

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.



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KANSAS CITY, MO., APRIL, 1906.

No. 9.

Doings of the Little Days.

SEQUEL TO WEE WISDOM'S WAY.

III.

TRIXEY'S LETTER.

TRIXEY had been gone two weeks and the time for her home-coming was near at hand. Aunt Joy and the Day family were out under the "Big Oak" planning the decorations which were to make brilliant the lawn and porches and greet the eyes of TrixeY upon the evening of her arrival home. Ned suggested the addition of sky-rockets, and Grace a brass band, and all had laughed merrily over the Fourth-of-July occasion the children wanted to make of TrixeY's return. All were glad in the thought of having TrixeY with them so soon, for to tell the facts in the case, the absence of that spontaneous little soul made a big gap in the doings of this interesting family. So this is how it was with them when the two letters came.

The first was TrixeY's, and read—

Dear Aunt Joy, Mamma and all of you:

It's only a little bit of a while now till we will be having our good times

together again. Why! I can just shut my eyes and be with you now.

Isn't it funny how you can be in two places at once? I open my eyes and here I am in my little white room at Uncle Ben's, with Cousin Frank whistling out doors, and Aunt Sue (I call her Aunt Sue now, 'cause she don't seem to need a long, stiff name like Susan) singing to Baby Charley. And what do you think! She's singing the very little Peace song I sang that first night when baby and I went to sleep. Isn't it nice for *her* to sing it? I shut my eyes again and it seems as it did when I was right there, singing it with the world turned all soft and white and still. It's just like Aunt Joy says: "You're where your thought is." The trick of it is to hold on to 'em, and not let 'em blow you round like a whirlwind. I believe I've thought of a thousand things since I sat down to write; but Cousin Frank's calling me and I'll finish when I come back.

* * * *

Uncle Ben calls me his "foreign missionary," and says if I go home now I will leave him just half missionaried,

and my foreign mission in bad shape. But he took me in his arms just now and told me if I was not too homesick a little girl, I would make him very happy if I'd stay two weeks longer, and he'd promise to go home with me then and get acquainted with Aunt Joy. He said he'd write to mamma and make it all right, if I'd stay. I came up into my little white room to think about it. I want to do what is right; but oh! two weeks more seem awful long.

* * * *

Aunt Joy, I've been saying, over and over, "God is my Father and I am His child," and I have held my mind so still, now I see just how it is. If a thousand years isn't more than a day in God's sight, two weeks oughtn't to be more than a speck to God's child. I'm going to tell Uncle Ben I'll stay and help 'em all I can.

You see, baby's got a tooth and Aunt Sue talks a lot different and Cousin Frank wishes he had a sister like me for always. Nancy and all the help say I don't make a bit of trouble. So I've got lots to be thankful for. And, oh, to think! What if you hadn't ever come to us, Aunt Joy, and helped to find out about it all and everything, what would we have done?

It makes me so glad to think about all that's come to us of good, and I feel as if my heart would burst wide open like the roses and fill all the air around me with something to make people glad and well.

Now remember in the silent hour that your Trixie is very, very wise, and very, very happy, and very, very able to show every body else how to be so.

Now please don't care a bit because I'm going to stay just that little bit-of-a-speck-of-a-two-weeks longer, 'cause a thousand years is as a day, you know, to God.

With love and love and love, I am
your

TRIXEY.

THE ADVENTURES OF FAIRY RAIMA.

BY MARY BREWERTON DEWITT.



ONCE-upon-a-time there lived a pretty Princess—a Princess with coal black hair, and blue, blue eyes, as blue as the great open sea, when it is not green as it sometimes seems to be. They were shining eyes that looked lovingly upon the world.

The home of the Princess was in a great green cabbage that grew bordering the garden walk. From beneath its curling leaves she could look out and see all that went on about her. Her pets were aphides and ants that lived near in the vines of the squashes, and her horses the brown gophers that burrowed down under the soil that lay about the roots of the shrubs and plants to keep them warm.

