

WEE WISDOM.

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



Copyrighted by E. A. Filleau. K.C. Mo. 1901.



This is a picture of "Aunt Mary's" Sunshine Circle in Alameda, California. The children are standing in the garden belonging to the house where Aunt Mary

lives. One day last summer Hazel's uncle came with his kodak, and said, "Wouldn't you all like to have your picture taken?" We were all delighted to run out into the sunshine and have Mr. W. take our pictures.



The children in the photograph are: Gladys Maillot (with spectacles on her nose), Nona McLellan, the tall one, Edna Hickok, showing only her eyes, Dorothy Kuchel, Myrtle, Elsie, and Marion Terry, Lucie Altona with the white bow in her fair hair, Hazel Wheelock, with the laughing black eyes, and another little Dorothy—ten little girls altogether. They are all wishing you a happy summer and many joyous days.—AUNT MARY DE WITT.

You can never tell when you do an act
Just what the result will be;
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,
Though its harvest you may not see;
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
In God's productive soil;
Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow
And shelter the brows that toil.

You can never tell what your thoughts will do
In bringing you hate or love;
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier dove;
They follow the law of the Universe—
Each thing must create its kind;
And they speed o'er the track to bring you back
Whatever went out of your mind.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



Uncle Noble's Rainbow Rose.

MARY BREWERTON DEWITT.

CHAPTER XI.

PANSY WALKS.

"**M**RS. LOVE is coming over," said Pansy. "I heard mamma ask her to stay with us this afternoon."

"Oh, here she comes now," said Rose, who was standing near the window.

"I want to see," and Pansy hitched herself across the room by means of the furniture.

"I think you ought to walk alone by this time," said Rose.

"I believe I could if mamma would n't watch me so close, but she is so afraid for me, and says I may get worse, trying so hard."

At this moment Mrs. Love entered the room.

"So mamma has gone out," said she, beginning to take off her gloves, "and you're left to my care."

"Oh, you did n't bring Frank," said Pansy in a disappointed tone.

"No, I left him with his grandma, and I'm going to stay with you while mamma has a chance to do some shopping."

"Mamma would n't leave me alone with Rose, for fear I'd fall," said Pansy.

"Well, dear, when mamma comes home I think I'll have to have a little talk with her about you," said Mrs. Love gently.

"Then you think I can walk all right?" cried Pansy eagerly.

"Yes, I certainly do. I believe God has healed you, and all you need now is confidence in yourself, that is faith."

"I believe Pansy could walk across the room without falling while you are here, Mrs. Love," cried Rose.

"Yes, Rose, and if Pansy would like to try I will arrange the room so that nothing shall stand in her way."

"O Mrs. Love," and Pansy's eyes glistened, "I should so love to, then I can surprise mamma when she comes."

"Listen, dear, don't get excited, but step quietly without haste, and you can surely do it. Rose, you stand here and I will be at this end. Now Pansy, you may come—slowly—there! Look at me, not at your feet."

Mrs. Love's tones were so calm and sweet, filled with so much encouragement that Pansy had performed the feat almost unconsciously, and stood by her side glowing with happiness.

"Well done, indeed, little girl; now rest and then try it again."

After three times across the room Pansy's faith and confidence in herself had grown and she was eager for her mother's return in order to show her new accomplishment.

"Oh, I am so happy," cried Rose, clapping her hands, "how good it is to see Pansy walking so steadily. I kept saying, 'God helps you, God helps you, and makes it easy for you, Pansy.'"

"And my ankles feel strong now," added Pansy.

"Yes, God has healed you, and we all have much to be thankful for," said Mrs. Love fervently. "We will tell your mamma when she comes in."

"I will walk to the door and surprise her," said Pansy.

A few days later Rose wrote to Prudence, and here are her words:

MY DEAR PRUDENCE — We are all so happy and thankful to God, for dear Pansy is truly healed, and her mother sees it now, and is no longer afraid. But there, I must begin and tell you how Pansy surprised Mrs. Bright. Of course Mrs. Love was here. You know she has been so kind, and helped a great deal in the healing. She talked with Mrs. Bright a long time and told her it was very wrong in her to be so afraid for Pansy, that God was taking care of her child and leading her and making her want to walk, and that she must not have any more fear.

That was when Mrs. Bright had come home and taken off her things, and put all her bundles away. Pansy and I were on the floor making a scrap-book. You see we had planned what we should do. At first Pansy wanted to meet her mother at the door, but Mrs. Love said no, that would only worry Mrs. Bright, that she would talk with her first, so as to help her out of that fear that was keeping Pansy from walking sooner.

As I said, we were on the floor when Mrs. Love called Pansy's mother to the further end of the room to look at something. Then she said very quietly so that Mrs. Bright should not be startled at all, "Mrs. Bright, Pansy is coming over here to see us; come, Pansy," and Pansy walked steadily to her mother. Of course Mrs. Bright was happy, and thanked Mrs. Love for "opening her eyes," as she said. Then Mrs. Love said, "Your child is healed, let us give God the praise, for He is all-wise and loving." Well, Prudence, we've all been delighted ever since, and Pansy is to do everything I do even to going in swimming. We've already had one lovely day together on the beach, since she's been well and could run and enjoy it.

But now the Brights' are coming back to their

city home, and Uncle and I are coming home, so I'll see you very soon. Pansy wants me to thank you for your kind thoughts for her, and sends her love. Good bye until I see you. Ever your loving friend,
ROSE.

There was great rejoicing at supper time when Mr. Bright and Mr. Comfort came in. Pansy walked into her papa's arms much to his delight.

