

# WEE WISDOM.

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



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## Anita at the Joyful Circle's Valentine Party.

[This note is for the benefit of the Wees who do not know Anita, like the Sleater girls and the St. Louis Wisdoms and the Joyful Circle do. Well, ANITA is a *big* little girl, or a *little* big girl, which ever way you may put it, whose purpose in life is to hunt the Good in everybody and everything, and to wrap the whole round earth about with her pretty white-bordered Peace-flag. When Anita comes round you just can't hinder the good from shining right out of you, and loving everybody and everything — she's just that kind of a girl, Anita is.—ED.]

Ever since I first heard of the Wee Wisdoms, I have loved them, one and all. And, like all the Wees and their friends, I have loved Ye Editor, and wanted to see her and give her a kiss. Last fall I did meet her at the big Convention in St. Louis. But even that was not enough. I had dreamed all those years of going some day to Kansas City, and seeing the home of UNITY, with all its bright, busy family.

At last my dream came true. I reached Kansas City on the day of the Joyful Circle's Valentine Social, and found myself among a crowd of happy boys and girls of all ages. Most of them were dressed in funny fancy costumes, with big red hearts stuck on them. There were the King and Queen of Hearts, who sat on a throne at one end of the room. In one corner, a postoffice had been built, and the postmaster was dressed as Little Lord Fauntleroy, in golden wig and black velvet cap and coat. There were many others, but the funniest of all was "It." We were kept guessing who "It" could be. He looked as if he had just stepped out of a colored picture in a fairy tale book.

There was a very pretty program, in which nearly all the members of the Joyful Circle took part. Then "It" came in with a wonderful big pie, and set it down before the King and Queen. Through the crust of this pie, which proved to be paper, a lot of ribbons

came. "Little Charlie Fillmore" was told to pull one of these, and out came a cunning little doll-baby. "It" pulled out a long black thing, and shook it in our faces till we almost thought it was a snake. But it was only a bag of peanuts. Every member of the Joyful Circle drew something out of this wonderful pie. Then we all sang a love-song, and the party broke up. But just then the postmaster began to call out the names of different people, and they went up to the little window to get their valentines. This was lots of fun. Everyone took home some pretty token of love to remember the day.

I wish all the Wees could have been there, and all the Joyful Ones, that I have met in other parts of the country. Even some of the Kansas City boys and girls were not there, because Jack Frost had brought a very cold snowstorm from the north, and dropped it there. It must be a beautiful sight when they all get together, in Unity, Love and Wisdom.

I send my love to all my little sweet-hearts. That means *you*.

—ANITA TRUEMAN.

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Where am I going? Never mind;  
Just follow the signboard that says,  
"Be kind!"

And do the duty that nearest lies,  
For that is the pathway to Paradise.

—Selected.



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## "MINISTERING ANGELS:" STORY OF TWO BOYS WHO TRIED IT.

BY MARY BREWERTON DEWITT.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE REPULSE.

A few days after the party, Earl and Henry, true to their promise, made their way to Mr. Baker's little red cottage at the far end of the valley. Their wheels were in repair and the road good, so they took the occasion for a spin.

"I wonder how Mr. Baker will meet us?" queried Arthur on their way. But the greeting was not just what the boys had expected.

The door was opened for them by the clergyman himself.

Mr. Baker was a thin cadaverous looking individual, with hungry gray eyes that roved restlessly about, seeming to search for something he could not find.

He looked the boys over in rather a critical way, then said sharply:

"Well, boys, what is it?"

Arthur shrunk within himself, but Earl spoke up quickly:

"Mr. Maltern asked us to call."

"Yes, yes, oh, Mr. Maltern," was the nervous response, and the face

changed a slight bit; "well, come in."

Mr. Baker threw wide the door, and ushered the boys into a stuffy little parlor. The straight-backed chairs bore a forbidding aspect, and the center-table heaped with bulky looking books, seemed very impressive, but the boys were brave, and mastered their courage with thoughts of the One Good Presence.

"Well, boys, what is it? Does Mr. Maltern wish to see me?" asked Mr. Baker, after they had seated themselves according to his bidding.

"Oh, no, sir," hastily replied Earl. "Mr. Maltern thought we might help you. We were very sorry to hear about your illness."

"Very good of you, I'm sure, but I don't understand." Here Mr. Baker was obliged to pause and cough. "Help me, you say? If it's patent medicines you're selling, I have no faith in them."

"That's just it," Arthur broke in, "I'm glad to hear you say that. We don't believe in them either."

"Yes," added Earl, "God is the only healer."

Mr. Baker's face darkened. "God has given us physicians," said he.

