WEE

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

MAY, 1907. No. 10. KANSAS CITY, MO.

The Story of the Raindrop.

BELLE BURT.

CHILD:

You dear little raindrop, with clear, sparkling face,
Won't you tell me what made you come dropping through space?
And how did you climb up so high in the blue?
And have you lived always, or are you just new?
Did you think it was nicer down here in this stream,
Than it was up there where the pretty stars gleam?
Were you ever down here in our nice world before?
Then how did you climb up so near heaven's door?
You must have been near "Where the pearly gates rise,"
That mamma oft sings in her sweet lullabys.
Are you always so sparkling, bright, merry and glad?
Are you always sweet tempered? don't you ever get bad?
I wish you would tell all about your dear self;
You must be a sweet little starry-land elf.

RAINDROP:

My dear little maid, with your soft, sunny curls, With cheeks like the roses, and teeth white as pearls, So you wish such a tiny, wee creature as I Would tell you about my home up in the sky, And other homes too, if such have been mine: And you think I have been where the pearly gates shine. Well, sit down beside me, by this little stream, And I'll weave you a story that seems like a dream: Long, long, long ago, and far, far away, I first saw the light of a beautiful day, With brothers and sisters - oh, so many more Than you ever could count! We played near the shore In the great rolling sea, the merriest band That ever threw shells up o'er the white sand. 'Neath the sunlight and starlight we were ever the same, Always dancing and singing through our wild, merry game. Many beautiful days, from the first peep of dawn. Came and went like a breath, and still we played on. At last a bright sunbeam spoke low in my ear, Saying, "Dear little water drop, fair, bright and clear, Wilt thou not go with me up the bright way, Where the great shining sun god begins each new day? I'll carry you up on my pinions of light;



Vol. XI.

MAY, 1907.

No. 10.

THE STORY OF STELLA-A STAR.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

CHAPTER IX.

THE "PRETTIER MAMMA."

OW sweet the light is this evening, Margaret."

"Yes, it is soft and pretty—a lovely sunset, dear," replied Margaret, as she tucked the blue afghan

about Violet's feet. "My own Violet, I wish you were well!" she added sighing.

"Do not worry about me, Margaret. God speaks to me of health daily. I feel as if very soon I shall be able to walk."

"Yes, no doubt," replied Margaret. "Surely it must be so. We have faithfully spoken the word of healing for you. It ought to show forth soon."

"Do you know, Margaret, I feel as if an angel might come—not an imaginary angel, called a 'thought,' but one of God's messengers; for we all belong to the great whole, and we are here to help one another."

"Yes, Violet dear, I know; but we must help ourselves."

"That is helping ourselves — when we open our hearts to the good everywhere, in everybody and everything," continued Violet, as she lifted her small, delicate head and looked over towards the window.

"Hush!" and Margaret laid a finger on her lips.
"I see the little Star — our Stella She approaches the couch."

"Ah, yes; now I feel the little one's presence."

"Are you alone, Stella?" questioned Margaret.

"No, Auntie Taysie brought me; and Meta is here too. Thou pretty, sweet lady!" and Stella commenced patting Violet's face. "I call thee my prettier mamma; I love thee."

"How sweet of you to come to see me, little Stella," replied Violet.

"Ah, I am glad to come. Thou art my prettier mamma, thou dear one! We have come to bless thee. Stella hath brought roses and mignonette for the prettier mamma. See, I have covered thy couch; and here are sweet violets for thy pretty hair."

Stella patted the brown locks lovingly, while Margaret watched her with a tender smile.

"Tell us, little Star," said Margaret, "will our Violet not be well soon?"

"Is she not well now?" asked Stella wonderingly, and forthwith rapturously began to kiss Violet's brow and eyes.

"I forget; you do not know sickness."

"It is something not nice that the Earth people have; but thou needst not entertain it," continued Stella. "I kiss thee, my prettier mamma. Little Stella loves thee; thou art now better."

"Oh, I see!" cried Violet. "I see you. Oh, my lovely darling!" and she laid her arm lovingly about the child's shoulders. "You beautiful one, will you come often to me, now that I see and know you, my darling baby?" asked Violet, sighing joyously.

"Yes, if Auntie Taysie will bring me." Stella turned her head towards Anastasia, who stood waiting silently.

Margaret raised her head from her hands. She had been thus for some time. "How great the brightness, Violet! I can hardly bear it. We do not see Auntie Taysie; her brilliancy spreads through the room."

"Yes, she is beautiful; and so is the prettier mamma," added Stella. "Now we go, and thou art better. Is it not thus with thee?"

"Dear little Stella! Indeed I am much better. Your sweet presence has been such a joy to me," returned Violet gratefully.

"Look, look, Margaret," she continued. "There they go, floating away through the blue;" and the young girl pointed to the open window, where far beyond two lights had flashed, and were now gone to the heights above.

"Oh, aren't we blessed! "cried Margaret, with a deep joy sigh.

