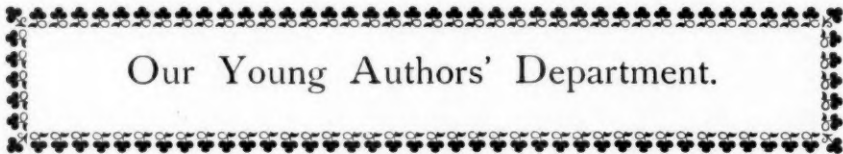


WEE WISDOM.

"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



Our Young Authors' Department.

PASS IT ON.

Have you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on;

'Twas not given for thee alone,

Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

Till in Heaven the deed appears,

Pass it on.

— Selected by MINOTT LEWIS.

ABOUT A BIRD'S NEST.

BY WILL PLANK.

8 years old.



ONE bright sunny day last week, I took a last year's bird-nest from a peach tree. It was the deepest nest I ever saw. It was built of layers of paper on the outside, then woven roots and fine dried grass, and lined inside with horse hairs.

What do you suppose I saw? It was half full of peach seeds that had fallen into the nest when they dropped from the trees last summer. The strangest thing of all, in each peach pit there was a neat round hole gnawed. When winter was cold, and food scarce, the mice had found this storehouse in the tree, and had enjoyed many a dinner.

We had not thought the trees bore fruit in winter, but the mice found some.

MY CHRISTMAS PARTY.

BY ANNIE SCHELLHARDT.



HAD lots of fun on Christmas with my cousins, Sophia and Alwin Ludwig, from Fountain. They came to my house on Christmas Eve, and went with us to the entertainment we had in our school house. They stayed at our house till Christmas noon. On Christmas morning when we woke up we looked at the Christmas tree that Love brought us, and then in our stockings, and found our toys, candy and oranges. While my cousins were at our house we had a fine time, playing ball and wishing each other a Merry Christmas. In the afternoon after dinner we all went to church, and my cousins went along. After church had closed, I and my brother went home with them to see what Love had brought them. That night we had a fine time, dancing and singing and listening to the talking machine and playing dominoes. Sophia's little brother Elmer jumped around in a circle like he was dancing; it made us all laugh.

We stayed at Aunt Bertha Ludwig's house till Christmas Monday four o'clock, and in the afternoon two more of our cousins came there, and they made us laugh so much we could hardly not help ourselves. My cousin Lydia made us all laugh because she said, "Merry Christmas" more than a dozen times. A merrier Christmas I never have had yet, and I hope the other children had a Merry Christmas too.



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

BY MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ACCEPTANCE.

One day Mr. Maltern called at the Tines to say that Mr. Baker had sent for the two boys that had called upon him. Not knowing their names he had asked Mr. Maltern to find them for him and send them to him, for he was very low, unable to leave his room.

The boys went tremblingly this time. They could not understand this sudden call.

They were met at the door by a strange woman, who looked at them curiously as she pointed out to them Mr. Baker's room at the end of the little hall.

A feeble voice called, "Come in," in response to their knock.

Mr. Baker was lying in a long loose dressing gown upon a couch at one side of a good sized airy bed-room.

He smiled feebly as the two comrades entered, and pointed out chairs for them to be seated. This was a good beginning, for he seemed more cordial than upon the former visit.

He began, "Boys, I've forgotten your names."

"Arthur Snow and Earl Tines," volunteered Earl.

"I want to say," continued the minister, "that I'm sorry that I was so hasty with you the other day. Your words have stayed with me. Somehow they have stuck, and I want you to tell me all you can about this—this—er belief of yours. I can't speak much. I'm a very sick man—and the doctors have—given me up. Now you," pointing to Arthur, "tell me all you know—anything, if it'll only make me well."

Mr. Baker caught his breath and lay back with closed eyes. Having been given leave, Arthur began to talk.

"I said that God was the only healer, and so He is, for, God is Love. God created you in His spiritual image, and so you are one with God in Truth and in Spirit. In God you are not ill, but whole and well and strong. If you think that long enough and feel it, you will be healed outwardly as well as inwardly, and all pain will cease. Henry Miles is well because he began to think about God being his life."

Mr. Baker raised his head.

"What! Henry Miles well? I've known the boy for years — a sickly little fellow. Indeed, if this is true, there is surely hope for me. Shall I pray to God to be made whole?"

"Oh, no, sir," replied Henry. "Just give thanks that you are now made whole, and think of the image of God within you, or, your real God-self."

"The spark of Divinity," suggested the minister.

"Yes, the Christ within, and say over and over, 'I have faith that now I am made whole, and give thanks that it is so.'"

"Suppose I haven't faith?"

"Your faith will grow, and in your soul you have all faith, or you would not listen to us."

"I see! I see! Thank you. Now I feel so weak I must ask you to leave. I'll think it all over. Thank you for coming. Send Mrs. Brown to me — the one who let you in — and come again."

