

WEE WISDOM

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



Vol. XI. APRIL, 1907. No 9,
KANSAS CITY, MO.

Garden Flowers.

BY LUCY C. KELLERHOUSE.

"How do I know that spring has come?"

So sang the household bard.

"Why, buds are on the cherry-tree,

And babes are in the yard.



"The dandelions are on time,
Spring beauties are a-bloom,
Anemones are prinking up,
And violets find room.

"Yet sweeter than all flowers that grow,
In sunny spot or shady,
Are little Johnny-jump-up dear,
And pretty Quaker Lady.

(Concluded on page 17.)



VOL. XI.

APRIL, 1907.

No. 9.

THE STORY OF STELLA—A STAR.

BY MARY BR&WERTON DE WITT.

CHAPTER VIII.

ANASTASIA'S STORY.

THE music ceased. Little waves of melody came now and then rippling across the grasses — an echo, as it were, from that which had gone before.

Elmo was the first to speak. "We sent our notes of harmony to Earth. It was our prayer and thanksgiving, and our blessing. The dear Earth! it needs it."

"Listen! Auntie Taysie is about to tell the story," said Grace, with finger to her lips.

Anastasia began thus abruptly: "There are no musical blooms on that star of sorrow, nor are there temples of love like ours; but all these things of beauty can be, so we are going to help the souls there, who are ready and willing to change their planet from discord and inharmony to a world of light and gladness, a world of peace and beauty.

"Once long, long ago, there appeared out of the blue ether a Star of transcendent loveliness. The whole Star was brilliant with the light sent forth from many hundreds of beautiful beings who took up their abode there. It was all one perfect garden, with every kind of flower growing, and beautiful plants

and some life we know not here, such as animal life — beast, bird, and fish; that is, those creatures inhabiting land, those living in the air, and the third dwelling in the water.

“ These were left to man’s care, for him to treat gently and kindly, and thus to reign over; but after some years of joy-life spent in this Eden-land, these beings began to think that they were greater than the God who had created them, and through thinking this way they made a something they called bad or evil.

“ From this time trouble began to overcome them all, and the people lost dominion over the animals, and the animals began to have dominion over the people.

“ Then everything about them grew more and more sad. The people and the little children lost sight of beauty, and their Star grew dark and dismal, losing its love light. Even the lovely roses grew thorns upon their stems, and flowers drooped, and children forgot happiness in their play.

“ After many, many years the beautiful Christ came to that dark Star; but even then the people did not regain their true light, for they did not listen nor obey him who brought the teaching of Truth. Other teachers came, but still there is little light there save that which is borrowed.

“ But now the people are waking up and calling for knowledge, and where the call is loud an angel is sent.

“ Thou knowest the going and the coming; thou knowest the good thoughts that are to be sent. This is thy work, and Anastasia’s work, and other’s, until the awakening of that far-away Star; until it has recovered its own true light.”

Anastasia’s voice ceased in a note of tenderness, and raising a beautiful, bright carnation, she pressed it to her lips.

"Then Stella went with thee to help, did she not?" questioned Elmo.

"Why cannot we go?" interrupted Robin, before Anastasia could reply.

"Hath the God called thee?" asked Bessie.

"Not yet," sighed Robin.

"Some day the God may call thee, Robin," said Stella kindly.

"Yes, thou canst not tell, neither the day nor the hour," added Anastasia.

"What could we do there?" asked Elmo, drawing nearer to Anastasia.

"That thou wouldst know upon thy arrival, very likely," volunteered Bessie.

"Many things there are to do there to help and bless," said Anastasia, letting her hand fall lightly upon the pretty blooms at her side; "so many things we cannot count them."

"I do not care to go," said Bessie. "I should miss our meadow and the flowers."

"There are meadows there, I know," murmured Imalia, "but not so pretty; there is less light."

"Ha, ha!" laughed little Lolita; "it is too far to go."

"But if the God did call thee?" whispered Grace.

Lolita tossed a handful of poppies at Grace and Elmo mischievously, replying with a little laugh, "But the God does not call such little ones as Lolita."

"Thou knowest not," replied Elmo, with a grave glance.

"If thy soul desires thy going to help others, then, and then only, does the God call," said Anastasia. "But the story is finished, my children, and Anastasia must away to the Temple; for she hath other work."

"Come, come!" shouted Lolita gleefully; "a game, a game!"

"Stella will lead," called Elmo. "Come!" and the merry company scampered away into the brilliant meadow.

(To be continued.)

ELIZABETH'S DREAM.

BY BLANCHE SAGE.



LIZABETH was a fat, rosy-cheeked little girl who lived on a cattle ranch.

This ranch was down in a pretty green valley; the tall mountains surrounded it on every side. Elizabeth liked to go up on the mountain and talk to the columbine, and then maybe she would go and call on the sweet white violet which lived by the brook. She did n't talk very plain, and sometimes people could n't understand her. She was sure, however, that the columbine and violet understood her, because they nodded their heads and looked up at her in such a wise way.