"Indeed, dear, we are; and I am feeling so much better; the pain has all gone. I believe I can do all that you do now;" and Violet stretched herself luxuriously. "How strong I feel! What a delightful little girl! There, Margaret, I am going to write something in my journal, and you shall see."

She took up the book from the table beside her. Margaret, peeping over her shoulder, read these words:

[&]quot;July 6th.

[&]quot;I am healed, thank God! God —the great and wondrous Love who sends his angels to the children of men."

QUERCUS.

LUCY C. KELLERHOUSE.

"Here are some lazy acorns," said the wind, slapping an old oak briskly; and Quercus let go his hold and fell to earth. This was his first contact with the world. There he sat on his brown mat of fallen leaves, like the cat on the mat in the primer. If he longed for greater prominence, he soon learned, as others have learned, that there is security in obscurity; for it was the squirrels' market time, and swine were abroad on a foraging fray. But he knew that the children laughingly trooping through the wood did not care for him, though their pockets bulged with chestnuts.

The next event of interest was the whirling over his head of something light and winged.

"Airy fairy, who are you?" asked Quercus, as the newcomer let go the hand of the wind after the waltz, and paused on the ground to rest.

"I am little Pinus," replied the winged one.
"Dear me! I'm all out of breath. I've been waltzing for fifty yards or more."

"That's a long way from home for one so young," observed Quercus.

The wind that had been the partner of Pinus in the waltz, shook the forest until it moaned and rent its red garments; and night came and put hoar frost, like ashes, upon the heads of the trees. A stupor crept over the forest, a numbness of limb. Quercus, still in his swaddling clothes, cuddled down among the falling leaves.

"Nothing doing, so I, too, mayaswgo to sleep," he said. "Be sure and wake me up when

spring comes." And before he knew it, he was sleeping as soundly as Rip Van Winkle.

Quercus awoke with a start. His overcoat had fallen off, and drops of water were trickling down through the sodden leaves upon him. He looked at himself in surprise; and, just like Mr. Van Winkle, he said:

"What's this on me?"

It had broken right through his smooth coat - a pale little root. Quercus began to laugh; and, laughing so hard, he split his sides more and more, until his ragged coat fell off, and he stood like the little prince in the fairy tale, clad in white with a green cap on his head, and a feather that grew longer. The little root busily burrowed through the leafy mould, but before he had a good firm grip of the earth beneath. Ouercus feared weakness would overtake him and he would die, like the little fellows around him striving to be trees. But at last he got a firm grasp of the situation, which caused his head to swell and his feather to grow. There were many other sturdy little seedlings about him, so that the forest floor wore a soft mantle of green. But one day a giant passed through this fairy forest, with hoofs and horns, and great soft lips wiped open spaces in the seedlings' ranks, grinding their brothers to a pulp in an ivory mill.

"I presume this is the teething stage," observed Quercus, who had escaped the painful operation.

He was almost afraid to stretch himself higher; but curiosity, and desire to overtop his companions, overcame fear, and Quercus stretched with all his might, just like a lazy, growing boy, and stretched himself higher, and put on new raiment in keeping with his larger size. When he got tired of standing on one foot, which was his taproot, he sent out other branches under ground. It was then that he ran against something in the dark.

"Helloa," he called through the darkness; "who is there?"

"A pine tree," was the dignified response.

"Dear me, if it isn't little Pinus!" said Quercus. "So you also have gained ground? There seems to be confliction of title."

"All I ask is standing room," replied Pinus.

"If I can get a bare subsistence from the soil, I shall be satisfied," said Quercus.

He had seen seedlings grow puny from starvation. The ground was a tangle of roots encroaching upon roots, and to the strongest was the victory. Quercus pushed on, gaining ground every day, and adding inches to his stature.

You have heard of armless people eating with their toes? That is what Ouercus did. His tiny rootlets were busy feeding him from the soil. His roots were well covered with root-hairs, and at the end of each hair was a hungry little mouth, drinking, ever drinking, water flavored with various nutritious brands of minerals, added to which was a vegetarian diet composed of a liquid concoction of leaf mould served up in an appetizing way. Every leaf above ground was a little green tongue, calling to the roots below for water; and up it came, through the tiny cells; and when the green leaves received it, they made a new mixture, like the busy little chemists that they were. Below is the receipt that they followed. handed down from generation to generation; so you see that the mixture must be good - good for oak and ivy, with a slight variation in the ingredients. Old traes never fail to recommend it to little trees.

They say, "Look at me; see the benefit that I have received therefrom. I am a living advertisement as to its nutritive qualities," etc., etc., adding that it is very pleasant to the taste. But here is the receipt itself:

First take chlorophyll, which is the green in the leaf and young bark, and mix with air, being sure to have warmth and sunlight. The carbonic acid of the air will settle while the oxygen effervesces. This, combined with the mineral food element brought up through the cells, makes a highly nutritious plant food and forms their staple article of diet. Ouercus followed the good old receipt, and when he had nicely compounded the mixture in his leaves, he sent it circulating to all parts of his body, and grew taller and stronger every day, summer after summer. Light and warmth being mentioned in the receipt. night and winter are times of idleness. When autumn came, the green leaves ceased to be thirsty: and the cell ducts, like a soda fountain, stood idle until spring business began. Then would come a brisk demand on the roots for the crude material; the new leaves and green bark would be very busy. and Quercus would drink and stretch and grow again.

