

Vol. 8.

KANSAS CITY, MO., APRIL, 1904.

No. 9.



GOOD CHEER.

BY HAZEL L. BAIRD.

In the little neighborhood where the Sterns family lived, it was often remarked what an exceedingly happy family they seemed to be, and how polite, congenial and well behaved the children appeared. The people did not understand that they were filled with the thoughts of love, for the children were all little Wees.

The Sterns family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Sterns, Frances Leone (as she was called on the family register, though no one ever applied that name to her elsewhere), Gaspard and Charles, the two smaller brothers, and the dear little baby sister Letitia.

They had a lovely home, not so much furnished with riches as with artistic taste. "Cheer," as Frances was called by all who knew her, was a child of lovely temperment; many wondered how it had been brought about, as when she was a small child she had been quarrelsome, ill-tempered and selfish. When she had been laid in the happy father's arms, a wee baby, they were without the knowledge that through love all is made perfect. But when the light dawned, Cheer became lovely in face and character. And from that time she was brought up in perfect wholeness of good. The boys were born

in it, and Cheer was taking it as her own part to awaken in baby a clear understanding. She would wheel her along in the go-cart on long walks and give her good thoughts all the way or carry her up and down and all over the house telling her of Love. The baby had never been sick, as some mothers think their babies must be, which is really only fearful thoughts imparted to them.

When Papa came home from the office his dressing gown, slippers and UNITY, with neatly cut pages, were awaiting him, or Cheer was ready to read to him or tell him of some conclusion she had come to on some point she had been thinking of, or to read to him some poetry she had just finished, for Cheer was a little poet. When he left in the morning Cheer had some beautiful flowers or a little buttonhole bouquet for him with a lovely thought to remain with him all day. No flowers thrived as those under Good Cheer's hands, for her thoughts were for others to enjoy; then anything Papa wanted Good Cheer seemed to know it first, and it was always done as near as she could do it. He would find his letters written for him if late, or the points for his debate at the club all prepared. And he said. I am sure it was every day,

(Concluded on page 8.)



Vol. VIII.

KANSAS CITY, MO., APRIL, 1904.

No. 9.

One Summer in Pacific Grove, or What Faith Did.

BY MARY BREWERTON DEWITT.

CHAPTER VIII.

FINDING A WAY.



velyn stood at their gate waiting for Mrs. Winn to come for her, as she had promised. Then she walked slowly back to the house and looked once

more at the time.

"It's fifteen minutes after eleven now, and she said eleven. Dear me, I can't bear to wait," she murmured disconsolately. "Well, maybe her clock's slower than ours," she added as she returned to her post.

Another fifteen minutes slipped by, and still no Mrs. Winn.

"Well, there's no use in crying," thought Evelyn, as she choked back a sob. "Mother and the boys are out on the beach, and they'll be hungry as bears when they come home; then mother'll have to get lunch, and none of them will want to wait until it is ready. I know what I'll do; I'll get it for them, and then, for once, mother can have a real restful time. pleased she'll be!" Evelyn smiled in anticipation of her mother's pleasure, and set to work. "There's nothing like being busy to keep one happy," she added, as she put the forks and spoons on the table.

Just as the kettle began to sing two

noisy boys burst into the kitchen with their mother walking more leisurely behind them.

"Why," shouted Harry, "did you go and come back already?"

"Why, dear child! You don't mean to say Mrs. Winn did not come at all?"



The old custom house in Monterey.

cried Mrs. Evans, laying down her hat. "Well, that's the way she always was as a child, so impulsive; and the next moment forgetting all about a thing."

"Never mind, mother; maybe she could n't come today. I don't mind," said Evelyn cheerfully.

"She ought to have come!" cried lack with vehemence.

"There, there, Jack, quiet! Mother's dear little girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Evans, looking about her, "if you haven't lunch ready and waiting, and all of us so hungry. Come, children, wash your hands and we'll sit right down, as soon as I make the tea. Evelyn, dear," she added following her little girl into the kitchen, and kissing her, "it was a noble thing for you to forget your disappointment, and think of mother's comfort. If you always take life this way, you'll never know any sorrow."

"I felt bad at first, but then I thought I'd go to work at something and forget it, for there's no use in crying over spilled milk," Evelyn replied, handing her mother the teapot. "Come, boys, lunch is ready," she called cheerfully, and the boys, as boys will, tumbled into their seats without ceremony. Mrs. Evans looked at them reprovingly. Lunch being over the two boys picked up their pails and started for the beach.

"Now, that the boys are off, I'd like to talk with you a little, Evelyn," said Mrs. Evans, as she put away the last dish and covered the table.

"What is it," asked Evelyn, as she noted the anxious look on her mother's face.

"Come on the porch and I'll tell you there." Mrs. Evans took a chair from the kitchen and led the way. "Say nothing to the boys," she continued, seating herself; while Evelyn on a little stool at her feet and resting her chin on her hand, looked up into her mother's face. "It's just this, Evelyn, I'm very much troubled about our expenses. I had laid aside money for our tickets home, we must have food, and the other morning I was obliged to break into that money for our vegetables. What we're going to do I don't know. Your

Aunt Rachel has n't a cent to spare, and though yours and Harry's and Jack's earnings have helped, they won't cover all the necessary expenses. I don't know what to do."