"We'll all go home together next week," said Mr. Bright. "I think the change of air didn't do much for you, Pansy, but this little Rose did. Why, Rose seems quite like my little girl too," said he, drawing Rose toward him.

"I expect it was change of thought that helped," said Uncle Noble.

"Yes, we have all been thinking more of our blessings," said Mrs. Bright, "and Mrs. Love has shown me how good God is. I begin to feel I have not trusted Him enough before."

"What is the verse in your book for today, Rose?" asked Uncle Noble.

"I'll bring it," and Rose ran into the next room soon, returning with the book her teacher had given her at school.

"Yesterday's verse was, 'God is the giver of all good,' and for today it says, 'Let us be truly thankful, for many are our blessings.'"

"That is quite the thing for today," said Mrs. Bright. "When we return to the city Mr. Comfort will let Rose visit us I hope," she added.

"Thank you, that is very kind, and I see by Rose's expression that she will be pleased to do so, but we must ask the grandma first."

"Oh, I'd love to have Rose," cried Pansy.

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Bright, "and Rose has been a kind, thoughtful little girl to our Pansy."

"I only planted a seed in my garden," said Rose modestly.

"You see," explained Mr. Comfort, "we are all trying to do good with our

thoughts, and make our garden upon earth fair and beautiful with love and kindness."

"We'll all try and plant seeds in this beautiful garden," said Mrs. Bright as she kissed Rose.

* * * *

Uncle Noble's Rose returned to bloom in his garden, sowing seed and doing kindnesses, while little Pansy's face grew brighter every day in her own happy home, and in her heart the seeds of love and gratitude grew so that she remembered ever to help and think of those about her.

And now farewell, dear friends, and may you all live and thrive in the Garden of Love.

[The End.]

WILLING SERVICE.

I keep six honest serving men,
 (They taught me all I knew)
 Their names are What and Where and When,
 And How and Why and Who.
 I send them over land and sea,
 I send them east and west;
 But after they have worked for me,
 I give them all a rest.

I let them rest from nine till five,
 For I am busy then,
 As well as breakfast, lunch and tea,
 For they are hungry men.
 But different folks have different views;
 I know a person small—
 She keeps ten million serving-men,
 Who get no rest at all!
 She sends them abroad on her own affairs,
 From the second she opens her eyes—
 One million Hows, two million Wheres,
 And seven million Whys!

—RUDYARD KIPLING, in *Just-so-Stories for Little Children*.

CLARA'S VERSE.

To do to others as I would
 That they should do me,
 Will make me honest, kind and good,
 As children ought to be.

THE GIANT AND THE CHILD.

LYDIA BELL.



SEE THE sun shining on the roof! Some little patches of snow were there, and the sun melts them a little; but in the shadow down by the eaves Jack Frost is playing. He catches the drops one by one and gathers them into a long pointed stick.

Yes, an icicle; now there are dozens of them hanging straight down in sharp pointed crystals, clear and pure. Jack Frost has been having a good time, and tomorrow maybe the sun will have a little game with Jack and steal them all back again. One has to have his eyes and ears open to see the games that are played by the little people of the sun, the air and the water.

Now we will use this icicle as a pointer to point a story. Once in a land not far away was a very large cave, it was as dark as midnight, but something lived in it; that something was a great Giant, and he was not at all beautiful nor nice—he was a hideous monster. He never walked about in the day-time but always walked at night, and people were glad of that, for no one wanted to meet him. People did not like to come near that cave if they could avoid it. Some said he was of a green color, and had scales like a fish and tusks like a pig, but no one really knew.

Now, in this same country where the Giant's cave was there was a wonderful Child. He was a Boy, but was gentle and beautiful as a girl. His voice was like music and his eyes as brilliant as diamonds. His hair shone in the sun like gold. He was kind to every one. Wherever he came things were made cheerful and bright, people felt happy and kind. Some said they saw a bright light shining from his breast, and others

declared they saw a star above his head as he walked; but he never seemed to think he was anybody. In some way (nearly every one knew about it and so perhaps some one told him) he came to know about the Giant and the cave, so he began to walk that way. Every one else was afraid of the monster, but he was not afraid. After a time by passing the place so often he made a clear path right close to the cave.

Now when the Giant came out by night he walked in that path and it was so smooth and pleasant that he went farther than usual; each day he went a little farther until it was almost daylight and then he met the Boy. It was like the icicles in the sun. The monster crept back into the cave, but he was not more than half as big as he was when he came out. All he had to eat in the cave were fears and follies and they made him big, but they melted in the presence of the Beautiful One, and so the hideous thing began to pine away and finally was gone entirely.

Those who told me this story say that this land where the Giant and the Child live is not really any land at all; but that this is a picture of what is in every one's heart. The dark and dismal cave with the monster in it is all our selfishness, and the beautiful Child with the light shining in him is what everyone really and truly is. Everyone? Yes, the good and the bad, the white and the black, everybody. The sun melts the icicle, and the Beautiful, the Pure and the True One takes all of our differences and pains, our sorrows and our fears, away. This is really true. That Beautiful One can come and live with us. He is the Christ. If we follow in His path, we shall meet Him. He has said, "My ways are ways of pleasantness, and all my paths are peace." It is lovely to think about Him, and every time we do

so we are on His path. When we have Him in our thought, bad thoughts pass away. Every kind act and helpful act is on His path. Every pleasant word of helpfulness and sympathy is on His path. Every thought of love and kindness is on His path; and so the monster melts away.

IT'S GOING TO RAIN.

JESSIE JULIET KNOX.