The flowers were not the only friends Elizabeth had. She liked to play with Mr. Rabbit and Mr. Squirrel, and she often watched the horses as they scampered around the pasture, and the cows as they stood calmly munching the short grass. Once in a while, if she went far enough, away up on the hill, where no one lived, she would see a deer standing by the brook side; but as she would say, "Dood day, Mister Deer," he would dart away among the trees, and try as she would, she never succeeded in catching him.

One day Elizabeth's mamma told her she could go for a walk. She wandered around till she came to a nice, shady plot of grass under a tall tree. As she lay on the cool grass, looking up through the branches of the trees to the blue skies, two little gray squirrels came out on one of the branches, and began to chatter merrily to one another. "I wish," said Elizabeth softly, "that I knew what they were saying." "Be till and know that you have all knowledge," said a

voice. Elizabeth looked around, but no one was in sight. All she could see was the squirrels looking down at her with their little twinkling eyes.

After a moment of silence, one of them spoke, and much to Elizabeth's surprise, she could understand every word of it. "I wonder," said Papa Squirrel, "if she is to be trusted?"

"Of course she is," Mamma Squirrel indignantly replied; "all little girls and boys can be trusted in animal land, because no one ever does anything naughty there."

"All right; then we will take her," said Papa; and suddenly the little girl found herself in a forest where she had never been before. There was an open space of ground a little way off, around which a lot of animals had gathered. There were all kinds of animals there. Many of them Elizabeth had never seen, even when she had gone to the circus with her papa.

"Where are we?" Elizabeth whispered.

"We are in the Kingdom of Truth," said Mamma Squirrel.

"Is it so very, very far from home?"

"Oh, no; but some animals have a hard time to find it. "If they only know the pass-word they are all right."

Elizabeth had never heard of a pass-word before, and she would have liked very much to know what it was; but she thought if she asked, the squirrels would think she was foolish.

"The pass-word which opens the gates of the Kingdom of Truth," continued Mamma Squirrel, "is Love."

The animals were all around in a circle. When Papa and Mamma Squirrel and Elizabeth came up, they made room for them in the ring.

Elizabeth found herself standing between the ele-

phant and the buffalo, but somehow she wasn't a bit afraid. She even found herself putting up her tiny hand and stroking the buffalo's shaggy coat. Elizabeth had been so busy looking at her neighbors on either side, that she had not noticed a queer-looking beast who was standing in the middle of the ring. When she did look at him, she started and began to be afraid; somehow he didn't seem to belong in this land. His coat was dirty and matted, and his eyes flashed fire; his mouth was stretched wide open, and all his white teeth glistened. Elizabeth began to cry. She was a very little girl, you know; but something said to her, "There is nothing to fear," and then the big elephant put his trunk around her, so she wasn't afraid any more.

Suddenly the lion spoke: "What have you to say for yourself?" he said to the creature in the middle.

"I did fight the zebra," the animal said, "because he put on too many airs."

"Pronounce his sentence," said all the animals in chorus.

"He shall live all his life in the Kingdom of Truth, and his heart shall be filled with love, peace, and harmony."

Suddenly, as if by magic, his coat became smooth and soft, and his eyes, instead of flashing anger, shed soft rays of light and love on all the company. So amid great rejoicing he was received as a citizen in the Kingdom of Truth.

Just then Elizabeth awoke, and found Papa laughing down at her. "Well, little Girl, did you have a nice sleep? We've been looking all over for you."

As Elizabeth was being carried home on her papa's shoulder, she was thinking how nice it would be if people had a Kingdom of Truth.

It will not be long before Elizabeth will realize that people do have such a kingdom; and as she has the pass-word which will open its gates, whether it be animal or human, she will be able to enter in. I hope all of us have entered, and are joyous, happy children in this Kingdom of Truth.

OUR DENMARK FRIENDS.

(Extract from a Private Letter to Mrs. Fillmore.)

The little WEE WISDOM is the best child's paper we ever saw. How beautifully it draws the little ones out, and us big ones too. I read everything in it, from big and small, and love it all. Some of the letters and stories from the little ones are really surprising. Our children have about grown up with WEE WISDOM. As soon as it arrives they exclaim, "Oh, mamma, tell us the stories and letters of WEE WISDOM!" Although they know a little English they understand it better when I translate it for them. They wish me to tell you that their best love and thankfulness are with you always for the little paper they love so much, and they try to live according to its teachings. They are blessed children and loved



RUTH AND JULIA NISSEN.

by all. I send you their pictures; those of the girls were taken nearly five years ago, when Ruth was nine and Julia thirteen. They are quite grown now. Ruth always loved music, and longed for a piano to enable her to bring out her feelings for the enjoyment of others. It seemed we would never be able to

get one by ordinary means, and realizing the great talent in her for music, I said to her, "We will trust God for it, dear. His love will bring it to us." And

we did trust Him faithfully, and for a good while; but finally, two years ago, the piano came, sure enough; and Love—nothing but Love—sent it to her. You never saw such a happy girl as Ruth. We were all happy, too, and we thanked God, we thanked the Truth, we thanked you all for the blessed good you are doing. Ruth sat right down and expressed her feelings in music. She plays beautifully now, and all love to hear her, and marvel at her playing. Her teacher has from the beginning said she would become great; but she is so inwrapped in her sacred gift, praise does not concern her.

