

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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E. A. Filleau. K.C. Mo. 1901.

MY TRIP UP MT. LOWE.

Dear Wee Wisdom:

I will tell you about my trip up Mt. Lowe. I never had a nicer trip in all my life. Mt. Lowe is about fifteen miles from Los Angeles, and is 1,600 feet above



MT. LOWE.

sealevel. Mamma, my stepfather, Mr. Wheeler and I went up there. First we went down town and took the Mt. Lowe electric car; through Pasadena and Altadena and Rubio Canyon at the foot of Echo Mountain, where we came to the Incline; it is very steep and almost perpendicular. We went up on the little Incline car to the top of Echo Mountain, and from there went on the little trolley car. First we went to see the machinery of the cable that pulls up the Incline car. It is very strong machinery. Then we wound in and out among the mountains, till we came to Alpine Tavern, a little hotel situated half way up Mt. Lowe. This happened in the afternoon of a September day, 1905. We rested there, and looked at the tame squirrels that run in the trees, and come up to you and eat out of your hand. They are free to run wherever they please.

Then we went on up to the top of Mt. Lowe, walking up the trail. We did not go on burros, because it cost too much. It took us nearly an hour to get up to the top. We saw only a pole and some trees with cards on them at the top of Mt. Lowe. We came down in less time than we went up.

Mamma did not come up to the top with us. She stayed at Alpine Tavern. When we got back we rested and ate candy. We took supper there, and at seven o'clock went back on the trolley car. Los Angeles, Pasadena and Altadena looked like rows of stars below us (the electric lights in these cities made that).

We saw the observatory and the big telescope, and the planet Saturn, with a ring around it, through the telescope. We then went down to see the searchlight. It searched out to the beaches, natural formation of rock in shape of seven and five, and other places on Mt. Lowe. It was twelve o'clock at night when we got home. We slept a good sleep.

(You need not put this in unless you wish to, but good things are often followed by bad things.) Mt. Lowe burned down sometime in December, 1905. Nobody got hurt, and the observatory and Alpine Tavern were saved. The rest burned, including the Incline machinery. The squirrels remained saved. The fire is supposed to have been started in the pine forest. By good luck they are building it up again, and it is almost done.

Your friend,
NELLIE BABE, Los Angeles, Cal.



Doings of the Little Days.

SEQUEL TO WEE WISDOM'S WAY.

IV.

UNCLE BEN'S LETTER TO TRIXEY'S MAMMA.

The other letter was for Trixey's mother and read:

Dear Sister Ceil:

We want to borrow your little girl for a fortnight longer. We've made the discovery that little girls are a great institution in a family; like the old man's liniment, they are

"Good in sickness and good in wellness,
Good in prosperity and good in adversity;
Warranted good for everything—
From a broken heart to a busted shin."

I'm sure the old vender's estimate of his "magic oil" would scarcely exaggerate Trixey's versatility in filling the needs of this family. And the surprising thing of it all is, she seems perfectly unconscious of having done anything at all remarkable.

The very first night of her stay she upset the "old wives' fable" about teething babies, and gave Sue and me something to cut our *wisdom* teeth on, by taking charge of the youngster herself and putting him so soundly to sleep he never waked till late the next morning. Whatever the spell she put upon him was, I can't find out, but the

tooth-getting with him has been a very comfortable affair since. Frank says, "She's a painless dentist."

I tried my best to get at what it is in this child that compels the very best in everybody and everything to show up.

She says Aunt Joy don't believe in any other side, and that you're all convinced she's right, 'cause a bad boy with a bad side turned out proved to be a good boy turned wrong side out, or something like that, and Ned turned him right side out again with a kind word.

You see, Ceil, my happy-go-lucky philosophy which has always so horrified you and Sue, fits in here very beautifully. I took my opportunity to talk to Trixey. She listened with pleased attention and said, "It's awful nice of you, Uncle Ben, to believe in being happy always and making folks glad."

But my conclusion was quite different evidently from what she expected, and when I stated, "We give up life as a flower does its bloom and that ends it all for us, Trixey," the child looked at me in such astonishment I felt ashamed of uttering such sentiments to her. She was so still I knew something was

coming of it. At last she said, "Uncle Ben, that wasn't bad for you to say after all. I 'most thought it was at first; then I thought about it, and you know the plant does n't die when it drops a bloom, it lives right on and blossoms some more. Doesn't it?"