(To be continued.)

"No matter how the skies may frown,
This world is rollin' right—
A sun for every mornin'
An' a star for every night.
Then shout your hallelujah,
An' raise your sweetest tune;
If we're freezin' in December,
We'll be warm enough in June."

THE STORY OF THE RAINDROP.

(Continued from page 2.)

You sure cannot fall if you hold my wings tight." Such a beautiful journey. I could not tell half Of that bright sunny time - how we sang, danced and laughed The wind carried us on over mountain and plain, Till we came to the place where they make up the rain, And here we were gathered with other bright mates: They gave each his order, then opened the gates. Down, down we came falling without laugh or shout, For each had a mission that he must work out: And we each felt that life was now something more Than to shout, laugh, and sing on the ocean's wild shore. So when dear earth took us again to her breast. Each little, wee drop went to work with a zest. I nourished the roots of a delicate flower. Till its beautiful petals grew brighter each hour. Through sunshine and shade as the days came and went, I worked till my life with the flower-life was blent. At last the time came when again I was free. And could go with the sunbeams in frolic and glee. Till again I was called to the great mission field -Oh, you don't know the power little raindrops can wield When sent by kind heaven upon the parched earth; 'Tis then we are seen at our really true worth: With our cool little hands on earth's wild beating heart. 'Tis then we're more welcome than science or art. I could tell you of journeys, and journeys again. From the earth to the sky, and then back; and when You can count, little child, into millions or more, You'll know near the times I have been here before. Sometimes far away where the wild billows sweep In the midst of great waters where waves never sleep. We have worked day and night, had many a wild ride As we helped the great ships to stem ocean's rough tide; Sometimes when we came we sank deep in the ground -Down, down, so far down, we heard never a sound As we worked with the heavy, cold metals away, To help them to come to the sweet light of day. I could tell you much more, but that I must not boast, For I'm only one drop of a great, mighty host That are coming and going at heaven's command, To brighten and bless and make glad all the land .- Selected.

THE PINK BABY.

FREEMAN BURRILL.

"Except ye become as little children."

when he looked up from the clover blossom he was pulling to pieces, and saw three children leaning on the fence and staring at him. He put his thumb into

his mouth and stared back with all his might, till he happened to think he had never seen them before. Then he took his thumb out of his mouth, and cried so very loud that his mamma came to see if a bee had stung him. She thought it might be a bee, for they liked the pretty white clover as well as the baby did.

The baby held out his arms, and his mamma picked him up and squeezed him tight. He turned and smiled through his tears at the children.

"We are the Dalrymple children, and we've just moved into the brick house at the corner," said May, with a shy little smile.

"And I am Mrs. Mayfield," said the baby's mamma. She shook hands with May and smiled at Johnnie. The Youngest had hidden his face in May's dress.

"Ask her," he whispered. "You said you would if you saw her."

"We want a baby dreadfully," May began. She grew frightened at her own boldness, and her pretty gray eyes filled with tears.

"You may stay and play with my baby," said Mrs. Mayfield, patting the little girl's shoulder. "You can all come over here in the clover, and I'll bring you some cookies." The Dalrymples slipped over the fence and sat down in a semi-circle in front of the baby.

"We knew you didn't dare ask her," said Johnnie, when Mrs. Mayfield had gone to get the cookies. Johnnie was ten years old. He was rather thin, and his eyes and hair were black.

"You may ask her," said May, "if you're so brave."

"She's coming," said the Youngest, as he hid his face again.

Mrs. Mayfield sat down with the children, and they each ate two cookies. They were the kind that have a big raisin in the middle

May and Johnnie talked about their pet rabbit, and Mrs. Mayfield told them just how she planted her sweet peas. Then she said she must go to her work, but that they might stay and play with the baby as long as they liked.

Johnnie cleared his throat, and spoke very high and loud: "We thought you might loan us the baby this afternoon. The Youngest is having a birthday, and there's cake and candy and ice cream, and it's 'most froze."

"We call him the Youngest because he hasn't any other name yet," explained May.

"There's bread and milk for him," said the Youngest, in a soft, deep voice. He pulled May's apron over his head and shivered.

Mrs. Mayfield thought a minute. "I'm sure baby would enjoy a party," she said finally. "You may take this little shawl to wrap him in if he should go to sleep."

May carried the baby, and Johnnie took the shawl. When they went through the gate Mrs. Mayfield wanted to say, "Bring back my precious baby this very minute," but she knew it would be a foolish thing to do.