Our little boy, whose picture was taken at two, is



WILHELM NISSEN.

full of God's goodness, and surprises us again and again with his wisdom. He carries blessings everywhere. He says to us often, "God is in you, mamma, papa, Julia and Ruth, and in me. Oh, mamma, God is in all!"

One day he said, "Mamma, I am in heaven." I said, "Are you, dear? how do you find it there?"

"Oh, mamma, so nice! Jesus is there,

and God is there," he said. He is never sick, he lives so with God. When he could only crawl about he showed that he loved to give joy. If he saw me in tears he would crawl to me and love me into joy, or make

himself so funny that I couldn't help laughing. He uses the laying on of hands, although he never saw it done. When any of us are ailing he comes and lays on his little hands and says, "I will make it go away;" then after a while of deep, silent thought, he says, "*Now it is all right,*" and it really is. When Aunt Mary's picture appeared in WEE WISDOM a good while ago, he said, "Nice mamma," and then kissed her. He is the very expression of Love. We named him Wilhelm after his grandfather. He wants me to send lots and lots of love.

"Wee Wisdom's Way" did me more good than anything else, at a time in my life when I needed soul help so much. It lays the way out so plain, and the pure, loving spirit which fills it, thrills through and through us when we read it, and lifts us up in a purer, brighter consciousness.

LINA NISSEN, Aarhus, Denmark.

MARGERY MAY.



"I'll pick my goose," said
Margery May,
"And I'll send the feathers
about.

From North to South, from
East to West,

I'll start them each one out;
And each shall serve as a lit-
tle boat

Brimful of love and joy,
For fathers and mothers all
over the world,
And for every girl and boy."

—L. H.



OUR YOUNG AUTHORS.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

BY NELLIE BABE (age 12).

(Conclusion.)

[We had a "surprise party" last month, when WEE WISDOM came back from the printers with the last three paragraphs of this story in a state of partial "pi." The printers at the press room had let some of the letters fall out, and had replaced them at the ends of the lines in "any old way" that made us think of rag time. We have reprinted the paragraphs, so that they may be read as Nellie wrote them.—Ed.]

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

That evening Lucile told her mother all, and both parents gave permission willingly.

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

"Now what shall we do about the lunch and the dishes?" asked Lucile.

"I asked Mamma about the dishes, and she said I could furnish them," said Lily.

"That is splendid," said Lucile; "but how about the lunch?" She paused a moment and then said, "I think the best way is to take it in a basket, each one having a part of it, a few dishes and his present. I will take the skates and a basket of part of the same things you have in your baskets."

"Yes, you take the skates, because you are the leader," said Mabel Wood.

"And you must do all the talking to Esther's mother," said Frank Burnham.

"Well, each of you bring a basket and some delicacy tomorrow, and tell me about it at recess at school," said Lucile.

We have left Esther all alone for a long while, so I wonder what she has been doing. At last her birthday came, and sadly she got up early in the morning to dress herself. Today she was twelve years old, and all her mother could give her was a new pair of shoes which she needed badly.

All this time the "twelve" were busy getting everything ready. When the afternoon came they all went over to Lucile's house, got their baskets, and skated to Esther's house. Esther had just a few minutes ago come home from school, when all at once a clatter of skates and a group of children on the porch startled her. She ran to the door and gladly welcomed them in.

"Good afternoon," said Lucile bowing; "we have come to give you a surprise party."

By this time Esther's mother came to the door, and a happier face you never saw. "Set your baskets down and take off your skates," said Mrs. Donovan.

Then they all opened the baskets and the big bundle, and oh, such a beautiful pair of skates! My! how happy Esther was.

"Just what I wished for," she said, "and tomorrow I can skate; and that isn't all either — see the other presents besides the skates."

"Now, you children look at the presents while Lucile and I set the table," said Mrs. Donovan.

The table was set, and all the plates and dishes and food put on. The children sat down. Such a happy party you never saw, and such a nice birthday cake with twelve candles.

The children laughed and talked and had a very happy time. They taught Esther how to skate on the new skates, after the party. They played games and had so much fun I couldn't tell you all about it. When the children went home, Esther thanked them

over and over again. She skated with them as far as she could go, while they watched her carefully lest she should fall. The baskets were all brought home with the empty dishes.

After their supper, they all went out and skated at twilight. That night when Esther went to bed, she was the happiest girl in town. The next day she skated to school with the surprise party and joined them. They were a small club who did kind deeds to children who needed them. Esther belongs to their club now, and helps to do kind deeds to other children, just as good had been done to her.

KITTEN.

BY KEITH ST. JOHN.