I admitted such was the case.

"Now, Uncle Ben, you like to live and be happy and make everybody happy, and that's your blossoms, and when one drops off some more come. But there's something in you, Uncle Ben, that wants to blossom bigger, and better; it doesn't want to stop blossoming either. Isn't that so?"

Again I admitted it was so, wondering what she was driving at.

"What is it in you, Uncle Ben, that wants to keep on doing more and more, forever and ever?"

"Oh, Trixie!" I answered, "how do I know that there is anything in me that wants to go on doing forever—forever is a long time."

"But, Uncle Ben, you keep on wanting to live on and on every day, don't you?"

Oh, the child! She fishes into my very depths with her question hooks, and yanks out the secrets of my soul. She ended up with telling me about Aunt Joy's lesson of the Balsam seed, and Grace's idea about the little "know" in it, and about Ned's wonderful healing. It goes beyond my comprehension, but Trixie speaks of it as the most natural thing in the world.

This Aunt Joy must be some fairy godmother dropped down among you disguised in modern raiment, and I think she must have endowed our Trixie with her magic. But, seriously, this must be a delightful hallucination of "Aunt Joy's." No wonder you're all so willing to be inoculated with it since it hides from you *stern reality* and makes life a gala-day time without end. Why, it beats hasheesh and the old orthodox heaven all to pieces! But don't you think. Ceil, a fellow's imagination's

liable to give out with such a constant strain upon it? And then what?

But I've promised Trixie I'd go and sit at the feet of "Aunt Joy" for a season and let her try it on me. I had to do something to induce her to lengthen her visit, and that seemed the acceptable thing.

By the way, Trixie caught me pretty slick upon one point. You know I am always freely admitting *Nature* as the Universal Mother of all that is. Well, Trixie's improved such an opportunity to push me to the wall in an admission that *fathers* are quite as much a factor of life as mothers are, and then demanded of me the necessity of admitting the existence of a Universal Father. I was quite entertained with her logic. She has no idea of leaving the world Fatherless, nor Nature a widow. She gave me to understand that I was "a back number" in the affairs of the Universal if I did not know that *Mind* was the Father of all, and *Mind was God*, for "Aunt Joy" said so, and that settles it.

I've caught onto a little idea that appeals to me. The possibilities of the race are held back, and cramped, and dwarfed by the fears and superstitions held over it of that terrible and revengeful God of scripture. Now, it seems to me, if those who must have a god could only know about "Aunt Joy's," what a jump the race would make.

Now, don't you think I'm getting quite a missionary spirit wrought up in me?

Trixie says I *do* better than I *say*, and that's why she knows that I *know* more than I think I know about the wonderful good of "Aunt Joy's" everywhere-present God.

Well, anyway, I want this ardent follower of His to be an everywhere presence in our home for a fortnight longer. You cannot say me nay?

With kind regards for all the Days and "Aunt Joy," I am still your old time, good time

BROTHER BEN.

BEES.

BY LUCY C. KELLERHOUSE.

A swarm of B's the springtime brings:
 South Breezes, which do gently blow
 Blue into skies; and Blades of grass,
 Where little Bugs run to and fro.

Wee Buds that nestle on the Boughs;
 And Blossoms that do lure our feet
 Through many a shady woodland haunt
 To find them in their sweet retreat.

Gay Brooks that hurry from the hills,
 Wild Birds that carol all the day;
 And Butterflies that out of June
 Like wind-blown petals softly stray

And Bees themselves, which steal away
 The hidden treasure of the flowers;—
 But all these B's are Honey-Bees,
 To fill with sweet the golden hours.

THE ADVENTURES OF PRINCESS RAIMA.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

CHAPTER II.



WITH these words our Princess took a little brush from that wonderful little silk bag and commenced painting white circles about the little girl.

When the three circles were completed Raima seated herself in the center of them close to the little girl's blue shoes.

"It is strange that a lovely Princess like yourself should be so sad," whispered Raima. "Listen, Princess, look at me."

At these words Quilia turned her head, and looking down at her feet discovered Raima smiling up at her.

Quilia brushed hastily the tears from her eyes and looked again and yet again.

"Oh, is it a fairy?" she cried.

"Princess, my dear, fairy Princess," Raima prompted.