"We're going to pretend he's ours," shouted the Youngest, from a safe distance.

Mrs. Mayfield tried to keep on sewing, but all the places where the baby had been looked so lonely that she could not bear it, so she lay down on a couch and went to sleep.

Mrs. Dalrymple had sent the children out to play while she set the table. "What on earth!" she exclaimed, as they came into the yard.

"We borrowed him," shouted Johnnie. "We can have him all the afternoon."

"And we have had cookies," said the Youngest, his velvety brown eyes shining.

"Did you go over and ask that strange woman for her baby?" asked Mrs. Dalrymple sharply.

"We wanted him dreadfully," faltered May; and there were tears in her eyes.

"She gave us cookies," repeated the Youngest.

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Dalrymple. She took off the cloth that was spread over the table, and all the children shouted. The baby held out his hands and crowed.

"May's place is at the head, and the baby's next," said Mrs. Dalrymple.

"And I'm foot, said Johnnie."

The Youngest sat on the big Bible and the baby had his high chair. There was a frosted cake with four chocolate mice on top and four tiny candles in the center. Johnnie struck a match, and the Youngest knelt on the edge of the table and lighted the candles.

There was a great shouting when May cut the cake. The baby pounded his cup with his spoon,

and put his feet on the table. Mrs. Dalrymple had been feeding him bread and milk. He had some candy beans to suck. The cake was not very large, and soon there was not a crumb left except the piece that had been saved for Mr. Dalrymple.

"Now you may play with the baby while I clear

up," said Mrs. Dalrymple.

The children rolled bright-colored marbles on the sitting-room carpet, and the baby crept after them laughing and crowing. He kept the red one in his hand when he stopped playing and began to wink and blink. May picked him up and cuddled him, but he gave a funny little squeal and crept into a corner, where he curled up in a heap.

"The precious dear!" said Mrs. Dalrymple a few minutes later. She put him on the bed and slipped off his shoes. Each child came on tiptoe to look at him.

"He's got my marble," whispered the Youngest; "but I don't care."

The young Dalrymples sat on the back porch, talking about the baby till he awoke. He was very pink and warm, and he smiled pleasantly, but did not move.

"You'd better take him right home," Mrs. Dalrymple told May. "It's growing chilly."

May led the way with the baby, and the others followed.

The baby's mamma hugged him till he was a little cross.

"The marble is his," said the Youngest. It was his prettiest one.

" May we take him again some time?" asked May.

"Oh, yes," said his mamma. "It's very nice of you to want him."

The children ran home, and the baby talked to the marble and would not look at his mamma.

"She said we could have him again," shouted Johnnie, as he ran up stairs to bed.

"I hugged him once," whispered the Youngest to his mother. "He was as soft as a pillow, and he made my feelings happy."

"You may have the lamp awhile," Mrs. Dalrymple told the children. She set it on a high shelf, and went down stairs. The children tried to think of something new to say about the baby and the cake, till at last they fell asleep.

PRACTICAL SOCIALISM. A True Incident.

"Do unto others as you would they should do unto you."

A year ago when the spring harbingers - among them the swallows - were on their yearly journey from Southern to Northern Europe, they encountered unusually severe, cold spring weather in Germany. It seemed as if old King Winter had left a slip of his snowy mantle behind. The swallows promptly turned back towards sunny Italy, but on reaching Switzerland they were so overcome and benumbed by the cold wave, that they fell to the ground by the thousands. And what did the stout and warmhearted people of little Switzerland do? They gathered the little travelers in baskets, provided them with food and drink, and sent them by train across the border land to Italy, the government providing "free rides." When they were given their liberty. the train crew were richly rewarded by the joyous twitterings of their feathered passengers as they departed .- M. JESENIUS-PETERSEN,

"LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE."

COUSIN JO.

"Let your light shine! What does that mean to a boy? The teacher is always talking in Sunday school about letting your light shine. Say, Tom, what do you think it means?"

"I think it means to give lots of money to the church, for our rector always says it when papa goes up to the altar to receive the plate and pass it for the contributions on Sundays."

"Oh, I do not think it means that to a boy!"

"Well, what does it mean, Billy, to you? for I see an idea working in that busy pate of yours."

"Just this: be kind, polite, obliging to everybody. Not just to those you like, but to every one, no matter how disagreeable or downright thoughtless or saucy she is."

"Oh, that makes me laugh; you said 'she is.' What particular girl is it now, that is the pest of your life?"

"Well, it is that Jones girl. She is always poking fun at me. When I get up to recite, she leans forward and looks at me with such a smile on her face, as if to say, 'Now, what do you think you are going to do?' I stammer, get red in the face, and really appear as if I didn't know my lesson, when I do know it perfectly."

"Is that so? why, that is downright mean, making a fellow lose his credits and falling below his grade! I'd play some trick on her when she begins to recite, see if I wouldn't."

"Not for the world! that would not be 'letting my light shine.'"

"Well, then, what are you going to do about it?"