How do I know it is going to rain, when the sky
as yet is fair?

The way I tell is by the curls in my baby's
sunny hair.

When they creep and cling about her brow like
the tendrils of a vine,

You may search the sky for a little cloud, you
may hear the wind in the pine.

And so the angels whisper to me as we look thro'
the window pane,

And I tell baby, and baby tells me, just when
it is going to rain.

THE STORY OF THREE BOYS.

BY PAPA HARRY.

CHAPTER II.



HEN seven of the most beautiful porcelain white eggs were removed, and lastly a nest built entirely of fish-bones.

The nest was placed back with the eggs in it and the hole was all nicely fixed, and Mrs. Kingfisher lost no time in getting back to her household work.

Farther down the little creek a large sized "swimming hole" was found, and the boys shed their artificial skins and "went in." They had a fine time swimming around, and then they climbed out and coated themselves all over with nice mud. They drew poor pictures and queer lines on themselves, and colored these pictures and lines with red poke juice and played they were South Sea savages, running around the woods,

war-whooping and throwing spears and rocks at each other. Old June became excited at the fun and joined the savages, running after first one and then the other. Not finding any clothes to catch hold of as usual, she grabbed hold of their bare skins. This made the war feel too real, so they stopped and built a fire and put in some potatoes they had to bake. Then they went along the creek and turned over the stones near the edges and caught a large number of crawfish and a few frogs. These were soon cooking over the fire. When dinner was ready these little savages became real cannibals, devouring the luckless crawfish and frogs, together with potatoes, as though they had been without food for days. The potatoes were all charred and black, and the boys' hands and faces mud-coated, but for this the dinner tasted the better. June wanted to stay close by while they ate, but as the bushy-tailed animal's card that she still carried could be read a long distance, she was driven away, much to her surprise and disgust.

Some hogs came along and concluded that their clothes were good to eat, and the boys had some trouble arguing the hogs out of the notion.

After this dinner they washed off (some of) the mud and dressed, and then Harry knew what made the hogs so anxious to dine on their clothes—Mr. Blacksnake was still in his coat. An Oriole's nest was seen on a little branch high up in a tree. Harry and Leo were expert climbers, but Bert could climb about as well as a hippopotamus. As this nest was in too difficult a place for either Leo or Harry to reach, these bright monkeys began to brag about the great climbing abilities of Bert, and Bert under the stimulus of pride, actually accomplished the climb and found a nest of young Orioles. To the great

relief of the parents the baby Orioles were left in the nest.

Finding a tree with a nice round hole up in it, the boys beat on it with clubs, and out ran three of the prettiest little fairy-like animals imaginable. Flying squirrels they are called. Running up to the top of the tree they jumped off, coming down like large soft leaves. They did not alight, but turned upward and faded away like true fairies. Of course the boys knew that they had just formed a half-circle in the air from one tree to another, but June was much puzzled as she ran to pick up each one and found it missing.

The good old Sun was now going home for supper, so the boys concluded to do likewise. On the road home they examined a Pewee's nest under a bridge, chased a Chipmunk, threw rocks at an Owl, and took some Cowbird's eggs out of a Brown Thrasher's nest, which greatly pleased Mrs. Brown Thrasher. Arriving home the snake was placed in a barrel with a lot of other snakes to later get loose and amuse himself by frightening Harry's mother and sister. Just why women act so funny about a snake always puzzled Harry, but he concluded they were "just built that way."

SEQUEL TO "THE VERY LATEST,"*

"What is this about our Margaret,
And our Margaret's baby brother?"
Somebody asked of somebody else,
And somebody else of another.

Why! Margaret phon'd the "*Storks*" to bring
Her in March a baby brother;
"The '*Storks*' phon'd back," so Margaret said,
"That they had n't on hand another."

So Margaret waited a long, long while,
Afraid the "*Storks*" had missed her.
They came in April. And what do you think!
They brought her a baby sister!

* See March WEE WISDOM.

Wee Wisdom



MERRIMAC, ILLS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter I wrote to you. I like the little paper very much. We have a little brother. His name is Emile. I am going to school. I am in the third grade. I am 9 years old. We have a little pet dog. His name is Uno. He meets us every evening when we come from school; he jumps and runs after us. I will write a little verse here.

If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done;
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well or not at all.

Yours truly, OSCAR A. SCHELLHARDT.



BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Mamma and I want you another year, we enjoy you so much. We want the January and February numbers as we do not want to miss any of the dear little papers. We



"Punch."

have written the Pillow Verses in a little book. I know a great many by heart, and I nearly always say one before I go to sleep. I am eight

years old and am in the third grade at school. I love to go to school, and to learn to play the piano. I have a dicky bird who sits on our shoulders and eats off of our tongues, and I have



"Punch" and his sister "Judy."

a beautiful kitty whose name is Punch; he jumps over a cane, shakes hands and begs. I will send a picture of him, and fifty cents for WEE WISDOM.

Yours truly,

GEORGE NORMAN FARGUHAR.



CUPERTINO, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thank you very much for the pretty picture you sent me. When I received the extra paper I sent one to grandfather on his birthday. I have loaned WEE WISDOM to a little girl named Edna Johnson; she liked it so much I thought I would enclose twenty-five cents for six months. Her address is, Edna Johnson, Cupertino, Cal.

Your loving friend,

RUTH R. STEVENS.



EMMA, TEX.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—As I have been the happy recipient of your good little paper now for two years through the kindness of dear friends I like the paper so much I have decided to subscribe for it this year myself, as I am not willing to give it up. I am twelve years old. Myself and sisters enjoy the paper very much. Enclosed find fifty cents in postage stamps to pay for the little paper one year.

