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

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MARCH, 1907. KANSAS CITY, MO. No. 8.

SCOTTO CONTROL OF THE SAME WAS AND THE SAME OF THE SAM

THE WONDERFUL WORLD.

"Great, wide, wonderful, beautiful world,
With the beautiful water above you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully dressed!

"The wonderful air is over me,

And the wonderful wind is shaking the trees;

It walks on the water and whirls the mills,

And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

"You friendly earth, how far do you go,

With the wheat-fields that nod, and rivers that flow,
And cities and gardens, and oceans and isles,

And people upon you for thousands of miles?

"Oh, you are so great and I am so small,
I hardly can think of you, world, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers today,
A whisper within me seemed to say:

'You are more than the earth, though you're such a dot; You can love and think, and the world can not!'"

-Selected by a Wee.



Vol. XI.

MARCH, 1907.

No. 8.

THE STORY OF STELLA-A STAR.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

CHAPTER VII.

WHERE HEAVEN IS.

"Where is heaven, Margaret?"

"Why, Violet, you know as well as I, heaven is within us."

"But, dear one, that little angel, or star, made me think that perhaps heaven is where she comes from."

"Yes, true; but that does not keep heaven from also being within us. Do you know, I believe those bright ones are showing us how to have heaven right here upon earth. It seems to be where we make it," replied Margaret.

"Yes, and look, Margaret; feel the spiritual light right here;" and Violet passed a hand through the air. "Can you not sense the heavenly presence that surrounds us? God has sent these angels, therefore we must receive them."

"Yes," replied Margaret looking at her sister, "heaven is not only within, but everywhere expressed; and our prayers have brought this blessing of God's angels to us. Dear little Star! How full of love she seems to be!"

"She is love!" declared Violet; "a bright and shining light; one might say a little beacon to God's way." During this conversation Stella and Anastasia had arrived upon their beautiful Star.

Stella shot into the meadow like a brilliant meteor, and the children closed about her with glad cries and many kisses.

"Oh, Stella! darling Stella! We saw thee soar upward—thou with Auntie Taysie," cried a girl who appeared to be nine or ten years of age.

"We saw thee for long lengths of distance!" exclaimed a boy with black eyes and shining white teeth.

"When thou didst approach the dark Starwe could see no more," said another.

"There are some sweet ones there," replied Stella, "and I am going again. I have chosen one of those sweet ones for my very own. She is to be my prettier Mamma. Not yet have I told her."

"Wilt not stay with us in the meadow?" asked a pale little fellow, newly arrived.

"The Love hath called me. I go again to whisper pretty things of the flowers, and of the angels which do always behold the face of their Father which is in heaven."

"Where is the Father?" asked the new-comer

interestedly.

"Hath she not told thee—in heaven? The heaven is thy soul," replied an older girl, Bessie, with serious brown eyes and brown hair; and so saying she plucked a white daisy growing near and laid it in the boy's hand, adding quietly, "Look in its heart."

"Tis a heart of gold!" exclaimed the one, Elmo. "Why, they are all tiny flowers within the center!"

"It is like the Father and his children," continued Bessie. "Here are the many children, tiny blooms nestling within a greater bloom."

"Then we live in the heart of the God?" questioned Grace, gliding up to Bessie and Elmo in order to see what they were looking at.

"Yes, in the great Love," added Bessie.

"How beautiful! Stella never forgets those pretty things that ye tell to me," said Elmo smiling and glancing toward Stella, who had pulled Hyacinth down among the grasses; and both were now rolling over and over in a bed of daisies.

"Here comes Auntie Taysie," interrupted Grace.
"Let us ask her to tell us of those other souls dwell-

ing afar."

Auntie Taysie was quickly drawn down upon a bed of violets, the girls snuggling about her while some of the boys playfully pelted her with red and white carnations and handfuls of sweet peas, until she was nearly covered amongst the blossoms.

Anastasia laughed lightly and called a 1 the chil-

dren about her.

"Seat ye, my darlings; Anastasia will tell ye of our trip to the distant Star, and thou wilt add thy prayers to ours, so that we may help those far-off little ones—those little ones that believe they must suffer."

"One does not need to suffer," chimed in Alicia; "for the God is Love. Those children must have

forgotten."

"Yea, verily, they have forgotten, or else 'tis not so easy for them to know that there is nothing to fear in all of God's universe."

"Then how shall we pray for them, dear Auntie

Taysie?" asked Alicia gently.

"Hush! listen!" Anastasia lifted a finger and

the children were silent.

A thousand or more blithe bells blended their sweet tones in a heavenly chime of music. Every tiny blossom vibrated to the harmony, and those lately come upon the planet listened entranced, for the very ground, as well as the sweet calm atmosphere, seemed filled with the marvelous melody.

With one accord the children rose to their feet, Anastasia with them, and sang in unison, their

voices rising in praise and thanksgiving.



