

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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WEE WISDOM

STANDS FOR

The unwarped faith that believeth and hopeth all things.

"All things are possible to them that believe."

The freshness and purity that sees only the Good.

"Their angels do alway behold the face of my Father in Heaven."

The joy and gladness that are fullness of life and health.

"In Thy presence is fullness of joy
. Thou wilt show me the path of life."

The truth that frees from heredity and tradition.




"One is your Father, even God."

The knowledge that *Christ* is the subjective spirit in every child.

"The Kingdom of God is within you "

The understanding that our words and thoughts are builders of our environment.

"For without the Word was not anything made that was made."

Be ye therefore perfect,   
Even as your Father in heaven is perfect.

—JESUS.



Vol. X.

KANSAS CITY, MO., MARCH, 1906.

No. 8.

Doings of the Little Days.

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SEQUEL TO WEE WISDOM'S WAY.

II.

TRIXY'S THEOLOGY.

NANCY the housemaid came to help me get ready for breakfast, and she said it was so nice to have a little girl in the house; she hoped I'd stay a long time. When I went down stairs Uncle Ben caught me up, and said he'd like to know if I were a girl or a witch. Uncle Ben's always saying such funny things. You don't know whether he's making fun of you or not. He said I'd done enough the night before to hang or burn me if I'd been in Salem a hundred years ago. I looked at Aunt Susan, and she shook her head at Uncle Ben, and said, "Don't be so rough with the child, she isn't used to it, and does n't understand you."

Then Uncle Ben sat me down beside him at the table, and asked me if I did n't miss something. I looked around. Aunt Susan was pouring out the coffee. Cousin Frank was at the table. What did I miss? Then Uncle Ben laughed and said, "I don't know what you may

be called upon to answer for yet, Trixy. Baby Charley is still sleeping. It's a serious charge, his lungs must need exercise by this time, and our accustomed ears are idle and empty." Then I knew he meant baby.

I thought Aunt Susan looked brighter and happier, but that might be because I *know* her now. Uncle Ben said we were to have a morning ride. Cousin Frank took me out among the roses first.

"Oh! Oh!" I said right out loud. "How *could* we ever believe God put anything but joy and goodness into folks, when He's filled the roses so full of beauty and fragrance."

Frank said, "Say, Trixy, do you think God makes folks good and happy?"

"Of course; don't you, Frank?"

"Not much. If God made people happy, why would n't mamma be happy? She believes in Him. Papa don't, and he's always jolly. It don't make me happy to hear 'bout God. It makes me wish I was big enough to lick 'im, for

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mamma says He's always watching, and I hate evesdroppers."

I asked Frank if he hated the air and sunshine, and thought because they were always 'round that they were evesdroppers. He didn't understand, and so I asked him if the roses or us either could get along without air or sunshine. Then I told him God was more to us than air or sunshine, for He is our life. I think Frank got some new ideas about God.

Uncle Ben has the loveliest horses, and how they did skim over the long wavey roads. Aunt Susan looked happy, and she said if it were not for thinking of baby's teething she believed she'd enjoy the ride. Uncle Ben said to her, "For the love of humanity, Sue, do forget teething babies, and be happy while you can."

Then I asked Uncle Ben if he did n't think we ought *always* to be happy. He pinched my cheek, and said, "Are you pious, Trixy?" I thought of Doctor Good, and said "No." Then Uncle Ben drew down his face, and said solemnly, "You'll be happy here, then, but you won't go to heaven when you die." I told him I did n't have to *go* to heaven, for heaven was *in* me.

"What kind of talk is this? Are you then a young heretic? Better not talk that way before your Aunt Susan. She's pious, and believes it's wicked to be happy till you go to heaven. But if heaven's inside of you, where do you locate the other place?"

"I don't *believe* in the 'other place,'" I said. Then Uncle Ben laughed right out, and said, "That settles it, Sue."

I wish Uncle Ben would n't say some things he does. Aunt Susan says he's profane. Uncle Ben knows about every-

thing. Folks call him a great Naturalist. Aunt Susan says he knows about everything but God and his soul.

* * * *

When Uncle Ben was out with Frank and me he told us about the wonderful things of Nature, I asked if he really believed in Nature. He said, "Of course." Then I asked him, "Why do you believe in Nature?"

He said, "Because it is all there is to believe in."

"Uncle Ben," I said, "don't you believe everybody must have a father as well as a mother?"