Mr. Baker closed his eyes again wearily, and the boys departed after ringing the bell for Mrs. Brown.

"We must stop and tell Mr. Maltern," said Earl. "It has come about just as he said it would. Mr. Baker has meditated some on what we first said, and is willing to use the Word."

When Mr. Maltern heard the news his eyes twinkled, and leaning back in his chair on the porch where he had been resting after some hard digging, he said cheerily, "Now, boys, I'm going to be a Miss Nancy and say, 'I told you so.' Well, it's good news. I thought Baker was too fine a man to stay in a narrow rut long. You just keep holding the word of life for him, now that he's ready, and I will, too."

[To be continued.]

HAPPY.

(Five years o'd.)



This little girl's name is Harriet, but everyone calls her Happy. She seems to bring sunshine and smiles with her wherever she goes. Happy loves music, and already plays a little on the piano, and begs for music lessons. When there is any illness in the house, Happy (of her own accord) sits beside the patient and sings, "— is all well, all well, all well." Once some one spoke of a girl who had overcome the stealing disease, and asked, "How did she do it?" Happy's black eyes snapped, and she said, "Oh, she just thought herself out of it."

THE TULIP.

BY LUCY C. KELLERHOUSE.



HERE once was a garden where nothing bloomed, because the North Wind had shut the gate and locked it with an icicle. He had covered the ground with snow, which in one corner of the garden he had blown high; and this was his hut, where he slept; only, when he slept, he snored so loud that you could hear him in your dreams.

In the morning, when the North Wind stretched himself, he would give a long, shrill whistle, which quite blew away the snow from the garden before his hut, so that the bare brown earth and dry twigs and dead leaves were more cold than without the snow.

It was in this very spot that a little tulip was trying to sleep; but this was a hard task, with the North Wind stamping and snoring overhead. She knew that he had locked the gate of the garden with an icicle, and she feared that Nell, who had loved her so last summer, would never come to her again, and kiss her, and call her the prettiest flower of the spring.

But one day, right in the midst of a lot of blustering and blowing, the North Wind fell fast asleep; and while he slept and snored, there came a knock at the garden gate, and there was South Wind, with her blue eyes, and a soft, encouraging voice. She shook the gate gently, but the icicle rattled in the lock; so she blew upon the icicle, and it trickled away in tears, and the gate flew open.

Pensively South Wind trod the snow

that had hid the garden, and sighed, for the North Wind had played such havoc, and where were the pretty children of the spring? Should she turn and leave the place, so white and cold and lifeless? What could she do here, where the bare trees looked like great birch rods, the shrubs were huddled under a torn blanket of snow, and the grass and flowers were locked up like naughty children in the cellar? The birds, the butterflies and bees were gone.

Just then South Wind spied the snow hut, and heard the North Wind snore. She laughed low, tossed her bright hair back like a banner, and blew from her pretty lips an air that was stronger than sledge-hammer or cudgel; for the rafters and roof-tree of the hut fell down, and there lay the North Wind, rubbing his eyes, with the South Wind shaking her finger at him.

"I am lord of this garden," he cried, springing up in his fury.

"Too long you have been, too long," replied the South Wind, looking sadly at the thorny icicles growing upon everything, "but now your rule is over; you must return to the far North, which is your home, where there are no gentle flowers to perish, and none to fear you."

Then the North Wind blew upon her, so that the South Wind shrank back and hid behind a tree, beneath which a little snowdrop was dreaming of her. For a moment South Wind thought of the home whence she had come, where her house was built of palms and her couches were covered with green grass and her carpets woven of flowers. She might return, and live where all things were good and beautiful, and leave the North Wind in the ugly, frozen garden ;

but just then the little snowdrop stirred beneath her foot.

Again the South Wind tossed back her hair, and laughed with a laughter before which the North Wind shrank and fled; and he leaped the fence and ran like a lamb up the hill and away, without once looking back. The ground was all sloppy with the snow which he had left, as people will move from a house and leave their rubbish behind, but the South Wind swept it into a corner, and set about putting things in order; and as she worked she sang, and the sleeping flowers knew that she was calling to them, softly, as a mother bird talks to her little ones.

But none replied. Then South Wind saw the bare ground near where the North Wind's hut had been, and she tapped upon it.

"Tulip, too, is sleeping," she said, "or is she dead? Have all the children of the spring gone? Is there not one leaf, one bud, to give me hope?"

Then South Wind looked again with her deep, blue eyes, right through the hard ground, and she saw that the children of the spring were sleeping.

"Come, little tulip," she called again.

"See, she is reaching up her little hand," said another voice; and there was Rain with her watering-can, softening the ground, and washing the trees and shrubs ready for their new green dresses. Rain had beautiful gray eyes, and daphanous garments, which she tossed over the baby buds. Her voice was as sweet as that of the South Wind, though she was not so pretty, being all in gray. As South Wind had done, she went about the garden softly calling, and the children of the spring began to stir in their swaddling clothes.