JOE'S DISCOVERY.

BY EMMA HARRINGTON TEEL.

Said the question-mark boy, whom we call Toe: "Soy, mamma, I've learned how the oak trees grow. Today while I'as down' mong the oaks near the spring, A-wonderin' and wonderin' 'bout 'most everything -Just lettin' the swing go ever so slow. And wishin' and wishin' that I could know For what were the acorns lying all 'round, Why one little chap poked his nose in the ground, And what made his nose look just like a root, As I kicked 'way the dirt, a-swingin' my foot -And lots of other things I couldn't see, When up spoke that acorn as plain as could be: ' You inquisitive boy, why, don't you know, I'm doing just like you: I'm learning to show The image and likeness of what's best to be Lies buried deep down in the heart of me. Even when I was rocking up there so free, I was as much a tree as I ever will be. One day I was rocking so hard I fell Kerplunk! on the ground in my little tight shell. I wanted to know what the world was about, But only my nose could find the way out. When it grew quite long and searched around, It found what I needed - this nice soft ground -And down went my nose until it became That which is the height of each acorn's aim, And should be each boy's - to be rooted, you know, In conditions true, so that perfect you'll grow.' I might have dreamed it: but, mamma, it's true, For that's just the way little acorns do."

INTO THE MAGIC LAND.

EMMA HARRINGTON TEEL.

VII.

"I suppose that is so, for I didn't see then just how it could be; but one day while I was herding the cows down by Old Blowed Out mountain, I was reading a book about how so many of our famous men worked for an education. As I walked along thinking about it, something just seemed to swell up in me, telling me I could too, and I said 'Oh, I hope I can.' And just then I stumbled, and must have said 'I can' louder than the rest, for Old Blowed Out just echoed back 'I can' so loud and clear that it seemed to tell me I could get the education for which I wished so much."

"Ralph has found one of your long-looked-for genii, I think," said Mrs. Warren to Margery and Roger, as with a smile she encouraged Ralph to continue his story.

"I was so pleased at Old Blowed Out's answer that I kept it echoing 'I can 'all afternoon; and one day when a lot of neighbor boys and girls were down there gathering hazel nuts I told Blanche Burroughs about it. She said she wondered if Old Blowed Out would say 'I can' for her, as she wanted to go to school as bad as anybody. Then we both began making it echo, and the rest of the crowd guyed us, and made all kinds of fun of us. I suppose you think we were foolish, too."

"No, indeed! we do not think you foolish, but wise; for you used a wonderful power which is able to bring to you all the good you may desire," answered Mrs. Warren.

'Well, anyway, we used to think it helped us

believe we could go to school, and we'd make it echo in imagination every time we looked at that old mountain."

"It gave you that 'substance of things hoped for,' and 'evidence of things not seen,' I think, my boy," encouraged Mr. Warren.

"To our surprise, when school opened, Judge Wright had offered this scholarship in your academy to the pupil who stood highest during the term. Of course, Blanche and I both tried to win it. and we were just even. One day I would be ahead. and the next she would. I felt real mean sometimes about trying to beat a girl, and told her so, as we were always so 'chummy.' She just laughed and said, 'I don't want it because I am a girl, but because I am the best scholar. Go in and win if you can - but you can't.' But I felt worse than ever when the term was almost ended and Blanche had to stay at home and help her mother. She tried to keep up with her studies, and I took her the exercises which we were to prepare every evening. Of course she couldn't do as well at home as at school, and do the work too. One day I met Judge Wright just as I was going over to Blanche's, and he began asking me about the contest. I told him I didn't like to win when Blanche didn't have a fair show, and she a girl, too. He said, 'You just tell Blanche there are to be two scholarships awarded - one to the best scholar and one to the one who would be just as good if she had a chance.' I tell you it didn't take me long to cover the distance to her house, jump the back fence and bolt into the kitchen and tell her all about it!"

"That was a splendid fulfillment of Old Blowed Out's prophesies, was n't it?" asked Mrs. Warren,

"Blanche and her father came up on the same train I did today, but I was too excited to think of having you meet them. Think perhaps I 'll get over

being countrified after a little while."

"That must be a fine country to raise boys and girls in, if you and Miss Blanche are samples," approvingly said Mr. Warren. "You've got some qualities, my boy, which I'd hate to see you lose, if you do think them countrified."

The meal being finished, Mr. and Mrs. Warren returned to the living room while Margie prepared to clear away the tea things. Again Ralph offered his help, saying: "I often help sister Kate. Let me be that dish-washer for which you were wishing."