"Yes, but God is our very life and health. The Bible says, 'God is the health of His people,'" suggested Arthur.

Mr. Baker rose from his seat, and after another fit of coughing, said severely:

"It seems to me a strange thing that my friend, Mr. Maltern, should send to me two mere boys to quote Scripture to me, and to twist it withal to please their own ears. I'd advise you both to listen to your elders and to lay aside this strange new doctrine; yes, put it far out of your sight."

"It is not doctrine, sir," said Arthur.

"What do you call it then?" was the sharp retort.

"Truth; you know Truth is the knowledge of God, and God is Love, and wishes you to know that His health is within you."

"Now, my boys, I am sorry to have to be decided with you, but you had best not spread this—this—er, fad; and be so good as to tell Mr. Maltern for me that I will call upon him when I am able, but I do not approve of this new teaching. this—this—er, fad; that is all I can call it."

The boys departed crest fallen. They stopped on their homeward way to report the outcome to Mr. Maltern.

When the old gentleman had heard their story, he said encouragingly, "Never mind, boys, don't you worry. You've done me a world of good, any way. You know I'm a well man. Why, it's plain as the nose on your face that God's your life. Never you mind,

minister or no minister, he's sick, poor man, and can't see straight yet. He'll come to it in time, and beg your pardon, too; mark my words!" Mr. Maltern scratched his chin. "Funny he should take it so. Just wait awhile till your words soak in some, and then some mornin' he'll wake up and find the sun's shining for him and all the world beside. And then he'll find his text and a new sermon to preach. It'll be a new one and a glad one 'bout Love, I reckon. Well, boys, don't you worry. I'm obliged to you for doing me that favor." Mr. Maltern laid a hand on the shoulder of each, and walked down the path to where their wheels awaited them at the fence corner.

The boys rode away feeling somewhat happier.

[To be continued.]

### THE FOREST FAIRIES.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

I wandered up the hillside,  
The way was bleak and bare;  
I found my little children  
In tears of deep despair.

My children of the forest,  
Who wander midst the wood,  
And play among the hilltops,  
My children, fair and good.

Oh, weep no more, my darlings,  
The days will come again,  
When all the happy sunshine  
Shall ease you of your pain.

Then dry those tears, my fairies,  
And weave a spell for me  
Of hopes for all God's people  
That dwell on land and sea.

Then weave a little motto  
Of joy and peace on earth;  
Behold, my fairy children,  
Thy grief gives place to mirth!

## Robin's Demonstration.

A TRUE STORY TOLD BY ROBIN'S MAMMA.

**D**URING one of the most terrific wind and rain storms we ever experienced in Alameda, a large gray and white mother cat was chased by a dog, and ran up an immense tall pine tree in our back yard. She was so terrified that she climbed to the top of the tree and out to the end of one of its big branches. There she clung, swayed back and forth by the wind, as if she were a feather, while the rain soaked her through and

window and talked to the cat in this way:

"O kitty, try and come down; there is nothing to hurt you, kitty. Why, kitty, don't you know God is with you? Please come down now. Try, kitty, real hard."

Still kitty did not make any attempt to help herself, but kept up her pitious cry, while the wind dashed the branch she clung to against the other branches.

Robin said, "O kitty, I will have to



*Robin at Riverside.*

through. Her cry was pitiful to hear, and her fear was so great that she did not try to climb down the tree.

After hearing her cry for an hour or more Robin looked out of his bed room window, and seeing kittie clinging so helplessly to the swaying limb, his little heart was very troubled, and he said, "O mother, we *must* help that poor kitty to get down." So he opened the

treat you, and ask God to take you down."

So he sat in the silence and said, "Kitty, you are Divine, you are filled with Divine strength, and nothing can hurt you nor harm you. Now jump, kitty; God will take care of you. He loves you, and, kitty, your spirit is fearless and free. Please, God, let the kitty come down, so she can't hurt her-



self. Now, kitty, jump! Nothing but good, kitty, jump!"

Just then the wind, which was terrific, came with such a force that the branch to which kitty clung, bent and broke off close to the tree, and let the kitty down to the ground, a distance of over fifty feet, just as gently as though she were in a cradle; she was not hurt in the least, but drenched through.

Robin yelled with delight, and we ran down stairs, out into the yard, got the kitty, brought her into the kitchen, dried her with a towel, gave her some warm milk to drink and put her under the stove, and Robin said, "There, kitty, did n't I tell you nothing would hurt you? Ain't you glad I treated you, and asked God to help you down?"

Kitty fully recovered from her perilous adventure, and a few days after presented our neighbor, who owned her, with four little kittens.