Evelyn sat wrapped in thought a moment or two, then she spoke, "But, mother, we don't have to go home today or tomorrow, do we?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, then why be troubled? We're all doing the best we can, and as long as we have enough for today, let us



The first lumber building in California.

trust God for what we need tomorrow, and when God wants us to go home He'll surely give you the money for the tickets."

Mrs. Evans wiped her eyes, and leaning over laid her hand lightly on Evelyn's head.

"I never saw a child like you, Evelyn. How is it you think of such things? I know I should have faith, and trust for what we need, but I do feel that I ought to make some provision for the future."

"But Jesus never said so. He said, 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' and that means if we don't look for evil we'll never have it. Let's do our part today, and God will take care of the next day."

"You're right, child, I know," Mrs. Evans replied.

"I'm going to begin right away," said Evelyn rising, and reaching her hat from a nail behind the door. "I'm going down on the beach and get some more seaweed, and after that I'm going to the Lakewood's, and tell them how beautifully you press them, and maybe they'll know some one who wants to buy them, for at the curio store they said they did n't want any more; they had all they could use."

"Oh, no, Evelyn, don't do that!" exclaimed Mrs. Evans.

"Why not, mother?" Evelyn turned in the doorway and knitted her brows.

"The Lakewoods have been very kind, and it does n't seem just the thing to trouble them; it seems asking too much."

"You know best, mother, but I thought we might ask in order to find out where the people live who want these things"—— Evelyn broke off abruptly. "Oh, I never told you my idea. It was for you to make waffles and sell them here. I know you can make them better than that man who goes about in a wagon. People buy from him all the time."

"I'll think about that, dear." Mrs. Evans smiled at her child's eagerness.

"I know what I'll do now, mother. I'll go down on the beach and know that God will lead me, and make me think of just the right thing to do, and I won't go to the Lakewood's house. I guess they might not exactly understand. Good-bye!" Evelyn caught up her pail, and waving her hand, tripped down their little walk, and clicked the gate after her.

(To be continued.)

AN EASTER LESSON.

An Easter lesson, we are told,
Doth the little egg enfold;
The shell in limitations bind
The life within, which is divine.
'Tis life in embryo at first,
And seemeth but a thing of earth,
But brooding warmth and care combine

To make an energy divine.

No more content a germ to be
Of listless inactivity;
The life within unfolds, expands,
And bursts all limitation's bands.
This lesson in the egg we see:
Who now is bound the Truth shall free,
For error thoughts of mortal mind
Not long can limit life divine.

Wouldst thou the winged life make free?
Then do the duty nearest thee;
Quicken the germ of Christ within
Which frees from law of death and sin,

(Rom. 8:2, 13:10).

-E. R. A.

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE GIRL.

BY MARGUERITE MOEBUS.

(Age 11.)

Once upon a time, there lived a little girl who lived in the woods. And she used to go to the spring every day to get spring water and blackberries. She lived in a little hut. All the flowers and birds were her playmates.

One day when she was roaming through the woods she saw a little fairy queen of all flowers and birds. The fairy said to the little girl, "I will give you one wish."

So the little girl thought and thought, so she wished that she might have a playmate, and so when she returned to her little hut there was the sweetest little girl sitting in her little chair, and a basket of blackberries beside her, and Mary and Rose were so happy. They had bread and milk and blackberries for their lunch, and this is the end of my story.



WHY I LIKE THE SPRING-TIME.

BY IENNIE C. SCHOFIELD.

(Age 11.)

I like the Spring-time, because it shows life and beauty everywhere and in everything. I like the joyous Spring because of the beautiful flowers and grasses that come peeping their heads above the mother earth.

As soon as Spring is here, we see all sorts of birds coming to greet us from the sunny South, and straightway they go building their nests of straw, sticks, and feathers in the apple trees, to raise their tiny and fluffy little ones. Some birds, especially the Baltimore Oriole, build nests that look like hanging nests. They choose a place where two limbs project from a tree, both of which are nearly the same height from the level of the ground, and are about three or four inches apart; and from these limbs they hang their nests, which are made mostly of hair and feathers. The mother birds lay about four or five eggs at a time. The birds' breasts and backs are a very brilliant orange color and the rest is black. They are a little larger than the common-sized bird. These birds are not very common here.

Hatching and raising little chickens is very interesting work on the farm in the Spring-time. Such fluffy little creatures, with their little yellow breasts and little gray backs. I love to feed them, and see them run about with the feed in their mouths to some more suitable place to eat it, where the others will not get it from them.

Then comes seeding time; to sow the oats and barley and plant the golden corn, and also the potatoes by the bushel.

WHY I LIKE THE SPRING-TIME.

BY RUTH STIMSON.

(Age 12 ,

I always call Spring-time the begining of Summer. It is my favorite season, being neither too hot nor too cold, but just right. The trees and flowers are budding, and the sky is usually tinted with my favorite color, blue, with the lovely flakey white clouds floating about.