"Oh, yes, Miss Warren, let me sell you this fine double-back-action dish-washer," said Roger, beginning the fun again. "See how beautifully it works," as he moved first one of Ralph's arms and then the other up and down like a pump handle. "And the beauty of it is, it don't need winding to make it go:"

With about as much hindrance as help from the loops, the work was finally completed, and they joined man Mrs. Warren at the piano in the living room, as she was softly singing the first stanza of that old hymn.

which begins:

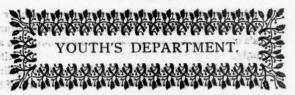
"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

"I have been thinking of Ralph's story," she continued. "How true it is that many genii are buried under mountains of doubts—'I can 'ts,' 'I fears,' etc., crystallized as hard as stones—when if they'd use the magic words 'I can' they would be liberated."

"That must be what caused the great gouge in the side of Old Blowed Out, and which gives it its name. One of these genii was imprisoned there until it learned the power of 'I can,' and began knocking the rocks right and left with it until it was free," said Ralph.

"Yes," and left its echo to encourage other human genii, like you and Blanche, to gain your free-

dom by the use of 'I can.'



REPORT OF THE JOYFUL CIRCLE'S VALEN-TINE DOIN'S.

HE King and Queen of Hearts chose
Kansas City, and Unity Building, of all
places, in which to hold a reception on
St. Valentine's night. The weather was
at its finest, and the stars shone so brilliantly it looked as if they were trying to pierce the
roof of the auditorium with their rays, to find out
what was going on inside. Mr. Orion had his bow

pointed nearly overhead, whether as a guard to keep
Taurus from prancing on the roof, or to send a shaft
down through the ceiling to allow some of the brightness to ooze out and spill around the neighborhood,
no one could tell.

But the King and Queen of Hearts were giving all their attention to their loyal subjects, who were some of the greatest people known on the earth. There was Uncle Sam, to begin with. He was almost tall enough to be beginning and ending too. His make-believe name was Mr. Prather. There was Columbia the Gem of the Ocean, dressed in so much red, white, and blue, and crowned with a Liberty cap, that it made everyone's heart thrill when she was presented to the King and Queen, so that the whole court burst into singing her own song at her

as if they could not repress their feelings. And how she waved her splendid flag!

And the King—well, there's only one member of this exclusive "Royal" family, and he was Columbia's own son; but we know Columbia's sons are all kingly, every one of them. There was beautiful Venus, with long golden hair, driving two darling little silver-winged Cupids with a silken cord. She had a difficult time of it keeping them down on the earth. They wanted to fly up on the canopy of hearts that hung over the throne and rest their little round cheeks on their chubby hands as they lay there pointing arrows at the wonderful crowd of great people who came to make an evening call on the Royal pair.

The carpet that covered the main aisle that led to the throne dais thought the Queen's robe would never get through disturbing its nap. It woke up entirely at last, and every little individual thread raised its head and - well, they got so used to its soft trailing on, and on, and on, that many of them went to sleep again, and may be dreaming yet that that lovely red robe is still softly swishing over their heads. The Oueen was tall and gracious, with sparkling dark eyes. There was another Oueen there - she of the Gypsies. She sang a beautiful song and banged her tambourine till the gold braid on her scarlet dress tinkled out a response and her golden slippers twinkled like star-dust. There were great Dukes and Duchesses and little Ducklings, and one Spanish Duchess of the old grand days whose wonderful gown made you think of rare Moorish palaces and things. She told wonderful fortunes too.

The Lord Chamberlain of the Household was clothed in a fierce mustachio and dark beetling brows and a huge sword, yet he was called in a whisper by the gentle name of a poet — Lowell. And the brave

guards, dressed in rich black velvet and carrying immense tin spears, were pasted against the walls as flat as postage stamps, to make a rich background for the famous ladies and clowns that looked at a distance like butterflies' wings, so tastefully blended were their dainty color schemes. Even Red Riding Hood, with her basket of fresh cheese and new-laid eggs, which she was taking to the Vegetarian Restaurant, was wooed into the presence of all the hearts and never finished her errand. The Unity Inn still lacks eggs and cheese.

When the King sang "If I had a Thousand Hearts I'd give them all to You," and began pulling hundreds of red paper hearts from his Royal bosom and pouring them over the Queen, Her Majesty sat there letting them fall all over her splendid gown as if she was used to walking on hearts, wearing them on her sleeves, and perhaps even eating them when she was hungry, she was so perfectly calm. The King's speech was brief but famous. He said that as the heart was the symbol of love, and God is Love, for that night at least Hearts were trumps!

Her Majesty condescended to play an accompaniment on the piano for the Court Fool, who was n't such a fool as he looked, because when the King pretended to sentence him to death for some unusual prank, he said quickly, "Sire, you can't do it, for you don't believe in death!" which was the truth. He also said that if he had to die, he'd choose the good old-fashioned death by old age, which was more wisdom than one could expect from a man with different-colored legs and a nose that looked as if it had been filed to a point.