The Princess was quite contented with her world. She did not sigh for a rose for her palace, nor for some stately magnolia who dwells high above the common folk. In fact, the Princess Raima Alteama was a most happy and cheerful lady, making the most of her time and not leading an idle life, as do so many of your earth-born ladies of high calling.

The Princess was an early riser. Ere the sun was up she was out with her watering can sprinkling the sleepy countenances of the cabbages, and the leaves of the turnips and onions, for they keep their faces well hidden under the ground. After the watering of these, Raima would call to her favorite steed, a brown gopher who came scurrying from below ground, and, springing lightly upon his back,

would start out for her morning ride, her rosy habit trailing about her; nor did she forget to carry her magic mirror and needle and thread.

Upon the morning that I am to tell you of she drew in her horse before the gates of the White Rose's castle. There she alighted, commanding her horse to go freely on his way and to enjoy the beauties of the hour.

Princess Raima placed her dainty white sandaled foot upon a green leaf and mounted the steps to the White Rose's chamber. Here she entered boldly, for she was ever a welcome guest. The roses were still asleep, so Raima crept about on tiptoe, letting her magic mirror throw its spell over the sleeping blossoms as she flashed its light upon them. What a transformation! The breath of the night was now changed into a hundred rainbow tints that glistened in the dew-drops that still lay on the slumbering roses like so many opals in the morning sunshine. What was this for, you ask? My children, this was the happy spell, for whoever drinks of the morning dew where Princess Raima has passed with her magic mirror drinks in love and joy and peace and prosperity for all his days.

Her task completed here, Princess Raima came next to the abode of the white spider. She, poor soul, had spread a beautiful silver net across the roses to keep them safe from the darkness, but its meshes had become torn by some wanderer who had stepped too heavily, and thus slipped through the fine web. Princess Raima paused, and pulling out needle and thread from the blue silk reticule at her side, quickly

mended the dainty covering. Again she drew forth her mirror and flashing it within the sunlight, lo! drops like rosy stars appeared within the web. Then did the Princess Raima climb down the green staircase as she had come up, and looking about her wondered what next she might do to help some one enjoy that beautiful, joyous day so well begun.

She had not gone far before she heard a cry, a cry of distress. She looked all around, then hastened in the direction from whence it came. There under the rose-bush lay a little girl crying and sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Well, well, if it isn't a big creature!" cried the fairy, who was very tiny, as you may perhaps have guessed. "A big creature with a big voice, and what a fuss it is making! I wonder if someone has broken up its palace and destroyed its playthings."

"There, there, child, stop that noise," exclaimed Raima, not unkindly, as she brushed her cool wings against the little girl's flushed cheeks.

"Why don't you go home?" she continued.

"They don't want me home," sighed the child. "Nurse doesn't like me any more," and the little girl turned her head as though she had heard the Fairy Princess, but this was not the case, for no one can tell the presence of a good fairy who continues to sob and to cry, and to make all the air about blue of that indigo darkness.

"My, my, this will never do," cried Raima; "what foolish thoughts! I must be quick and bring this poor deluded soul to her senses."

THE FAIRY FOREST.

BY LUCY C. KELLERHOUSE.

III.

"We have enough wood, and I have found pennyroyal, so let us go home," said Meg.

"But the coral necklace," said Meta mockingly, "I surely cannot go home without that."

Amie was troubled in mind, and half angry at her step-sisters, and that is why she could not find the fairy forest.

"But the summer woods are always nice; and, Meta, here are ferns for you," said Amie, gathering beautiful maiden-hair ferns.

"The woods are much nicer made into chairs and tables, to sit down on and eat off," said Meg.

"The moss is damp and the bugs crawl over you," said Meta; "let us go home."

But Amie had run ahead to a high rock, beyond which she hoped to see the fairy forest. Then Meta saw a snake and screamed, and Amie turned so quickly that she slipped and fell down the cliff.

Meta and Meg were frightened, and went to the top of the rock, and far below they saw Amie lying on the ground. She did not move. They went a long way around, and at last found her; and then she lifted up her head and smiled, and said, "I am not hurt, I was just stunned."