It was a warm and balmy morning in June when Little Bernice Wilton was walking down the dusty country road toward her home. She had gotten up at the early hour of five, and after doing her chores, she had started for the country grocery store, and was now trudging home with some early Spring fruit under her arm. For a week she had anticipated a picnic on this day. Her brothers and sisters and nearest playmates were to go, and her mamma had forgotten the fruit.

"We are going to hunt wild flowers," she was thinking.

An hour later they were on their way in papa's big wagon.

"Oh, oh!" cried Bernice, "see those pretty flowers. Papa, don't you think you could let me get out and get some? My basket is the largest of all," she said, smiling sweetly up into his face.

The large wagon stopped, and Bernice and one of the little girls jumped out and picked some flowers. When they started again they laughed and told stories until they reached the place of their destination.

TOM'S GRANDMA.

BY M. BREWERTON DEWITT.

Grandpa says I'm naughty, Father says I'm bad, Sister says, "You horrid Tom," While mother says, "It's sad."

All the Aunties cry, "For shame,"
The neighbors say, "Oh, dear!"
But Grandma cries, "God bless the boy,
For Tom I have no fear.

"Notwithstanding all his tricks, His heart is true, I know; Some day he will begin to think And he will better grow."

Bless Grandma for that word for me; Her children are all boys, And she can stand the biggest row Without, "Oh, stop that noise." And if a piece of cake is left,
She whispers, "Tom, come here;"
And slips the chunk into my hand,
With, "Not a word, my dear."

If Grand' and I lived all alone,
I know I could be good;
It helps a fellow quite a bit,
When he is understood.

"Whoa!" the horses stopped, and out they jumped.

"Come on; I see a place," said Bernice. "See, right over there," pointing.

After two or three hours of this fun they decided to have their dinner, and while eating they thought of a nice plan. Papa was going to the city tomorrow, and they would make wreathes of the flowers they had picked and take them to some of the poor sick people in the town. Mamma would make something nice to eat, and they would also take that.

I am sure that two or three families were made happy besides the families who gave.

After it was all over Bernice said, "These two days have been the happiest I can remember. I just love Spring."

"And why do you like Spring so well?" asked mamma.

"Because it is the best month to help in, mother; that's why. Don't you think it's a good reason?"

Let all of us work with Bernice, and we shall always be happy.

WHY I LIKE THE SPRING-TIME.

BY VIOLET SMITH.

The Spring-time is so fresh, green and beautiful. The flowers begin to bloom, the little birds begin to sing their sweetest and happiest songs of praise. They do not sing to make us sad, homesick or heart-broken; but they do sing to make us all happy, merry and gay. They sing sweet songs of love.

The butterflies come flying around to gather the sweet perfume from the butter-cups and roses, and the god of nature provides the sweetness and perfume in its stead. There is nothing lost. The music of birds, bees and butterflies swell the breeze. The fresh rain drops on wheat, trees and flowers to make them grow. And then there is a time for other things to have their pleasant times.

THE EASTER MESSAGE.

Love's sweet message I'll repeat, Christ arose the world to greet. Life's from sin and sorrow free; Life is one great victory.

-- E. R. A.

(Continued from 2d page.)

"How did we ever do without our Good Cheer?"

And the mother would say, "There is no one like my Cheer; she is the very light of the house, her good thoughts keep us all happy." And the boys, whatever would become of them without Cheer, she was the best of play fellows and if anything puzzled them it was Cheer who made it clear and plain. If any dispute arose she seemed always there to settle it. Charles thought he could not overcome his fear of the dark. One evening he was sent to the corner to post a letter. He did not wish to say he had the evil thought of fear, so he got ready, but Cheer, knowing his failing, was ready, too. How thankful he felt. When they were well started Cheer said, "When the black thought fear starts to enter. say this little verse to yourself:

All through the day, God is my stay; All through the night, God is my light.

"And remember that God, the good, is your light, and that all the darkness is your own evil thoughts; that it is not different than day only as you judge. Remember to see the beautiful in it all."

Charles' darkness and fear vanished, and a good thought took its place.

Good Cheer went to see all her big and little friends, whose ignorant thoughts had brought on them so-called illness, and spoke the Truth for them as she stayed and as one of her old lady friends remarked, "The dear child brings such a peace with her."

The Sterns family were nowhere near a Truth school, hence the children could not attend any such as they read about in WEE WISDOM, but they did not waste their time bewailing what they did not possess. Cheer set apart so many minutes of each day to the

study of next Sunday's lesson. She carefully studied UNIIY and the books relative to it for points, read up the encyclopedia for historical sketches, and learned WEE WISDOM'S version almost by heart. She copied all her explanations and notes neatly in a little book she had herself ingeniously made for the purpose. The rest of the family procured what points they could relating to the subject, but it was mostly left as Good Cheer's especial work, as the mother thought it would interest the boys more and do Cheer herself much good. The mother and father did not have as much time, and they loved to hear Cheer's careful notes and quaint thoughts on it all. On Saturday evening they would all gather in the cheerful library and study carefully all the readings, and mother and father would explain anything that puzzled the rest, and on Sunday morning they seldom failed to astonish their teacher with their knowledge, perhaps their superior judgment on points she had never considered worth study or noticed.