The mincing Japanese ladies, clothed in kimonas, sashes, and fans, trotted along as if they were wound up and could n't stop till the machinery was run down. Of course no company is complete without young maidens and school girls, who carried the Joyful Circle banners and circulated everywhere. They were the fresh coin of the realm of Hearts and always have a good circulation. There was a little Uncle Sam too, about as big as the Original Thirteen States, on the map, and just as promising looking.

At the Post Office, where hearts were exchanged, and crushed, and flouted, a long line of Valentine expecters wavered off into the distance like the tail of a kite, mailing and receiving valentines with heart-shaped postage stamps till late in the night—so late that Jupiter was seen peeping over a house-top at Venus as she and Uncle Sam went away in the "wee, sma' hours."

MISTER FLINN'S "BYES."

BY N. DIXON HAHN.

One day the rope at school was cut—
The one that rings the bell;
And Mister Flinn, the janitor,
Said, "Byes, ye'd betther tell.
It isn't roight that ye shud lie,
And Oi 'll not timpt ye to;
But whin ye're sorra, coom to me,
Like sojers brave an' thrue."

And Mister Flinn, he fixed the rope,
And never said one word
To anyone except us boys
(Or that we ever heard).
Tho' some of us felt pretty mean,
We kept as mum and still,
Until George Washington's birthday,
When one brave boy, named Will,

Between the kindly ways of Flinn, And Teacher's earnest looks, Did something that I think is worth A-putting into books: He'd heard the story lots of times, But never yet had he Paid such attention as this day, When Teacher said — said she,

"George Washington, he told his Pa
He chopped the cherry tree,
And that he rode that colt too hard—
The one that died, you see."
She told us boys how brave he was
To tell the truth—not lie, lit.
And tho' his actions grieved his Pa,
He loved him so—oh, my!

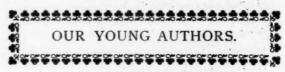
To think he was so brave and true,
It made his father glad.
But Will. he didn't smile one bit,
And kept a-lookin's sad.
And coughed and hawed and blew his nose,
And-wriggled more and more,
Till suddenly he walked right out,
And softly closed the door.

We didn't know where he had gone,
But when the school was out
We spied him, looking meek and mild,
And nearly gave a shout;
For there before the janitor,
Whose face was very red,
He stood a-owning up, we knew,
And this was what he said:

"Say, Mister Flinn, I cut that rope —
I'm sorry that I did!'"
The rest of us, we felt so mean,
We'd liked to run and hid,
But changed our minds, and blurted out,
"We dared him, Mister Flinn,
And all of us have acted lies;
We'll share the blame with him."

And Mister Flinn, he blinked, and blinked;
Then, in his funny brogue.
He said: "I knew yer conshince, byes,
Wud help me ketch the rogue.
Ye're all fergive — now run along;
I know ye're all me frinds.
And now methinks yer pest'rin' jokes
Have found the'r final inds."

And so they had, for from that day
We've helped him all we could;
And Mister Flinn, he smiles and says,
"Me byes are always good!"



A SURPRISE PARTY.

BY NELLIE BABE (age 12).

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I send you a little story which I made up myself one Sunday. I should like very much to have it printed and show it to my friends as the first story I ever wrote. It may be a little too long to print at once; if so, it would be best (I think) to divide it in parts. It is as follows:

A party of girls and boys were having a consultation as to what to give Esther Donovan for her birthday. Esther Donovan was a poor girl, and her friends were planning to give her a surprise party.

Esther had looked longingly at them on their roller skates, gliding swiftly over the cement pavement, as they were coming home from school.

"I wish," she said, "I could skate like they do; but I have no skates."

That day some of the party heard the wish and kept it secret till they met the next afternoon.

"I know just the thing," said Bert Martin; "a pair of steel ball-bearing roller skates. And we can raise enough money to pay for them. The cost would be about four dollars and fifty cents."

"Yes, that would be fine!" was the delighted answer from the children.

"And as there are twelve of us," said Lucile Martin, "it would be about thirty-five cents apiece."

"And how about the dishes?" said Lily Burnham.

"I am glad that you reminded me of that," said Lucile.

"They haven't any very nice dishes, I know," said Lily, "and Lucile or I could furnish them."

"And the lunch: well, all of us can each bring some little delicacy."

"Yes, that is the best thing," said Lucile, "and we will have to hurry home now or our mothers will be wanting us. Come on, Bert! and all of the rest of you be over at our house tomorrow afternoon at half past three, sharp. Each of you bring a little present and thirty-five cents."

Lucile skated along the sidewalk with Bert closely following her. Once in two or three seconds she glanced back at the scattering party, one going in this direction and the other in that.

"Wait a moment," cried Bert, as she glanced back.

Lucile skated slower till Bert caught up with her and asked, "What is the date of Esther's birthday?"

"I think it is the fifteenth of July," answered Lucile.

Pretty soon they were home, and as they were taking off their skates, their mother came to the door.

"What made you so late?" she asked goodnaturedly.