"That's quite the fashion," he said.

"Well, Grace calls Nature Mother-God. Don't you think there ought to be a Father-God?"

Uncle Ben said, "Well, Trixy, trot on a Father-God that's as useful and tangible, and I'll own him."

"Don't you believe in Mind, Uncle Ben?"

"To be sure."

"Aunt Joy says Mind is the Father of all."

"That beats the Jews, Trixy, but Mind is in the head."

"Yes, and everywhere else. Don't you think the trees and flowers grow as if they *know* how?"

"But where is their brain?"

"How I wished for Aunt Joy and Ned and Grace to help me out. But I *know* God *is* Mind, and so I did the best I could. I told him brains weren't Mind, and that Mind was Life and Spirit, and that brains without Life and Spirit weren't any account. I said a lot of things to him, and I 'spect he thinks I'm an ignorant little girl, 'cause I don't understand all those big Nature things he talks about. But Cousin Frank told me his papa said *I had ideas*. Well, I 'spect I have, and I'm going to keep 'em. I would n't swap 'em off for all that Nature stuff of his. But it does seem funny he can't see that Nature is just the *outside* of God.

THE FAIRY FOREST.

BY LUCY C. KELLERHOUSE.

II.



HERE was only one thing for which Amie longed, and that was another little girl with whom to play, for a shared joy is doubly sweet. And so one day she was not sorry to see Meta following her. Meta had come to see what Amie meant when she talked of the fairy forest; and so she hid behind the trees while Amie picked up fagots, and so followed her until Amie, glad that her basket was full, turned and saw the sunshine and flowers and the doll on the velvet bed and the soft stool and the lace and the golden thimbles; but all that Meta could see was a gray and brown wood with dry leaves and pine needles on the ground. She ventured a little farther into the forest, and then she saw a toad, and screamed. She ran, and scratched her hand on brambles, and fell, and tore her dress. This was enough to make the fairy forest vanish, which it did, and Amie took the basket of fagots and went after Meta, who was very cross, and said:

"What an ugly old forest, with a horrid toad in it, and brambles, and things that trip you up. Oh, there's a snake! See the beetles and worms! The shadows under the trees are so dark. The dry twigs scratch my face. I stumble into holes I cannot see."

"Take my hand," said Amie, "and I will lead you out."

"I need my two hands to fight through the bushes," replied Meta. "I am sure you are very silly to think this a pretty forest."

"It does look cold and dark," said Amie, very sorry that Meta had come and spoiled it for her.

And then she, too, tore her hand on a bramble, and fell and spilled the fagots from the basket; whereat Meta laughed, and ran home without her.

It was several days before Amie once more found her fairy forest; and that was when she had forgiven Meta, and then the beautiful Thought came, like a band of sunlight through the trees, and led her to the spot where there was real velvet to sit on, and the striped spiders were spinning her lace for the doll on the green bed.

"What a little goose," said Meg, listening to her story at night. "You must go to sleep and dream. I should be afraid the bugs would crawl into my ears."

But Meg was very curious, and one day she followed Amie into the wood; but all she could see was that the fagots were good for burning. The step-mother was not so easily satisfied, and after she had listened to stories of golden thimbles and green plumes and coral necklaces, she went very slyly after Amie into the forest, carrying a bag in case the story should be true, when she would bring home some of the fine things; or, if her story was a dream-story, her time would not be lost, for she would bring home some acorns for the pig. And that is all she could find, just acorns; and so they all laughed at Amie, and told her not to dream any more.

"Bring home the fagots early," said her step-mother, "for the sooner you come, the sooner you can go and get some more, and perhaps there will be enough to sell."

So Amie had no time to find the fairy forest until spring came, and they did not need so much wood to burn. Sometimes, as she carried the heavy basket, her little heart felt like winter, and Meta and Meg and her step-mother seemed very unkind; but one beautiful day in March, when she saw an anemone above the ground, she laughed and said,

"That is what I have been waiting for here and at home. Perhaps by-and-by the anemones will bloom there, too, when they find out that I really love them!"

And there before her was the fairy forest, adorned with flowers and fantasies; and when Amie went home that day, she put her arms about Meg and said:

"I wish you could have seen how pretty the forest was today."

"Bring us something pretty from the forest," said Meta.