And oh, the things she did for the mother, it was a little deed here and a little deed there, the work of her fingers seemed to show everywhere. She never complained of anything that did not go her way, oh no, (but then everything did go her way) she knew no other way, she was a child of Truth and Love. And now though we shall have to discontinue our story, Good Cheer who made the element good cheer so prevalent, will not discontinue her happy work.

A little fresh-air child saw a herd of cows for the first time, and after watching them chewing their cuds, in amazement he said deprecatingly to the farmer, "O Mister, do you have to buy gum for all those cows to chew?"

SOME MORE OF SAM CAT'S DOINGS.

(Continued from January Wee Wisdom.)

Dear Children of Wee Wisdom:

Aunt Phebe is at the desk again to write the rest of Sam's history. He has his catnip on the window; he seems to enjoy good health, and these long winter days gets in all the sleep he can.

The day I started on my visit to San Francisco, I went on a delivery coach wagon. Sam was on the roof of the porch, and as I got into the wagon he began to mew and whine, and wanted Pa to hand him down so he could go with me. In the first letter I got Pa said Sam felt so bad that he would not eat a thing for three days, that with all his coaxing he refused to eat. I sent



Sam.

Sam a Christmas collar, and when Pa put it on him he said Sam seemed to feel better.

Pa talks Dutch to Sam, and when I got a letter from WEE WISDOM'S editor, I said, "Sam, those little children want your picture;" and he said, "Yaw," just as plain as a child.

I never saw Sam look so large as he does this winter. Liver is his main food.

The other night Sam took a notion to sleep with "Ma," and he crept up on the bed between the pillows and headboard, so softly and still as if he tried

not to wake me, but when he got to the back of the bed he purred so loudly it woke me up, and then I took him up and set him out on the floor. He purred so loud I thought he must have been holding his breath before. He likes to make a sneak and get into bed with me; he always hunts my feet. He is very heavy; he weighs fifteen pounds.

One time as Pa was giving him his breakfast, Sam walked over to me. I was still at the breakfast table; he mewed and kept his tail going from side to side. I said, "Something is wrong with Sam's breakfast." So Pa went out and cleaned Sam's plate, and put his breakfast on it; and then Sam went back to eating.

Sam helps me dress the fish. He will get right in front of me, and as I open the fish he helps pull out the entrails.

He is like little children, does bad things and gets naughty sometimes, but when I correct him he does not forget it very soon. But Sam is here to show you what he looks like, though he's too far away to talk Dutch to you. I am seventy years young now, and I can give the Wees some of my childhood stories that I have remembered, if they would like to hear them.

-AUNT PHEBE.

HEAVEN ON EARTH.

BY GENEVE SHAFER.

Children, do you want to go to fairy-land, or shall I call it heaven, which is the state of perfect happiness? If you do, then jump into that wonderful ship called "Imagination." First we'll go to a little gurgling stream, where the fish are all gold. These fish live on pearls, or the little drops of water. Now look at that beautiful green velvet which the unknowing would call grass. That deep red rose is a ruby decorated with pearls. Could you, if you searched

every jewelry shop in the world, see anything more beautiful?

As we follow the stream to its source, or beginning, we see a dazzling, sparkling diamond, called a lake; was there ever such a large diamond worn in a ring or necklace? Now look up at that dome-like turquois of the sky. There is no other blue as clear as that, except the blue of your eyes. Did you see that robin red-breast as he flew by? Was not that the prettiest blood stone you ever saw? The water of yonder pool is like a large opal.

Is not this land of gold, jewels and fine velvets like the promised land, heaven, fairyland, or anything of that kind? Then, to observant eyes, is not heaven right here and now? We saw on our journey nothing unhappy, all was calm and peaceful; everything in nature did its duty, hence a condition of perfect

happiness.



THE DADEVILLE LETTERS.

DADEVILLE, MJ.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I thought I would write a few lines to let you know we were still alive, and renew our subscription to Wee WISDOM, as I haven't much to say and the others have written. Please find money for another year's subscription for Wee WISDOM. I must close. Yours with love and blessings, J. G. ORTLOFF.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I thought I would write a little letter to you. I go to school and I like my teacher. I am in the third grade. The baby's name is Loving Joy Ortloff. The birds still are tame. They come in the yard with the chickens. It has not been very cold this winter. We have not had enough snow to go sleigh riding. The baby is five months old. Please put this picture in Wee Wisdom. Your friend, Grace Ortloff.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I thought I would write a letter to you, for it has been a long time since I have written. I have four brothers and three sisters. The baby is a boy. He is five months old. His name is Loving Joy Ortloff.

Mother and father take UNITY. We love to read the WEE WISDOM every month. That is all I can think of this time, so I will close. Your friend,

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write a few lines. I am nine years old. I go to school. I am in the second grade. I have a little brother. He likes to play with me when I come home from school. Your friend, CHARLEY ORTLOFF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have a baby brother. He plays with my things and is so good. He jumps when I come home from school. He likes to see me and comes to me and likes to pull my hair, and pulls it hard, too. EARNEST ORTLOFF.

[This is in Earnest's own little printing and we appreciate it.— Ed.]