Your little friend,

GRACE MAY ASKINS.



RATON, NEW MEX.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write a few lines. I enjoy reading you very much. I

am twelve. This is my first letter to you. I look forward to get you every month. I will write a story for WEE WISDOM. If you like it you can put it in the paper. Well, I will close to write my story now. Please excuse writing.

Yours truly, MAURINE RUFFNER.



CORINA, ME.

DEAR EDITOR — I thank you very much for the Truth cards. I have learned the verses on the printed one and now I will learn the other. I send you my story of the Raindrop, and shall be glad if I may have a book. Yours lovingly,

CYNTHIA KNOWLES.



DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is the first time I have written you. I love the little paper very much, and I am very glad to get it. I have a little water-spaniel dog. His name is Prince. I would like a card if you have one to spare. I have written a story about the Raindrop. Well, I will close for this time, with lots of love.

Your true friend, GEORGIE MAY McCRONE.



NAPOLEON, IND.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I received your Truth cards you sent me, and was very glad to get them from you. "Uncle Noble's Rainbow Rose" is a very interesting story. I go to school, I am in fifth year. I study Reading, Arithmetic, Geography, Language and Spelling. My school will soon be out. I have a dog, three cats and a bird; they are all well and healthy.

Your true friend, ARVILLA ARNOLD.



CRESTON, IOWA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am eleven years old. I take the dear little paper and I like it very much. I like to read the letters in it. I think the story about Uncle Noble and Rose is very nice. I have a little baby brother, he is not quite a year old, and his name is Sydney Flower. We have a Jersey cow and she has the sweetest little calf. We live in the country. Mamma and I have turkeys and chickens and ducks. Please send me a Truth card.

Your loving friend, GRACE ECKERT.



GRAND SALINE, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — This is April Fool's day. Have you fooled any one? Alma and I have. We told mother and father that the chickens were out of the yard. They started out

on the run to chase them back, and when they were out in the yard Alma and I called out "April Fool!" The woods are so green and pretty. We go down there for violets quite often. We have a bed of very pretty ferns now, but in summer I think it will be too hot for them. I have written a Raindrop story which I will send.

Yours in truth, LUCY AULT,

Age 14.



CRESTON, IOWA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am eight years old. We have a cat and her name is Juliet, and she has three little kittens. The color of one is blue like its mother, and one is black and white, and one is blue and white and yellow. My sister Grace takes WEE WISDOM, and I like to read it very much. Yours truly, J. HAROLD ECKERT.



EAST OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I received your Truth card and thank you very much. I wish to follow these words:

"If you want to meet a smile,
Take one with you all the while.
If you want the good to grow,
Watch the little words you sow."

The little prayer you sent me, my sister and I have been saying for two years. You wish to have the children write something about the Raindrop. The raindrop helps the flowers to grow, and makes the grass green. It makes the ground soft and good to plant flowers. Yours truly,

GRACE SETZER.



AVON, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I thought I would write you a letter. I go to school and like my teacher very much. I am in the Second Reader. I like the story of "Uncle Noble's Rainbow Rose" very much. I have three sisters. My sisters' names are Camille, Kathleen and Irene. Irene is the baby. She has two dolls and one dog.

I will close with love. Your friend,

GRACE D. STUMP.



CLARENCE, IOWA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Since there are so many little letters written to you I will write one too. I am 9 years young, and mamma got me "Wee Wisdom's Way" for my birthday last fall. I like it so much. I have three brothers; their names are Fred, Arnold and Elmore. We will all go to school. I am in the Fourth Reader. With love I will close. VIOLA RUTHER.

P. S. — I would so much like to have a Truth card if you still have them. Good bye, V. R.

Wee Wisdom

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — We have no little "Wees" in our home, but we write you to come to us for another year. Many thanks for the beautiful Truth card you sent me. Sincerely yours,

LOUISE MUHLHAUSEN.



GALVA, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — My sister Helen is writing a story about a Raindrop, so I thought I would slip in a letter to you with her story. I was going to write a story about a Raindrop, but Helen was thinking of doing the same, so I dropped out because we are in the same family. I like to go to school and will be glad when Spring vacation is over although I like to be out-doors. My little sister Minnie calls the little paper hers, whenever



I bring it home from the postoffice. I love to read the little paper. I expect Minnie will love to read it when she is big enough to read. I will send a picture of us four girls. It is n't very good and perhaps you can't put it in the paper. That is n't why I sent it, but so you could see how some of the Wees look. With love to all, both great and small,

LOUISE T. KLINE.

CHURCH'S FERRY, N. D.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I will write you a letter. I have five brothers and one sister. There are five children live in another room, so there are thirteen in all. We have a pet colt. I will send a verse.

Kind hearts are the gardens;
Kind thoughts are the roots;
Kind words are the flowers;
Kind deeds are the truth.

MINNIE WITHERS.



FREWSBURG, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I like the little magazine very much. Mrs. Bannister sent it to me for a Christmas present. Once I had a white kitten but it died. After that I had a Maltese kitten. I will tell you how I got it. It came to some neighbors, and they went away and locked it out and it ran away. I found it on my way to school and left it with a lady to keep till I went home. I knew whose kitty it was, but they did not want it. So mamma said I could keep it. It grew to be a big cat. I am 8 years young, and I wrote this letter all alone. Yours truly, OLIVE FOX.