"I have thought of this: you see, she is fond of flowers, and we have such beautiful violets; I might take a bunch and lay them on her desk, as I do for my teacher."

"What a muff you are, Billy! She'd just laugh. Let me settle her. Betty White will help us, she is so 'cute with practical jokes. I hate to see you uncomfortable, old chap, and losing ground in your recitations, when you have always stood No. 1 through all the grades. If this goes on she will carry off the honors, as she stands No. 2. Let me get Betty to finish her up brown."

"Stop, Tom. I will not have her made to feel uncomfortable or disgraced. I shall give her the violets tomorrow; then Saturday morning I shall offer to do the errands for her mother—she has no brothers—and I can help her in her algebra, for she is behind the class in that one study. I have noticed, she seems troubled when I am marked 'perfect' on my algebra papers, and she has just 'good.'"

"That will be indeed 'letting your light shine!"
cried a voice behind the two boys. They turned
quickly and saw a young girl running down the path.

"Sho! she's heard every word, Billy boy; now she will plague you worse than ever. She had no business to be listening—the cat!"

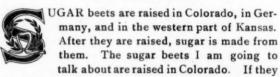
"Tom, you are not fair, you are so fond of me. Did you not notice her voice? She's sorry. I shall go right over to her house and offer to help her, or work for her mother."

"I will go too. I will offer to clean up the yard for her mother. Say, Billy, I begin to see your way of 'letting your light shine'—doing good for seeming evil every time. It strikes me as all right."



SUGAR BEETS.

VIOLETTA LEEMAN.



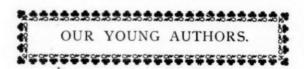
are to be put into alfalfa ground, the ground has to be plowed and left awhile; then it has to be plowed again. After plowing it, they have to harrow it; then they have to corrugate it, and then level it. Then they disk it before planting the seed. After it is planted it has to be irrigated a great many times.

The seed comes up early in the spring. At first there are only two little green leaves, and they look like weeds. When there are about three little leaves they commence to thin them. Women and men, boys and girls thin beets. They pay seven dollars an acre for thinning them, for it is very hard work. They have to get down on their hands and knees, and put on gloves with the fingers cut out, for there are a great many sand burrs and Russian thistles. They take their fingers and pull all the beets up but one. Then they pull them all up for about three inches, then pull them all except one.

So you may see it is very slow work. They thin them all, and then they have to be cultivated and irrigated all summer until October, when they are very large. Some of them weigh about sixteen pounds. and all the beets are white. They begin to top them in October. Mexicans mostly top them, and many Americans too. They take great big knives, the blades of which are about four inches wide and about seven inches long: the handles are about five inches They hold on to the bottom part of the beet with the left hand and chop off all the leaves below the crown. They have to top them off square. The Mexicans scarcely ever take more than one chop at them. They plow the beets up before they top them, though, I forgot to say. They take a kind of a plow that lifts the beets almost out of the ground. Then the people who are going to top them go along, pull them up, and throw them in piles. They put two piles together with a big space between, then they make two other piles, quite a distance from those. Then they sit down at these piles, top and so on. them, and throw the beets in the middle.

Then a man comes along with a big fork, and a team, and big beet sacks, and throws the beets into the wagon. Then he hauls them to a beet dump. They drive up on a big dump, then the wagon tips over, and the beets fall into a car. Then a train comes and hauls the car to a factory, where they are first washed, then taken clear to the top of the building which is fourteen stories high. They are chopped up there, and washed again. Then the sugar is ground out of them. and the sugar is blued with the common bluing that we blue our clothes with. Then it is poured into bags and tied up. They have a store-room that holds a great many sacks of sugar. They use nothing in the factory except lime, carbonic acid, sulphuric acid, and bluing.

There are a great many men employed there— Japanese, Italians, Greeks, and Americans. The beets are tested very carefully. They have a little scale made of glass, and it is kept in a glass case. It is very interesting to go through the factory, and if any of you Wee Wisdoms should happen to be near one, I think it would pay you to go through, if you are there when it is running.



A LITTLE FAIRY STORY.

EDITH BESLY.



NCE upon a time there lived a little girl.

She was the only child of a very rich man.

Her mother had died when she was only
two years old. Her father had married
again, but the new wife did not like Alice.

When one day Alice was walking, she met an old woman. She said, "It is beginning to rain. Don't you need an umbrella, my child?" Now the old woman was a fairy. "I have no umbrella with me. If I had, I would let you go under it with me; but as you see that I have none, I cannot give you any shelter," said the fairy.

"I had better go home and get one; it is not very far away. I thank you all the same — good by," said Alice.

When Alice got home she told it to her stepmother, but her step-mother said it was all nonsense. One day the fairy passed that way. Alice saw that she seemed tired and thirsty. She ran out and said to the fairy, "Won't you come inside? I will brush off your clothes and give you some water to drink." So the fairy entered.