KITTEN scampered up the front walk to the piazza, where she seated herself on the top step, wrapped her tail about her toes as an orderly kitten should, and fell to meditating.

She had certainly had quite an exciting morning, of which she little dreamed when she walked out from under the table on the front piazza where the family she lived with took breakfast summer mornings. She stretched her legs and arched her back and said "Meou-u-u" to her mistress, which meant "Where are you going?" for "Missy" had on her hat and carried her shopping bag, and Kitten knew Missy was going to market; but like many other young things, she asked questions and said things often from mere youthful silliness.

"I am going to market, Kitten," said Missy; "do you want to go? Well, come along;" and picking up Kitten, Missy tucked her little body under the lap of her blue linen coat and folded the other lap over, just letting the little gray head stick out, and off they went.

Kitten was very comfortable; Missy was always so kind and understandable, she seemed to know

what Kitten wished to tell, just as she understood when some one called.

"Mamma?" rising inflection. "Mamma!" falling inflection. "Alicia!" decided voice. "Mamma-a-a," something about Kitten's age. "Mrs. Greenold?" two tall things that sometimes fed Kitten and more times didn't. "Alicia dear, can I see you a minute?" and patter, patter of some one's quick feet.

All these calls were of daily occurrence, and yet when Kitten crept along with her little protest or request, Missy would answer just as quickly, and life always seemed more comfortable. So, although they were now getting into a strange country, Kitten did not mind, all safely cuddled under Missy's arm and under the laps of her blue coat, and they jogged along until they were passing a beautiful flower garden, separated from the sidewalk by a fence having a nice broad board on top.

"Now, Kitten, you can walk a little;" and Missy put Kitten on the top of the fence and ran her fingers along the board to encourage her and show her there were no holes for her to tumble in.

When the end of the fence came, Kitten was gently lifted down to the sidewalk, and very tiny she looked. It was quite strange to Kitten, and except for Missy's blue dress to look at and Missy's kind voice calling her, Kitten would quickly have hidden under some bushes and stayed there; and perhaps she would never have come out, but just stayed there and starved to death, and then this story would never have been written; and see what you would have missed!

But the walk continued, and soon they met a lady sweeping her sidewalk in the bright morning sunshine; and she had a companion too, watching the swing of the broom and flirt of the leaves. And the lady said:

"Teaching your kitty to follow?"

"Oh," said Missy, "I don't think she will learn; I just brought her along for company this morning."

"She is a pretty kitty," said the Broom Lady.

"Very nice-shaped ears she has too;" and Kitten twitched her ears with pleasure to hear herself praised.

There was a large cat frolicking on the sidewalk, who came to speak to Kitten; but Kitten had no mind to be friendly, but swelled up her tail and growled quite fiercely for such a small baby as she was.

"Peter wishes to be friends," said the Broom Lady. "See how he rolls and coaxes. I am glad to see him so polite, for I am going to have a coon-cat soon, and have wondered how Peter would behave with a comrade."

"Peter has beautiful fur," said Missy. "I guess it is brushed a good deal."

"Yes," said the Broom Lady, "I brush it every day, and I never give him meat, which will make a cat's coat rough and coarse. Peter has nothing but milk and fish."

"Dear me," thought Kitten, "I hope Missy will remember that—I am so fond of fish;" but she continued to growl and spit at Peter, for he seemed very big and awesome.

Missy picked up Kitten then and hid her under the laps of her coat again, and Kitten saw nothing more until they reached the butcher's shop.

Here there were so many people and such strange smells that Kitten got quite excited and was very glad when Missy left it and carried her away. There was no fence promenade nor imposing cats to interview on their way home, and Kitten was really glad when their familiar corner was reached and Missy put her down on the sidewalk, saying:

"Now let me see if you can find your way home." And Kitten stuck her tail straight up, and galloped as fast as she could up the front walk.

I very much fear that Kitten's meditations made her vain and venturesome; either this spirit or a kidnaping hand led her away, for two mornings after her fine trip with Missy, Kitten disappeared and never returned. This was a grief to all her kind friends at "Sherlou," and the void she left will have to be filled with a mother cat and her baby. Would you like another story about these two?

GARDE N FLOWERS.

(Continued from page 2.)

- " On either side the fence they stray,
And nod like wind-blown clover;
Their eager lisplings seem to say,
' Why cannot you come over?'
- " Close to the pickets of the fence
They plant their little feet —
My little Johnny-jump-up boy
And Quaker Lady sweet.
- " Like caged birds they flit along
Until a gap is found;
For oh, the great, big garden gate
Is such a long way ' round !
- " Now Quaker Lady opens wide
Her eyes of skyland blue,
For Johnny-jump has found a hole,
And she can come right through.
- " Oh, flowers planted by the wall
Are almost sure to roam;
Like kindly thoughts in loving hearts,
They will not stay at home.
- " My rose-vine clammers o'er the wall
To make your heart rejoice;
Your morning-glories come to me
As if it were by choice.
- " Sweet peas you plant along the fence
Are sure to peep right through;
My dahlias stretch their necks a bit
To nod and smile at you.
- " E'en tho' a garden fence may try
To stay their loving feet,
Yet through the palings tendrils clasp,
And flower faces meet.
- " So, Quaker Lady, you may come
To my back yard to play;
There really is no fence at all —
Love carried it away !"