So the next day Amie brought the most beautiful thing that she had there, the doll on the green velvet bed. She smiled as she offered it to Meta, who laughed disdainfully and threw it into the fire, for all that she could see was a fagot, good for burning.

Amie wept as she saw the doll turn to ashes. It was what she had loved best, and the only thing she had ever been able to carry away from the fairy forest; for the golden thimble for her mother, and the plume for Meg, had turned to acorn-cup and fern leaf when the spell was gone. She grieved so over the doll, that she lost the fairy forest for a long time; for tears spoiled it and washed it away into a common wood; a very little sigh would blow it away; a little frown would mar it.

But one day she forgave Meta and found the fairy forest, and was very happy, even without a doll on a velvet bed; for there were new beauties there for her, leaves that were story-book leaves, and birds that sang real songs while the squirrels fiddled. So the spring passed, and summer came, with more joys and more beauty.

One day Amie sat in the fairy forest, playing with the green and rose-colored marbles which she had found in the brook. When she became tired of the marbles, she ran to the daisies, which were like little dishes full of all manner of sweet things; and when she had eaten until she was tired of sweets, she swung in the grapevine swing. Then Amie settled down very quietly to a story-book among the leaves, and read of two little girls who lived in a garret and had nothing but a rag doll to play

with, but they loved each other, and love made them even more happy than the rag doll, or in fact, any doll could have done. So Amie longed very much for some one with whom to share the beautiful fairy forest.

"Meta is so cross," she said, "and Meg is no better than that log. They would spoil the fairy forest, even if they could find it."

The birds were singing together, and together the squirrels frisked over the branches.

"No, I can't be alone any longer," said Amie; "I will give up all these pretty things unless someone can come here, too, and play with me. I will ask Meg."

The next day, as Amie took the basket for fagots, she asked Meg to go to the forest with her.

"I would rather sew my new petticoat," replied Meg.

"But the woods are so pretty," coaxed Amie.

"Stupid old woods," said Meg.

"Then Meta will come with me," said Amie to her older step-sister, who was making a bead necklace to wear to the fair.

"How silly," said Meta, trying on the blue beads. "Run on, child, run on."

"No, wait," she added, "my pretty beads are all strung, and now I want some ferns to wear with my roses. Be sure you bring me some."

"There are pretty necklaces in the wood, made of red coral," said Amie.

"Seeing's believing," said Meta.

Come, Meg, let us go to the wood with her and find out where these pretty things are hidden."

"At least we can find some penny-royal to sell at the fair," said Meg, and folded up her petticoat and followed Amie in the wood.

First Amie gathered her basket full of fagots. Then she began to look for the fairy forest, but familiar paths did not lead to it.

[To be concluded.]

The Story Hour.

WRITTEN FOR LIDA HARDY BY HER PAPA.

*When the busy day is over, and the sun has gone to bed,
When the supper fixings all are put away,
When the evening lamp is lighted, and tomorrow's lessons read,
Comes the sweetest time to me of all the day.
For mother puts her work away, whatever it may be,
And fairer seems to us than any flower.
For she calls us all around her, with a smile that's good to see,
And then we have the Children's Story Hour.*

A GARDEN FAIR.

BY HELEN A. FUSSELL.

I will sing you a song
Of a garden fair,
Wherein were sown seeds
That brought blossoms rare.



*There are some who think that children take
delight in being bad,
And that only constant scolding makes
them good;
But mother says that little folks she knows
are always glad
To be shown the way to do things as they
should.
And mother's way of showing us is such a
helpful way,
She never seems the least bit cross or
sour;
We can hardly wait till evening comes to
know what she will say
In that delightful Children's Story Hour.*

MOTHERS WAY OF SHOWING US.

*There are stories that she tells us about children nice to know,
Who are always kind to every living thing;
There are stories of the Savior, who loved little children so,
And whose praises all the children love to sing.
So mother shows us what is right in ways we understand,
And scarcely seems to realize her power
Exerted for our good as we're clustered near at hand,
In that inspiring Children's Story Hour.*

Love, joy and kindness,
And hearty good cheer,
Were the seeds that were sown
And flowered here.

The garden fair
Was a little child's mind,
And the seeds were these
thoughts—
Just the very best kind.

Youth's Department.

CONDUCTED BY THE JOYFUL CIRCLE.

MUSIC AND MUSIC MAKERS.

SKETCHES BY HARRIET AYER SEYMOUR.

VI.

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.