"I will tell you at supper; and O Mamma, you will be so pleased to hear it!" said Lucile.

"Bert," said her mother, "you feed the hors and dog and then get the milk, like a good bm. And, Lucile," she added, "you may set theegdlee and help with the supper."

That evening Lucile told her mother allbaont

both parents gave permission willingly.

The next day, after school, the children all talkad the matter over at Lucile's house. Each of thed brought thirty-five cents and a little present, ene left it there. Lucile took the money, which amouyda, to four dollars and twenty cents. The other channt she would add if it were necessary.

(To be continued.)

THE TREE'S MESSENGER.

A Fairy Tale.

BY WINNIE ROWLEY (age 10 years).

Now I am going to tell you first what I am, so you can understand my story.

I am the old tree's messenger. It was a very cold day in January, and the old tree was getting very cold. All of his little limbs were shivering. He sent me with a message up to Queen White Wing. It read as follows—

Your Majesty the Queen: Would you please send down some of your little snow fairies, for I am getting very cold.

I took the message to one of the Queen's courtiers and he handed it to the Queen. She told me she would have her answer ready as soon as she had consulted King Snow Cap. I waited a moment in one of the rooms of the ice palace, and then a courtier handed me the answer.

I flew with it to the old tree and gave it to him. He read the note, and said to me: "I will not need you any more for awhile and you may do as you please."

I liked to play with Queen Whirl Robe's breezes, for I am a breeze myself, as I suppose you have already guessed; so I went over to her palace awhile till it was time for me to go back to the old tree.

When I got back there what do you suppose I saw? Queen White Wing had sent down her snow fairies all loaded with snow and had covered the old tree and his cold little limbs all up and kept him warm. It snowed nearly all the time then, and was very cold till April.

What do you suppose we little breezes and trees know about months? Well, we know more about

them than you think, for we live in communion with the fairies and they know lots. Then old Father . Sun began to shine, and then it became warmer.

Nearly every day I had to take or bring some message for the tree. Father Sun had just begun to shine enough to melt the snow Queen White Wing had sent and make it cold and heavy. The old tree sent me with a message to Queen Whirl Robe.

The message read -

Your Highness: Would you please send some of your little breezes to blow off the snow Queen White Wing has sent? By doing so you will oblige your friend, T. H. E. TREE.

She answered his message by asking him what he would do for her and her breezes if she did.

The tree did not know what to think of this, but he told me to tell Queen Whirl Robe that he would give her and all of her wind fairies a home in the heart of his trunk. I told this to Queen Whirl Robe and she was delighted.

She sent her fairies back with me that very day and they brushed nearly all of the snow off. Then they went into the trunk of the tree, and there they live to this very day in the old tree by the brook.

And sometimes in the night you can hear them as they howl, whistle, sing or whisper gently in the trees outside your window. When you hear them you may know they are Queen Whirl Robe's fairies, and that they are whispering to you, "Good night and sweet dreams."

(The End.)

[&]quot;Where do wicked little boys go to who fish on Sundays?" asked a teacher in a Sunday School.

[&]quot;Down to Cul'om's dam," was the prompt reply of a boy.—Boston Transcript.

THE GRATEFUL DUCK.

BY FLORENCE PEREMMER.

Whistling to his dog, Tom bounded into the barnyard. He had not gone far when he noticed a duck that seemed unable to walk. On picking it up he found that one of its legs was broken.

Tom took it into the house. He treated it for awhile; soon it walked to the door. Tom let it out. The duck was well!

Soon the duck got five little ducks; they were very pretty. Many people said, "If they were shown, I'm sure they would win. By the way, there is going to be a County Fair next week, and the city offers \$22.00 for the cutest baby ducks not including the mother."

But Tom did not want to take the ducks away from their proud mother when she did not know anything about it. He wanted that money ever so much. His father had said that if he got that much, he would take Tom's money and some of his own and buy Tom a fine horse.

Just then the old duck and her brood came around the corner. Tom said to her, "Duckie, if you knew, you would let me take them for a few days, wouldn't you?" The duck must have understood, for it came to him and did its very best to make him take the ducks. He did so, and won the prize. Many times when he went riding on his new pony, he would take "The Happy and Grateful Duck" with him.

[&]quot;Politeness is like a pneumatic tire. There is n't much of it, but it eases many a jolt in the journey of life."

ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES.



Here's a darling little girl

Whose pretty hair hangs all in curl.

She tries to make those near her sweet and bright

By singing joyous songs of love and light,

And doing every day the true and right.

Epistles.

EDWARDSVILLE, ILL.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — This is my first letter to you and all the Wees, and as I wish to renew the paper WEE WISDOM I inclose fifty cents for a continuance of this paper through the future year. I enjoy reading in the paper, which has many interesting little stories. I am in the Eighth grade and expect to graduate this coming spring, and I also study music and elocution. I am preparing to finish the third grade in music. I will have to be examined under Prof. Kroeger. I am also preparing a piece for the Silver Medal Contest. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. I am kept very busy with all of my studies. My sister has written several letters to the Wees. I will close for this time, wishing to write to you soon again.