"O Princess, excuse me, your royal highness," replied Quilia, who was a polite little girl as a rule.

"Now, let me see, your name is Princess Quilia," continued the fairy.

"Oh, but I'm not a Princess!" exclaimed Quilia in surprise.

"Yes, my dear, you are a Princess; every little girl is a Princess, but sometimes she forgets her royal birth as you have done at present. I heard you say, did I not, that you were banished from the castle?"

"What is that?" asked Quilia, not understanding.

"You remarked that you were not wanted at home, so you dressed yourself and crept out here, so early as this, where none can find you. That was foolish, I must say, and beside all that, you spent a good part of the beautiful night in tears, driving away the angels and fairies who are ever watching over good children."

The fairy paused and Quilia lifted her head from the ground and stared at her in amazement.

"Why, how did you know all that?" she questioned.

"Fairies know something, Princess Quilia," replied Raima, with pleasure in her voice, for she felt she could help this little girl. "You thought your mother very unkind last evening because she would not permit you to finish your story book, but sent you off to bed at an early hour. That was a waste of time, my dear, and a still greater waste of temper for you to vex your good nurse by being so rude when she was helping you undress. If you had only remembered that you were Princess

Quilia, I don't think you could have spoken so crossly to her."

"I wish I had known that," said Quilia, looking down at her little blue dress and pulling at the hem.

"Well, now that you know it, try and remember. Why," my dear, exclaimed the fairy, breaking off suddenly, "I believe I can help you. I'll give you an idea. You must turn this morning into a glad day and be a real Princess—a real Princess, you know, serves others and and forgets self. Do some kind little act for nurse to make amends for last night's crossness, then she will never again say she wishes you a thousand miles away."

"But what can I do?" and Quilia rested her chin on her little fat hand and began to think. She sat very still wondering, but upon lifting her head she could not discover the fairy anywhere.

Raima Alteama had vanished.

Quilia rubbed her eyes. They felt as if a bright light had flashed in them, and everything looked rosy. How could Quilia know that the light from a fairy mirror had been thrown upon her, and that now she could see only the beautiful and good in everyone; and all because she was willing to listen and to learn.

Quilia glanced toward the rose bush with its many beautiful white roses bathed in the morning dew.

"I might pick some of these," she murmured, for they are my very own, and I never would let any one have a single one—yes, I'll pick a quantity and put them at the places at the breakfast table and surprise mamma and papa and little brother. Yes, that's

what I'll do," and clapping her hands Quilia rose from the grass to run to the house for the scissors. Whom should she see but nurse Bonnie coming to meet her.

"Oh, Miss Quilia, where have you been? What a fright you gave me, not finding you in your bed!"

"I'm so sorry, indeed I am," cried Quilia, throwing her arms about her nurse. "I'll never be cross and naughty again."

"Bless you, darling, what a fine little lady you are this morning—for all the world like a real live Princess."

"That's what I'm going to be, Bonnie, for the fairy said I was a Princess, you know, a truly Princess."

Bonnie opened her eyes wide at this, and catching Quilia's hand, ran with her gleefully toward the house.

Twenty minutes later the dining room table was decorated, and they stood back to admire their work.

"Ha, ha!" cried Fairy Raima, as she peeped through the dining room window and looked upon the breakfast scene, some time later. "The little girl has kept her word. She's making everyone happy—there are roses in their hands and only smiles from everyone. I will come again to this sweet Quilia."

[The end.]

"Better to hunt in the fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught;
The wise for cure on exercise depend.
God never made His work for man to mend."

In helping others you help yourself.

Youth's Department.

CONDUCTED BY THE JOYFUL CIRCLE.

MUSIC AND MUSIC MAKERS.

SKETCHES BY HARRIET AYER SEYMOUR.

VIII.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

Mendelssohn seems to have brought sunshine and plenty with him. People say that a particularly bright star shone over the house in which he was born, and that all the good fairies stood about his cradle, endowing him with love, joy and every good gift.

The Mendelssohns lived in a large comfortable house, with a garden in which the children spent their happy hours of play. Though they were people with plenty of money, everything was extremely simple. The father and mother wisely taught them to live simply, wear simple clothes, love Nature, music and each other.

There were five children in the family, but Felix's favorite sister was Fanny. They read together, played together, and talked over their music together.