And when she went away she said, "I will give you a little gift. You may choose anything you want."

Alice said, "I would like my step-mother to know how to love me."

"Then," said the fairy, "you must help her al you can; then at the end of the week she will be as fond of you as your father is."

"All right. I promise I will do all I can for her," said Alice.

So at the end of the week her step-mother learned to love her as her father did.

Alice's father called her, and said to her, "Tell me, little one, how did your step-mother get to love you?"

"Oh, that is very simple - I just loved her."

A ROSE'S STORY.

JUNE TEMPLE PARKER (9 years).



AM a great, beautiful red rose. I stand in the garden of a King and Queen. They have a little daughter that I love. The daughter, or Princess, rather, is a very sweet child. She has eyes as blue as the

sky, cheeks not as red as mine, and golden hair. She is very pretty. Every morning she comes from her chamber to meet her little play-mates, her hair flying in the morning air. She looks as fresh as a rose. Little May—that is the little Princess's

name — has a sweet little white kitten named Snowball; he is a sweet, frisking kitten. Little May, when she saw me said: "Mother, dear, look at that pretty rose!" "Yes," said her mother, "I will give it to you." Little May came down every morning to see me, and told me stories. One day—it was near winter—I said to little May, "I must go; I will be back in the springtime." Little May cried, and said: "Don't go; I will miss you." When little May had gone into the house, I wept till my petals fell off. When she came back next morning, she said: "Rose, dear rose! Oh, mother, the rose is gone!" You may see roses, but you will never see a rose that talks, because a wicked fairy said, "Flowers shall not talk." Oh, dear! I wish she hadn't.

THE LAUGH CURE.



This is happy Donald,
And companions three—
Every one a-laughing,
Though quite diff rently.

Donald takes the "laugh-cure"—
"Sure to keep you well!"
Turns the corners of your mouth,
So every one can tell.

Take a good laugh mornings, Take one noon and night, Take some in between times; 'Twill make your blood flow right.

Happiness is catching; Gladness fills the air; Laugh and you'll be stirring Health-germs every where.

We use the "laugh-cure"; that makes us happy.

Love from DONALD V. STRANDBERG.

Epistles.

HAMILTON, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - I am a boy twelve years young 1 have taken WEE WISDOM for two years, and think it is a nice little paper. My birthday is on the second day of July. I am very glad that summer is coming, there are so many sweet flowers: and I love to go in the woods on a pleasant summer's day, and listen to the trees. They make a sound in the breeze that cannot be put on paper. I have tried to get some subscribers for WEB WISDOM, but so far I have failed; there does not seem to be very many people around here who are interested in the dear little paper. However I intend to try again, and I am sure I can get at least one. I go to school; I am in the fourth grade; my teacher says that I could be in the eighth but for my arithmetic. I am catching up, however, and I expect to win at last. My teacher's name is Cleveland, and her home is in Cleveland, too. I like the idea of having WEE WISDOM in a smaller size; it is more convenient, and more satisfactory all around; it seems better, too to have it thicker. Here is a little song I composed before going to bed:

Sweet little seed, small and brown,
Sweet little sprout so tender and green;
Sweet little rootlets down in the ground,
But they are not to be seen—
Not to be seen by the eye of man,
But by the all-Father alone.
He can see everything under the sand,
And knows every worldly zone.
So it is with our minds within,
The little seed of our hearts.
The Father hears us above the din,
And knows all our prayers by heart

With love to all the Wees.

CLARENCE J. FERRIS.

LEXINGTON, MASS.

DEAR EDITOR—I inclose money order for one dollar for which please send to me Wee Wisdom for two years. I was eleven years old the 10th of February, and this is one of my birthday presents. I have had Wee Wisdom before, and enjoyed it very much. I have a little baby brother that is three years old, and he plays with my Teddy Bear. I am in the sixth grade of the Hancock school. My teacher's name is Miss S. R. Skerry, and I wish you would send her samples of Wee Wisdom, Unity, and any tracts which you think would interest her. When you and Mr. Fillmore come to Boston, I hope you will come out to Lexington to visit us.

MARION M. WYMAN.

(Marion has quite a missionary spirit. Her request is granted, and we know it will be seed sown in good soil.—ED)

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am a little girl ten years old. My papa and mamma have been Scientists longer than I can remem-



EDNA PEARL MURRAY.