At the time this took place Robin was a little over five years of age.

— MRS. MCQUESTEN.

### LITTLE STONES.

"It is such a stony little path between here and Mrs. Harvey's that I can't bear to go over it," said Jim.

"And Dick Harvey does n't like it any better when he comes over here," said Frank. "I heard him say that he got ever so many bruises in that path. He was grumbling about it yesterday."

"Why don't you clear the way between here and your neighbor's?" asked Mr. Morris. "Much better do that than be grumbling about it."

"Why, we should never get all the stones out of the path," cried Jim.

"Not all in one day, nor by taking all the stones at once," said the father, "but if each of the boys who cross there would take a stone out of the way every time he goes, the work would be done. Try it."

The boys did try. There was half a dozen young lads who used the path, and each one helped clear it by doing a little every time he went that way. By this means the stones were cast out and the path cleared.

This is exactly the way to make it easier and pleasant for others in this world. Let each one make it his business in life to take some little hindrance out of the way whenever he can. Little faults should be cured, and little temptations that cause unwary feet to stumble should be avoided.

—Selected by JOSEPHINE LILLY.

Last night Florence asked me to sing "that song about closing your eye." "Do you mean 'Open My Eyes That I May See'?" I asked.

"No," she replied, "it's where you close yourself, and go in and shut the door."

"Why, I don't know any song like that."

"Yes, you do, Aunt Mary. It says, 'I close myself.'"

"Oh, is it this—'I Clothe Myself Safely Round With Infinite Love'?"

"Yes, yes, that's the one."

Always do your very best.

Half-heartedness is sin;

Put your whole mind into it,

Then you'll always win.

— M. F.



## Our Young Authors' Department.

### MY FRIENDS IN FICTION.

BY ROYAL FILLMORE.



NE summer day as I was lying under a tree I fell into one of those drowsy, peaceful summer slumbers, and was quickly transported to the "Land of Dreams."

I stood in a forest beside a beautiful spring, which bubbled out of the rocks with a sweet musical sound. I stooped to take a drink, when upon rising I perceived a little old woman approaching. Her dress was very old-fashioned, and she leaned on a cane for support, but her face was wreathed in smiles, one of which I received when she approached, and said, "I am Mother Goose, and this is my realm. You used to live here years ago when you were small, but perhaps you have forgotten me."

I told her that she could never be forgotten by any one.

And she said, "Oh! I am so glad that you remember me, because I like to be remembered, and it makes my heart swell with pride to hear you say that I am always in the memory of every one. But wouldn't you like to see Childland up to date?"

After assuring her that I should be delighted, we walked down a shady lane until we came to a small house, and just as we reached the door a dog came bounding out with a bone in his mouth, and a smiling old lady greeted us. It was "Old Mother Hubbard," and she had found her dog a bone at last. We chatted with her for a while, then passed on to where a little girl was seated on a tuffet, and, judging from appearances, it must have been "Little Miss Muffet." Upon inquiring I found that the spider who had frightened her away was giving her lessons in perseverance now.

The forest became thinner and thinner until we came to a beautiful garden which had "Contrary Mary" for a gardener. As we left the garden we heard the sound of a fiddle, and, supposing it to be a dance, I proposed that we hurry to it, but much to my surprise it was only "The cat and the fiddle" playing "high-diddle-diddle," while the "dish and the spoon" were being married. Then came an eclipse of the sun for an instant, and, looking up, I perceived the ambitious cow who "jumped over the moon" trying to jump over the sun, but she could n't do it.

In the valley below us I noticed a beautiful meadow in which was a neat little farm house, and was informed that little "Bo-Peep" and "Boy Blue" lived there very happily together. As we descended the hill we came to a large pumpkin field. In its center was a small house. On near approach we heard a noise

which sounded like a runaway phonograph. Upon entering we found "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater" sitting by the stove, while his wife "in a pumpkin shell" was giving him free lectures. At the bottom of the hill was a cute little cottage, which "Mother Goose" told me was "Jack and Jill's" house, and that they had their water piped from the top of the hill down, so that Jack gets no more "broken crowns," and they keep well and happy.

In the distance I noticed a large "flat," and was told that it belonged to the "Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe." The housekeeper explained that their old shoes had worn out, and they had tried a French slipper, but it was too small, and so they had moved into a modern flat, and got along nicely. When we came out of the flat it was dusk, and an old woman in a flying machine "was sweeping the cobwebs off of the sky," and, looking again, I perceived in another flying machine "Doctor Foster Going to Gloster" without getting rained on. "Tommy Tucker is singing for his supper," said Mother Goose, "and you and I must go." I awoke and found it all a dream, but I felt as if I had visited old friends, and found them keeping up with the times, and it made me glad.