"Is it you, mother?" they called sleepily. "Is it time to get up?"

"How precocious," said Rain to South Wind. "Yes, children, it is time to take your bath. Mother is coming, though I am not she. I suppose," she said meditatively, "that I am your aunt."

"How tenderly she washed the little hands and faces; and Sunshine caught her at her task. Then Rain tossed over her shoulders a scarf that gleamed with the colors of ruby and topaz and emerald and sapphire, and with good-by kisses and happy tears, she carried her empty watering-can back to the clouds to be filled; and there they could see her waving her bright scarf, which they had never guessed she had, because she had worn it wrong side out; but Sunshine always sees the bright side of everything.

How lovingly Sunshine bent over the buds; and they stirred and turned their little blind faces up to be kissed.

"Come, tulip," she called, and the tulip lifted her slender arms, stretched, and opened her glad, bright eye upon the world.

Oh, how beautiful Sunshine looked, with her fleece of golden hair, her shining garments, and, loveliest of all, her tender face with rosy lips and eyes where love sat brooding. She made a radiance as she passed, and the tulip caught the sweep of her garments and its border burned with gold. Dandelion and crocus caught fire, and South Wind snapped yellow willow withes in the sunny air. The little buds tumbled out of their swaddling clothes to see what it all meant, and blinked like kittens as they opened their eyes, and Sunshine played hide-and-seek with

them through the branches. And then she found the old soiled snow bank, which South Wind had blown into the corner, and Rain could not wash away; but Sunshine buried the stain in the earth, and, purified, she drew the white soul of the snow to her bright home in the sky, for there was nothing so soiled but that it could become innocent and pure once more.

The garden was now smiling and fair, not so much with plenty as with promise. The buds were restless and the grass was bold, but beautiful was the tulip in her gorgeous array of crimson and gold, whispering words of hope to all around her, telling of the full and happy life to be, when the garden would be a paradise of flowers, lovelier far than herself. Yes, they would be more fair, more fragrant, but not more welcome to the eyes of the child who entered the garden gate one morning in a passion of weeping, wherein she could see only that the buds were still hard and the ground was cold. She thought it too early for flowers, but the tulip shone like the rainbow of hope, and Nell flung herself on the ground beside it, though it shrank from her falling tears, as if the snow had come again.

It was chill enough for the snow to fall, this morning that the angry child entered the garden. The skies were gray with clouds that muffled the face of Sunshine; far, far away, the South Wind loitered in an orange grove weaving herself a wreath, that the odor might float from her soft hair as she fled laughing to colder climes, and the petals would shake and fall like sweet dreams of summer, and touching heavy hearts, they would grow light, turning

from wintery thoughts to greet her gaily. But, while South Wind was preparing this surprise, North Wind was looking over the garden fence at Nell. He gave a long, low whistle, and the tulip shrank and trembled, and she heard his voice:

"I am the North Wind: hate and death
Like phantoms follow my frosty breath.

I blow on my bugle a blast so deep
Old Nature herself falls fast asleep.

The flowers fade as I pass by,
And love and hope and happiness die.

O'er earth and faith a pall of snow
I fling in fury as fast I go!"

And here he was, bounding over the fence, his white hair flying, his red nose gleaming, his chill breath startling the trembling buds.

"Out too early, my dears," said he, laughing boisterously. "Ha, ha, and what have we here? A little maiden drowning herself in tears. What is the matter? Tell me your trouble."

This Nell was not loath to do, though she did not like the look of North Wind, but he matched her mood.

"My teacher," she sobbed, "is so mean."

"Of course she is," said North Wind, encouragingly.

"She is cross at every little mistake, she punishes me, she frowns, scowls, says horrid, horrid things."

"Of course she does; I know it; I have heard her," said North Wind; "and what did she do yesterday?"

"I was only asking my seatmate to lend me her pencil, for mine was broken, when she called me up in front for whispering. She said I should sit on the front seat by myself, and have no

Wee Wisdom

one to whisper to; and then I muttered, under my breath, that I wouldn't sit there, and so she stood me up before the whole class, and she is going to punish me again today, and I shall have to sit in front, before them all every day, alone, and pointed out as the worst one in class. I won't stand it; I told her I wouldn't. I won't go any more."

"No, stay right here, and I will build you a little snow house, and you can draw pictures on the snow with icicles, ugly pictures of your teacher, and we will have a fine time," said North Wind.

But somehow Nell did not relish the thought; flowers seemed sweeter than ice or snow, and North Wind was a rough playfellow.

"What," he said, "you don't look happy:

Piff, paff, pooh,
I blow,
You're blue!"

"Ah," she sighed, "the tulip is drooping, the buds are nipped."