Epistles.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I thought I would send a new subscription, because mine has expired this month. I am glad that you printed my story, but what bad, misspelled words you put in it! All the Wee Wisdoms will think I don't know how to spell correctly. I get a hundred in spelling every day at school. I am in the seventh grade at school. I am so glad when WEE WISDOM comes every month, that I can hardly wait to read it. I send fifty cents for another year. I will close now. Your little friend,

NELLIE BABE (age thirteen next month).



NAMEOKI, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM AND WEES — This is my third letter I have written to you. We got three WEE WISDOMS this month and four last. As Ivy and I are sisters, one book a month will answer and the others can be sent to some poor boy or girl who does not get WEE WISDOM. Cousin Verna Diehle also got four this month. One will do for her. I will soon be twelve years old, as the seventeenth of April is my birthday. The Gold Medal contest will be in April and I expect to write and tell you all about it I will close, with love to you and all the Wees.

Lovingly yours,

MYRTLE KUNNEMANN.

[Extra copies of WEE WISDOM are sent to our little letter writers, and that accounts for the extra numbers. They are for you to pass on to other little folks who may like to subscribe. — Ed.]



FAIRVILLE, PA., March 10.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is the first letter I have written for WEE WISDOM. I have three copies and I like the little paper very much. It has such nice stories in it. We are having a snow storm today. I have four sisters and one brother. My sister Annie and I are going to try to graduate from the public school, and we have to study pretty hard. I learned the little prayer

you sent me, and keep in mind the Truths. I will not get discouraged, but keep right on, till I grow into full understanding. I read WEE WISDOM all through. The stories teach us to be kind, loving and forgiving. I will close now with love to all the Wees and Ye Editor. Your loving Wee,

SHIRLEY T. SWAYNE.



FREEBURG, ILL.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I received the WEE WISDOM with the Sunshine Song. I think the music to it is fine. I am sending you one of my pictures. I want all the Wees of my age, from sixteen to twenty, to write to me. I get very lonesome and would appreciate letters from all. I will answer all your letters. I hope I will receive many from all the Wees and from you. I send you Easter greetings.



MISS IDA E. SCHANZ (age 17 years).

R. R. No. 1, Box 18, Freeburg, Ill.



TONOPAH, NEV.

MY DEAR WEES—Since I last wrote to you, mamma and I went to California for a trip in October. First we went up to the country where the beautiful red-wood trees grow, and all the hills are covered with Nature's lovely green things. They looked so good after seeing these barren hills out here. But these hills are pretty, too, in their way; they have fine big rocks on them, and they help to shelter us from the wind. We slept out doors on the veranda under those big red-wood trees. It was just lovely. We could see the bright stars blinking at us through the trees, and the big moon would come up and smile at us, and the crickets and frogs sang us to sleep. Then in the morning early, the blue jays would fly up on the trees above us and screech till they woke us up. I wish all the Wees could sleep out doors under those fine big red-wood trees. Then we went to see the Alameda Wees at their Sunday school, and I saw some of the Wees who write letters to WEE WISDOM. I saw "Happy," too. Do you remember her? Well, she is just as sweet as her letter was. Oh, I just had a happy time here! They have a lovely

Home, and you would just love Miss Rix and all of them. We want a "Truth" Sunday school out here. Mamma and two little girls and I have our class. We know we will find more Wees to come and join us. Will all the Wees please send us good thoughts to help our class grow? Love to all the Wees and WEE WISDOM'S Mamma.

Lovingly, DONALD V. STRANDBERG (with mamma's help).
(Donald's picture will be in next WEE WISDOM.—ED.)



KANSAS CITY, Mo.

DEAR WEE WISDOM AND EDITOR—I have not written to you for quite a while and I want to tell you of an experience. I had a severe cold and it settled in my lungs, and when I came home from school I could hardly talk; that night papa wanted me to drink some hot water, but I said, "Papa, if I take that water I will take it as if it were medicine, and with the thought that it will make me well, when my mind can make me well without a drop of water." I went to bed feeling a little better, and after I was asleep mamma put the red leaf on my chest and treated me, and in the morning I was nearly well; so I commenced singing "Glad and Happy," and "It is Time to be Brave," and "Bring the Sunshine with You." I sang them over and over, and every time I sang them it made me better. By the time I was ready for school I was well. With love to all the Wees and Mrs. Fillmore.

WILLIE BELL.

(Willie's a boy who lives right up to his highest, and you should see his face shine as he sings in the Unity Sunday school.—ED.)



HAXTUM, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I here inclose fifty cents, for which send WEE WISDOM another year. We all enjoy it. Mamma, my two sisters, and myself eat no meat. We are always healthy and don't let ourselves get sick. Mamma and Grandpa treat lots of people. I keep myself well. I will have to close for this time.