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STERLING, KANSAS.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I am glad that I have time to write. My birthday was this month. I was to the glass blowers this afternoon. I got a magnifying glass. The sidewalks were slippery for two days. I had fun if I did take a tumble. Our teacher went away last Friday evening and Monday morning she missed the train. She could not come then until Tuesday morning. I was glad when she came. I am eleven years young. The valentine Royal sent me is very pretty. I wish to thank him for it. I thought it very pretty. I know all the Wees have loving thoughts. I will close with loving wishes.

Your loving friend, Thanet Wright.

A. M. M.

LAFAYETTE, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have written another story for you and hope it may be printed. My papa brought me home a little puppy the other day and we named it Tip because it has four white feet, a white tip on its tail and nose, with all the rest of its body black. Yours truly,

RUTH STIMSON.

EASTON, PA.

MY DEAR FRIEND—If I may be allowed a choice as one of the big "Wees" I would say have the Bible lessons by all means. I think they are (or have been) such a help to the dear little folks to give them a right interpretation of the Book and such an encouragement to right acts and right living. I was sorry when they were left out, sorry when Miss Rix gave up writing them. But I am only one of many. so would not like to influence in the matter, but just to express my feeling. Dear little Wee Wisdom is just as good as it can be and we love to see it come. Yours very lovingly, A. E. LOTHROP.

A & A

CRYSTAL SPRINGS, ARK.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — As it is quite still now I
will write to you. I have not written to you in
some time, but I have been busy in school. I
have two pets, a dog and a cat. It is so warm
now. I like to read WEE WISDOM. but I like the
story by Aunt Mary the best of all. I sincerely

wish it came twice a week. The peach trees

will soon be in blossom. The violets are in bloom. I am going to school every day and have made two headmarks this week. I am in the Fourth Reader, Primary History, Primary Spelling and the third part of Arithmetic. I will close for this time. I remain your true friend,

HATTIE TOMPKINS.

P. S. I am nine years old — H. N. B. We ought to have Bible lessons in Wee Wisdom.— H. T.

A 36 36

I am a little man,
I do the best I can;
When I get a little bigger,
I will cut a better figure.
— Little HERALD DAVIS.

3c. 3c. 3c.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I am a little crippled girl eleven years old. This is my first letter to Wee Wisdom. My subscription was paid by a dear friend of mine, Mrs. Pettit. I have been crippled three years. Haven't been able to go to school since I was crippled. I cannot run and play like other children do. I like Wee Wisdom very much; it helps me pass away the lonesome hours. I have no pets, but have a sister and brother that go to school and a sister younger than me. I hope to see this in print. From a friend, Maud Balley.

[Couldn't some of our Wees write to Maud, or send her some of their good Truth books? Let us all remember that the strong, free Spirit in Maud is able to clothe Itself in a perfect body.

—Ep]

JE JE .

Bath, N. Y.

Dear Wee Wisdom — As I have written you a story about "Why I Like the Spring-Time" for April number, I will also write you a few lines. I hope my story will escape the waste basket. You can publish it in Wee Wisdom if you think it is good enough. As I see in this month's Wee Wisdom that you send sample copies to our friends, so will you please send one to each of the following? Lovingly yours,

JENNIE C. SCHOFIELD.

* * *

RAYMOND, KANS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I got the little paper today. I like "One Summer in Pacific Grove, or, What Faith Did." I will write a story on "Why I Like the Spring-Time," and "A Trip to Oklahoma." I will close "with peace and good will to men." From a loving friend, VIOLET SMITH.

P. S. I will write about "A Trip to Oklahoma," some other time. I am going to work for the doll. I am not after the doll alone, but want the little Wees to read this health and peace paper.—V. S.

N N N

ST. Louis, Mo. Dear Wee Wisdom—I will take the pleasure to write to you. I am going to school every day and I learn my lessons well and I get 100 every day. There was snow on the ground for a week,

and it was very cold. I like the letters the children write and I love to write myself My brother is nine months young I am nine years in the spring. I am in the Second Reader. I like my teacher very much. We lived nearly three years in St. Louis, Mo. My sister, Bertha, went to Sulphur Springs Friday afternoon. With lots of good thoughts to all the Wees.

Your friend, IDA SCHELLHARDT.

A 38 38

HOLTON, KANS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — We send you six names for your little paper under the prize offer. Enclosed find five dollars. The amount above that for the six subscriptions is for this music bill and the extra numbers sent for our Sabbath School. We have such an interesting Sabbath School of seventeen members. Mamma is giving us a course of lessons in Truth, and we have little books in which to write our statements. We commit these statements and the Golden Texts. We have two classes. The name of the one is "Light Bearers," and the other is "Sun Beams," Your little sweethearts,

LAVERNIA AND VIOLETTE LEEMAM.
[Following this letter came another saying they had gotten one more new subscriber, with the prospect of adding two more still. The Leeman girls are so far ahead in the doll competition, but I think Aunt Mary will have something else for the rest of you to try for. I want you to notice what a fine business letter they have written, so we put it all in.—ED

JE JE JE

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I would like to write you a letter about your stories. I love your paper very much, because every story you have in it teaches me a lesson. This is the first time I have written to you, so I hope you will like my letter. And the stories which I love best are all the stories which your teaching in WEE WISDOM tells me. So I will say good-bye and the next time I write I will have a still better letter.