Your friend, IVY KUNNEMANN.

2 36 36

NATURITA, COLO.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM—It has been so long since I have written that I thought I would write today. It is such a nice day today, almost like spring. It looks as though spring was very close at hand. This winter has not seemed like much of a winter to me. There has been scarcely any snow at all. I am trying to finish the Eighth grade this year, and I think I will if I work. There don't seem to be anybody that wants to take WEE WISDOM here; but I will keep on trying to get subscribers and I will get some in the end, I am sure. With love to all the little Wees, I am a lover of WEE WISDOM,

...

WAVERLY, IOWA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Inclosed find fifty cents, for which please send WEE WISDOM for another year. I like it so much. I cannot get along without it. I go to school and am in the Third grade. My teachers name is Miss Knott. Now I will close with much love, your friend,

RACHEL BOHN.

DADEVILLE, Mo.

DEAR WEE WISDOM —I have not written for a long time. We have not had much cold weather this winter. I am at school now. There are 25 children at school. That is all I know of now. I will close. Your friend, C. F. ORTLOFF.

JE JE JE

DADEVILLE, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write a few lines.

I love WEE WISDOM very much. I am going to school at Spates.

I am in the Third reader and riphnotick. I guess that is all, so I will close.

Your friend,

ERNEST ORTLOFF.

"Oh, there is a little artist
Who paints in the cold night hours,
Pictures for little children
Of wondrous trees and flowers;
Pictures of snow-white mountains
Touching the snow-white sky,
Pictures of distant oceans
Where pretty ships go by,
Pictures of rushing rivers
By fairy bridges spanned,
Bits of beautiful landscapes
Copied from Fairyland.
The moon is the lamp he paints by."
—Selected by Ernest.

* * *

VALMEYER, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I will send you fifty cents for which I would like for you to send me Wee Wisdom for one year. I am going to school and am doing seventh year's work. We are having examination today. I have two brothers and one sister. Their names are Alwin and Elmer, and my sister's name is Lydia. We have a little pet chicken and if it wants to lay it comes to the window. Then we take it in and put it in a basket. I will close, with love to all the Wees,

JE 36 JE

HIBBING, MINN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I think it is fine fun to write on Papa's typewriter. I wrote a story today. I wish you would please excuse my mistakes; writing on the typewriter isn't so easy at first. I have the names of some more "shut-ins." They are Eddy Smith, Mrs. Taylor. I was going to say something else, but can't remember. Good-by.

FLORENCE A. PEREMMER.

[Your typewriting is fine, Florence.- ED.]

NAMBOKI, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little girl eight years old.

This is my first letter I am writing to you. I want you to come another year for I could not do without your Bible lesson. Mamma likes to read the WEE WISDOM and tells me all about God's love. I go to school every day and to Sunday school on Sunday. I have got four dolls and a pet dog and a pet cat. I call my dog Dewey. I have got two birds—one Eddie and the other Pete. I wish to increase the number of Wees by sending you 50 cents, for which send my cousin, Elsie Kunnemann, of Nameoki, Ill., the WEE WISDOM for one year.

Yours truly, VERNA DIEHLE.

[We give your cousin a glad welcome and thank you for your kind thought.—ED.]

VALMEYER, ILL.

Dear Wees—I will write you a few lines to let you know I am well yet and know you are the same. For I never wrote for so long a time, I thought I would write once and tell you that Santa Claus was good to me. He brought me some toys to play with. I am ten years old and my youngest brother is five. He has a little dog; his name is Trixie and he is a nice dog. He barks when he wants something to eat; he speaks for it. When we eat candy he barks and barks till he gets a piece.

"No use to hunt the happy days —
They 're with you all the time;
They 're loafing with you 'long the ways
And singing in a rhyme.
No use to search the world around
And think they 're far and fleet;
The brightest of them still are found
In violets at your feet,"

Your loving Wee, OTTO SCHELLHARDT.

JE JE JE

[As there is no name signed to this, we will attribute it to one of the little Weirmullers.— Ed.]

LEEDS, N. DAK.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write to you today. We are all well and hope you are the same. I am nine years old and I am in the Fourth grade. I have three sisters and two brothers. I like to read WEE WISDOM every month Mamma gets it. I will send you a little verse.

ONE OF THE LITTLE WEIRMULLERS.

SPOKANE, WASH.

DEAR EDITOR — I will renew my paper. I have been having test examinations for the last three weeks. For awhile I am sorry to say that I forgot to renew. I am sending fifty cents for my subscription. If you will send the missing numbers of Wee Wisdom I shall be very much pleased. Your little Wee,

BRENDA MITCHELL.