When Felix was twelve he began to compose, and would play his compositions to the little orchestra which assembled once a week in the Mendelssohn dining room. Felix, perched on a high stool, conducted these performances, at which Fanny sometimes played.

On Mendelssohn's fourteenth birthday this orchestra gave him a little dinner, at which his teacher, Zeller, rose, and taking him by the hand said, "From this day, dear boy, thou art no longer an apprentice, but an independent member of the brotherhood of

musicians. I proclaim thine independence in the name of Hayden, of Mozart, and of old Father Bach."

In spite of all this praise and admiration which came to him from every direction Mendelssohn kept himself free from conceit. To him music was so sacred that the personal side of it was unimportant compared to the art itself. This is the way we should all feel, and if timid players could get the idea of *self* (a self-ish idea) out of their minds, the music would have a better chance to come out, and give pleasure. Mendelssohn was free to express all his ideas for this very reason—that his personality did not stand in his way. "Play the music as the composer intended, think of its beauty, and forget *yourself*," might have been said by Mendelssohn to his pupils.

When he was about twenty his father took him to Paris, and there he met many of the most brilliant musicians of that day. They received him with open arms. His simplicity and enthusiasm charmed them as much as his genius delighted them. He gave concerts, took some lessons and composed a good deal, and after this Paris trip his life became one of sustained labor for the cause he loved. He need not have worked "for his living," as we say, but feeling that his gift was from God, he was bound to cultivate it, and give the

world the fruit of it, and so he did.

Every morning Mendelssohn worked regularly for four hours, either composing or practicing. His favorite motto was, "Deeds, not words," but in spite of all this goodness, he was not what we call "goody goody" in the least. After work came play, either a swim, a row, a dance or a game of billiards. Mendelssohn was full of life and fun, sometimes surprising people by throwing his hat up in the air like a schoolboy, and capering around on his toes.

Like many of the great musicians, he was deeply religious, and on each of the forty-four volumes of his compositions we find the letters, H. D. M., which are supposed to stand for *Hilf Du Mir* (Help Thou me!)

Mendelssohn is best known as having written the "Songs Without Words," but the greatest things he wrote were the "Oratorio Elijah," and the music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream." He and Fanny had read the play when they were twelve, and it made a lasting impression on Mendelssohn. In the enchanting music he brings the fairies right into the orchestra.

The spirit of Mendelssohn's music is joyousness and sparkle, and his love of Nature is set forth in many Spring Songs. The "Songs Without Words" are easy, and yet so beautiful that great artists present them in their recitals to delighted audiences, and when you play these songs, you may feel that you are expressing thoughts of Peace, Purity and Joy.

JIM'S LETTER.

MY VERY DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — Grandma says I may write you a letter. "Sister-Baby" and I often sit and talk about you, and wish



WE SIT AND TALK ABOUT YOU.

you could come and see us like you used to in Kansas City. Can't you come up to our house? You come on the steam cars, and tell the

conductor to let you off when you come to Sioux City. Do you know I am six years old *now?* I am a senior in the primary room.



WE GO UP A BIG HILL.

took her doll and said, "*God is Health, can't be sick.*" Wasn't that cute?

What do you think! My little chum across the street they said had the scarlet fever. We played with him just the day before the card was put on his house, and our neighbors were afraid we would have it too, but grandma told me to tell them, "*God is my health, I can't be sick.*" (I wish I had a lot of those Truth cards, so they

We go up a big hill to Sunday School. We used to think we got tired, but grandma said that was a nice hill, so Sister says, "Nice hill," and I *think* it, and so we like it now. When we come down we want to run, but that is not dignified, so we walk.

Some little girls were playing their dolls were sick, and had to have medicine, but Sister-Baby



IT IS DIGNIFIED — WE WALK DOWN.



DOLLIE, GOD IS YOUR HEALTH,
YOU CAN'T BE SICK.

can't be sick." I said it ever so hard, and one morning, do you know, Lowell came to the window, and I threw him a kiss. Wasn't that fine?

Anything you want you tell God, and you get it. We asked God to prosper papa, and papa got a raise on his salary right away.

I want to tell you a lot more, but grandma says this is enough for this time.