KATIE GEGGUS. (Åge IO.)
[Katie's letter is as bold and clear as print, her
letter is full of ap-pre-ci-a-tion for all of Wee
Wisdom's writers and we thank her. Katie
forgot to send her address and so we are unable
to mail her the extra paper containing her letter.
—ED.]

DE DE DE

ST. Louis, Mo.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I have long wished to write to you. I like all the stories and letters in Wee Wisdom. I wish it would come every week instead of every month. I have no sister or brother, but I have a little pet dog named Bessie. I go to Sunday School every Sunday since I was seven years, and now I am twelve years old. My Sunday School teacher's name is Mr. H. H. Schroeder. Now I must close my letter. With best wishes to all, yours truly, HILMA BENDER.

N N N

FRUITVALE, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — If you wish to write a story for the Wee WISDOM paper, can you? Do you have to write it on a subject or can you write any story you like? I go to the Home of

Truth Sunday School in Alameda. I got a very pretty doll for Christmas. It is two feet high. It is dressed in a blue silk dress and has a red velvet coat. I like the stories in the WEE WISDOM very much. Your friend. AIMIR NOONAN.

[You can write a story for WEE WISDOM on any subject you wish, though we have been giving subjects for those who wished to see who could write best on the same subject. We like stories that keep the good always uppermost .-

SAN DIEGO, CAL. DEAR WEE WISDOM - This is my first letter to you. I enjoy taking you very much. This is my third year of taking you. I hope to see my letter in WEE WISDOM. We have no Truth school in our city and I miss it very much. I enclose fifty cents for another year. Your loving friend, E. LILA MCKEE.

WASHINGTON C. H., OHIO. DEAR WEE WISDOM - This is the second letter

I have written to you. My uncle has sent me your paper for four years. I enjoy "One Summer in Pacific Grove, or, What Faith Did," and also the letters and stories the other Wees write. Hoping the little paper success, I remain, yours lovingly, JANET STUTSON. st st st

GRAND FORKS, B. C.

EDITOR OF WEE WISDOM - Some time ago through the kindness of my dear grandmother, your very nice little paper found its way to our home way up here in British Columbia, and I like it so much. You will please find one dollar and a half for my subscription and also to these addresses which I send you. I am going to get all I can to subscribe for this nice little paper. Now, dear editor, I want my dear grandmother, who lives in Ophir, Montana, to write some more nice little stories and have them put in this paper so that I can read them. Grandma signs her name as Aunt Phebe in the paper I received from her. There was a letter about her cat named Sam. I am a little girl ten years old. There are six in our family, mamma, papa, three brothers and myself. If this reaches you in safety you will hear from me again. Yours ALMA SLOPER.

[Alma's letter is like copy plate, it is so clean and perfect. What a comfort it must be to the teacher who has her lessons to look over to find such writing and care as Alma's. Yes, dear, Grandma and Sam are both here for our April reception .- ED.]

ALAMEDA, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - I love you berry much. I laced up my shoes like a good girl. I am free and a half (years.) I live to Mrs. B'own's house with my Aunt Mare-ny. I go to Sunday Kool at Home of Toof (Truth.) Your loving

(Dictated.) FLORENCE COGLEY.

[Florence has the good fortune to be under Aunt Mary's care for a season. Wouldn't you like to be in her place?-- Ep.]

ST. Louis, Mo.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - I have long wanted to write to you for I like you very much. I am a little girl eleven years old. I like to go to Sunday School every Sunday. My mamma and papa are both very good to me. My Sunday School teacher's name is Mr. H. H. Schroeder, I must close my letter and hope to write another one. Good-bye. Yours truly, IRENE JANSEN.

4 4 4

My little boy six years old, Master Vernon L. Wells. says he will get a club of subscriptions for WEE WISDOM large enough to pay for his free if you will send him sample copies and rates. I think he will do so. VERNON'S PAPA.

[Good for Vernon .- ED.]

x x x

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - I am a little boy five years old and I go to kindergarten. I have just received my first copy of WEE WISDOM, and I like it very much. And when I am through with it I will send it to my cousin Sidney, who lives in Sterling, Ill. Yours for WEE WISDOM,

WALTER L. FAY.

[That's the way to do, pass the good word along - somebody else wants to know about WEE WISDOM, - ED.]

ST. Louis, Mo.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - I have not written to you for a long time, so I thought I would write. I think the letters in the February number are all so pretty. I am going to school every day and am in the fourth grade. My brother, Marcell, has four teeth, and three are peeping out. are going to have an entertainment at the Divine Science Sunday School. They are going to have it at 3700 Olive street. My sister, Caroline, goes to the morning school. Bertha is in the First and the Second Reader. We have lots of fun where we live. We do not hear pretty birds sing. My sister, Elsie, can talk English. My papa goes to the Divine Science Sunday School. Yours truly, HULDA SCHELLHARDT.



LESSON I. APRIL 3.

An Easter Lesson.-Mark 7:24-37.

GOLDEN TEXT - Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.

We are glad when we find our Lord, that is, our good true self. It is as though we waked to find the beautiful Christ-child right within our hearts - that is the real resurrection - the Easter morn.