With love,

VERDA SHRINER.

[Good for Verda.—ED.]



LINDSAY, CAL.

DEAR LITTLE WEES—I have been promoted in my school from the third to the fourth grade. I have sent you a little poem I selected. It is very muddy here. There are lots of flowers. I

will write you a longer letter soon. I could not get along without you now. I am your affectionate member,

LAURA D. HOPPING.

" See the little sunbeam
 Darting through the room,
 Lighting up the darkness,
 Scattering the gloom.

" Let me be a sunbeam
 Wherever I go,
 Making glad and happy
 Every one I know."

Love to all the little Wees.

L. D. H.



AMES, IOWA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I thought I would write to you. How are you? I am well. I am a girl nine years old, and in the third grade. We are making booklets every day this month; we read our reading lesson five times and then the books are taken up and we write the story of our lesson in our own words, and at the end of the month we will fasten them together in a book. The same way with arithmetic lessons. Miss Simmons is the teacher. Miss Newell is my drawing teacher, Miss Pike my music teacher. Miss Newell told us to find a bird's nest and tell what kind of eggs and all about it; also to find a tree, and tell the color its leaves are, and what color they will turn, and everything about it. We are making the first doilies we ever made, and each is to bring five cents for raffia to make May baskets. I got my mamma a handkerchief and papa a note-book, and my big brother a nice pencil, and my little brother some crayons and a little tablet. I will tell you what I got for Christmas: a stocking cap, a little lamp, cup and saucer, two little booklets, one from my Sunday school teacher and one from my grandma, a doll and a red doll hat. I will tell you about my birthday party. My birthday is January 8th. I had seven guests. We had all the ice cream we could eat. Fern gave me some red ribbons, Vera and Violet gave me handkerchiefs, Harry gave me a hairpin, Ada, Elizabeth, and Eldefa gave me a dish. Johnnie is my little brother; his birthday is the 31st of July. On his last birthday I gave him a picture that cost \$1.39. I will try to get a new subscriber for you.

Good-by.

From

MARY BARRHTE.

CHILD-GARDENING.

CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY.

THE GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY.

LAW OF EXPRESSION.

GOD'S GIFT OF THE INSECTS.



My dear Wee Ones:

The great Froebel says that it is through living close to the birds, flowers, stars, snowflakes, insects, and all Nature, that we find God and learn to know Him. Mrs. Fillmore says: "All Nature is God's beautiful story-book for His children," which is just about the same thing. Are we not, as God's children, finding the truth of all this? Is it not through close living with these beautiful gifts that we have found God the Good as all there is and in all there is? And aren't we glad that we have "the seeing eye" for all the beautiful coloring, and aren't we glad that we have the "hearing ear" for all the delicious bird voices, wind harps, and cricket and Katy-did songs?

What interesting little creatures the insects are! "In wisdom God hath made them all."

Little Wee Wisdom, go out doors any of these warm spring days. Open your two bright eyes. Look right down in front of you on the ground or on the brick sidewalk. You now see some of those most

industrious of little creatures—the ants—whose nature and habits are full of interest and wonder. As I study about them and study the ants themselves, it seems to me that they come right next to man in reasoning and intelligence.

These little creatures, like people, seem fitted to do certain kinds of work; but unlike Truth people, they go to war and fight battles. In this they need to be trained aright. Those who win in the battle, carry their captives home for servants. As soon as the new servants are brought home, they are warmed, fed, bathed, and tenderly cared for by the servants who are already there. Later they work with the rest of the servants, gladly doing the work given them to do.

The ants have their well-drilled soldiers, who understand nothing else than the life of a soldier, and who are waited upon by the servant ants.

Ants have their herds of cattle, which are nothing less than the wee plant-lice that may be seen any day on our rose-bushes and plants. The ants are very fond of a sweet liquor, which they secure with their mouths from two little teats situated at the end of the back of their milch cows. It is the work of the soldier ants, accompanied by the servants, to hunt up the cattle, which are brought home, imprisoned, and cared for by the servants exactly as people care for their cows. Sometimes ants build their houses near the plants that their cattle love to feed upon, in order that they may secure richer milk. When they do this, they build stables near by in which to imprison the cattle. These stables have been discovered and examined by such distinguished Nature students as Huber and Lubbock, and they say there is no doubt as to the purpose of the stables.

Many a time when we have been watching the ants, you and I have seen them touching each other with their antennæ. When they do this they are talking to each other. Naturalists call their way of talking "the antennal language." That the ants really have a language could hardly be believed at first, and was not, until after much study and careful watching by many different naturalists, who have now proven without a doubt that these wonderfully wise little fellows have as many different notions and signs as those practiced by the deaf and dumb people.

One time Mr. Lubbock put a colony of ants in a dark place. He says that at first they all scattered in disorder. He soon noticed, though, that one ant found an outlet. Immediately he went back, and after touching a certain number of others, they talked a while together. Then all formed in perfect lines and marched out as orderly as any of our soldiers could.