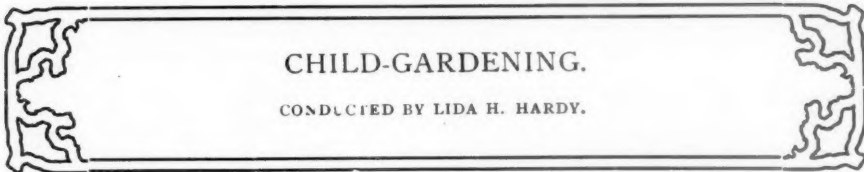
Your loving little friend,

JIM BOWES.

could all learn our nice prayer,) and for us to say it all the time, so sick thoughts could have no effect on us. I wanted to go over and say it to Lowell, my chum, but grandma said the laws of the city would not let me go anywhere else if I went there, and that I could say it just the same at home. But I said I could not feel it as if I could see him, and so I went out where I could see his house every morning when I said, "*Lowell, God is your health, you*



I WENT WHERE I COULD SEE HIS HOUSE.



CHILD-GARDENING.

CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY.

GOD'S GIFT OF THE FLOWERS.

MY DEAR WEE ONES — Here comes May, our Queen! She is the fifth of Father Year's helpers. How lovely she is! And how we all do love her! Let us see what she brings to us from Nature's great storehouse. Look, as she walks she is keeping time to sweetest music, which pours forth from the throats of many song birds. Oh, what a beautiful work she is doing, and how busy she is every minute of the time — waking the violets and spring beauties; seeing to the blossoming of apple, peach and plum trees; guiding the little ants with their wonderful house building, and removing winter bonnets and jackets from tulip, hyacinth and peony.

We thank the kind and loving Father for these beautiful gifts. We love every one — not for their beauty and fragrance alone, but because they tell us of the same Life of which we ourselves are a part. Jesus said, "Consider the lilies how they grow." He means that we are to watch their wonderful growth, and find the beautiful lesson that is there for us about ourselves. By watching the life of God come forth from the bulb and seed, we are made to better understand the voice of God in ourselves. When we, with our own hands, place the tiny brown seeds into the ground, tenderly care for them, and watch the wonderful changes that take place; first throwing out roots and leaves, then bursting into sweet and perfectly formed blossoms, which are followed by pods in which we find seeds exactly like the ones we planted; we know that they have been directed by none other than God Himself, then we begin to understand something of the good that lives in each one of us, which only needs the beautiful sunlight of God's love to bring it forth in beauty and in truth.

Like Jesus, the dear Froebel loved flowers, and loved to talk to the children about them when he used to go out flower-hunting with them. He said, "We always find what we look for." Let us then look for the true and the beautiful in everybody and everything. This time I should like to tell you something about Froebel's First Gift. The first kindergarten gift is composed of six soft wool balls, covered with a net work of zephyr of different colors. The six colors are red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet. Each ball is suspended by a string of same color about one foot in length. In the kindergarten the children sing to the balls, and play all sorts of pretty games with them. Sometimes they play the ball is a little soft chicken, or rabbit, or bird, or a sweet cooing baby and sing it to sleep; sometimes they play it is a church bell, or a bucket with which to draw water. Then there are other games through which the children toss the ball to each other or pass it from one to another around the ring, or roll it into a circle drawn on the floor. "Who'll Buy My Eggs?" and "Fruit Pedler," are games which the children enjoy. Through these games the beautiful part is that the children are learning to look at God's gifts more carefully, and to think about them as they look at them; they learn about color, too, and the music which is born in each one is found and brought out, and all the time the children are being kind, loving and just to each other.

If Mrs. Fillmore thinks best, let us have for the next time the words and music of a First Gift Game.



WALLACE, W. VA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write you a letter. Please inclosed find 50 cents for which send me WEE WISDOM one year. Ye Editor told the Wees to write a composition on the picture on the cover. Well, the Christ-child represents love, and that is what the children of all nations and all colors want more than anything else. With love to Ye Editor and all the Wees I will close. Hope you can read this. Very truly,

BLANCHE DUDLEY.



DENVER, COLO.

DEAR EDITOR—I have written a poem and a pillow verse which I send. We have had a good deal of snow all through March, and we had lots of fun coasting down hill. We are having some nice showers now. I enjoy reading the letters and stories in WEE WISDOM. I like to go to school, and am in the sixth grade. We have German lessons every day here in school. We also have sewing and sloyd once a week.