But her hand was bruised, and Meg took her handkerchief and bound it up. Meg had never been kind to her before, and Amie began to cry.

"Does it hurt?" asked Meg.

"I wasn't crying for that," said Amie. "Oh, Meg, how pretty your hands look as they tie mine up; I did not know they were so soft and fair, and prettier than rose leaves."

"They use to be red and rough," said Meg surprised.

Meta tossed her head and laughed.

"If only my neck would become fair and white for my blue bead necklace," she said, "I would carry you up the steep rocks."

Amie hid her face in her veil of curls, for Meta's words hurt her worse than the hard ground had done.

"I will go find my basket of fagots," she said; "I had set them down on the rock before I fell."

She tried to stand, but she had twisted her foot, and she fell over on the ground, just as white as the daisies.

Then Meta was sorry, and stooped to pick her up; and as she did so, Amie put up her arms and twined them around her neck, and clasped both her hands like the clasp of a pearl necklace.

And so Meta carried her up the steep bank and set her down beside the basket of fagots; and as Amie unclasped the pearl necklace from about her neck, lo, Meta's neck was as white and soft as the petals of a magnolia.

"I never saw you look so pretty," said Meg; "your neck is like that of my white duck."

"Then my necklace will look nice, though it is not so soft as Amie's arms," said Meta.

Then once more Amie hid her face in her veil of hair, and this time because she was glad. And when she shook the yellow curls from her eyes, lo, she saw the fairy forest, and here were Meg and Meta in it, too, and Meta found a coral necklace, and Meg a golden thimble. They had found something much fairer than necklaces or golden thimbles; but this new and beautiful thing which they had found was one with the sunlit air, the flowers and the scented breeze, the same that had come to little Amie as she lay asleep in the snow under the tree, and smiling, had led her hither. And sometimes, little one, after you have said a kind word or thought a loving thought, look quick, with the eyes of faith, and perhaps you can see that beautiful being, radiant as the sunlight, who is waiting to lead you to

THE LAUGH CURE.

BY EMMA HARRINGTON TEEL.

*Oh, don't you know,
He, he! Ho, ho!
A laugh will cure all your
ills?
And you'll agree
I know, with me,
A laugh tastes better than
pills.*

*I know a boy
So full of joy
He has no room for a cry;
And you can be
Happy as he,
If you're brave enough to
try.*



*He falls and bumps,
But up he jumps
With a laugh instead of groans,*

*Sure it must be;
Ho, ho! he, he!
He's made out of "funny bones."*

the fairy forest, where Meta and Meg and Amie go every day, and every day find it more fair. They do not always go alone, a happy trio, for sometimes they show a village child the charmed way; and they are counting on the day when their mother will put on a nice, smooth brow and come with them, and sit in a soft chair of moss and sew

cobweb lace with pine needles, and wear an acorn thimble on her finger. But for sixty years she has believed more in fagots than fairy forests, and so they must save their pennies and buy her a new pair of spectacles before she can tell the difference between a toadstool and a velvet cushion.

[The end.]

Youth's Department.

CONDUCTED BY THE JOYFUL CIRCLE.

MUSIC AND MUSIC MAKERS.

SKETCHES BY HARRIET AYER SEYMOUR.

VII.

SCHUBERT.

In 1797 when Beethoven was at the height of his musical glory, there came into the world a child named Franz Schubert, who was destined to become



FRANZ P. SCHUBERT.

the greatest of song writers. Think of it, Schubert had eighteen brothers and sisters! So there were always playmates, even when food was scarce.

Schubert showed his musical bent

quite early, and was taught by his father until he knew more than his teacher, when they put him under the parish choir-master who complained that when he wished to teach the boy anything he always "knew it already."

Franz not only sang but played violin and piano. When he was 12 he appeared before the Examining Board of the Court Chapel School. The boys jeered and made fun of his shabby clothes—in a most uncivilized way—but changed their tune very quickly when he stood up and sang at sight the things they dared not attempt. All was not sugar and roses though by any means, the food at school was meagre and poor, the place cold and dreary, the hours long; but everyone united in saying of Schubert that his was no ordinary gift. One of the masters said that he already knew all he could teach him and must have learned direct from heaven. I dare say we should all learn that way if we were more open hearted and free.