There are men who have studied about ants for years. They tell us that little cities are built by these intelligent insects, and that after they have built their city, a field is cleared around it of all grass, sticks, stones and weeds, and after they have made it all nice and clean, they plant their seed, which is like tiny rice grains.

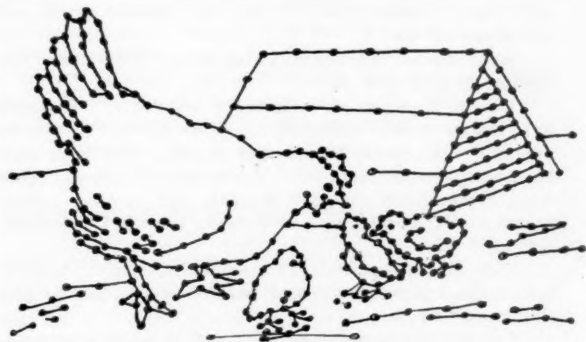
They plant, care for, and harvest their grain, and if, after they have stored it away, it in any way becomes damp, they carry it out into the sun to dry, and afterwards store it away for their winter's food.

Mr. Leland O. Howard, the great natural-history student, tells us that the life of the ants is like a well-governed country, where each works for the good of all; each having his own given work, and

each ready to give up his own will for the good of others.

As we study God's beautiful picture-book we are drawn nearer to "the one great Heart that beats for all," who is above all and through all and in all.

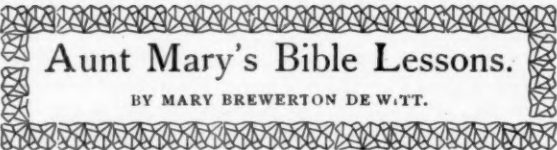
God the All-Good is today making all manner of creeping things, and He sees *today* that they are very good.



Good Mother Hen with her Easter Chicks.

The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining;
And so I turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out
To see the lining.

— J. W. RILEY.



Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

LESSON I. APRIL 7.

Jacob's Vision and God's Promise.— Gen. 28:1-5; 10-22.

GOLDEN TEXT— Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest. — Gen. 28:15.

Wherever we are, no matter where, God is with us in that place. This is what God proved to Jacob. Even in sleep God is with us and cares for us, and sends his angels to watch over us.

God is not only with his children, but is ever blessing them, and giving them all of good.

Jacob appeared to be all alone in a strange place; but really he was not altogether alone, for the holy presence of the good was there with him.

Jacob learned that heaven and earth are so near, that it is possible for them to be one.

Heaven is anywhere we please to make it. "The angels were ascending and descending on it" (the ladder). That is the real way — the angels come and go at will. They have their homes, but they also come to us upon earth and help us. They come at the call of our good thoughts, just as kind, earthly friends are attracted by our good thoughts, to come and love and help us.

God, who is ever our good, never leaves us nor forsakes us; but we must have faith in God, and ever think of him as being good to us.

We must always remember God, and if things seem sometimes to go wrong, do not think that God makes them so. He does not. God is ever our good, and sends only the good.

LESSON 2. APRIL 14.

God Gives Jacob a New Name.— Gen. 32:9-12; 22-30.

GOLDEN TEXT— Rejoice because your names are written in heaven. — Luke 10:20.

When you read this text, little children, remember that heaven is within the heart, not 'way, 'way off in some distant place.

God's child is worthy of all God's goodness, for God created him, and can send him only good.

Jacob was afraid of Esau. One must not be afraid of any one, neither must one fear any false thought. Trust in God will heal all fear, and trust will drive away any naughty thought. Trust will also turn an enemy into a true friend. Trust and confidence will tame a wild animal.

A very cross dog once ran suddenly out of a wood, barking sharply at me. I looked him straight in the eyes and said, "Good doggie, you know you love me," and Mister Dog walked away quietly, without any more fuss. The next time I met him he had nothing whatever to say.

Always claim your blessing; believe, as Jacob did, that it is for you. Jacob wrestled with a man until daybreak, in order to get a blessing. Just keep on expecting good, and you will know that good is yours now. You will feel uplifted and happy.

Do not fear evil; for remember, Jacob paid no attention to the breaking of his thigh, but kept right on demanding his good until he received it.

Jacob's new name was an inspiration, and no doubt it helped him to feel the power and strength of God within him.

Israel stood for one with power, as a prince.

LESSON 3. APRIL 21.

Joseph Sold by His Brothers. — Gen. 37:5-28.

GOLDEN TEXT — For where envy and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work. — James 3:16.

It is not right to dislike a person for seeming to know more than you do. Every one has the same knowledge, and can show forth that knowledge if he is not afraid, and if he trusts in the Lord — the good.

Joseph told his brothers his wonderful dreams. Joseph's dreams did not please his brothers, for they did not enjoy the idea of his having more power than themselves; and this is what the dreams meant to them — greater power given to Joseph.