Bothilda's poem:

Spring has come,
And her work is begun;
Each bird is building its nest,
And the violets are doing their best
To dress in purple dresses gay,
A time for work and not for play.

The flowers of Spring,
What joy they bring
To young and old.
The daisy gives her gold;
All the grass is fresh and green,
And busy bees are seen.

The pussy willows are out,
And the cows roam about
The fresh green grass to eat;
The apple blossoms sweet
In the wind are swaying,
And soon we'll go a-Maying.

The busy farmer's sowing
Wheat that'll soon a-growing,
The happy lambs will play
Upon the hills the first of May.
Oh, how lovely is the Spring,
What blessings it does bring.

Your loving friend, BOTHILDA CURTZ.

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write you a few lines and let you know that we have moved from Clarence, Iowa, to Denver, Colo., and wish you would mail WEE WISDOM to our new address. My sister and I go to the Divine Sunday School every Sunday. There are about 150 to 200 children go there. My teacher's name is Mrs. Josley. I go to the Lincoln School here in Denver. My papa bought my sister and I a bicycle. We have a very happy time riding together. I will close with love to WEE WISDOM.

FREDA PETERS.



SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter I ever wrote to you, and have been taking you for three years and love to have you visit me. I take books from the library and have read a lot of nice ones. I have also been going to the Christian Science Sunday School for six years, and between them all they give me a lot of help. They help me a lot in school lessons, as I now go in the Junior. The stories in the WEE WISDOM I enjoy very much. And with love to all the Wees, I remain your friend,

ALVENA HARTUNG.



WALLACE, W. VA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write you a letter. My sister Blanche is writing. I have a dog, and his name is Reuben. I am going to have an air-gun. The summer school begins the first of April. I am 7 years of age, and am in the first grade. I will select a little verse:

"Star bright,
Star light,
The first star I see tonight;
I wish I may, I wish I might
Have the wish I wish tonight."

With love to all the Wees and WEE WISDOM, I will close. Good-by. OMAR CARLOS DUDLEY.



LEEDS, N. D.

DEAR WEES—I am going to write you a letter. I like the letters in WEE WISDOM. I read them every time they come. I wish they would come every week so I could read them. It is getting warm so we can go out and play games. I got seventeen valentines. I have two brothers and three sisters. I am ten years old. My biggest brother went out to the farm today. I had lots of fun April-fooling the children. I have a little cat. Her name is Trickle, because she likes to play with a string. We have a cow and a horse. I read the Sunday School papers every Sunday. I see the little children on the outside of WEE WISDOM and the angel on the cover. It makes me think of love. Well, I will close with love to all the Wees. Your friend,

SELMA WEIERMULLER.

ESCANABA, MICH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have enjoyed you so much this year and can not part with you, so please come to me another year. Enclosed you will find order for 50 cents. I like the story of "Pearl Drop" very much. My birthday was the 6th of April. I was nine years old. I got thirty presents. WEE WISDOM has done me much good.

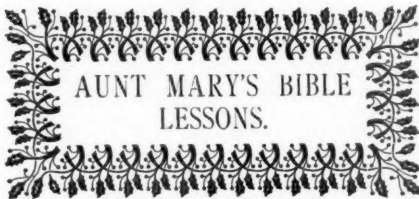
LETITIA HEWLETT.



HOBOKEN, N. J.

DEAR MRS. FILLMOPE—I hope all the Wees liked the daffodil design. I worked two of them. One I sent to my dear grandma in England, and the other one is for my Sunday School teacher. I have worked one for you, which mamma designed for me, and she has put our photograph in it. I did not forget to work love in with the stitches. Will you please accept it with the very best love of Your little

friend, JAMIE SMITH.



LESSON VI. MAY 6.

The Parable of the Tares.—Matt. 13:24-30.
36:43.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.*—Gal. 6:7.

Dear children, remember always that the kingdom of heaven is your own pure good soul which God has created for you. It can be only good, for God is the creator. The good seeds we sow are the good thoughts, and these thoughts are always ours, but sometimes we find that other thoughts come straggling along, and are right there in the midst of the good.

The enemy of Good is that *doubt*, which says, "I am lazy, I am cross, I am good for nothing," so doubt, or, the self who forgets the Christ-child, sows the foolish weeds among the wheat. The way to do with these naughty thoughts is to pay no attention to them, (do not pull them up or scold at them), but look at the pretty God-

thoughts—think of them only. Praise and cultivate them, and when the harvest is come you have a great handful of *cheerfulness* and *love* and *wisdom* and *joy*, to do up in bundles for the sake of humanity. Then the other thoughts just bundle themselves together, and all we have to do is to drop them into the fire of our love, and they are soon consumed and forgotten.