MCCUTCHEMILLE, OHIO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I will write you a few lines. I like the little paper very much. I like "Uncle Noble's Rainbow Rose," and "Sunshine Corner." I like to read the letters. I enclose a story I selected. I am ten years young. I have two sisters. I will close for this time. With love to all the Wees,

DONNA VON BLON.



MARENGO, IOWA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I thank you for the Truth card. The printed prayer is the one I've used for two years. I spoke one of the pillow verses at school. And I love "Uncle Noble's Rainbow Rose."

WANDA ELLS.



TRENTON, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have been taking your dear little paper for almost a year, and I enjoy reading it very much. I thought I would write, and if my letter is good enough I might see it in print. I have a dear little sister. She will be 3 years young May 6th. She is a cripple and has to walk with a wooden shoe. Her name is Louie Anna May Bell. There is going to be a little stove given away to the little girl who gets the most Trenton Hardware Co's advertisements. Louie is in the contest. She has a pigeon. Its name is Blue-Cob. We have six dear little calves and a colt. I go to school. Miss Compton is my

teacher. I am in the Fourth grade, B Class. I will close, hoping your dear little paper success.

I remain as ever, your loving friend,

LILLIE ELLEN BELL.



MERRIMAC, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thank you very much for that nice Truth card you sent me, and I like the card very much. I have four brothers and one sister. They like the paper too. I will write a little verse.

"The fisher who draws in his net too soon,
Won't have any fish to sell;
The child who shuts up his book too soon,
Won't learn any lesson well."

I will close with lots and lots of love.

Yours truly, ANNIE SCHELLHARDT.



GALVA, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have not written to you since last year. I dearly love the little paper. I am eleven years old and in the sixth and seventh grades. I have written a story about the Rain-drop, which I will send with this letter. I must close. Yours with love,

HELEN L. KLINE.



BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I think it is so lovely to send the dear little paper to those little girls and the other homes. I am so glad the pictures of Punch and Judy are going to be in. Thank you for the pretty cards you sent me.

With love, GEORGE NORMAN FARGUHAR.



ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS, N. J.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I send my kindest regards to you for sending me a Truth card (that is I think it is a Truth card, is it not?) It is a very sweet little card. I wish the paper would come every week, and if it came twice a week I would not care. (Would you little Wees?) I like the continued story of Uncle Noble's Rainbow Rose. I also liked the story you had in one of the papers about the horses a man owned. I read them to my brother and little cousin, as I think it helped them a good deal. I will close now. Your loving friend,

ELIZABETH SMITH.



SOMERVILLE, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I send 50 cents and want you to send WEE WISDOM to my cousin. Her name is Geraldine Hayden, and she lives in Whitman, Mass. Please send it by May 10, for that is her birthday. A lovely friend sends me the paper, and I can read it myself now. I like the pillow verses, and like the story about Rose best. I am 6 years young. With love,

CECELIA BULLARD.

[Your writing is like print, Cecelia.] You have done well for a six-yearer. We shall hope to hear from you again.]



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 SEED IS THE WORD
OF GOD.—*Jesus*.

Jewel Word—AS YOU SOW, SO SHALL YOU
REAP.

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

UNCLE JOHN'S COLUMN.

[We had a memory contest Sunday before last at the Unity School. I offered three prizes for the three best reports of the last meeting. Marion won first prize, Frances, second, and Elise, third. The prizes were pretty Easter pictures made up into passepartouts by myself. I enclose herewith Marion's report which explains itself. We are all full of Easter and its joys.—UNCLE JOHN.]

MARION'S PRIZE MEMORY REPORT OF
WHAT THEY DID IN MERCHANTVILLE
UNITY SCHOOL, MARCH 29TH.

March 29th was a beautiful, clear, sunshiny day, and who should hop in but Gertrude, Merriam and Baby Elizabeth Lanning. Baby Elizabeth is not quite so large as Annette Logan. Just before starting with the morning exercises in came our Little Sunshine, Annette. Elizabeth and Annette played

together with the Truth colored blocks and beads. After the roll call we sang the truth song, "God is Love." Uncle John then brought forth a medium-sized box about two-thirds full of dirt. Then he showed us some tomato seeds which he said he was going to plant in the box. He then carefully explained that our words were our seeds. "My words," the Christ words, "they are Spirit and they are Life," which we planted in our mind gardens. The seed did not die, but only changed its form, like the worm changing into a butterfly.

"Well," said Elise, "I found some tomato seeds last week and planted them in the garden. Do you think they all will come up?"

"A few may, but not all," said Uncle John. He then fully explained Christ's parable, "Behold a sower went forth to sow." The tomato seed that is left out in the damp cold ground, with no protection from the frost, is like one who intends to be loving and kind, but when the chance comes to overcome unkindness by kindness the clouds of discord shut out the sunshine of love, and we stumble and fall. The act of sowing may be one of love, but it must not be adulterated with ignorance if we expect to reap harmony.

"Do you think if I were to dig up my tomato seeds that I could plant them again in a box? because I do so want them to grow up," said Elise.

"Now that they have been exposed to the frost they had better stay where they are. Suppose we start and plant our seeds in this box," said Uncle John.

"You plant the first row, so we can see how to do it nicely," said Frances.

"Yes, do," said all the others in almost the same breath.

"Well, suppose while you plant the seeds we sing a song," said Marion. "Let us sing, 'A Little Thought is a

Little Seed.'" So while father planted his row we sang "A Little Thought is a Little Seed." The next row was divided in halves for Annette and Elizabeth, and while they planted their row we sang "As in the Flower Lives the Seed." The next row was divided in halves for Merriam and Gertrude, and while they planted their seeds we sang, "Kind Words, are Wonderful Little Seeds." Then there was just room for one more row which was divided into thirds for Elise, Frances and Marion, and while we planted our row we sang "Do you Look for Wrong and Evil?" After we finished planting the seeds, we sang "Open my Eyes," with the motions.