"I will hide them all with snow," he laughed.

She began to cry again; yes, there was a light snow falling into the tulip's crimson cup and over the strong young leaves that stood around her like sentinels to protect and shield her.

"Where is South Wind?" whispered the tulip, and a soft voice replied:

"Here!"

Now South Wind did not enter the garden gentle and sweet; when she saw the burly old North Wind with his bag of snow, and Nell with her short hair bristling in her little fury against Miss Cobb, she forgot her wreath of orange blossoms and everything else, and sprang so swiftly into the garden tha

North Wind simply fell backwards right over the fence, and ran roaring up the hill like a hungry lion, which he was.

And now the tulip lifted her noble head to hear the voice of South Wind:

"I am the South Wind: faith and love
Shine from my soft blue skies above.

Entreating sweet and singing low,
I summon the blossoms from below.

Tho' ground is hard and snow is deep,
They are not dead, but fallen asleep."

Stooping to kiss the tulip's bright cheek, she saw Nell upon the ground, like a little drift of snow. She softly touched her hair, and whispered low:

"Dear child, why do you weep?"

Then Nell looked up into eyes that were soft and blue as summer skies, and smile and sob made her voice tremble.

"My teacher is so unkind," she said.

"Why is she unkind?" questioned South Wind.

"She punishes me."

"Why does she punish you?" asked South Wind.

"I make mistakes."

"Yes, we all make mistakes," replied the South Wind. "I made a mistake this morning, loitering in the orange grove, and allowing North Wind to come and frighten the children of the spring. They thought winter had come again. But he is not so dreadful as he seems; his snow is a blanket for the wee darlings. I can turn his roar into a lamb's bleat. But if I had let him stay long enough he would have ruined the pretty garden; and as for your little self, why, your feelings were all hung with icicles, and that golden seed in your heart, which Sunshine sowed long ago, could not struggle up through the hard ground."

"How do you know that there is a golden seed in my heart?" asked Nell. "Can you see it?"

"There is a golden seed in every heart," said South Wind. "But now tell me more of poor Miss Cobb."

"Poor Miss Cobb!" echoed Nell. "Poor me! have you ever seen her, with her set mouth and her sharp nose and her scowl?"

"Yes, I have seen her," replied South Wind softly. "Miss Cobb and I are old friends. There, don't start; let me tell you something. Last evening, when all the children had gone home, Miss Cobb opened the window near her, for her head was aching as she bent over the work which was left her to do. Leaning in through the window, I heard her say, 'How hard the day has been; the children do not know how they worry me. Here is Nell's paper, so carelessly done. Yes, I was cross with her today; I did not intend to be so stern; she will not know how tired I was, and she will blame me and hate me more. Poor child, if her little heart could only know, she would not grieve me so. Oh, the work, and the worry.' And then I lifted a loose strand of gray hair from her furrowed brow, and she smiled at my touch, and I softly kissed her cheek, the only kisses she ever knows, for she is old and ugly and cross to all about her, who do not know of the golden seed in her heart, as I do."

"Humph," said Nell, and tossed her head, as if to toss off the caress of South Wind, but she could feel something stirring in her heart, and her eyes grew softer as South Wind touched her lightly on the cheek.

"Last night I followed Miss Cobb to

her lonely home," continued South Wind; "her tears were her only companions, for she longed for someone who would love her—for you, even for you, Nell."

And now the tulip glistened with rain drops from the sky of Nell's eyes, and another voice, and a sound of gentle footsteps, were heard in the garden; and here was Rain singing:

"I am the Rain, in robe of gray,
Yet I foretell a fairer day.

Within the mantle of my showers,
Unseen, I fold the infant flowers.

I scatter pearls upon the grass:
They turn to emeralds as I pass.

My dancing feet, like laughter low,
Bring hope and joy where'er they go."

"I can not stay," she whispered to Nell, "for the grass is thirsty on the plains. But tell me why you weep, little one. Ah, I know. Miss Cobb has made you angry; and you, did you make her glad? Try it."

"But why should she be so cross?" asked Nell.

"Let me tell you a story," replied Rain: "Once, long ago, I looked through the window at Miss Cobb; she was talking to a young lad who was ambitious to go to college, and she put something into his hand, which meant years of hard work to her, and an education to him. When he was gone I would sometimes look through the window while she read his letters, which did not take long to read, because they were so short; then, by-and-by, there were no letters to read; she had to get out the old letters and read them over. Then, while I looked into her eyes, I would tell her that the time would come, though too late for her to know, when

Wee Wisdom

ingratitude would be asnamed of itself,
and perish, and love and gratitude
would win. Hope bloomed like a pale
flower in her heart, though the ground
had grown hard, and tears fell as snow.
No, her helping hand has not been
staid, but the hand gives what the
heart withholds."

