little girls to make them happy, you can do so - you can send them direct, or to Mrs. J. J. Hardin, Pattonsburg, Mo. Whatever you send, it is the love and good will that counts and blesses.

"Who gives himself with his gifts feeds three— Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me," (the Christ).

WEE WISDOM will be furnished in quantities to Sunday Schools at the following rates:

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

LILY'S FRECKLES.

LUCY AULT.

ILY was a little girl only seven years old. Her eyes were blue, her hair was yellow, and she had a pretty little nose and mouth. But one thing troubled Lily. Her name being what it was, she wanted her skin to be white. And instead, it was covered with brown freckles. One day when she looked in the mirror and saw her spotted face she commenced crying.

"Oh, I think I'd do anything if they'd

go away," she sobbed.

"Would you like to know what to do?" said a soft voice. And, looking into the mirror again, Lily saw a tiny lady smiling at her.

"Oh, yes, please tell me what to do,'

Lily said eagerly.

"Well, Lily, each time you do a good deed I'll take away a freckle," said the lady, and she vanished.

Lily thought she must be dreaming. How could the lady vanish so quickly, and who was she? Lily kept asking herself these questions.

"Well, at any rate, I'll try doing a good deed," she said, and after singling out a freckle on the tip of her nose that she wanted removed, she went into the next room and hushed her little sister, who was crying. Then she rocked the little one to sleep. As she ran back to the mirror she kept saying to herself, "Oh, if it has gone I'll be so glad, so glad."

My! how glad and happy she was, for the freckle had really gone away. She hurried in to tell her mother who smiled and said she was very glad the freckle had gone.

"Oh, mother, tell me something good to do, quick, so they'll all go away," cried Lily.

"Do anything you think would help

some one, Lily," her mother answered.

Away ran Lily to dust the sitting room, and then to surprise her brother by filling his chip basket so it would be ready to carry to the house when evening came. I cannot tell you all the good deeds Lily did, but before the week had passed more than half the freckles had gone.

But one day she awoke feeling cross. "Sister," said her brother, "please

help me lift this heavy basket."

"No, I shall not," said Lily, "you are big enough to lift it by yourself."

As she said this she felt a spot on the tip of her nose burning.

"Oh-o-o," she cried, rushing to the looking-glass, "what is the matter with my nose?"

And then she saw what it was. Another freckle had come on her nose. "It must have come because I was cross to brother," she thought, and then, turning to him, she said, "Yes, brother, I'll help you lift the basket," and then the freckle disappeard.

Well, after a week or so of kind deeds, Lily's freckles disappeared, and her skin was white and clear. She thanked the lady in the looking glass for telling her the remedy.

Suppose you try it.

Dear Wee Wisdoms, this is a story that mother "made up" and told us a long time ago. I thought I would write it for you, and if you like it you may publish it. Here is a pillow verse:

As morning sun doth drive away the dew, God drives away all thoughts untrue.

"There's a knowing little proverb
From the sunny land of Spain;
But in Northland as in Southland
Is its meaning clear and plain.
Lock it up within your heart;
Neither lose nor lend it:
"Two it takes to make a qurrrel;
One can always end it.""

Vol.