Then we started talking about Easter and the resurrection, and Marion said that she thought that the tomato seeds were very much like the resurrection, because the tomato seed, like the worm, changed into a tomato plant and did not die, only changed form. Then we talked more about it, then father gave us a beautiful talk about the resurrection, and from that we got to talking about conscience, and Marion told them what the Indian said about conscience. He said that conscience was a three-cornered thing inside of him, and when he started to do wrong the three-cornered thing would turn around and the edges would rub against him and hurt him. But after he had done wrong a good many times the edges would rub off, and not hurt him any more.

Uncle John said that that story was *ostrich* reasoning, and that conscience was like the beautiful sunshine, always radiating the Truth. The ostrich sticks his head in the sand and imagines that nobody can see him because he cannot see himself. After our little talk we had a story read by Uncle John called "Christ Out in the Boat at Sea." Then we closed by going into the silence, holding the Seed words, "*My ways are ways of pleasantness, and all my paths are peace.*"--MARION SLEATER.



BY A FRIEND OF THE CHILDREN.

LESSON V. MAY 3.

Paul Arrested. Acts 21:30-39.

GOLDEN TEXT—*If any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed.*—1. Peter 4:10.

From city to city, by land and by sea, among Jews and Gentiles, Paul had journeyed for twenty years doing his heavenly Father's business. He had been planting Truth seeds, and they had taken strong root and yielded an abundant harvest for his Lord and Master, Jesus Christ.

Dear **WEE WISDOM** readers, are you busy every day planting seeds of goodness, love and truth for the Christ-child? You are the garden; everyone, in your home, at school, everywhere is the garden; and the Gardener is God. He knows and makes grow every seed that is sown.

How well Paul knew what was best to do! Best for him? He did not think of his own welfare. His one thought was, what was best to do to let the Christ be known on the earth. He kept so close to God, dear readers, that he knew as well what his heavenly Father wished him to do as you do when your earthly father speaks to you.

For three years at Ephesus Paul had done the Master's work. He had made many friends there, and it was hard to leave, but he bade them farewell, and set his face toward Jerusalem. Thither he must go, though he and his friends knew how many enemies he had there. He said in the face of danger what all God's children learn to say, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

It was with great joy that he met his Christian friends in the Jewish capitol, and told them of the wonderful works God had wrought through the Christ. The Beautiful, the Good, and the True One had been made King in many hearts. Dear little friends, is every day a Palm Sunday for the Christ in your hearts?

Paul had not been many days in Jerusalem when his appearance in the temple created a great uproar among the Jews. Do you remember the uproar at Ephesus and what caused it? Often during Jesus' life did his words of Truth create a disturbance among his listeners. Evil, sin, hate, selfishness, wrong of any kind cannot hold its place of seeming power when goodness and truth assert their kingship. The tumult and confusion is the last effort of evil to keep its place, as it was in Ephesus and Jerusalem, as it is sometimes in your heart and mine, dear readers.

Very bitter against Paul, as against Jesus, had the Jewish priests become. Read in verses 30 and 31 what the people did when they found him in the temple. At the sound of the riot the Roman captain and his soldiers ran to the scene;

their arrest of Paul was really his rescue, for the Jews would have killed him. Chains and prison meant nothing to him.

You remember when he and Silas were in prison at Philippi, how they prayed and sang at midnight in that inner dungeon, how a great earthquake shook the foundations of the prison, how chains were loosed and doors were opened. What had he to fear with God on his side? What have you and I to fear, dear readers? Again and again did Christ say to his beloved followers, "Fear not."

On the prison stairs, the mob crying, "Away with him!" Paul turned to his countrymen, and in love and kindness, forgiving all, he spoke to them. In their Hebrew tongue he addressed them, and told them the story of his life and how he became a Christian.

LESSON VI. MAY 10.

The Plot against Paul.—Acts 23:12-22.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The Lord stood by him and said, Be of good cheer.*—Acts 23:11.

In the life of Jesus, dear readers, the very things that his enemies did to harm him established the more surely his kingdom. He did not care for robes and crown, palace and court, wealth and splendor, pomp and power, as kings of the earth do. His kingdom is the heart kingdom.

Let us study carefully Paul's experiences, and note how God used his enemies to further the cause of Truth. The morning after his arrest Paul was brought before the high priest and the chief captain for trial. The charges against him ended in a quarrel among his accusers, and the soldiers carried him off lest their fury should destroy him.

Night of the second day in prison. Blows and insults, three times rescued by the soldiers from the anger of the Jews, prison and chains. What trials the two days had brought him! Was he just a little discouraged or disheartened? Not a word to that effect. But now read the golden text. In the darkness of the dungeon a wonderful light shone, and Paul heard the sweet and comforting voice of his Lord, "Be of good cheer, Paul, for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome." It had been Paul's desire to teach the Truth at Rome, which at that time was the greatest city of the world. His wish was to be granted. His life was safe. One who was all love and wisdom and power was with him, and all things were working together for good. What peace, what joy, what strength must have come to him through the night!

Have you read the lesson? How the Jews must have feared and hated Paul! Evil always fears and hates the Truth. But how interesting to note how the plotters are undone. What a wonderful hand is God's hand! Are you letting it guide you day by day, little friends?

LESSON VII. MAY 17.

Paul Before Felix. Acts 24:10-16, 24, 26.