"How like winter the world must
seem to her," said Nell thoughtfully;
"perhaps I can help her just a little to
see that we know she's good and kind."

"Goodby, dear, I know that you can
and will." And Rain kissed her eyes,
and sparkled like a star as a beautiful
being in shining garments, with golden
hair not brighter than her radiant face,
ran into the garden and threw her
tender arms around the child.

"Oh, Sunshine, it is you," whispered
the tulip gladly; and Nell looked up
and smiled, as a voice which she felt
more than she heard, sang joyously:

"I am the Sunshine, fair and blythe;
I sow the seeds of love and life.

I fill the flowers with honey-dew,
The bee and butterfly to woo.

Forsythia's wreath I weave so fair;
Spring will not find her unaware.

With gilded buds I crown the trees,
Make nuggets of corn and golden bees.

O'er meadow sweet my purse I fling,
Where buttercups are blossoming.

With lily's stamen, sheathed in pearl,
For sword and sceptre, I unfurl

To the morning breeze my banner bright,
And hills rejoice and hearts are light.

I flash on the oriole's wing and breast;
In the daisy's heart I find my rest;

But better far I like to live
In the shining looks that love will give.

I hide in earth in a vein of gold;
I spring to view in the crocus bold.

So I hide in wayward hearts and wild,
Yet I light the face of a happy child.

I gleam in the gold of her sunny tress,
But I linger more in her glad caress.

But, oh, to live in her loving kiss —
What sweeter thing in the world than this?"

And this was the song of the Sun-
shine, and is, and always shall be. The
heart hears it, and grows glad; the
earth listens, and echoes it in sparkling
streams, bright flowers and beauty,
which is also the reflection of good
thoughts.

How quickly the children of the
spring responded to her call; and with
her glorious eyes upon her, Nell felt
that golden seed of which South Wind
had told her, and which rain had coaxed
to budding, unfold, and its petals trem-
ble with the joy of being.

"How glad the flowers are to see
you," said the child.

"My garden needed me," said Sun-
shine.

"How beautiful it looks," said Nell;
I am so sorry to leave it and go to school."

"You do not look happy at the
thought," said Sunshine.

"I am trying to be good," responded
Nell. "I want to do right, and make
Miss Cobb feel better; but I would
much rather stay here with you."

"Ah, but I am going with you," said
Sunshine; "I wish to say "Good
morning" to Miss Cobb, for she and I
are old friends. You look surprised.
You do not love her as I do, you are
simply pitying her, and hoping to help
her. Perhaps you better remain here.
Sit on this green bank, and I will put my
arm about you, and you may lay your
head upon my breast and rest it so,

while I tell you a story. This morning I took one peep into Miss Cobb's window. How her face brightened when she saw me. She was reading a letter from her sister, who is a cripple, and lives many miles away. The letter ran:

'DEAR SISTER—I have saved enough money to come to you next month, where, in my poor way, I will try to make a bright home for you, and repay you for all the love you have given me, and all you have done for me. I am much stronger than I was, and can help you a little, but love you a great deal.'

What, has Rain come again?" whispered Sunshine, kissing Nell's shining eyes.

"How fair the garden seems," said Nell; "all the flowers are opening, the grass is green and soft, the ground is warm, but I must leave it, and this pleasant rest, and go to school, that Miss Cobb may not think me resentful, but find me a good child."

"You will find a fairer garden there," said Sunshine.

"In the schoolroom?" asked Nell.

"In her heart. There are few flowers there, but they are beautiful."

"I will help another grow," said Nell. "Where are my books and slate? I must hurry, or be late."

"Have you nothing more to say, no other thought than duty?" asked Sunshine. "Will the task be hard to go to her pleasantly? If so, then stay with me, and I will teach you how to love her."

"Oh, but I go because I love her," said Nell; "you have taught me how."

She picked up her books and slate where she had thrown them on the ground, and as she started up, the tulip said,

"Take me."

"But you would die so soon," replied Nell. "You have tried so hard to push through the hard, cold ground to tell us that summer is coming, you have not minded North Wind, nor been frightened, nor held back. You have been so brave when other flowers were afraid. You look so beautiful and triumphant, I cannot pick you and see you die so soon."

"I can not die," said the tulip, "my petals may wilt and fall, but I still live, though unseen. Fear not to take me, I was born to brighten a day that would have been dull for someone; we are all born for some purpose, and a little child, and a little flower, may make a dark day bright."

So Nell plucked the tulip and carried it to her teacher, whispering as she gave it to her:

"I am sorry that I was naughty yesterday; I did not know how it might grieve you."

"You do not know how much it will help me if you will be good," said Miss Cobb, and kissed Nell, and held the little hand that offered her the flower; and the light of love shone in those faded eyes, faded with weeping; but they were not too dim, as she took the bright flower, to see a flower more beautiful that had blossomed in the child's heart.