One can only have power through knowledge of himself. If you have knowledge you have faith in yourself, and thus know that you can and will succeed.

Joseph's brothers took care of the flocks. Joseph was sent to see how they fared.

Before Joseph reached his brothers they had planned to get rid of him, for they were envious; but Reuben, one of the brothers, had a kinder heart, so he begged them not to kill Joseph. We know that evil can never kill the good — that is impossible.

You know how the brothers put Joseph into a pit, after stripping him of his pretty-colored coat. But those wicked thoughts could never cover up the true, good thought. God was caring for Joseph all of the time.

Then they sold Joseph, and the merchants to whom they sold him took him into Egypt. Good does not stand still; it acts everywhere, traveling on and on. No one can keep the good from acting, no matter what he does. It is ever in operation. But we bring very unhappy times to ourselves when we do not obey the good. Repeat these words daily:

I love the good;

I love every one to have good;

I bless all.

LESSON 4. APRIL 28.

Joseph Faithful in Prison. — Gen. 39:20-23; 40:1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.* — Rev. 2:10

When we believe faithfully in our good, and think of God as being with us, we will always attract or draw the good to us, just as Joseph did, though he was in prison.

The keeper of the prison was good to Joseph, and trusted him. It is so good to feel that you are trusted! God always trusts his children; then we should trust God, and never be afraid.

Joseph's good took care of him in prison, and in the end he was set free, for he had done no wrong.

Would you not like to be the sort of boy or girl whom every one may rely upon? If you are, then you are what is called *trustworthy*. This is the sort of person Joseph proved to be.

When mother says, "Jennie, I am going out, and I should like you to take care of baby brother while I am gone," she knows you are reliable, trustworthy; that you will really look out for little brother, and not run off to play and forget him.


If father says, "Fred, I'm going a way for a little trip and I

wish you'd see that while I'm gone the chickens are fed, and the cows are milked, and the wood brought in for mother," he knows that he can depend upon Fred; that Fred always does just as he promises to do.

So when father returns, he says, "Of course I knew I could depend upon Fred; he's a good, reliable boy," and Fred is made happy by father's approval.

Repeat these words daily:

I am worthy of trust;
I trust in God;
I am trusted;
I am God's child;
I love to do right;
I love the good.



PILLOW VERSE.

Sweet and peaceful be your rest,
As though upon an angel's breast!
Dream of lands so bright and fair,
Only angels linger there.
When you waken with the day,
Not far from you will they stay

Our Talk Room.

Here we are again, and it is April; but we haven't any "April fools." "Wisdom is justified of her children," and none of us ever get "fooled."

Some people get "fooled" out of their health, some get "fooled" out of their joy, and some get "fooled" out of their plenty; but it isn't us, because we *know*. When you know a thing, nobody can fool you. Little Alan, who is one of us, wants to know how Christ turned into Spirit. That's a splendid question, and shows that Alan is a thinker.

Now the Alan who does the thinking, and the Alan who does the doing, are really the same Alan; yet you cannot see the thinker-Alan, and you can the doer-Alan. Why? Because Alan the thinker is the Christ part of Alan, and is spiritual, while Alan the doer-boy is body. Jesus the Christ was both thinker and doer; but he understood that his body was made of his thoughts, and as easy as you can change ice into water and water into steam, by heat, he changed the frozen thought-form of his body back into ethereal substance by high, pure thinking. The same Christ's spirit in our thinker, thinking true thoughts, can melt out all the diseased and unhappy thought-forms that are "frozen" into our bodies and make them light, free and whole and beautiful. Let us remember this, and that we may not be deceived by appearances, let us hold to this truth:

THE CHRIST JESUS MIND IS IN ME, AND I HAVE
POWER OVER MY BODY.

*
* *

We are delighted to meet our Denmark friends, and give them a hearty greeting.



Young folk's Magazine
Devoted to
Practical Christianity

50 cents a year.

Foreign Subscription, 3 shillings a year.

5 cents a copy.

Published on the first of each month by
UNITY TRACT SOCIETY,
913 Tracy Ave. Kansas City, Mo.

Entered at post office as second-class matter.

April, 1907.

*Miss April opens wide her eyes
In grave and wondering surprise,
To see the fresh green grass
And bright blue skies.
And after many thoughtful hours,
She woos, at first with melting showers
And then with dancing smiles,
The sweet spring flowers.*

Don't forget to help WEE WISDOM.

Donald's picture will be on hand next time, and you will all join him in the "laugh cure," for it's awfully funny.

Nellie will be comforted by knowing that the bad spelling in last WEE WISDOM was the "pi" of the careless press hands.

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.

The Boy Magazine

Is a magazine for boys.

It is good as gold,

Bright as a button,

Smart as a whip,

Sharp as tacks,

And as amusing as a cage of monkeys.

The whole family will like it.

Subscribe now.

Monthly, 50 cts. a year. Single copies, 5 cts.

Address

**Boy Magazine,
Woman's Temple, Chicago.**

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.