I do not know anything about medicine, and have never been in bed sick I have a little niece three years old who is living with us just now. I think she must have always been a Scientist, for she thinks she can do all things, and she won't give up till she has tried to. A few weeks ago she got her finger caught in the cogs of the wringer, trying to help with the washing. She screamed and her grandpa -he is my papa you knowcaught her up in his arms and held her hand tight and did not say a word, while some one got him a strip of cloth to tie it up; and after it was done there was blood all over his collar and his

shirt where she had tried to get her arm around his neck and hug

him. We'l, as soon as it was tied up she stopped crying, and

never acted as if it hurt her another bit all the time it was getting well After a few days my papa looked at it and the whole nail was hanging loose just ready to fall off. He clipped it off and tied it up again, and in just a few days more we could see the new nail covering it all over smoothly, and it did not need to be wrapped up any more. One morning in the winter her grandma came down stairs shivering and saying it was cold, and Lyle spoke up right away: "Why, no, gem-me, don't you know it's omnipenty life?" And one day she wanted to clip her grandpa's finger nails, and he gave her the nail scissors and she cut



Lyle Frances Case

right into his finger, making it bleed. He said, "Why, baby, don't you know you hurt me?" "Oh, no, gem-pa," she said, "you know you fin'er is omnipenty life." Her grandma says she must have been on earth before, but I don't think I know what that means. My papa says this is not much of a story—I suppose he means a made-up story; but it is true, just the same.

EDNA PEARL MURRAY.

st st st

NUCLA, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have been keeping all of my numbers and am going to bind them. I saw one of the 1906 numbers of Wee Wisdom and read that you would like to have us tell you more about our demonstrations. I cured myself with your verse, "God is my health; I can't be sick." I felt very happy at seeing my story printed; it was my first attempt. Next time I will try and write a better one. Well, this letter is full of beautiful thoughts for you between the lines; I know you can read them. I will close for this time.

"The Story of Stella - A Star," is the most beautiful story I ever read. From your loving little Wee,

WINNIE ROWLEY.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is the first time I have written to you. I am sending you a picture of myself and one of my pets; her name is Tet, and her mate's name is Sampson. The eggs you see in my lap are some of Tet's eggs for Easter; they were made into all kinds of colors for the rabbits, and maybe you

think Easter surprise for the Unity Auditori-City! I wish all Wispom could us on Easter, for program - a b.g full of eggs, and a rabbit. This twenty-three liteggs in it. This and she has proeggs again next seven years to school every grade C 2. I



DELSA.

wasn't a grand little Wees in um in Kansas readers of WER have been with we had a grand clothes basket a boy dressed an nest you see ha tle tiny Bantam is a faithful hen mised to furnis Easter. I am young, and I go day. I am in know it is the

good I get out of Wee Wisdom that prospers me. I get it every month, and I read all the good things in it, and then I take it to school with me, for I love to have the children there know what good is for them. I am in Mrs. Fillmore's Sunday school class; she teaches the Kindergarten, and we all love her so! She teaches us how to pull down the little curtains — that is the eyelids — and "enter into the closet," and keep our feet and hands still while we learn to "Be still and know" that Christ is within us all, and we can't be sick. Here is a prayer to say:

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I know that God his child does keep;
I know that God my life is nigh,
I live in him and cannot die.
God is my health—I can't be sick.
God is my strength, unfailing, quick.
God is my all; I know no fear,
Since God and Love and Truth are here."

Now if you don't take Wee Wisdom, sign for it, for it's only fifty cents a year. All Wees must read it. Lovingly,

Delsa Marie Franz.

SAN LUIS OBISPO, CAL. (Box 614).

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I will now try to write you a letter. This is my first letter to you. Uncle Herbert brings me the WEE WISDOM every month. I like to read it, it is so interesting. I go to school. I am in the third grade. I am nine years old, I have three brothers. The oldest is Chester, six years young. He goes to school with me. The school is three miles away. There has been no sickness in our family ever since I can remember. I would like to hear from you soon. From ETHEL FRY.

Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE W.TT.

LESSON 5. MAY 5.

Joseph the Wise Ruler in Egypt. - Gen. 41:38-49.

GOLDEN TEXT - If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God. - James 1:5.

All wisdom is of God. The more we think of God the more understanding we have, and the more easy is it to know the right

As Joseph thought often of God, he understood how to explain Pharaoh's dream, and so Pharaoh, who was then King in Egypt, was pleased with Joseph, and gave him an important position of trust in the kingdom. He placed Joseph next to himself in power. If we show ourselves wise we also will be found trustworthy, and we will be called upon to do great things. for God.

This trust gave Joseph the opportunity to do good, and thus he saved the food for the time it should be needed the most.

God has created us wise in the beginning, therefore we should use our wisdom, and not show ourselves ignorant of God's goodness. To think of evil is not wise. To think of good is wise.

Foolish thoughts are sick thoughts. One can see how unwise it is to think and talk of sickness, for such talk makes one feel ill. It is also very wrong to play games that make you pretend you are lame or hurt. Some little girls play that their dollies are sick. Why not play they are well and going on a picnic, with the sun shining and the flowers all in bloom?

We should think and talk cheerfully of health and prosperity and the good things that are all about us: then we will feel well

and happy, and we will be showing forth wisdom.

God is wisdom; I am wise; I love to be true.

LESSON 6. MAY 12.

Joseph Forgives His Brothers .- Gen. 45:1-15; 50:15-21.

GOLDEN TEXT — Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, for giving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.— Eph. 4:32.

This is a beautiful lesson, and very simple and easy to understand.