One of the big boys in the school, noticing how well little Franz played, made friendly advances to him, and finding him eager to compose supplied

him generously with music paper.

Sundays Schubert spent at home, and the delighted family would make of it a day of music, often playing Schubert's own quartettes. Sometimes the father would make mistakes and young Franz would respectfully say, "Herr Fater, something must be wrong there."

For a long time Schubert took Mozart as his model, hence the *melodic* quality of his lovely music. Everything suggested melody to him—verses, scenes, people. Once he was dining at a restaurant; a beautiful melody to Shakespeare's "Hark, Hark, The Lark," came to him, and before swallowing another mouthful he wrote the music on the back of his bill of fare. When Paderewski was here he often played the Liszt arrangement, and the memory of it lies in the hearts of all who heard that enchanting hymn of joyous life.

Schubert composed so fast and so many songs that he often forgot all about them afterward. Once some one sang one of his songs and he said, "That's not a bad song. Who wrote it?"

Schubert lived absolutely in his beloved world of music, and cared and thought of little else. He was a distant worshipper of Beethoven until shortly before the latter's death, when he visited him several times. He left an enormous amount of music for a man who lived on this earth 31 short years. His songs numbered nearly 600, and are all beautiful.

His music is like him, simple and noble, a priceless legacy to all of us.

Tomorrow I am sure to know something new! Whence comes this?—
FRANZ SCHUBERT.

THE WORD IS THE SEED.

DEAR WISDOMS: This is the month of miracles—garden miracles. I hope each one of you has some little spot of earth, if only a box or a pot—even an old tin can will do—where you can plant seed and watch for yourselves this wonderful life that lies hidden in the seed, spring forth, bearing blossom and fruit, each after its kind. I thought of you all last week, and want to tell you *why* I had sowed poppy seed in my flower bed, each one so tiny that it would take many to make one the size of a pin's head. I thought as I sowed them: "You are so little, what can you do under the soil I am going to cover you with? But in you is Life, and that is God, so I guess you will know how." Then I *waited*. In about a week I went out one morning, and sure enough, those little fellows had pushed their way up, and as so many of them all *pushed together*, they had raised the earth almost one inch from its level. It was just one row of little green heads looking up as if to say, "Yes, we know how, and here we are, glad, glad to be here." This it was that made me think of you, dear little ones. Two thousand of you; just think of it—twenty hundred. Now if you all pushed together—that is, if you all said one true word *together*, don't you believe you could push away all belief in hard words? I do. I wish you would just try it one month. After your pillow motto at night, all say the one magical word. We know the one word above all others—*Love*. Just say that one word. That is what *you* have to give to everybody—*young, old, black, white, rich, poor, insect, animal, plant and person*. Just for one moment think Love, as hard as you can, and then go to sleep, feeling sure this same Love will hold you in quiet slumber and bring you to a joyous morning of happiness and peace.

—ESTHER.

Some Nice Things to Make for Easter.

BY AUNT EMMA.



WEES, always try to find some new way to crowd just a little more joy into this jolly old world, and here are some suggestions which may add to and help express the joyousness of Easter:

Get mamma to save all the shells of the eggs used for culinary purposes, emptying them by making an opening about the size of a quarter in the small end. Dye some cotton by dipping in gasoline in which a drop of chrome yellow has been dissolved. Wrap a tooth pick which has been bent down in triangular shape about a half inch from the end. With pinching here and pulling there, and adding two bead eyes and a bill on the end of the pick moulded from putty, you will have a somewhat realistic head and breast of a tiny downy chick. Insert this in one of your shells and pull out wing-like pieces of cotton on each side and lightly glue them to the shell. Now "chickie" is ready to be attached to a card by two putty legs and feet. The card should have been previously lettered with its message of joy, and finished with a splashy border of gold.