#### THE LAST SNOW.

BY HAZEL GARDINER.



**I**N Western Washington we do not have much snow. The climate is moderate. When we do have some snow we all get excited, and run for our sleds. But the first thing we do is to play snowball. We stay outdoors all the time and play, and sometimes our mothers have to call us two or three times before we come. We get up early in the morning and play until school time, then we cannot do our work in school, thinking of the snow. We have fine times on our sleds, because there are so many hills. I got my face washed in the snow a couple of times. The last snow we had was in January, and it lasted over night.

#### THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

BY IDA E. SCHANZ.



**T**HIS is one of the most useful dogs as well as one of the most interesting. It is rather large and very strong, with great powers of endurance. It will watch its master's sheep, and also his house. We once had a shepherd dog. He died when he was thirteen years old. But old as he was, he would always watch the house yet. He always liked those that he knew belonged to the house, and would never try to bite them. But he never liked for a stranger to come in. We would always have to call him back and talk good to him. There are many kinds of dogs, but I believe that the shepherd is the best.

There was once a shepherd and his flock; the flock happened to get frightened



one night and dashed off in three different directions. The shepherd was unable to call them back, and told the dog that the lambs had run away, setting him off himself in search of them. He was unsuccessful, but on his return met the dog with the whole flock.

The shepherd dog has a thick, warm coat, wooly and heavy about the neck and breast; and it needs this warm coat because it must be out in all sorts of weather.

### FAITH'S CURE.

BY JULIET LUCK.



ONCE there was a little girl who lived in a beautiful house on the most fashionable street in Baltimore. The little girl's name was Amy Weston. Her father was rich, and could give her all she wanted, but health, for poor little Amy was a cripple. She lay all day in her little wheel chair on the veranda in summer, and by the open fire in the sitting room in winter. At the time our story opens she was lying in her wheel chair by the window in the sitting room, when in ran her little brother with the morning mail.

"Here's a paper for you, Amy," he cried, tossing it in her lap.

Amy opened her paper, it was a copy of WEE WISDOM. She began to read, and the more she read the better she liked it, and as she read of the wonderful cures of faith a great wave of joy swept over her heart. "If they were cured, why not I?" she mused. "I believe I'll try it;" so she fell asleep saying:

"God is my health, I can't be sick,  
God is my strength, unfailing, quick"

When she awoke it was quite dusk, and the servant came in to light the lamps. Amy was almost sitting under the large lamp, and somehow the burning match fell right on her. Almost before she knew it her dress was blazing. Her father coming up the walk in front of the house saw the blaze, and dashed up the stairs to her room; when he threw open the door there stood Amy, her dress still smoking, but alive and unhurt.

"Amy, my child, what are you doing out of your chair? Are you hurt?"

"No, papa," she said, smiling up in his face, as he caught her in his arms; "I am all right. I only said, '*God is my strength*, I can walk,' and I did."

### STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE BIRDS.

BY LETITIA HEWLITT.

Once-upon-a-time there were three little birds. There was the mamma bird and the papa bird, and the little baby bird. These birds were very happy birds, and they all lived in one nest. One day they went out to get something to eat, and they all of them flew away.



Aunt Mary and Florence.



BARKER, MONT.

DEAR LITTLE WEES—I hope you all had a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I received WEE WISDOM and enjoy it very much. I wish it would come more often, don't you? I am going to school now. There are only six children going to our school, my five brothers and myself. I like our teacher very much; her name is Miss Goudreau. I did not write a story this time, but I found one in my scrapbook, which I hope the editor will accept. What can I do to receive a Truth card? With love,

JOSEPHINE LILLY.

[For a new subscriber, Aunt Mary will send you a Truth card.—ED.]

HOLTON, KANS.

DEAR EDITOR—In our little paper it says to find somebody who is not able to pay for it. I thought I would give you a name; if you do not want to use it you need not. I will give you his address: Bennie Purdum, Holton, Kan. We were pleased with your letter. Mamma had forgotten your promise to write a poem on the Peace Flag, but she will get at it soon. Goodby,

VIOLETTA LEEMAN.

[All right, Violetta, if you think Bennie would enjoy WEE WISDOM's visits, we will send it to him.—ED.]



VALMEYER, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write you a letter because I have not written for so long. I thought I would write you a composition about my Christmas Party, because I have not written one yet for WEE WISDOM. I always said, "I can write a story, and I will," so at last I could write one. With love to the little Wees, I will close,

ANNIE SCHELLHARDT.

[Good for you, Anna; "Where there's a will there's a way."—ED.]