[We leave out the part of Brenda's letter that tells about shadows. When "beliefs" are going 'round, Wee Wisdoms must remember to declare, I am the child of God and none of these things can belong to me.—Ed.]



JACK AND JILL.

Jack and Jill went up the hill

To get a pail of water.

Jill helped in every way she could,

And that's just why Jack sought her.

-L. H.

"! You are just as beautiful as your thoughts and acts make you.

Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

LESSON Q. MARCH 3.

Abraham Pleading for Sodom .- Gen. 18:16-33.

GOLDEN TEXT - Men ought always to pray, and not to faint,-Luke 18:1.

Do we have to beg God for anything? No indeed, for God has ever been good from everlasting to everlasting; and God never changes. We do not beg God for things, for we have always had All Good, for we are created like God, good. Of course if you are praying God for snow so that you may go coasting, God has nothing to do with it, for snow and cold are the outcome of our thoughts which change, and have no part in God; for God is changeless Principle as Love, or Life. Love does not change. You may think it does, but it does not, for Love is God, as God is Love.

The Lord spoken of in the Bible often means the conscience or the voice within that reasons with us and influences us. It reasons in many ways, but it tries to judge wisely. Now Abraham really reasoned with his conscience and desired to hear it speak clearly and to know that God is truly love, and therefore expresses only forgiveness. Abraham really argued in his own mind, and he only came to the true conclusion when he saw that God, or the Lord, would not destroy those who believed in the good, for God destroys not, but evil thinkers destroy their own aurroundings. We often destroy and spoil things when we go directly against the law—that is, break a wise rule; for instance, illwou disobey your father or mother and go fishing or skating he yf you ought to be in school or at home, it is likely that you sit nall in the creek and spoil your clothes, or else break through the ice and feel very miserable coming home in such a plight.

Remember, God is not angry with his children. We sometimes feel d ssatisfied with ourselves and then we perhaps imagine God t¹o be angry with us. Say these words daily:

> God is Love; God loves me always; I obey thetruth.

LESSON IO. MARCH IO.

Isaac a Lover of Peace .- Gen. 26:12-25.

GOLDEN TEXT - Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God. - Matt. 5:9.

Isaac believed in good and expected all that was good, therefore he was prosperous and rich. The more faith we have in God's abundance and in our spiritual blessings, the more will we prosper outwardly and we "will not lack for any good thing."

It is wrong to envy anyone for anything they have, but the Philistines envied Isaac. They represent any untrue, envious thoughts we may have; for instance, if Nettie is going traveling with her parents or aunt, you should not wish you were she and feel cross about it — that will not make you an agreeable person—but be glad for her, and glad for yourself that you are where God wishes you to be. When one allows envy to creep in, that one will often allow another naughty thought to enter. I once heard of a little girl who cut up her cousin's dolly's dress because it was prettier than any she had. Envy caused her to do that. Of course she was very sorry and unhappy afterwards, when she saw the tears of her little cousin. When envy comes around, fill your heart with love and thanksgiving, and envy will no longer trouble you.

Our lesson also teaches patience. Isaac and his herdmen were very patient, for they dug many wells before they found the right place, where no one interfered with their freedom; and here, where all was peaceful, Isaac was able to feel and know the blessing of God.

God is forever blessing us and good is always ours; but if we are worrying about anything whatever, we do not remember God's presence.

Isaac was peaceful. He did not quarrel with those who took his wells from him. He just let them take possession, while he and his men moved on quietly to another place and dug again.

When some boy or girl takes something belonging to you and loses it or breaks it, do you think you can be patient as Isaac was and not grow angry?

We must remember the Christ within, who never feels cross, and then it will be easier for us to be gentle and patient. Say to yourself daily:

God is with me;
I am patient within;
Love controls me;
Love leads me;
God is love.

but think of it! you can do as much harm to yourself by drinking too much water as by drinking too much wine. One must not

overdo anything.

It is also wrong to study too hard, to play too much, or to sleep too long; and yet all of these things are good — for instance, it is right to have a little play, a little work, some eating and drinking and sleeping. And you will find no evil in the wine, but evil thoughts are in the one's mind who drinks; and wine, representing the Spirit, appears to be too powerful for that one who does not understand, and so it overcomes him.

There is no evil; There is only God; I do not fear evil; There is only Good.

LESSON 13. MARCH 31.

Review.

(Read Psalm 104.)

GOLDEN TEXT — The Lord knoweth them that are his .—
II. Tim. 2:19.

All are the Lord's, so God knows all of His children alike. In his sight they are pure and perfect.

LESSON I. All there is is God's. Good is all there really is. Light is knowledge, and darkness is nothing. All life is here to speak of God, for all is Life. All the lights mean truth.

LESSON 2. God made man like himself—perfect. We must then remember that we are all like God, and look for God in everyone, for God is Love. Love is kind to all the animals.