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere;
Like troubled spirits here and there,
The firelight shadows fluttering go,
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And, softly, from a further room
Comes, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

—Selected.



NATURITA, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the first time I have written to you. I like you very much, because you teach me to be honest and truthful. I am going to be eleven years young in May. I can ride horseback, and can take the horses and cows to water. I have a little brother. His name is Ralph. He is five years young. He can ride horses if we lead them. School is out now. I wish we had nine months of school instead of six. I am going to study at home. We have good skating usually here, but this winter we did n't have any. I can skate. I learned last winter. I hope to see my letter in the little paper next month.

Your friend,
ELDA A. CHALFIELD.



BEATRICE, NEB.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the second time I write. I like to go to school, and am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is May Moore. I like her very much. My two sisters go to school, too. I like the little paper very much. I wish it would come every week instead of every month. We have lots of snow here now. You will find 50 cents for which send me WEE WISDOM for another year. I will close.

Your friend,
ANNIE KOCH.



DECATUR, ARK.

DEAR EDITOR—Will, my brother, is going to send you a story to publish, so I will write a little letter. Grandma Gille gave me WEE WISDOM as a Christmas present. I think it is a nice present. Will and I like to read the letters of other children, and like to find where they live on our map. There are four of us children: two boys and two girls, Will eight, James five, Jessie one and a half, I eleven. We live on a fruit farm here, and enjoy many good times in the country.

With much love to all the little Wees,
LOUISE ELLEN PLANK.



MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the first year I have subscribed for you. When I first took you up in my hands I said to myself, "It is full of love and sunshine." When I see anything beautiful I always think of you. I am ten years old, and I go to school. I go through a park. One day while I was going through the park, I heard a

bird singing a song. It was very beautiful. Perhaps because it was spring weather. (It is spring weather here.) I looked around and I found the bird, but I did not know his name. So goodbye to all the Wees. From

ARLINE ASHWORTH.



LEEDS, N. D.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought that I would write you a letter. I like the WEE WISDOM very much, and I am sure all of the others like it very much, too. Are you all well? We are all well, and hope you are the same. I have a little playmate, and every morning I go to school. Her name is Fay. She is eight and I am nine. I got a little cat, and she is all black. I like her very well. I will close. From, SELMA WEIERMULLER.



VALMEYER, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write you for the first time. I am six years old, and going to school. I am in the first reader. I have two brothers; one is three years, and the other one is fourteen years. I like to read your paper. I can't wait till mamma gets the paper. I will close. Your friend,
ARNOLD SCHELLHARDT. □



VALMEYER, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write to you for the first time. I am going to the confirmation this winter. Confirmation is very near over. I am not going to school this winter, but I think I'll go next winter. I am fourteen years of age, and I help do all the work at home. Your friend,
GUS SCHELLHARDT.



VALMEYER, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I enjoy to read your stories very much. I wish the little paper, WEE WISDOM, would come every week instead of every month. My mamma and papa are both dead, and I am staying with strange people all the time, and I like the people very well. I have three sisters; the youngest is fifteen years, and I am eighteen years old. We just had a fine time this winter going out sleigh riding. The snow was nearly eight weeks on the ground. I will close. Your loving friend,

NORA A. FRANK.



AVON, MONT.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have never written to you before. I am ten years old. I go to school, and am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Stark. We have not had much snow this winter. It is nice out now. We have a little pup; his name is Bounce. I have four sisters and two brothers. I have been taking WEE WISDOM for over a year, and wish it would come every week. Goodbye, MABEL ELVIRA DAVIS.

ALAMEDA, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—As I have not written a letter for so long I thought I would write one. I go to the Home of Truth in Alameda, and I have been going ever since I was three years young. I like to go to Sunday School, because it teaches me to be good and kind to everybody and everything. It has been so cold and wet here the last two days I could not go out. I have a little friend at school, and she is in the fifth grade and I am in the fourth. My teacher's name is Miss Thompson, and I like her very much. She is very kind to me, and I try to be kind to her. We take the WEE WISDOM, and I like it very much. Aunt Mary and Florence go to our Sunday School. I think that picture of Robin McQueston was very good. Robin, also, goes to our Sunday School. My address is, 1122 College Ave., Alameda, Cal. With love to all the little Wees, I will close.

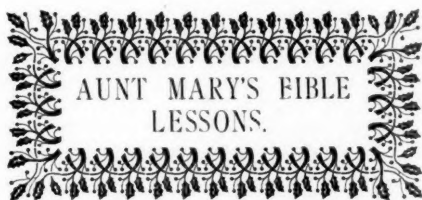
Your loving friend,
HAZEL WHEELOCK PHILLIPSEN.



ESCANABA, MICH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write you a story about the birds. I have three kittens, and one is twelve years old. I am seven years old.

LETITIA HEWLITT.



LESSON I. APRIL 2.