GOLDEN TEXT—*I will fear no evil for thou art with me.*—Psa. 23:4.

"All is not gold that glitters." Perhaps this is a familiar saying to some of you Wee Wisdoms. If not, learn it now, and you will find it true over and over again. There is a metal called "Fool's gold," and often and often have spade and pick been busy in the hands of the miner who supposed his fortune had been made. Have you read in your history how the early Virginians gathered a glittering dust from the river bed, and learned after their labors that it was worthless. There is a bright light in the grass on a summer's night. Only the glow of a worm. These things come to my mind, dear readers, as I think of the Jewish priests in their robes of white and gold.

Paul had been in the prison for five days when he was summoned to appear once more before Ananias, the high priest, and Felix, the governor. Read verses 1 to 9 and note their charges. The lesson today is his answer, simple and convincing. Paul's experiences are like those of the Godly-man in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. The following is taken from it: "Then the shepherds took the pilgrims to another place called Mount Innocence, and there they saw a man clothed all in white, and two men, Prejudice and Ill-will, continually casting dirt upon him. Now, behold, the dirt whatsoever they cast at him would in a little time fall off again and his garment would look as clear as if no dirt had been cast thereat. Then said the pilgrims, 'What means this?' The shepherds answered, 'This man is named Godly-man, and this garment is to show the innocency of his life. Now, those that throw dirt at him are such as hate his well-doing; but, as you see, the dirt will not stick upon his clothes; so it shall be with him that liveth innocently in the world. Whoever they be that would make such men dirty, they labor all in vain.'"

Two years in the prison at Cæsarea, but Paul's experience proved to himself and the world that "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." What do you think Paul did all this long time? He was growing richer every day. Can you guess how, dear reader?

Felix, the governor, had not forgotten the imprisoned preacher and teacher of the Christ. He sent for him that he and his wife might hear more of what he had to tell. The Bible tells us that Felix trembled, but he did what many people have done since, put off accepting Jesus' way to a more convenient season. Dear readers, have you ever looked on your Geography maps for the land of Bye-and-bye or Pretty Soon? When you find it, send me its location and name some of its products.

LESSON VIII. MAY 24.

Paul Before Agrippa. Acts 26:19-29.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day.*—Acts 26:22.

Christ had knocked at the door of Felix's heart many times. Once, twice, had he heard the knocking, but he had not opened to let the Master in.

He was removed shortly, and another and better

man, Festus, took his place, whereupon Paul's enemies, the Jewish priests, again tried to have him sent to them for trial. The governor refused their request, but some of them went to Cæsarea to accuse Paul before Festus as they had done before Felix.

Knowing how unjust and unfair they were Paul asked to be judged by Cæsar. This would take him to Rome where he wanted so much to go. Read all of the chapters 25 and 26 to get the connecting links. Today's lesson is part of Paul's address before King Agrippa. He tells again the story he never tires of telling, of the light that blinded him near Damascus, and the voice of his Lord and the Christ in his heart since then.

Picture the scene: A magnificent hall in an Oriental palace, King Agrippa and Queen Bernice crowned and in the splendor of royal robes, Governor Festus and his court, captains and soldiers in their glittering armor. While Paul is earnestly speaking Governor Festus calls him mad. How grandly Paul answered him. And what does King Agrippa say? Read it in verse 28. That little word "almost" is just missing the mark. It is not your word and mine, dear reader. Our word is Paul's word, "Altogether." Speak it often for yourself and for the world.

I am altogether Christ's. I am altogether the Father's child. My life is altogether in the hands of Divine Love and Wisdom. The Christ-child in me is altogether love and goodness and beauty and strength.

LESSON IX. MAY 31.

The Life-Giving Spirit. Rom. 8:1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT—*For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.*—Romans 8:14.

There is a city, a beautiful city, not far away. There are palaces and temples grand to behold. Travellers to that city behold from afar its glittering domes and shining pinnacles, and hasten their way toward it. But as they near the city they perceive that it is walled about, as are the cities of old, by a high and thick wall. The gates are closed, and how to gain entrance is now the question. From those without they learn that the ruler admits only those who can add to his pleasure and power. The people have little freedom, for all must give their time, their money, their all, should the king so desire. In his court is splendor and luxury—all that can delight the senses. But there are parts of that city that cannot be seen from the outside, where poverty and sickness, misery and want, meet one on every hand. But the king has given orders that all that is not pleasant to see or to hear be kept from him. "Who is this king?" I hear you ask. He is King Self, and his Queen is Selfishness.

For a long time the people submit and suffer in silence, but there comes a time when they can endure it no longer. They have heard of a King who will come and rule their city with love and wisdom. They send a message to him to come and take possession. When he arrives at the gate with his captains, Faith, Hope and Love, and his soldiers so true and so brave, there is a call

to arms within, but the abused subjects of the bad king and queen hear and heed not. The gates have been left unlocked, and at the word of command from their King the Christian soldiers enter. Seeing that they do not have the support of their people, the ruler and his few faithful attendants retire to the palace and there hold out against the besiegers' arrows of love as long as they can. But the surrender comes, and the new King takes the throne. There is joy in the city that day.