The greatest musician the world has yet known, was born in Bonn on the Rhine in 1770.

His parents were very poor, and from the first Beethoven had many obstacles and hardships given him for his development. Writers of his life insist upon deploring his trials, but without these we should never have had the music.



LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.

His father seeing future gain for himself in little Ludwig's genius drove him continually to the piano, even waking him in the middle of the night to practice! The boy showed deep interest in music, and was shy and silent. Before he was twelve he was playing

the organ in church, and his teacher said, "If he goes on as he has begun, he will certainly be a second Mozart!"

When he was seventeen he went to Vienna and met Mozart and played for him, and a little later he became the pupil of Hayden, and a little later still, he became, in truth, master of both! In Vienna Beethoven made many warm friends, and was well known for his wonderful piano playing before the world recognized his creative work. Besides admiring his playing, these Counts and Princesses loved him for his strong and honest character, and the real kindness of his nature. Beethoven learned all the rules of harmony and obeyed them, for a time, but later he became a law unto himself, and delighted in every sort of independence. Once a friend showed him some forbidden fifths. Beethoven said, "Well, who forbids them? I, Beethoven, allow them." Beethoven was a genuine worker, and toiled early and late at his great tasks, being so impressed with his musical ideas that he could think of nothing else — forgot food, fire, and all the exterior things of life in his great

inspirational moments. He felt that he was writing for unborn generations, and so was free from any desire for praise, and indifferent to criticism—a good attitude for all music students. Beethoven was intellectually keen, and enjoyed Homer, Plato, Goethe, and all the ideas of great minds. His was a noble, high point of view, and, if there were space, I could tell you innumerable stories of his intelligence and generosity. Beethoven was severely simple in his tastes, and once someone reprimanded him for not wearing a collar; he looked up and asked whether it would “keep him warm.” His favorite pastime was walking in the woods; he was passionately fond of Nature, and we may feel this through his “Pastoral Symphony,” when the lowing of animals, the call of the cuckoo, etc., are heard. He wrote nine (9) symphonies, each one the work of absolute genius. A few days ago I heard the No. 5 given in New York, under Herr Felix Weingartner, the celebrated conductor. At the close the audience rose “en masse” and cheered and cheered. To this master, music was a religion, more sublime than all wisdom. He said that God was about him everywhere, in the woods, in the valleys, by lake and ocean, and, above all, *in his music*. The trial which drove him deeper into himself, his deafness, was a genuine sorrow, but he met it bravely, and undoubtedly wrote more music for this very reason. Try to become acquainted with the symphonies by hearing them, the sonatas by playing them, and learn to know him for yourself, and thus to come in touch with the king of tone poets.

AN INTELLIGENT NUGGET OF GOLD.

BY PAPA HARRY.

HIGH up in the Frigid Zone, one thousand miles or more above the Artic Circle, snuggled up close to the North Pole, under the midnight sun, on wind swept, barren ice fields, the wonderful little bird known to the sportsman and bird lover as Golden Plover, to the farmer boy as Bull-head, and to the naturalist as *Charadrius dominicus*, first opens its eyes to view this strange and beautiful world. Four little balls of golden fluff, pulsating with intensified life, to each nest of moss, resting on the frozen ground, on the edge of an ice bound lake. No cold so great as to injure the soft little bits of flesh and blood, for they do not fear cold nor heat. These little golden balls are fed under the pole star while the sun shines at midnight, and they rapidly develop and grow feathers. Then the parents start on a journey and take them along. Southeast they travel along the islands north of N. A. to Labrador. Here they rest and feast on crowberries which grow abundantly on that bleak coast, and they wax fat and store up power and strength. Then with a faith in divine protection they plunge out into the unknown over the Atlantic Ocean. Across the cold Artic Current, through fierce Atlantic storms, flying by day and night, heeding not wind nor rain, nor sleet, nor cold, nor heat, depending upon the Spirit, without food and without fear, they sweep on in a great curve to the south, passing 400 miles east of the Bermudas and landing on the coast