Lesson 3. God never intended us to think of evil; we should always be thinking of good, then we would have true knowledge — knowledge of God.

LESSON 4 If we give to God, or to any good, we must give in the right, true spirit, because we love to give, and not because we think we have to give. Give in love.

LESSON 5. God ever sends good. No evil ever comes from God. Man makes evil, but God only creates good.

LESSON 6. It is always well to obey the voice of God within the heart, then we never can go wrong.

LESSON 7. Be peaceful, and kind to everyone. We must not quarrel, but we must be gentle and forgiving.

LESSON 8. Believe ever in God, the good. Fear no one, but remember peace and courage.

Say these words daily:

I am free; I am courage; I am strength; I have faith in God.

LESSON II. MARCH 17.

Jacob and Esau. - Gen. 27:15-23, 41-45.

GOLDEN TEXT — Lying lips are an abominution to the Lor d but they that deal truly are his delight.— Prov. 12:22.

It is a very important thing that we should always speak the truth. A lie never does anyone any good. God is Truth. If we follow God, or Truth, we must surely speak the truth. Never try to deceive anyone, for it does you no good and only leads you into misery and trouble. We cannot hide anything from Truth. The light shows up everything. You know a lie is a no-thought, so surely you would rather think real thoughts, that carry a blessing always. Love is a true thought, hate is a no-thought, no-thing (nothing), or a lie.

Jacob told a lie, deceived his old father, Isaac, and so he had to flee from his home and live among strangers. Because of that deception he had to be separated from his dear mother, whom he never saw again. Notice how much trouble came to

Jacob and Rebekah through that one deceptive act.

God knows only truth. He does not see our deceptions, for God being good, sees us as only good; thus we should see ourselves as good; then we will have no wish to lie, but will follow truth and serve all people honestly. Everyone loves an honest, truthful person.

One way to follow God, the truth, is to think of yourself as

God sees you; for instance, say daily:

I am God's child; I am love; I am health; I am peace; I am joy.

LESSON 12. MARCH 24.

Woes of Drunkenness .- Isa. 28:7-13.

GOLDEN TEXT — But the word of the Lord was unto them precept upon precept.— Isa, 28:13.

Most of the trouble brought about in this world is through people fearing and believing in evil. Ministers and people have talked so much about the evils of alcohol and wine, that they have set up a power in this world which seems almost greater than the power of God, the Good.

People that speak so much of evil are just as wrong and untrue to God as those that do evil; for they are giving evil power and fearing evil, and so are forgetting the one power of

good, which is God, for God is the Good.

By this we do not mean that it is all right for people to over-eat and drink to excess; no, one must obey the law of the earth while he is open to earth ways. It is wrong to be piggish;

Our Talk Room.



WISDOMS—You are to be commended this month for your hearty support of WEE WISDOM. Letters, contributions, and renewals have all been up to the mark, and we are going to know that henceforth all

Wisdoms will do their best to promote the good of Wee Wisdom and help along the word of Truth. Here is a letter from Alice, too late for the letter column, which is already in type, and I am sure it is good enough for our Talk Room. You will see Alice has ideas of her own, and knows how to tell them. Her dream means a lot, which if we had the room we would talk about. Anyway, Alice is shown in her dream the wonderful power of her word to give life to things about her. You must always remember it is the thoughts we think and the words we speak that "make things what they seem" to us. Let us make alive only the beautiful and helpful pictures that are hung on our life walls.

DOWNINGTON, WYO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—This is my first letter to you, but I hope it will be put in the March Wee Wisdom. Wilbur is my brother's name and he is 11 and I am 9. We both like Wee Wisdom. You asked what we got out of "Marion's Valentine." earned from it to be loving, and kind, and obedient; and you wanted to know what we got from "The Story of Stella, a Star." I learned from it to entertain only good, kind and loving thoughts. I want to tell you of a dream I had about a week ago. I dreamed my brother and I had pencils going about the house touching the pictures on the wall, and saying, "Up, up, picture," and whatever was in the picture would come to life. Now wasn't that a queer dream?

ALICE I. TOOTHAKER,



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March, 1907.

Here is March! March! March!
Whether iced as stiff as starch
Or soft with mist or rain,
Brother March is here again;
Whether roaring like a lion
Or gentle as a lamb,
He seems always to be trying
In his way to say "I am!"

Good things are coming to Wee Wisdom. Wise friends are wishing her "God speed," and ready pens are actively engaged in loving service to her pages.

March is really very welcome, though he seems to think winter has left some duties undone, which he must attend to.

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

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



Be Sure to Read This.

Do you like WEE WISDOM?

Do you want her to keep on visiting you?

Well, you keep a watch on this notice, and when there's a blue mark across it be sure to send 50 cents to Unity Tract Society, Kansas City, Mo., to pay for WEE WISDOM'S monthly visits or she will be out of traveling money, and cannot come to see you any more.