This lesson is all about healing. Jesus healed, and he has said that we also may heal, but we cannot heal unless we remember that it is the Christ within that does the healing. We must also have faith. If we ask our Good (God) to do anything for us, and have faith, it will be done. But we must ask wisely.

As this is Easter let us remember that everyone is the Christ-child, that everyone has faith, that everyone has health, that everyone can do the works of God; for everyone is the child of God. Read the lesson carefully and notice the healing done through Jesus. The woman's daughter awaked to her true self, her healthy self, and found her Good. The one who was deaf and dumb was made able to hear and to speak, and thus it was his resurrection morn, and glad indeed he must have been to hear the wise words of Jesus.

Let us all be glad at Easter time, remembering that we have the Christ with us always.

LESSON II. APRIL 10.

Peter Confesses the Christ.—Mark 8:27-38.

Golden Text — Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.—Matt. 16:16.

Peter knew that the Christ, or the living God, was in Jesus, but Peter had not yet learned that the Christ was also in his own heart. Let us not forget this. If Peter had known this he would have had an easier time.

Jesus knew how to listen to the still small voice, the Christ within, so he could tell his disciples all that was to happen to him, that is, he could prophesy. If we would follow Jesus and do as he said, we must give up our way and do the good, that is, we must give up the naughty, impatient, cross way, and follow the kind, gentle, patient way, and be thoughtful and unselfish. We must not want things, such as toys, books, clothes, etc., but we must want goodness. We must give love to all and then what things (such as books, toys, clothes, food and good times) we need, God will bring to us, without even our asking.

All this will be made easy when we remember that each one of us is the Christ-child, the son of the living God. Let us think this for every soul we meet—man, woman or child—"You are the Christ," for in thinking well of others we bless ourselves also.

We are all children of God.

LESSON III. APRIL 17.

Jesus Transfigured .- Mark 9:2-13.

Golden Text—A voice came out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son: hear him.—Mark 9:7.

We are told to listen to the beloved Son. The beloved Son is yourself and myself, and lives in the heart of each and all. Listen to him. If we think of God for a long time with great love, then will we feel happy and glad, and our faces will shine, as did Jesus' face, and everyone will think us lovely, and feel that they love to be near us.

There are some little children and some grown

persons I know, who, wherever they go bring such love and joy with them that you hear on all sides, "How beautiful is this one, how lovely!" and all because that one thinks of God, and listens to the voice of Love.

When we are filled with holy thoughts, whichever way we turn we see only the Christ.

To rise from the dead, means to rise up from old ways of thinking: as, naughtiness, sickness, crossness, and so on, and think of only love, health, and happiness; for the first are untrue thoughts, but the last are true thoughts.

The more we pray, or think of God, who is right here with us, the more will we know the Christ, the true self.

LESSON IV. APRIL 24.

The Mission of the Seventy,-Luke 10:1-16.

Golden Text—Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth laborers unto his harvest.—Luke 10:2,

God chooses them that choose Him to do His works, at least so it seems, though God desires all His children to serve Him.

The laborers, or workers, are few, because so few feel that they are God's children, and thus fear that they cannot do His works. No one need fear, for God is Love, and only Love, and in love we serve Him. All may do the works of God if they will.

Sometimes people will not listen to our Truth, but if we keep right on thinking true thoughts we shall find someone who will listen,

Always have a good thought for everyone no matter how they seem to treat us. When one is unkind, then is the time to be kind and think, "God loves you and I love you." Jesus said, "Peace be to this house." That is a good saying and carries a blessing.

We must be grateful for every good thing that is given us and take everything that is good, knowing that God sends it.

We are in God's Kingdom (heaven) now. We know we are there when we feel happy and well. When people do not listen to God's truth they suffer and are sick and unhappy. Then are we in darkness, but if we listen to God we are in the light, in heaven.

Let us try to be laborers for God, thinking God thoughts, doing kind acts, and helping one another in every way possible.

Hold these thoughts: I am a child of God.

I will remember God.
I will speak the Truth.

I will see everyone as a child of God.

I will heal with my loving thought.

A PILLOW.

I love the Good,
I trust the night,
I bid the happy world
Good night!

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

HE gladness of Easter is in our hearts, and we fall right in with the blossoming Spring and blossom with it. Papa Harry

says, "The word Easter comes from the name of the Anglo-Saxon goddess of Spring, Eastra, and that it is typical of the awakening from Winter and the increase of new life and love." Well, we believe in the increase of life and love all right, and we know there isn't a tomb or bound that can hold Life and Love back when once they quicken into living and loving.

The little seed germ has to get a move on it before it can burst its seed-shell and bring forth the beauty of its plant and blossom. And so it is with the good purposes in our hearts, we must bring them out with doing, if we would have their buds and blossoms. And that reminds me of a dear little letter from a dear little boy whom I have never seen. This is what it says:

Dear Editor—I am not a very good boy in school or at home sometimes. I am nine years old, and am in the 4th grade. I want to be a good boy and do the right thing, but somehow I am constantly getting into trouble. I think I am selfish, impolite, too rough, and I like to have my own way too well. I thought maybe you would be so kind as to tell me of something that would help me to be a better boy. I like Web Misdom very much, and enclose 50 cents to help it along. We have had only two copies of it, and I like to read the stories and letters in it very much. Your subscriber, with love, N. C.