of Venezuela, hungry and happy after their astounding flight of 2,400 miles. The Spirit of Protection guides and preserves them, and they depend upon it. Here they rest a few weeks and push on seeking the Southern Hemisphere. Across the Guianas to Brazil, across the equator, tracking southward with the sun, fly our little nuggets of gold. Across the burning marshes into the vast and gloomy forests where civilized man has never penetrated, across Paraguay into Argentine and on and on into Patagonia. Resting under the Southern Sun from September to nearly March, they leave the wastes of Patagonia to again visit the Arctic. Instead of keeping to the Atlantic, they sweep to the west and follow the heights of the Andes, pass on up through Bolivia, Peru, across the equator in Ecuador, through Columbia, past disturbed Panama, noisy Central America, into that fairyland of Yucatan, the probable cradle of the human race. Then over the Gulf of Mexico, stopping to bathe in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, to the coast of Texas. April finds their long lines trailing across the prairies of the Mississippi Valley as they hurry to pass up through the Northwest Ter-

ritories to reach their breeding grounds near the North Pole. They come to Kansas City in great numbers, and each stops just long enough to get supper. Their happy "peeping" can be heard any evening on the open meadows and prairie. What a journey! Each year around an ellipse of 3,000 miles of longitude and 8,000 miles of latitude; across vast and stormy stretches of ocean, through dense forests and over open prairies; across deserts, swamps and rocks, in fierce heat and intense cold; miles above the cloud line, and down into marshes below the sea level; without fear or care, with confidence and faith they are not anxious about the morrow, and under all conditions they are sustained and upheld by the Spirit—blessed and beloved little creatures! At the age of twenty years (and they no doubt have learned the secret of living on indefinitely) one will have travelled, at least, 500,000 miles, a distance greater than a trip to the moon and back; and it is more probably that one travels over 2,000,000 miles during twenty years! A wonderful creature, indeed, but no more wonderful than any other creature in God's kingdom.

GLADYS' COMPOSITION.

The Christ-child on the cover of *WEE WISDOM* represents the Christ-child in every heart. Every human being in the world is good irrespective of color or race. We must not hold the thought such as, "He is mean," or "He is bad," but the thought of, "He is perfect." God does not mean a person but the "Good" you see in all. Some children are afraid of the dark. I am not because I know that the Christ-child guides my way. You should never say words as, "I can't," but "I can" and "I will."

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

—GLADYS TROY.



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I take the pleasure writing you a letter. The letters the Wees write are very nice, and the stories are very beautiful. The ground is all covered with snow, and it is very cold. In our Bible Lessons I learned in Sunday School about the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, how they prepared his way. When St. John baptized the people in the Jordan he told them a mightier one was coming, and said, "Prepare ye the way of our Lord, and make his paths straight." Now that means, to prepare the coming of our Lord we must put away all the wrong thoughts which are called sin, and let all the good and love thoughts in, and thus prepare the way for the Christ life. If John had acknowledged the Christ Spirit in himself he would have found it just as Jesus did. Yours very truly,

HULDA SCHELLHARDT.

[We left out a part of Hulda's letter; it was so long. We thank her for her love gift.—Ed.]

PISMO, CALIF.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I read the WEE WISDOM, and I like the stories in it very much. I send one dollar for a "brick" in the new building. Please put my name in the corner stone. Grandma reads the UNITY to us every month. God bless you for all the good work you are doing to sick people. The Truth has done me lots of good. Yours in Truth, ETHEL MOSKIMAN.

[Surely the new building will grow fast with such loving little helpers — Ed.]

WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have not written you for so long. I think I will write today. I have the most cunningest baby brother anybody could possibly realize. He is seventeen months old. I have a little Christmas tree for the birds in the back yard, and I put little paper baskets of food on it, and it is very cunning to see the little birds flying back and forth for food. I have been taking music lessons, and like them very much. As this is all that I can think of I will close. Your little Wee,

CECELIA BULLARD.

[That's a good kind of Christmas tree, and your loving thought for the birds is a blessed one — Ed.]

NATURITA, COLO.

DEAR LITTLE WEES — I am beginning to love my little paper more and more every day. The first thing I do when I get it is to read it through. I like "Pearl Drop" very much. My aunt wrote it. She started to read it to me once but never finished it. One day she told me she sent it to WEE WISDOM. I watched for the months to pass by so I could read it. Yours with love,

ELDA A. CHATFIELD.

PISMO, CALIF.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — We read the WEE WISDOM and we enjoy the stories very much. The Truth is a great help to us all. The little verse that you sent me a long time ago I repeat twice a day with my prayers. It is:

"I love every living thing,
And everything loves me;
So my heart is full of love,
And I am glad and free."