ST. MARYS, KAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the first time I have ever written to you. I am ten years old. I live on a farm in the country. I ride horseback. I ride a bicycle, too. We drive to school; we have two miles to go. Our teacher's name is Miss Anna Browne. There is a nice creek runs through our farm, and we have a fine place to skate. I learned to skate last winter. Well, I will close. Your friend,

TRACY GROVER.



VALMEYER, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter that I wrote to you. I like WEE WISDOM very much, because it teaches me to be honest and truthful. I am going to be nine years old in May. We have been taking this little paper nearly four years. I have a little brother. His name is Emil. He is two years old. He always tries to sing and read. My little sister, Freida, can spell almost any word in her story-book. She will be six years old in November.

"If you want to meet a smile,  
Take one with you all the while."

And so, goodby,

OTTO M. SCHELLHARDT.



PAGOSA SPRINGS, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I am a boy eight years young. I have received two numbers of WEE WISDOM. I am always glad when it comes. A friend of my mamma's subscribed for it for us. There are

five of us children, two sisters, two brothers and myself. We live way out here in Colorado, ten miles from Pagosa Springs. The water of the Springs is hot enough to cook eggs. Lots of people come to the Springs to bathe for their health. We have lived here one year. There are mountains on every side of us, and thousands of acres of pine timbers. My mamma teaches us every day that when we do right there is nothing to be afraid of. From your true friend,

G. EARLE SNOOKS.

[That's a first-class letter, Earle. Write us again and tell us about the mountains.—Ed.]



PAGOSA SPRINGS, COLO.

DEAR EDITOR—Can you publish two letters from the same home? My brother, Earle, was writing to WEE WISDOM, so I asked mamma to write a letter for me, too. I am seven years old. I have gone to school one term (four months). I help mamma all I can by washing dishes and tending to baby brother; he is nine months old. We have lots of work, as we keep cows, chickens and Belgian hares. I want to learn to work and care for everything, so I will be useful when I am a woman. My mamma takes UNITY. If this is not a failure, I will try again.

Yours lovingly, GLADYS LEONA SNOOKS.

[It's all right, Gladys, we do not believe in failures, neither do you.—Ed.]



BIG TIMBER, MONT.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you, but sister and I have taken WEE WISDOM for nearly two years, and we enjoy reading it very much. Sister is nine years old, and I am eleven. We are going out on the ranch in April. The ranch is four miles from town. When we are out on the ranch sister and I have several little pets which we think are so nice. Last year we had five lambs, and we fed them their milk with a bottle; they did look so cute. I wish some of the Wees could come and see us this summer, and enjoy all the nice things that are on the ranch. Sister and I ride horseback sometimes. We go to school in town this winter. I think the picture of Marion's brother is so cute in the February WEE WISDOM. My sister's name is Marian. I was sick once, but Auntie Ryan made me well. Yours lovingly,

FLORENCE OTTO.



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write you a few lines in order to let you know that I am well, and I hope you are all the same. I am ten years old. I am a number 5. It is very nice here today, like spring. My e Saturday, and she looks like a sweet little plant. My little brother, Marcell, is very sweet. I

have a verse. It is good for us all. My best regards and love to all the Wees. From your friend,

IDA SCHELLHARDT.

[Ida has failed to give her street number, as have some others, and as Ye Editor is not good at guessing, they may fail to get their extra paper.—Ed.]



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first visit to you. I enjoy reading the stories ever so much. I think "Ministering Angels: Story of Two Boys Who Tried It", is a lovely story. My Aunt Mamie Howe sent WEE WISDOM to me for a New Years present. I think it is the loveliest present I could have gotten, don't you? I will try to get some subscribers for you if I can. I wish WEE WISDOM came every week instead of every month. My mamma and I expect to visit my Aunt Mamie Howe next summer in Table Rock, Nebr. I would like very much to stop in Kansas City on the way and see WEE WISDOM. I will write to you again some time. Yours with love,

MADA FRANCES PEPOON.

[Mada's writing is like copy-plate. She is "Tom's" cousin. WEE WISDOM would be very happy to have her return some of its calls on her.—Ed.]



DADVILLE, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write and thank you for the "Summer Stories," and the "Drops From Wee Pens." I love to read them very much. We just received WEE WISDOM for February, and I have read it almost through. It is a very nice little paper. "God is love, and love is Truth; and Truth is God, and God is good." That is all I can think of now, and I will close with much love to the Wees. I have a story to put in WEE WISDOM.

GRACE ORTLOFF.

[The story-poem Grace has chosen is very sweet, but it ends in the old sad way, and we, Dear Wisdoms, must get away from the pictures of death and error if we would learn the ways of life and joy. God is Life, and we want to know about life always.—Ed.]