The Christ-child sows the good seed (thoughts). The tares belong to old ignorance, or know nothing, for there is no devil. He is nothing, for, as Jesus once said, "The devil is a lie and the father of lies," and a lie, we know, is an untruth. The angels are our own good thoughts, and our precious friends here and everywhere. The end of the world means the end of our naughtiness. The kingdom of heaven is the beautiful soul of each one which holds only good. All the naughty is driven out by love. The naughty walls, but the good self rejoices and thinks no evil. The righteous are those that know and serve God here and now.

LESSON VII. MAY 13.

A Pierce Demoniac Healed.—Mark 5:1-20.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee.*—Mark 5:19.

The man who dwelt in the tombs away from people and friends had buried his good true self very deep, and opened his heart to discontented thoughts, and these were like so many demons to him. Demons are nothing more than our naughty thoughts and words created by ourselves. They are usually made out of crossness, discontent, anger, temper, fear, hate, and so on.

If for years we indulge in such passions, we will in time find ourselves possessed, like this man—by demons. Let us be very careful to remember that God fills our hearts, then we will not be tempted to evil thinking.

The man's true self knew it was Jesus who called him, but the naughty thoughts cried out in the same breath against Jesus. Jesus sent these wicked ones out of the man, but see what trouble they made, for they created such a disturbance that even the poor animals were made restless. Jesus allowed them to enter the swine to show the people what a great deal of mischief naughty thinking will result in. The swine were all destroyed, for the demons rushed with them into the sea. When you think about it you will see that the man set a bad example to the pigs. It is likely that the man was running about and screaming, and thus filled the swine with the spirits of fear so that they ran without knowing in which direction they went. Thus it was that they ran down a steep declivity into the sea.

The man was grateful to Jesus for his healing, and wished to follow the Christ in his teachings,

but Jesus told him the wisest and best thing to do was to return to his home and friends and let them know how great things God had done unto him, how good God was, that he had saved him from the unhappy state he was in for so long. God is ever our healer, but we must turn to Him.

LESSON VIII. MAY 25.

John the Baptist. — Mark 6:14-29.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Mighty works do show forth themselves in him.* — Mark 6:14.

The Golden Text we have selected is found in the first verse of our lesson. Mighty works indeed were done by John the Baptist, but mightier than these were done by Jesus. This one that Herod spoke of was, in truth, Jesus, but Herod did not know that. Herod had made a foolish promise to the daughter of Herodias and thought he must keep it. If one has made a mistake in promising wrongly, it is better to break that word than to keep it.

There is no need to repeat the text of the lesson, for that you can find in your Bible. Find what you can learn from it. Here are some of the lessons we learn:

Do not be led or influenced by others when you know they are telling you some naughty thing to do.

Do not be a coward, but act fearlessly and with a lion's courage, and declare to that naughty person or thought, "I will not follow you. I will not do as you say. I will do the right."

Because you like and admire one is no reason why you should follow their ways, for all their ideas may not be true ones, and maybe your mother has taught you a better way, so always follow the better way.

Do not be in too great a hurry to make a promise. First know what you are promising, and see if it will meet the approval of your own good soul.

Let God lead you.

As surely as we disobey our soul's teaching we regret it afterward.

Listen to the Christ speaking within, and then you will make no mistake, and you cannot be led astray, or made to forget your God-self.

LESSON IX. MAY 27.

Feeding the Five Thousand. — Mark 6:30-44.

GOLDEN TEXT — *My Father giveth you the true bread from heaven.* — John 6:32.

The true bread is not just the true word of God in the Bible, but is the word in the heart of each one of God's children. This word is the truth, or that still small voice that speaks to and comforts God's child. This voice will lead us if we will let it. It will tell us what to do at all times.

Today we can speak to the Christ within our own souls. If we do so every day we will begin to feel the nearness of Jesus of Nazareth, and that he is helping us daily. Jesus not only taught the people of God, but he knew their needs, and when they were hungry he gave unto them — just think, enough bread and fish for five thousand to eat and be satisfied.