A brownish shell makes a good foundation for the features of John Chinaman, with his eyes "cut bias," a black braided cue and an umbrella shaped hat of crepe paper to hide the place where cue is attached. Folds of crepe paper and three paper Chinese lilies serve to attach eggs to a card on which the message somewhat resembles the "washee man's" laundry ticket. Just try making the letters of some message look like the characters on a tea chest, and see what happy result you will get. The lettering should run up and down the sides of card to carry out the resemblance.

A devout nun with upturned eyes, white cap and cape and black veil, and a baby face or peasant girl peeping from dainty caps, are other subjects that ingenious Wees will find easy to evolve from an egg shell and tiny bits of crepe paper, lawn and lace.

For older Wisdoms cut sides and bottom of little flower pots from delicately tinted card board, letter your greeting on the side and lace bottom and sides together with baby ribbon. Then carefully lift a blooming crocus or other early little flower from your garden and transplant into this unique Easter card.

"There is beauty all around
When there's love at home;
There is joy in every sound
When there's love at home.
Peace and plenty there abide
Smiling sweet on every side;
Time doth softly, sweetly glide
When there's love at home."

CHILD-GARDENING.

CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY.

What is the charm which wakes
The bud, the flower, the fruit, from the cold
ground?

What is the power which makes
With song the groves, with song the fields
resound?

One spell there is, so strong to move—
Some call it Spring, and others Love.

—LEWIS MORRIS.

DEAR WEE ONES—More than anything else, I should like to talk to you this month about someone whose birthday comes on the 21st. Someone who loved, and does *now*, love little children. Ah, I see you have guessed—you little Kindergarten child! Yes, you are right; it is Frederick Froebel, our good, kind, loving friend who thought out the



FREDERICK FROEBEL.

Child-Garden. For twenty years he lived with the children before he named his little school "Kindergarten." Froebel was German, you know; he was born in the village of Schwarzburg, Germany. "Kindergarten" is a German name, and means "Child-Garden."

Froebel loved to be with the children. He loved to watch them in their play; he loved, too, to watch the peasant mothers play with their babies. He said, that guided in the right way by parents and teachers, children might, through doing the things they love to do, grow more and more in the Christ-likeness. He wrote a beautiful book called, "The Mother Play," to help the mothers with their babies. And he trained teachers so that they might help the children in the kindergarten to grow better and more useful every day. Through his love for little children, and their love for him, he was shown after long years of loving watching, that the Christ-child is more readily found when the children are making something or are enjoying free, happy play. In the kindergarten the children play with what Froebel called "Gifts." The gifts are the balls, blocks, sticks and tablets with which the children play. After the children are through playing, the gifts are put away, and are kept at the kindergarten to play with every day. The occupations are the drawing, sewing, cutting, weaving, folding and modeling. Through the occupations the children make all sorts of pretty things with colored papers, card-board, zephyrs and clay, which they take home as presents for their friends.

Through our WEE WISDOM Child-Garden we will give from time to time something which may be done by the children at home. We may all join with the little kindergarten children all over the world this month in thinking loving thoughts of the dear good Froebel, who said, "I love flowers, men, children, God! I love everything."



(Here are letters from Violetta and Lavernia, some of our old standbys. They are in Colorado on a ranch, and the "wild and wooly West" is a little new to them yet, but they are getting lots of fun out of it, and if they haven't flowers and trees they have lots of lively living creatures about them. Who ever heard of such a layer as Violetta's "black and white chicken" must be. Four eggs a day! — Ed.)

GRANADA, COLO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I got eleven valentines. We have our piano-organ here now, and we take lots of pleasure with it. Lavernia is playing on it now. We ride our bicycles every day to school. We have a nice new big two-room school house. Both of our teachers are ladies. We have the cutest calf you ever saw. It is a full blood Hereford. It is curly all over, so we named it Curly. Its face and feet and down the front are white and its body is brown. We have two nice cows. Tomorrow I am going to have a pony and saddle. I will have lots of fun. We have twenty-nine chickens. We have two Plymouth Rocks and the rest are black and white ones. Today my chicken layed four eggs. She is white with black feathers on her tail. It is clouding up as if it were going to storm. Well, I must close.

With love, VIOLETTA LEEMAN.