RATON, N. M.

DEAR AUNT MYRTLE—I thought I would write to you and earn an extra copy of the little paper, to give to my little friend who claims she is sick. I can play the little song, "Pretty Leaves," on the organ, and am going to learn, "Mamie's Thanksgiving." I do not know when I will have a chance to send this letter, but will have it ready. When I feel a little bad I say to myself:

"God is my health, I can't be sick;  
God is my strength, unfailing, quick."

And it heals me. Well, I will close. With love,  
Your little subscriber, GLADYS TROY.

SEATTLE, WASH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have been intending to write for so long. I am eleven years old. I go to school, and I am in the fifth grade. I have a brother ten years old and a little sister two months old. We are going back to Alaska in the spring. I like it very much up there. I enjoy reading the stories in WEE WISDOM, and watch and wait for it every month. I wish it would come once a week instead of once a month. Here is a little story I made up.

HAZEL GARDINER.

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TOPEKA, KAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I took you last year. I want you again. I am eight years young, and I can read you, and I like you very much. I like the Mother Truth rhymes. I would like very much to have them again. I go to school and am in the 1st A grade. It is pretty cold here. I thought I was sick last week, but I am well now I know. I have a pet hen. Her name is Bluey. I enclose 50 cents for WEE WISDOM.

GLEN MERCER.

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FREEBURG, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write to you. I have not written for a long time. I was very glad when I received that UNITY. And my papa says that when he gets so he can work again he will get the UNITY for me. And what other books do you think he should get to help us into the truth? My papa is sick a great deal, but is trying to heal himself. Won't you please try and help him get well? I am very thankful for the books, "Drops From Wee Pens" and "Summer Stories." They are very delightful books, and I was very much pleased with them. I received my WEE WISDOM yesterday, and I suppose that is the last one I will get for this half year. So please find inclosed 25 cents in stamps, for which send me the other half year, for it is very hard to get along without it. The song on the February WEE WISDOM cover is very nice, both music and words. We tried it on our piano when it came. I think everybody likes WEE WISDOM. Mamma, papa and grandpa like it. Grandpa cannot read it, but he sometimes tries to. I think I have written enough for this time.

Remaining a reader of WEE WISDOM,

IDA E. SCHANZ.

[What we seek we shall find, Ida. So you and your papa are sure to find knowledge and health, and we will remember this with you.—Ed.]

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I noticed in my last paper you thought I was a boy. I am a girl. My address is 3659 Hickory Street. I thank you for saying I do bold writing. We are all a happy and well family. Mamma heard you speak at the New Thought meeting. I will close.

Yours truly, ERIC MOORE.

WALLACE, W. VA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I send 50 cents to renew my subscription for another year, as my time is out and I do not want to miss a paper. I like to read the letters from the little Wees, and Aunt Mary's Bible lessons. I like the stories, too, but I like the letters and Bible Lessons the best. I can learn so much from the lessons, and I like to hear from the children. This is my second letter to you. We are having very cold weather now, and my little brother and I cannot go out and slide down the hill. We have to stay close by the fire until the weather gets warmer. Mamma is writing this for me. With love to WEE WISDOM and all the Wees, I am your little friend,

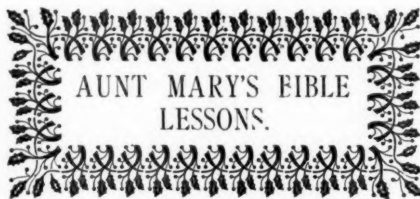
BLANCHE DUDLEY.

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ARGOOD, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have all my lessons, and thought I would write you a letter. I have no brothers or sisters. I go to school, and am in the sixth grade. I am thirteen years young. I have two cats and a bird. I like to read the stories in the little paper. My teacher's name is Charley Hertenstein. Yours with love,

ARILLA ARNOLD.



## LESSON X. MARCH 5.

Jesus at the Feast of Tabernacles.—John 7:37-46.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Never man spake like this man.*—John 7:46.

When you are called to any good thing, do not dilly-dally, but answer the call quickly. This call of Jesus, "Come unto me and drink," (verse 38) reminds us of one of the lessons of last month, when he told the Samaritan woman about living water. This water was not that which you see in wells, cisterns or streams: this was the water of the Spirit which we have always with us.

This living water, or life-giving water, is found in the soul. It is the thought of God, our faith in God that always satisfies and pleases, giving us real happiness.

Jesus was the teacher of his disciples, or followers, and they wrote his words and deeds for us to read of, so that we might know how to find Truth. But now, today, with the Bible as a guide, we must look deep into our own hearts and there find the living Christ, the Holy Spirit.