Enclosed you will find a dollar for a "brick" in the new Truth building. Please put my name in the corner stone. Yours in Truth,

MASTER ROBERT AMOS MOSKIMAN.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I will write you a letter to let you know I did not write for a long time. I like the letters the children write, and the stories, too. I go to Mr. Bunting's Sunday School. We love to learn and to tell the Truth to everybody. There are twenty children in the Sunday School. Yours very truly,

BERTHA SCHELLHARDT.

TOPEKA, KANS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Yesterday noon I came home from school with headache and fever. I was treated by Truth, and thought about all the bad going away and how I was being made well and strong through Jesus Christ, as the pink leaf said. This morning I am up and dressed and writing to you. I am 12 years old. I go to Euclid school. Papa wrote some verses which I spoke on rhetorical day. I send the verses, thinking some other child might like to speak them. The name of the poem is, "The Story Hour."

Your little friend, LIDA HARDY.

FREWSBURG, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I thought I would write you. I like the story of "Pearl Drop" very much, and hope I may learn my lesson as well as Pearl Drop has. I thought I would write and tell you what the picture on the cover means to me. The children are all coming to the angel. If you look up, you will find an angel in your

heart. If all should find the angel and come to it as gladly as the children in the picture do, there would be no more sin and sickness. I don't know what I would do without the monthly visit of WEE WISDOM. I hope I shall visit its headquarters some time. I am 11 years young.

From your friend, OLIVE FOX.



CAMERON, MO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—This is my first letter to you. I like WEE WISDOM so much, and have learned the Love song by heart, and sometimes when I sing it makes me feel so happy. I often sing my dear little sister Marcella to sleep. She is so cute. I wish you could hear her say her prayer,

"Father-Mother, God loving me,
Watch me while I sleep;
Guide my little feeties up to Thee."

One morning she said, "Grandma, I dreamed that I was in heaven with my dear mamma May." We are expecting papa, dear, tonight. I am so glad. Goodbye. Yours lovingly,

MARGARET MAY BULKELEY.

[Margaret's little letter was all printed out by her own dear self, and is just as neat as a pin. Margaret was only two years old when she made her first visit to WEE WISDOM.—ED.]



WALLACE, W. VA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will send a story. Its title is "Faith." I like Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons and all the stories that the Wees write. I did go to school but our school is out now. I was in the Fourth grade. With love,

BLANCHE DUDLEY.

[There is not room for Blanche's little story. I don't know what we're going to do for more room in WEE WISDOM, without our writers learn to say a good deal in a short space.—ED.]



RATON, N. M.

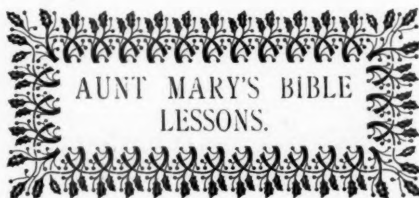
DEAR WEE WISDOM—This letter is written by the typewriter I told you about. How do you like my writing? I send you my composition of what I think about the picture on WEE WISDOM's cover. With lots of love for dear Mrs. Fillmore,

I am, GLADYS TROY.

[I think it is fine. So is your composition.—ED.]

The birds and the bees
Are singing above,
They sing of God's
Wonderful, wonderful love.

—MARY B. DE WITT.



AUNT MARY'S BIBLE LESSONS.

LESSON IX. MARCH 4.

Jesus Tells Who are Blessed.—Matt. 5:1-16.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.*—Matt. 5:8.

Jesus usually talked to the people out of doors, for there was then more room for the multitude to hear him. Jesus was not particular about the place he spoke in, for he knew that every place was good in the eyes of the Lord, and that the Word could be uttered anywhere and everywhere. Still Jesus liked the mountain top, for there all could see and hear him, and the scenery was very beautiful from an elevation.

By the poor in spirit Jesus meant those that are not puffed up with pride, but those filled with humility. They are indeed happy and blessed, for they know the Kingdom of heaven is within them and not without.

They that mourn are blessed, for they shall be comforted, and their sorrow will be turned into joy. They are not blessed because they mourn, but blessed so that they will cease to mourn.

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." When people are generous and kind, not trying to get ahead of others, then all things good will come to them in time. They will not want for any good thing. The meek are the gentle, patient ones, knowing that all good is theirs.

When we hunger and thirst for righteousness, that is, when we desire to know more and more of the good, our hearts are truly open to God, who is the Good. Then we know that we have all good; that it has always been ours since the beginning. All that we have to do is to thank God for that good.