Now, I like boys that want to be good, and have the grit to say so. I like boys that want to be bigger than their faults. I like boys that are not ashamed to ask how to be better. Why, do you know, the old selfish self is really the only tomb where Christ is

buried? You want to know how to roll away this stone of error and let the real self come forth. Well, first you must speak only that which is true of your Christ self. So instead of saying, I want to be good, say, "God made me good. What God made me that I am. God made me unselfish and obedient: God made me gentle and kind and true; God made me thoughtful and loving. I love everybody and everybody loves me." The belief that you are naughty and selfish and rude and headstrong, is the material thought that hides from sight the beautiful, loving, gentle and orderly spirit of your sweet self. That isn't you at all, that's what you are not, dear little "N. C." You are coming out for Easter to be a real resurrected Christ-boy, and all the blossoms of living and loving shall crown your life and you will radiate joy, and give pleasure and comfort wherever you go. We will all know this with you, dear boy. God loves and blesses you.

This Easter number shows a great waking up of our Wisdoms. It is nearly taken up with the letters and stories you have written, and Ye Editor is greatly pleased. There are some little letters that came after the 15th that will have to wait till next time.

Aunt Mary has made a new offer—we hope you will be successful in getting lots of new subscribers for Wee Wisdom. You have done well. The Leeman girls won the doll.

The subject for May will be The May Queen. The best stories of the little writers are to be rut into book form and each little author is to receive one free.



5 cents per copy. Foreign Subscription, 3 shillings per year.

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April, 1904.

AN EASTER EGG.

I heard a little crackling sound, A crunching just inside the shell, A little rustling in the nest, But what it was I could not tell.

Then looking close I seemed to see A downy head, a tiny chick, And heard a sound that seemed to say, "Open, open, open, quick!"

And then a little downy roll As soft as silk perked up its head, And looking out beyond the nest A chirping voice then softly said:

"To think I could be shut up there, Within a tiny little shell, From all that's beautiful and fair, And brighter far than words can tell.

"And yet I sometimes seemed to know That some bright day the spring would come, And something whispered in my heart This little shell was not my home.

"And then there seemed to come a thrill, A light seemed shining through the gloom; I beat my wings against the shell -And, lo! the flowers were all in bloom.

"No little shell could hold me now. That I have learned of such sweet things. How soft the air! how sweet the skies! And how the little linnet sings!" (Selected.) - MAY EVE.

Florence's pictures were crowded out. Will have them for May.

Papa Harry's Easter message got crowded out.

TO THE WEE WISDOMS.

Aunt Mary deWitt will give a set of mounted photographs, pictures taken by herself, to the boy or girl who secures ten or more subscriptions to WEE WISDOM before June 1st. The one sending in the next highest will receive a book, and to all those who send in some subscriptions, Truth cards will be sent. Ask your parents to explain the word "subscription," and to help you in your work. In helping WEE WISDOM you are helping others, and you help yourself. It is God-like to spread the Truth. Subscriptions must be sent to

Wee Wisdom, 1315 McGee St., Kansas City. Mo.

CHICAGO, ILL.

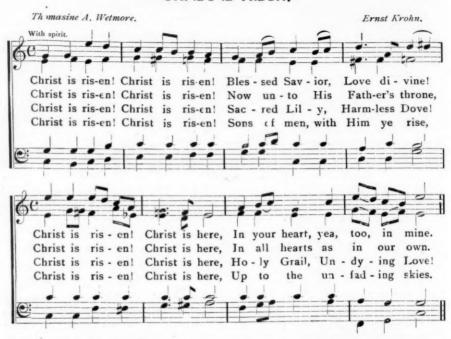
DEAR WEE WISDOM -- I wish to renew my offer of flower seeds to those who can use them. I have a large variety, some of them wild flowers. I will sell them at five cents a package. Stamps will do instead of coins, if they are put in the letter so that they will not stick. A nickel or dime can be put into a slitted card, so that it will carry safely. Do not forget to put a loving, trustful thought back of it, and I will surely get it. I received the March number of your little paper, and I enjoyed and appreciated the stories very much. I will write another story for you some time. I think the editor has a story of mine that has not been published. I hope to see it in print as soon as there is room for it. Your oving friend, WALTER S. WELLER.

"To have faults and know them and not to reform them, this is indeed failure."

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

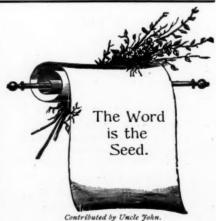
10 to 24 copies, 40 cts. each per year. 25 to 49 copies, 35 cts. each per year. 50 to 100 copies, 25 cts. each per year.

Christ is Risen.





"Father, lead me day by day, Ever in Thine own sweet way; Teach me to be pure and true, Show me what I ought to do."



Class Word—"I CAN DO ALL THINGS
THROUGH CHRIST WHICH
STRENGTHENETH ME."

Jewel Word—ALL POWER IS GIVEN UNTO
ME IN MY HEAVEN (MIND) AND IN
MY EARTH (BODY).

Vol.