People have always had the Holy Spirit with them, but Jesus knew that they could not appreciate this fact until after he had gone from their sight, and so he speaks of giving the Holy Comforter.

There is another special lesson to be found in this chapter; that is, that we must not judge. Suppose you know a little boy who has lived all of his life in an old tumbled-down house in an alley. Perhaps his clothes are also very shabby looking. Must you say he is not good because he has a poor, mean looking home?

No. You must always look for the good. It does not make any difference what house or what town any one may live in, God loves him just the same, for God made him and made him good. Perhaps that little boy can teach you some splendid games, or perhaps he may know beautiful truths about flowers and birds, and then, when you look at him with God's light in your eyes you find him a most charming little fellow.

Suppose you know a girl whose father has been called a bad man, and whose mother never goes to church; is that any reason why you should say, "She is a bad little girl"? No indeed. You will find the good if you will take the trouble to look for it. *God is everywhere present.*

#### LESSON XI. MARCH 12.

The Slavery of Sin.—John 8:31-40.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin.*—John 8:34.

You have only two things to do to be followers of Jesus. *Believe him*—believe and know that his words are good words, and follow them, that is, *obey*. God gave us all freedom. He even left it to little children to choose between good and bad, for God knows only good, being all good, and only sees the good we do. Jesus taught us to love; that is, to be good in order to know God.

It is a great and wise God that allows us to do as we please, but we soon find out that it is better to be obedient and good than disobedient and ugly. If we sow useless seeds, then must we pull up thorny plants that hurt and sting like nettles, but if we sow good seeds we may pluck beautiful flowers, roses, hyacinths and lilies; and show ourselves true disciples of Christ by our good deeds.

Always claim God as your Father; then will you be acting as God's child, thinking of Him and speaking of Him in a true way. Jesus claimed God as his Father, so must we. You notice in the lesson, these people could only think of Abraham as their father. They could not understand that their real Father was God. But Jesus knew and showed them that they were not even following Abraham's teachings, for Abraham was a good man, and would not have wished to kill Jesus, as did the people.

The more wrong we do, the more we will cling to sin, until we cannot help sinning. What we need to do is to keep our minds upon right thinking and right doing. Here are a few ways toward right doing:

Obeys your parents.

Be cheerful.

Look for the good in everyone.

Do not find fault.

Think of ways in which to help others.

Remember Love.

Look for Christ in your own heart.

#### LESSON XII. MARCH 19.

Healing of the Man Born Blind.—John 9:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT — *I am the light of the world.*—John 9:5.

Jesus always saw those that needed help, and was ready to speak the healing word. Jesus lived close to God, knew himself to be one with the Father; and thus must we do to benefit all people.

The disciples thought that the man was blind because of the sins of the parents. Now in this case it was neither the man's fault nor his parents, though in many cases sin is the direct cause of sickness. It was because the man did not know how to show forth God. In other words, the man was in the dark, he did not even know God. Jesus had to tell him of the great good within him, and so the man saw with his mind's eye, and then with the outer eye, and in this way he knew that the words of God could show through *him*, also. He had never known it before. It was not the clay that gave the man sight, nor the washing in the pool, but the man's obedience, and faith in Jesus. Jesus healed in that particular way to show that earthly things count for nothing with God.

Christ is with us all the time to give us that understanding, or spiritual sight, that will cause us to be able to see into the things of God. We may have all knowledge if we have faith in God. The light of the world is the Christ within.

Never be afraid.

Do not fear the dark.

The light is within you.

Christ is the Light.

Truth is the Light.


Faith will give you sight.

#### LESSON XIII.

Review.

GOLDEN TEXT — *But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.*—John 20:31.





### YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

**B**LESSINGS on you, my Wisdoms! Ye Editor is so pleased with your efforts this month. She knows you must feel a great joy welling up within you at having done so much toward helping WEE WISDOM make glad her March visits East, West, North and South. Why! it's just as if you'd gone calling with her in homes all the way from Alaska to South America in the western world. And from Denmark to India and Australia on the other side of the globe. Isn't that a journey to make? And think of it, how glad you make each other by these happy thought-calls. There isn't a home but will be brought nearer in trust and love to the Great Mind that listens and answers, after Robin's beautiful lesson of faith has reached it. Remember to tell in your messages to each other only that which brings joy and benefit, for "*only the good is true.*" The whole mission of WEE WISDOM is to help everybody discover the Fairyland of Truth lying all about us, waiting for us to wake up and find out that misery, pain and want and trouble are only *bad dreams* after all, and the whole world is crammed full of joy and health and beauty. Why! there's never a time when there's more or less of God than another. Whoever thinks that way must believe in a fickle God. We never could be sure of anything with a fickle God. The worlds would be getting out of their places, and the whole universe be "topsy turvy" if God should keep

changing His mind. But this is not true. *Our God is the "same yesterday, today and forever."* So we go to bed at night knowing that the sun will rise in the morning, and our supply of air will not give out. We trust the Great Loving Giver for our air and light. Yet we fear there is not life and health enough to keep us going. *God is Life,* and not till God gives out will life and health give out. Shall we not put the same undoubting trust in Him for life and health we do for air and sunshine?