To be merciful is to be tender-hearted, forgiving, be always giving good. To be this is to open ourselves to mercy from others—all will be gentle and forgiving toward us.

"Blessed are the pure in heart." To be pure is to have our eyes always open for the good, and to see no evil anywhere, for there is no real evil; there is only God. "Unto the pure all things are pure." "The eyes of the Lord are too pure to behold iniquity" (evil).

The peacemakers are those that keep peace, and make it happy and harmonious for all about them. These see God in the heart, and are, indeed, the children of God.

"The Kingdom of heaven is within us," so it does not matter what goes on outside if we remember this. Our reward is all in heaven, or in the heart—here we possess every good thing. When we know the light about us, we are wise and will follow the teachings of Jesus, living the Truth in our own heart.

LESSON X. MARCH II.

The Tongue and the Tempter.—Matt. 5:33-48.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Keep the door of my lips.*—Ps. 141:3.

One should always be very careful to speak good true words, for otherwise he will not remember that he is God's child. Sometimes it seems quite an easy thing to fall into the habit of fault-finding, and this soon grows to be condemnation. Speak of nothing with condemnation, neither the earth nor any place on it, for every part of the universe belongs to God, and is good. The earth is where we learn to find our wisdom, and the city we dwell in is full of God's people, so do not find fault or use disagreeable words toward any of these.

We must also respect every part of the body, for in some way each member teaches of the Good. Our hands show us what kind, loving acts we may do. The hands serve in leading someone across a rough path, in smoothing some weary brow. The feet run errands of love, and so on.

Some persons will tell you if anyone is unkind you must give back hard words, and even grown men will sometimes teach little boys "to pitch in and fight for your rights," as they express it. This is not right at all. Jesus taught quite different. He said, "Resist not evil." That means, pay no attention to it. Let unkindness pass by as though it never happened. Do not quarrel with people and things. Be always amiable, forgiving and loving. We are told by Jesus, "Love your enemies." God loved all His children alike, and we must also, like God, love all equally. Jesus even tells us to be perfect. Some people say, "It is impossible to become perfect." Jesus would never have said, "Be ye perfect," if it were an impossibility, for he used no idle words. "All things are possible with God."

LESSON XI. MARCH 18.

Review.

(Read Luke 1:68-79; John 1:1-18; Isaiah 61:1-13.)

GOLDEN TEXT—*And Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness.*—Matt. 4:23.

Jesus taught, preached and healed the sick, and left us word that we must do likewise. All

those that are willing to follow in his footsteps and to lead the true Christlike life are able to do these works. But remember always, "I do not do the works, but my Father which dwelleth in me, He doeth the works."

Never be proud or vain of helping others; remember that God does it all. God directs us in all our actions, if we will let Him, and He directs only good. We are led in the good and in the paths of righteousness and peace when we listen to Him and feel that He is near. God is always speaking in love, but we do not always hear. Listen ever to the voice of Truth, and then will you be able to do the works that Jesus did.

LESSON XII. MARCH 25.

A Temperance Lesson.—Prov. 23:29-35.

GOLDEN TEXT—*At the last it biteh like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.*—Prov. 23:32.


Wine or anything used to excess will bring about the appearance of evil. You could be just as naughty in over-eating as in drinking too much. Do everything in reason. Jesus taught that in all we do we must think of God first, and this brings its blessing. If you look at anything, and say it is wicked and bad, that thing will always bring harm to you. If the thing continues to seem evil to you, then leave it entirely alone; forget it, but do not condemn it. The best way is to turn the light on it and bless it.

You must not think too much of any one thing of the world. Divide your thoughts, that is, spread your good, give it forth in all directions. Be not slow to do good to all. Anything turned to the light will show its good side, and thus be as the serpent for wisdom. When we are not wise we are bitten by our foolish fearful thoughts, and wisdom is needed.

Wine is symbolical of life, if it is used wisely and not to excess. It brings also the idea of strength; and life and strength are of God. As God makes the vine to grow, we have no right to condemn the fruit it bears, nor have we any right to use that fruit in such a way as to cause us to forget God.

Jesus said, "Take, drink, do this in remembrance of me." If we would understand the whole Bible clearly, we must first make a deep study of the words of Jesus.