GRANADA, COLO.

MY DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I am sure all of Love's good thoughts and wishes came with your valentine. I received ten beautiful ones, all from friends and relatives. Sister Ethel sent Violetta and me twelve pink and white carnations, a white rosebud to mamma, and a pink one to papa. We see no flowers, trees or grass out here, and we are glad when sister sends us a smell of nature. I would like to come back and see Grandpa and Grandma next summer, and I will come by Kansas City and see you all, for I would love to see you again. I know you are getting on well with your beautiful work. I enjoy WEE WISDOM more every time it comes, and I wish it came every week, but I know that could not be, so I am glad to get the little Truth paper once a month. Your loving friend,

LAVERNIA LEEMAN.



VALMEYER, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to the little Wees. We are all well and I hope this letter will find you the same. I love to read the letters and stories which the little Wees write. I

am six years old. I have four brothers and one sister. My little brother Emil is so glad when I come home from school in the evening. I like to go to school. I remain your loving

FRIEDA L. SCHELLHARDT.

[Frieda falls into the old manner of speech of *hoping* everybody is well. In the new order of mind we are to *know* Health is everywhere present, and so we will not *hope* people are well, nor ask them if they are well, but we will *know*, and our greeting will be, "God bless you!" instead of "How are you?" — Ed.]



TYABB, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—You are such a very delightful paper, and contain so many interesting stories and letters that I felt I must write and tell you how much I appreciate your visits. You teach us to be kind and gentle to everybody and everything. I am a little girl eight years of age, but my ninth birthday is on the 28th of this month. I am in the 3d class at State School. I broke my dollie, but my sister, Rosie, let me have hers to play with. It is a large double-jointed one. She won it in a race five years ago. She made clothes and shoes for it, but never plays with it now, because she would rather sew or read. Rosie wrote to Bessie Lephew some time ago and sent her a present. She also helped me write this letter. I will close now, because if I write my letter too long you will get tired reading it. Your loving friend,

MARY ELSIE M. FOLEY.



CLINTON, MO.

MY DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I thank you very much for the WEE WISDOM. I study the Sunday School Lessons from the little paper. I go to school and I am in the 2d grade. My teacher's name is Miss Alta Ruffer. I will write a little verse:

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

I send one dollar for the Truth building.

Yours lovingly, LELIA DICKINSON.

[Lelia will now own a "Brick" in the new building, and have her name in the corner stone.—Ed.]



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEES—I am eight years of age and have had the little paper six years in our home, and we dearly love it. I go to school, and to Mr. Schroeder's Sunday School. We have a little black cat. His name is Tom, and we have a dog; his name is Vic'or. With love to all the little Wees, I remain your loving friend,

EDNA IWIG.

(Sadie scribbles us a letter which her mamma translated for us.)

UNIONTOWN, KANS.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—It is raining. Is it raining at your house? Mamma Sadie has gone home. I have a baby brother. His name is George Palmer Eves. He walks all around, but we don't let him go into the kitchen, he falls down so much. I have a kitty. Her name is



SADIE.

Marie. I am going to send you one of my pictures. I am five and a half years old. I like WEE WISDOM so much. Mamma reads it to me every Sunday. I go to Sunday School, too. We learned last Sunday about Jesus curing sick people. When mamma is sick I treat her and she gets better. Your little friend,

SADIE RUTH EVES.

CHICAGO, ILL.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM—We like you very much. I am ten years old. I have just finished "Five Little Peppers" at school. I play with the little girl that wrote the poem in WEE WISDOM, Harriet McCreary, so I thought I would write, too. I must say goodby.

From LOUISE BESLY.