Would you know what the new King does for those in that city? They are all expectant, as are you, dear readers. The changes in a week are so many that a large book would not hold them all; in a month many, many more; in a year more than books could hold or tongue could tell. The new King wears a robe of spotless white, and his crown is a halo of light that only those who love him much can see. He does not remain in his palace, but goes about among the people. The sick he makes well by a touch of his blessed hand, or by speaking the word of Truth. The eyes of the blind are opened to behold the beauty of their King and his kingdom; the deaf are made to hear the music of his voice, the notes of birds and the song of wind and stream; the dumb are given voice to speak and sing the praise of their King; the lame to run and to leap for joy. In place of poverty, there is plenty; in place of heart-ache, there is joy. The prisons are opened, and chains are cast off; prison and city walls are razed to the ground, for there is no longer any need of them. No longer any slavery, but a devotion to ruler that cancels all thought of self. And among the new King's followers are two, their countenance so changed that it is forgotten they had ever been King Self and Queen Selfishness. The new King has given them new names, "Self-denial" and "Love," and more loyal subjects he does not know. From far and wide come to this beautiful city those who have heard of its wonderful government. And messengers are ever taking of its abundance wherever there is need.

Where is the City Beautiful? Who is this King of Glory?

BABY LOGIC.

She was ironing her doll's new gown,
Maid Marian, four years old,
With brow puckered down
In a painstaking frown
Under the tresses of gold.

'Twas Sunday, and nurse coming in,
Exclaimed in a tone of surprise,
"Don't you know it's a sin
Any work to begin
On the day that the Lord sanctifies?"

Then lifting her face like a rose,
Thus answered the wise little tot,
"Now don't you suppose
The good Lord he knows
This little iron ain't hot?"

—Elizabeth W. Bellamy.

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM

THERE'S so much doing in WEE WISDOM this month, only a little corner is left for our Sanctum talk, and such a lot to talk about too. Why! the way the Raindrop Stories have come pouring in is as refreshing to Ye Editor's soul as a shower in a drouth. And every body has done well, too. Ye Editor leaves it with the committee to choose. For the life of her she could n't make distinction. Every one of these stories are *best* to her, for she sees the loving effort put forth and appreciates it in a way that if it were in her *purse* to do so, she would send to every Raindrop competitor a pretty book. So all of our little writers can console themselves with the fact that to *one*, at least, they too are *prize* winners. It's been real helpful to make the effort; keep right on till your pen shall learn the trick of catching and holding the happy thoughts and the pretty fancies that come into your mind-world. It is our purpose now to give every Raindrop Story a place in WEE WISDOM. One number would n't hold them all so we will have little showers of them all through the summer. There are three or four of these stories the committee have selected to choose from. We will publish the prize story next month with others. Don't let it "set you up" or "set you down" if you do or do not get the prize. Ye Editor do n't think much of outside rewards anyway. The *genuine thing* is to do your best, and do it because you love to. That's what will bring you a glad welcome. Whatever you do or wherever you go, that's what'll bring out the fibre of the stuff you're made of. It's *in you* to do things, and so it gives you joy to do them.

"Remember well and bear in mind"
there are no more cards to be sent out,
but little writers will receive an extra
number containing their letters or
stories.



50 cents per year.

5 cents per copy

Foreign Subscription, 3 shillings per year.

Published monthly by

UNITY TRACT SOCIETY,
1315 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.
CHARLES E. PRATHER, Business Manager.

Entered at postoffice as second-class matter.

MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor.

May, 1903.

QUEEN O' THE MAY.

Mother Truth and Mother Goose

Together went a-Maying.

All the happy flowers of Spring

Joined in without delaying.

All the birds turned out to sing,

All the bees to humming,

Butterflies like flowers with wings,

In every hue were coming.

Little rivulets with joy

Swift and swifter running,

Spread to water-folk the news

Of the mother's coming.

Every thing with touch of life

Thrilled with new-felt pleasure;

Earth and heaven together drank

Their bowls of green and azure.

But Mother Goose look'd sadly 'round,

And Mother Truth looked longing,

For not a "human flower" was there

In all that happy thronging.

"Where are the children, Mother Goose?"

Cried Mother Truth; "You're wronging—

The earth and all that in it is

Are children's sweet belonging."

"I've summoned all," said Mother Goose,

"Alas! your invitations

Excluded all who ever hurt

The least of God's creations."

"Summons again!" commanded Truth,

"All hearts have love inlaying;

Bid all the children come and find

That Love's the Queen of Maying."

— M. F.

What a buzz of little correspondents this month. Of course it is n't because this was the last month for Card-giving. Everybody who loves WEE WISDOM would not let that hinder them from writing. Think of all the good bright things you can to say. There was such a beautiful letter in *The Life* last month, written by a little girl named Frances Mitchell. I thought I would ask Mr. Barton if we might copy it into WEE WISDOM this month, but we had so many letters of our own we had n't room for it. Maybe sometime we'll ask for it. Some of you may have read it already. She found so many beautiful things in her world to be thankful for. Her letter's a regular song of praise.

Names of competitors in the Raindrop story: Louise Bischoff, Ida E. Schanz, Minnie Shaffer, Albert Shaffer, Juliet Luck, Clara Behle, Hazel Baird, Georgia May McCrone, Helen Kline, Cynthia Knowles, Violetta Leeman, Lavernia Leeman, Lucy Ault, Ruth Darr. Competition open till May 15th.

Several of our little friends have sent in new subscriptions. It looks as if they were really working for WEE WISDOM's interest. That's a good way to prove your love for the little paper. Let's see how many can find a new home for WEE WISDOM to go to by her next birthday.

"Cousin Joe" has sent in a lovely story, and we have on hand quite a fund of little stories from little writers. They'll all find a place soon. Don't think they're overlooked.

Quite a number of little visitors are waiting for next month, among them Sweet Baby Cobbett and Helen Lerch's little sister.

Don't forget to read the beautiful Bible Lessons, and practice them.

Don't forget *you* can help make WEE WISDOM more interesting.