Notice how kind Joseph was to his brothers. Not one harsh or untrue word did he speak to them. His one thought was to bless and to provide food for them, so that they should not hunger during the years of famine. Joseph not only gave them material food, but the food of the Spirit as well, which was kindness and love. He comforted his brothers by telling them that God had sent him into the land of Egypt to save food for the Israelites. The brothers had guilty consciences, for they knew how wrong they had been to Joseph, so they were afraid. If we do wrong, fear usually creeps in. But Joseph spoke again to his brethren, comforting them with words of love and forgiveness.

If we have had anyone treat us unkindly we must forgive, and we must also forgive ourselves if we have been in error. Have no hard feelings against anyone. Always remember God and his love for all alike Hold these thoughts daily:

God is Love; God loves me; I forgive all; I am peace; I am harmony.

LESSON 7. MAY 19.

Israel Enslaved in Egypt. - Exod. 1:1-14.

Golden Text — Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses.—Psalm 107:13.

God is greater than any misfortune that may come to one; God is the Good.

. God is your good and my good, "A very present help in time of trouble."

If the good is the real, then the trouble is the unreal; for good can overcome it and make it nothing.

No matter how dark or terrible a thing may look to be, God is greater; and thus our thought of God puts away darkness, or conquers the error.

If we are true to God always, we will be lifted out of any poor or unhappy condition, and find ourselves in a better and gappier one.

It was thus with the Israelites. They were faithful in the little things, and did the work well for the Egyptians; so they won their freedom, and in the end found the promised land.

The work the Israelites had to do for the Egyptians was most difficult; for they had to work in the heat of the sun, while they made clay for the bricks, or else carried these heavy bricks for the building; and their task-masters were very hard on the poor Israelites.

When we are ignorant of God's goodness we are often very hard upon ourselves, demanding much and judging ourselves unkindly, and thinking very little of our real and lasting good.

God is not unkind. He does not judge his children harshly. He sees only good in them, and so ought we.

Say these words daily:

I see only the good; I am God's child; I am kind; I love to do good; There is only good.

LESSON 8. MAY 26.

Childhood and Education of Moses. - Exod. 2:1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and in deeds.—Acts 7:22.

The Egyptians were wise in material learning, but they had not the true understanding of the Spiritual, or God, for they worshiped so many deities.

Moses was brought up by Pharaoh's daughter, so it is likely he was taught everything. Little boys in Egypt began to study when not more than three years of age.

Moses added to his worldly wisdom his knowledge of God, and this made him a wise man for those times.

But later on, when people were able to receive more of truth, Jesus came. Moses' words and acts may have been good for his time, but the words and acts of Jesus were far better.

Moses taught anger and resentment at wrong doing; but Jesus gave a better law, for he taught love and forgiveness. He said, "Forgive your enemies."

Moses was not forgiving when he killed a man. Moses believed in hate. Jesus taught us to love, and not to hate.

Say these words daily:

I love God;
I love my neighbor;
I love everyone;
I love truth;
God is love;
I am love.

Our Talk Room.

Easter was a joyful day for the Wees who were near enough Unity rooms to attend the program

given by our Sunday school.

There were palms and ferns; there were white Easter lilies that looked like stars smiling through the green; there were sweet flower-faces of the happy children. Some of these children were very small, some were larger, others were still larger, some standing quite six feet. There were so many, small and large, that the rooms were filled.

The children sang beautiful songs and recited pretty verses. There was a canary hiding in the palms, and he also took part in the gladness; as the children sang, he sang. Those who understand bird-

language say that the bird's sorg was:

Alleluia! To all worlds, greeting, and joy: Christ in us is risen to everlasting life!

So the children sang to the canary, and the canary sang to the children in happy Unity, while outside the sun was sending down his message, Alleluia! and the swelling lilac buds and tender grass sang Alleluia!

To the delight of everyone, there was a live rabbit present. He was a splendid, large rabbit, and he had brightly colored eggs by the dozen and by the score. There were also a large number of small rabbits, and the large rabbit gave each little child one of the little rabbits and one of the brightly colored eggs.

2

Our little correspondents are sending in most helpful letters. The world is all right, and there are many who know its all-rightness. Our little Practical Christians have always known this and are not going to forget. They are leading the world to Christ.



Young folk's Magazine Devoted to Practical Christianity

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May, 1907.

Gentle May has come among us,

Bringing blossoms in each hand,

Smiling brightly,

Tripping lightly,

Breathing softly o'er the land.

May bells ring,

May birds sing,

To welcome May, last month of spring.

folly Boy: Gee whiz! WER WIZ.

Is the best little mag. there is!

Careful Mamma: Don't use slang, dear.

Sounds like bang! dear,
From bottled soda fizz.

But Wee Wisdom is the best "little mag." we know of, and not only jolly boys, but dainty little girls find something in it that appeals to them; and sometimes "children of a larger growth" are interested in the "deep things" that the children understand so easily.

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