TYABB, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Your monthly visits to our home always are so delightful to us, for you are brimming over with sweet, loving, healthy thoughts, which help us so much. When we have read your letters and learned your lessons, we look forward to your next arrival with pleasurable anticipation. Your pillow-verses are fine, and we commit them to memory, and when Elsie has learned them she teaches her dollie. The Bible Lessons are good, as are your whole contents. Summer is well along now, and it is rather dry, but the heat is not so severe as last year. I delight in reading and sewing, but am fond of gardening, too. I am the possessor of a couple of plots of ground and plant flowers in them. Elsie and I appreciate you very much, for you instruct us in the art of being gentle in disposition, and kind and loving to all God's creatures, and you not only mitigate our illness and fears, but remove them altogether. Some short time ago I wrote to Bettie Lephew and sent a small gift as well as strong, health-giving thoughts. When anyone of us has an illness I can help to treat it away. I am sending you some money with my mother and a friend's. I am very grateful to Mrs. Fillmore and her co-workers for bringing all of us children so close together in mind, though we are absent in body, and I am sure all the hundreds of children who contribute to WEE WISDOM will join me in thanking them for their kindness, and wishing that this year will be prosperous, successful and happy. I will close now. Your loving friend,

ROSE L-VELYN FOLEY, age 13.



BOUCKVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have enjoyed your visits very much, and am glad that you are coming to see me again. I am ten years young. I go to school and am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Edgerton, and I like her very much. The little birds come under our pantry window every morning to get their breakfast, and mamma feeds them. One morning I fed them. I think the picture on the cover of WEE WISDOM means that all children whether white or black should be of the same mind and love each other alike, and the Christ child is watching over them all alike. I must close.

With love to all the little Wees,

CLARENCE I. FERRIS.

[Your idea of the meaning expressed by the picture on WEE WISDOM's cover is correct, and you have told it well.—Ed.]



VANCOUVER, B. C.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I was very glad to hear that you were going to put my letter in WEE WISDOM, and I hope you will do the same with this one. I am speaking very well now. I

could not read all last term, but I hardly stammer at all. I read every day now without stammering one second. There is another boy in my room that stammers dreadfully. His name is Frank. I told him today that I was very glad I didn't stammer any more. I am sorry that he doesn't know about our Truth teaching. I guess if he would stop eating meat he might get better. I think I will close because it is bed time.

Yours truly, CECIL AUBREY.

P. S. I read my letter in WEE WISDOM.

[We rejoice with Cecil, and we are sure he can help that other little boy, telling him in the silence that he is free and perfect, for God made him so.—ED.]

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.



COME of you have written telling what you thought about the picture on the cover of WEE WISDOM and your thoughts were good. But among those who have kept silent, I wonder how many have let this picture tell its story to them? Did most of you agree that the beautiful child, reaching down to the upraised hands of all these many nations of children, was an angel? What is an angel? *You* ought to know, *you have an angel of your own*. Did not Jesus say of little children, "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father in heaven"?

You are always looking for your angel? Your thoughts reach up for it just like these little hands in the picture reach out for this perfect child above them. Your angel is your own really, truly Self, and you will not find it in the clouds, but in "the kingdom of God in you." When you get real still, you will feel and know this Angel-Self, and behold the face of the Loving Father, and then you will find the angel

or true side of all things, and then the whole world will reflect back to you the "face of my Father," for every living creature and every growing plant are messengers of the Life, Love and Intelligence of "my Father in heaven." And this brings us to the picture on the inner page of WEE WISDOM where lots of *livingness* is represented. "Papa Harry" says this little cut means more to him than any other. Examine it closely—we had it made for WEE WISDOM's front door-plate in the beginning of her career to show that all *Wee* workers belong to Wisdom.

Tell us what it means to you. Everything we see stands for something back of it. Let us learn to see more than the picture of things; let us find out the *livingness* and soul of it all, and then we will be one with our Angel-Self and behold always and consciously the face of our heavenly Father, and rejoice in the beautiful life and harmony of all His creation.

Sadie's mamma writes: "WEE WISDOM is one of Sadie's treasures. I send you Sadie's picture taken in the little black silk cloak I wore when I was five years old. It was the fancy of her grandma to have her taken in it at the same age. I send you with it a letter of her own composition, which she repeated aloud while she scribbled, and in that way I wrote it down so that you might know what she really intended to tell you. She is the happiest child on earth, and enjoys her little brother very much; he is now eighteen months old, has been walking about two weeks, is fat and rosy, the image of beautiful health, has dimpled cheeks, and shining brown eyes and bronze curls."