Jesus the Good Shepherd.—John 10:7-18.

GOLDEN TEXT—*I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.*—John 10:11.

Jesus taught Truth, and how to live it. He came to make life easy for people, and to help them to understand the true way to live.

Before Jesus' time people believed that it was right to give evil for evil; as Moses taught, "An eye for an eye," etc., but Jesus spoke of brotherly love and of returning good for evil. Even today people have forgotten the teachings of Jesus, and there are judges and juries to declare, "Hang a man that kills."

Now, my children, if persons do wrong they must, of course, suffer for it. If we do wrong, wrong and evil will be drawn to us most assuredly, but we have no right to condemn or to

punish those that do us an injury, for thus do we make of ourselves thieves and liars. If we call ourselves Christians, we must be Christ-like, and follow in the steps of Jesus.

Jesus is the good shepherd. We all have power to be good shepherds, and lead others into the fold through the right door. The door is the knowledge of Christ within your own soul. This is the door to the kingdom—Jesus Christ within—not a Jesus outside of yourself, but your own Divinity—the Christ-child within you.

The Father knows each one as His son, so must each one know the Father, the beautiful Love Presence that folds us 'round about. To lay down your life for the sheep, is to be willing to give up all selfish ideas, and to work for the good of all. It does not mean literally to die, for there is only life for us wherever we are. We dwell in the Eternal Life. All is Life! From where I write, in the midst of a large park, sweet new grass springs up from beneath my feet, trees encircle me upon every side, people pass back and forth, to and fro: all reminding one of Eternal Life, or God. Life is forever and ever.

LESSON II. APRIL 9.

The Raising of Lazarus.—John 11:32-45.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life.*—John 11:25.

Jesus knew the power of God within him, and, therefore knew that he could do all things. When Jesus groaned in spirit it was not because of sorrow, nor did he weep from grief at the grave of Lazarus. Those that feel the power of healing pulsing through them, and realize a wonderful spiritual work being done, are often moved to tears and sometimes to groans. The power of God is a great force, and often makes the body tremble. I have known of healers moved to tears at the instantaneous healing of a patient. Sometimes the patient will weep and not know the reason. Then, later on, he will feel so well and free and happy, and will understand it to have been the power of God casting out all the false, mistaken thoughts so that Good may reveal itself.

Death is not a real thing. If it were real, Jesus would never have attempted to change it. A day is coming when all may raise the so-called dead, for Jesus said, "Greater things than these shall ye do." My children, do not think that you have to be sick and die. Just live in today, and give thanks to God for health. Give thanks as Jesus did. Jesus was thankful before he saw Lazarus rise from the tomb. It is necessary to be thankful for what you already have if you would possess more of life's good gifts.

The stone at the entrance of the tomb represented doubt in the minds of the friends of Lazarus. So Jesus commanded that the stone (doubt) be taken away, and when that was removed, he was able to have Lazarus come forth. Never doubt any good. Always have faith.

LESSON III. APRIL 16.

The Supper at Bethany.—John 12:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT—*She hath done what she could.*—Mark 14:8.

Never criticise a good deed. Always see a good act as good, and never think how you would have done it better or differently. Every good act is intended by God, and you cannot improve upon it. Suppose you know of a woman who goes to a neighboring house, and spends the day nursing her sick friend. Do not begin to say, "Oh, she ought to have stayed at home and looked out for her own children." This is judgment, and has no place in God. "Judge righteous judgment." See things as good, and mark the hand of God in every good deed. We cannot afford to judge another's actions, nor should we have the time. "As ye judge so shall ye be judged." Like attracts like.

Notice how Mary gave the best that she had to Jesus—the pound of ointment. Surely, she had reason to feel grateful to him after the raising of Lazarus, and it was quite right that she should show this gratitude in attending to his comfort, and bestowing upon him her best. To wipe his feet with the hair of her head was an honor and compliment. Judas was not honest. He criticised Mary's act, for he wished something for himself, and longed for the money he might have by the sale of the ointment. Judas stands for the selfish thought that tries to enter every heart. But we can keep every selfish thought away by thinking and doing for others in the name of Christ.

LESSON IV. APRIL 23.

The Entry of Jesus into Jerusalem.—John 12:12-26.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.*—Matt. 21:9.

Have you ever decorated your house for the coming of some friend? What a joy it is to fill her room with flowers, and make all beautiful for her coming! Think what a happiness it should be to fill the heart with lilies and violets and roses (beautiful thoughts) as a welcome to the Christ, thus making it a perfect dwelling for that Divine Presence.

Read in the first two verses of the lesson how the people welcomed Jesus into Jerusalem by throwing palm branches in his way. A palm means victory. Ever keep before you the thoughts of victory and rejoicing; victory over sin and rejoicing in the truth that you are Divine.