"Dear little Grace at the window stood,
Watching, that winter night,
The great round moon in the far blue sky,
Where it shone so big and bright;
Till a cloud swept over its shining face,
Then she turned with a little pout,
'I wanted to look at the moon,' she said,
'But somebody blowed it out.'"



YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

BLESSINGS upon you, my
Wisdoms! How brave and
strong and well you are!
How careful of your thought
and word, for you know
"thoughts are things," and words
spoken are like seeds planted, that must
bring forth of their kind.

We all are little gardeners,
Planting day by day
Seeds of love and kindness
That bless and bloom away.

We're glad and willing workers,
Our soil is rich and rare;
We pull up weeds of errors,
We tend our Good with care.

One thing, our little and big contributors need bear in mind, and that is, contributions for *WEE WISDOM* should be short and have in them some wholesome lesson bearing upon the New Thought. This little magazine is intended to be educative along mental and spiritual lines, and is not carrying out its principles when it uses its space for outside matters. There are plenty of secular papers that give those things consideration. We want to bring out what is in us.

Children always love the marvelous, and it is because of their innate possibilities. Children were born to *live* and to *have*. Their little feet are not formed to travel the weary round of bare and hampered existence: their happy fancies are not given to be beaten out against the wires of human

necessities; their responsive natures are not meant to be hardened and seamed by doubt and fear and "taking thought." Love and Joy are their natural inheritance. Did not the greatest teacher on earth declare, "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father in heaven," and farther, "Who-soever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter in."

Our part with the children, then, should be that we put no hindrance in the way of their natural and beautiful unfoldment of mind and soul by continually holding them to the limited and warped fashions of the human race. Let them continue to believe that "all things are possible," and they will prove it; for "truth is stranger than fiction."

If any of our little folk want to send something nice to read or wear to M. A. and Sallie Mullis, Marshville, N. C., Route 2, or to Martha and Fannie Simpson, Unionville, N. C., these young ladies have sent them an invitation to do so.

There are many nice things on hand for future numbers of *WEE WISDOM*. Jim and Sister-Baby are here waiting their turn as are others. Our good "Aunt Emma," who first designed our *Pillows* for us, has renewed her interest in *WEE WISDOM* and we have treats on hand from her. She has three *Wee Wisdoms* of her own now, and they keep her busy with story telling, and she might as well tell them to all of us while she's about it.



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March, 1906.

AWAKENING OF SPRING.

*Snug in its little wintry bed,
 There slept a violet blue;
 A warm brown cover o'er its head,
 And snow-white blanket, too.*

*One day a trumpet blast was heard
 That bade all earth rejoice;
 The violet in its warm bed stirred
 And hearkened to the voice.*

*The shrill March wind was telling o'er
 The land to every one,
 That Jack Frost reigned as king no more,
 And Springtime had begun.*

*It told the violet in its bed
 That its long rest was o'er;
 It stirred the covering o'er its head,
 And bade it "sleep no more."*

*For balmy days were hastening on
 And gentle April showers;
 Then, with a rush and roar, 'twas gone
 To waken other flowers.*

— Selected.

WEE WISDOM wants to go into a
 thousand new homes.

A mother of five Wisdoms asks:
 "Would n't it be practical to include in
 the pages of WEE WISDOM some kinder-
 garten plays or work, *i. e.*, some of the
 methods which we busy mothers could
 apply in our homes?"

Some little stories have to wait over,
 some of them are too long. All little
 Wisdoms need to learn brevity, and
 how to serve truths up in interesting
 ways.

The Joyful Circle had a Mother Goose
 Valentine Party, and Mother Goose
 herself was present. Maybe some of
 them will tell you about it.

Send in the little demonstrations of
 Truth made by the children.

REMEMBER.

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.

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 WEE WISDOM's address is
 913 Tracy Ave., Kansas City, Mo., and
 always direct your letters good and plain.

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

Monday

Now I lay me
Down to rest
With happy
Thoughts my
Soul is blessed.

Tuesday

Because I feel
Dear Lord is near,
In the dark
I have no fear.

Wednesday

Like the little
Stars that shine
Are these happy
Thoughts of mine.

Thursday

Though the sun
Has gone away
Love and Peace
All night will stay.

Friday

God is my Life.
God is my Health.
God is my Joy.
God is my Wealth.

Saturday

One happy smile
Will drive away
The gloom from off
Your face all day.

Sunday

Send out to all
A sweet Good-night.
In joy you'll wake
At morning light.