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April, 1906

EASTER!

What is Easter?

Who can tell?

An empty grave!

An empty shell!

A shining life!

A chick-a-dee!

A blossoming Immortality!

Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons are minus this month. I think we cannot afford to miss them again.

Tell us more about your demonstrations; we want to know what you are doing.

We'll have to get Miss Blanche (now assistant teacher of the Wees in Unity Sunday School) to tell us some of the doings Sunday mornings when we are "thick as hops" in the little room upstairs "havin' Sunta Cool," as three-year-old Theodore calls it.

Let's make WEE WISDOM so good everybody will want it.

Our little writers want to get all the love and science possible into their letters and stories.

You may want to know who these two happy little maidens are, whose laughing faces illumine the "Laugh Cure" poem. Their mamma calls them Louise and Edith. You can hunt up their other name in Louise's letter in another column. We're very sure they will reap the benefit of the "Laugh Cure."

Jim and I held the noon thought, "God prospers papa," every noon when we sat down to luncheon. We first repeated it aloud and then sat in the silence a little while. The second day "Sister-baby's" sweet little voice chimed in, "God pokers papa," then she sat with clasped hands till we spoke. In a few days Jim's papa came home and said he had had a raise in his salary. Immediately Jim said, "God did that, papa, because we asked Him."

—JIM'S GRANDMA.

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.

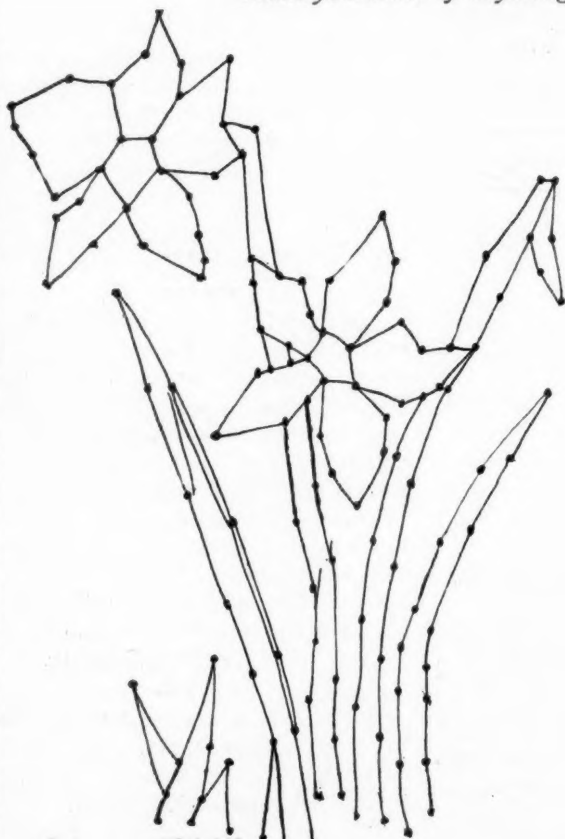
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10 to 24 copies, 40 cts. each per year.
25 to 49 copies, 35 cts. each per year.
50 to 100 copies, 25 cts. each per year.

An Easter Thought.

By Emilie.

*Little Wisdoms, does the spring
Make you think of anything?*



EASTER DAY

*Yes, we think of
sparkling rills,
Crocuses and daffo-
dils,
Violets and 'get-me-
nots
Growing up in sunny
spots.*

*It whispers low that
Love's warm ray
Will make our life an
Easter Day.*

Here is a pretty Easter design for card-board embroidery. You will need a large worsted needle with blunt point; yellow and green whole zephyr and a piece of card-board large enough for the design. Mamma will first draw the design on the card; then place the card on a felt pad and perforate with a perforating needle, wherever the black dots occur. Sew the flowers in yellow, the stem in leaves green. Mamma will think of some nice way in which to use the pretty work—perhaps a calander,

perhaps on a blotting pad. Be sure and mind this last direction: Remember to sew in plenty of loving thoughts with every stitch.—LIDA H. HARDY.