Jesus had his enemies. They were the outside thoughts of ignorant minds, or those that loved darkness rather than light. We, too, have our enemies; thoughts within and without. Remembering that we are God's children, and love Truth, it is easy for us to overcome our own foolish

doubting thoughts, but we must believe and say that God protects us from the outer darkness, or other minds. This will keep us safe from being led astray by those that do not know the presence of God here and now.

Only in the giving up of every wrong feeling can we become glorified; this is the death of the old, and the new birth here upon earth, into righteousness. That is the meaning of the grain of wheat that Jesus speaks of as bringing forth much fruit. Love God and you will grow Godlike.

LESSON V. APRIL 30.

Jesus Washing the Disciples Feet John 13:1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT—*By love serve one another.*—Gal. 5:13.

The feet are symbols of the understanding. They stand under the body to hold it up. Without these we could not walk. Without understanding we could not have knowledge. The understanding holds us in knowledge of light. I want you to think about this in order to have the lesson clearly in your mind.

Jesus washed the disciples feet. It was done for an object lesson, to show them what they lacked. Even the disciples did not understand Jesus. He rebuked one or more of them at different times for not knowing what he meant. This time he washed their feet, for the understanding needed to be pure and clean to know, or appreciate, the meaning of that which was about to follow. This was also done that the disciples might put aside all pride, and willingly help one another. To understand Jesus and all the Truth he has for us, we must read his sayings, and not be confused by the interpretation, or meaning, brought forth by his disciples. Go deeper than that. Look into your heart, and your own Divinity will make clear to you his meaning. Ask God to teach you. Declare, "The Christ within me knows all things."

"I hear you have a little sister at your house," said a Chicago grocery-man to small boy the other day.

"Yes, sir," said Johnny.

"Do you like that?" was queried.

"I wish it were a boy," said Johnny, "so I could play mibs with him an' baseball an' tag, an' all those things when he got bigger."

"Well," said the storekeeper, "why don't you exchange your little sister for a boy?"

Johnny reflected a moment, then he said, sorrowfully, "We can't now. It's too late. We've used her four days."

—*Exchange.*

WEE WISDOM

50 cents a year.

5 cents a copy.

Foreign Subscription, 3 shillings a year.

Published monthly by

UNITY TRACT SOCIETY;
1315 McGee St., Kansas Cit. Mo.

Entered at postoffice as second-class matter.

April, 1905.

EASTER.

(Primary exercise for four children)

Soft fell the snowflakes through the winter hours;

Now the fields are smiling with the spring-time flower.

Would you know the reason? Oh, 'tis very clear,

'Tis because the happy Easter time is here!

And the merry song-birds have been long away,

Singing summer ballads in the Southland gay;

Now they're all returning with the opening year,

Singing, gaily singing, "Easter time is here!"

Winter storms have vanished, clouds no longer frown,

Million little sunbeams now come hastening down;

Fields no longer barren, skies no longer drear,

Tell the happy story, Easter time is here!

Earth is bright with beauty, after winter's strife;

Nature is rejoicing in a risen life.

Silver chimes are ringing in a chorus clear,

"Wake, O world, to gladness, Easter time is here."

—ALICE JEAN CLEATOR, *Selected.*

You will all enjoy Miss Kellerhouse's "Tulip," but don't let her North Wind blow away from your minds the fact that North Wind comes in its season to cover up the sleeping children of summer, and is glad when he is free to go back to his crystal home at the North Pole. All the seasons are beautiful, and our Miss Kellerhouse has only let the North Wind utter such extreme sentiment of hate to illustrate the destructiveness of selfishness in the human heart.

Ye Editor was crowded out of her *Sanctum* this month by the overflow, but we'll remember each other just the same, and you'll all do your best. Won't you?

Lucy Ault's story, and some of our little visitors, are waiting over for next time.

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 that for three 50-cent subscriptions 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 subscription 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 WISDOM in, you are sowing the seeds of harmony, health, happiness.

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

BRING THE SUNSHINE WITH YOU.

Words Revised by LeR. M.

LeRoy Moore.



1. When the day seems cold and sad, Bring the sun-shine with you!
2. Thro' the sun-shine, thro' the show'rs, Bring the sun-shine with you!
3. Let your light for - ev - er shine, Bring the sun-shine with you!



It will make some faint heart glad, Bring the sun-shine with you!
Mak-ing joy - ful, peace - ful hours, Bring the sun-shine with you!
All the bless - ings now are thine, Bring the sun-shine with you!



Fill the room with grate-ful cheer, Spread your sun-shine far and near,
Keep on hand a good - ly store; When you scat - ter, gath - er more;
Ev'-ry eye with joy will beam, Ev'-ry face with pleasure gleam,



There's no room for shad - ows here, Bring the sun-shine with you!
Cheer - ful fac - es we a - dore, Bring the sun-shine with you!
Life a par - a - dise will seem, Bring the sun-shine with you!