It is a good plan for us to bless our food before eating, for then we find ourselves both harmonious and happy while we partake of it. We will not want to find fault with anything nor complain that the potatoes are cold and the bread heavy, but every thing will taste so good, and when things please us and make us happy and we are smiling and cheerful there is not much chance for old indigestion to pop his head in. Tell him to be gone if he so much as peeps, for you are blessed by God, and all your food is blessed and made good to you. It is only when one is cross, irritable, fault finding or sad at heart, that the food will not do its duty and be good to us.

There are many good thoughts to glean in this lesson which I will leave for you and your teachers to find. This making of plenty from two small fishes and five loaves seemed a miracle to the people, but there are no miracles when we understand God, for, "All things are possible to them that believe."

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

There is n't much room left for our Sanctum talk, so we will make the most of it by filling it with a message of love and truth for every home WEE WISDOM enters this month. You can all help by saying these words with your whole mind, heart and soul:

**Peace and
Plenty be unto
this House and
Everybody in it.**



50 cents a year.

5 cents a copy.

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May, 1906.

A MONDAY BARGAIN.

*We don't want a rainy first of May,
Like the one we had before,
So Teddy and I are going today
To call at the Weather Store;
And we'll ask the clerk who is always there
To show us the very best,
And we'll sort and choose with the greatest
care,
Before we dare invest.*

*We go so early and play so long,
When we crown our Queen o' May,
That we want our weather quite new and
strong
And certain to wear all day.
We'd like the kind that is full of sun,
The same we had last week;
But if there are clouds, why, every one
Must be warranted not to leak.*

—Youth's Companion.

Jamie Smith's Easter card was fine, and Ye Editor is proud of it. She wanted you all to see Jamie, and so she slipped his picture out of the card for WEE WISDOM.

One of our old-time Wisdoms, Ralph Barton, who at the age of four contributed an original sketch to WEE WISDOM, has recently designed a new cover for *The Life*, which would do credit to an old artist. WEE WISDOM is greatly tickled over it, and wishes the fourteen-year-old artist would deal as generously with her as the four-year-old one did.

Caroline made a big pasteboard *Peace* card, and put it in her mamma's room, and it worked wonders for the home. There's more ways than one of preaching a sermon.

Only two more numbers before WEE WISDOM's Birthday, and be sure and come, and bring story or song or something.

REMEMBER.

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

Remember WEE WISDOM's address is 915 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.

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

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



Children I'm a sunbeam, catch me, catch me, Al-ways on the
Up among the clouds am I, see me, see me, Ting-ing them with
I'm a lit - tle lovebeam, falling, falling, In - to ev - ry



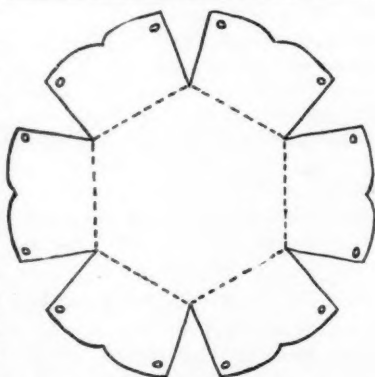
wing am I, catch me if you can. I am go - ing
gold - en light in the az - ur - blue O - ver you I'm
lit - tle heart, like a snow-white dove. O - ver you I'm



yond - er, watch me, watch me, Chas - ing shad - ows out of sight,
shin - ing, shin - ing, shin - ing, On your work and in your play,
dropp-ing, dropp-ing, dropp-ing, Loving thoughts and gen - tle words



leav - ing on - ly light.
I am here with you.
from my home a - bove.



Here is a design in cardboard modeling for a little May basket. The outline is first carefully drawn on cardboard. Then it is cut out with the scissors. The dotted lines are then cut half through the cardboard, with the help of a ruler and sharp knife. The sides of the basket may now be folded upward. Punch where the small circles are marked, and tie sides together with baby ribbon. If a handle is desired, glue on a strip of cardboard. Fill the basket with violets, dandelions or any flowers. Leave at the door of someone who needs to be thought of, ring the door bell, and run as fast as you can out of sight. Before leaving the basket at the door, tie on the side a little card upon which has been written some sweet message. Here is one:

"To you these flowers, sweet and gay.
Bring love and peace on bright May Day."

LIDA H. HARDY.