"Aunt Mary" and Florence will call upon you all this month, and you will feel blessed in looking at the dear face that always has a smile for the Wisdoms, and is always planning something good for you. God bless her! and little Florence, too; yes, and *all of us!*



"Happy" is here in her "rompers" and Edwin in his work-a-day clothes; they'll be ready to visit you next month. Lucy Ault has sent in a nice story which you can read next month, and there are some other good things left over. We are sure you are all going to do your best now toward making WEE WISDOM a welcome and profitable visitor everywhere. You can do something toward increasing her visiting list, too, can't you? Your letters are a great source of joy to Ye Editor. I can just fairly see the little fingers pushing the good willing pen along (call it that and it will work easier). Well, we love and understand each other anyway, and our blessings go out to each other over the wireless lines of God's love. *Blessing on you one and all.*



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PRINCE MARCH.

*The story of the Sleeping Princess  
Most anyone can tell;  
How she slept within her castle  
Held there by a magic spell.*

*Till a Prince came, brave and daring,  
With a loving kiss  
Broke the spell, and won the Princess  
(You've all heard of this.)*

*We have seen a Sleeping Princess,  
Bound by winter's spell;  
Shut within her cold brown castle,  
(You all know her well.)*

*And the Prince, so brave and daring,  
With a sturdy smack  
Wakes the Princess with his wooing,  
Calls her color back.*

*Life thrills all her sleeping pulses —  
March awakens Spring;  
Earth is filled with stirring impulse,  
Birds are on the wing.*

— M. F.

The Valentine Party was a success.  
You ought to have been there and seen

the King and Queen and Ace of Hearts.  
Anita has told you of it, though she  
could n't picture the *funniness* of it all.

The dear little hand-made, heart-  
made valentines from Dorothy and  
Gertrude and Lavernia and Violetta  
were gratefully received. The one from  
Gertrude is very original. I think I'll  
have to tell you about it later.

Use your talents and they'll grow.

Love everybody, and everybody will  
love you.

REMEMBER,

Remember to watch the date on your  
WEE WISDOM wrapper, and renew  
promptly. Unless you notify us it will  
be stopped at expiration of year.

Remember each little contributor to  
WEE WISDOM will get an extra copy  
containing the story or letter he or  
she has written.

Remember to always give your full  
address in every letter you write us.

Remember WEE WISDOM's address is  
1315 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo., and  
always direct your letters good and plain.

Remember that for three 50-cent sub-  
scriptions you can have *Elsie's Little  
Brother Tom*; or *Wee Wisdom's Way*;  
or *Drops From Wee Pens*, or *Summer  
Stories*; or any one number of *Wee  
Wisdom's Library*; or an extra subscrip-  
tion to WEE WISDOM.

Remember WEE WISDOM always wants  
her little Truth lovers to send in their  
best and happiest thoughts, tell about  
their demonstrations, and help others to  
find the way to be well and happy.

Remember every new subscriber you  
get and every home you put WEE WIS-  
DOM in, you are sowing the seeds of  
harmony, health, happiness.

## GOD IS LOVE.

(Dedicated to Lavernia and Nina Leeman.)

*Vivia A. Leeman,*

*A. Lucy,*

1. Hear the wave-lets splash-ing, flow-ing, sing-ing sweet-ly, God is Love!  
2. Bird-lings in the tree-tops sway-ing sing it o-ver, God is Love!  
3. All in earth, in sea and sky, sing in cho-rus, God is Love!  
4. Men and wo-men, chil-dren all, sing the hap-py song of love;

Chil-dren ca-rol, on-ward go-ing, God is Love! God is Love!  
Lamb-kins in the past-ure play-ing, say so plain, God is Love!  
Birds and wave and but-ter fly tell the story, God is Love!  
All will gath-er at the call— God is Love! God is Love!

### CHORUS.

Chil-dren, sing it o'er and o'er, God is Love! God is Love!

Sing the sto-ry more and more, God is Love! God is Love!