

WEE WISDOM

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



Vol. XII. FEBRUARY 1908. No. 7.
KANSAS CITY, MO.

Mother Goose Rhymes

For Twentieth Century Boys and Girls.



THE YOUNG MOTHER WHO LIVES IN A SHOE

*There is a young mother
Who lives in a shoe;*

*She has many children,
Yet knows what to do.*

*She gives them nice milk
With plenty of bread,*

*Then hears their prayers softly
And tucks them in bed.*

—L. H. H., Topeka.



VOL. XII.

FEBRUARY, 1908.

No. 7

THE STORY OF LOVIE: OR, ESTABLISHING IDEALS.

MYRTLE FILLMORE

CHAPTER VI.

TRIXEY'S LETTER HOME

DEAR FATHER, MOTHER, GRACE AND AUNT JOY —
Just to think of it! Your little TrixeY is installed mistress of the dearest home that ever blessed a woman's heart. I am happy, oh, so happy! it seems as if one little heart could not contain the joy I feel, and so Jack offers his big one to help me out.

I wonder were the first couple as happy in their Eden as we in ours. You should see ours. Our home is the most marvelous creation you ever beheld. Ned has carried into its architecture all the *woodsey* effects of these little wilds, without interfering at all with the elegance and comfort of a city home. I was wild with joy when I first beheld it, and so was Jack. One surprise after another awaited us till we were in a perpetual state of exclamation. To find Jainey Smith here installed as housekeeper, and everything going on just like it does at home, with nothing left unthought of! And then to think, it is *our* home — Jack's and mine! Where can I find words great enough to praise the munificent Giver! It is as if everything I had ever dreamed of or wished for had found its way to this home of Jack's and mine.

I am writing this letter in my little boudoir — Ned

calls it "Queen Trixey's throne room," whatever he means by that. It is a dream of loveliness, and I suspect has been finished in white in remembrance of my childish love for Aunt Susan's pretty white room. The doors are cherry with tall mirrors in them, the rest of the woodwork is creamy white. And oh, the decorations are so exquisitely delicate one might fancy an angel had plucked her wings to give softness and beauty to it all. The same old feeling comes over me of the Great Brooding Whiteness that soothes and blesses, and shall at last wrap humanity about and heal it of its sorrows and pain.

Through the open window comes the songs of the wood birds. Such freedom and happiness as they express! We call them our little neighbors, and Jack really believes all these wood creatures take a personal interest in us and our affairs. They have never been frightened or interfered with and so are fearless, and whenever we go about outside, we have a retinue of them in attendance, and Jack really thinks they understand everything he says to them; for you know they have been comrades all his precious life. It is really very interesting to watch them, and I am beginning to find out that in some ways they manifest more intelligence than man.

We are getting very close to Nature, and we feel that she is adopting us. I am reminded of Grace's idea about Nature being Mother-God. I believe it is a true one. Think of the wonderful motherliness which manifests in her bending skies and cradling earth, and the soft lullabys she sings through rustling trees and babbling brooks. And then her great providing breasts, nourishing alike all the children of earth regardless of race or color. Yes, Grace, darling, you were right; God is not a bachelor.

Fairy tales are without interest and color compared with our living realities. Just to think of "Wiseman's Wildwood," that is the name Jack and I have decided on for our home, having all these years eluded the clutches of the greedy world and nestled here in undisturbed naturalness, just waiting for Jack and me! *For Jack and me*, oh, my heart is so full it would seem at this moment God's completeness is ours and there is nothing more to wish. But the "bright ideal still glows down upon us," and we know there is more to follow. And we also know, that the only way to keep happiness is to give it away. You will see some of these days Jack's ideals and mine reaching out until they include every living creature.

But I have not told you of the prattling young brook that has found its way into our wildwood. You remember it has always been a fancy of mine that running water and my soul had some common joy. Well, Tom Sams has contrived to gratify this fancy, and through some magic maneuver or legerdemain, has brought into visibility the dearest little stream down in the south end. It looks as if it had its source in a hidden spring under a great rock, and as it flows forth into the bed of white sand, it ripples and murmurs and nestles among the ferns and cresses, and then meanders along through little knolls and fringing bushes as naturally as if it were a born child of the woods. And I am inclined to believe its prattling presence has become not only a joy and pleasure to the wood folk, but a contribution to their necessities.

It was Jack's father who insisted upon carrying out Tom's plans for this thing of my dreams, and he really seemed as much delighted as Tom over its success.

He is so lovely to us. He comes every day to see us, and though Ned says he called our pretty home "a little hut" once, yet now I know he thinks it beautiful. There's something in the atmosphere of it he does not understand, and yet his hungry soul delights itself in it.

Jack says he is so changed, and Ned dates it from the time he first ran across that picture of Grace's. Ned says it made such a wonderful impression upon him that after he had spent half an hour with it he was not the same man.

Jack thinks it the most wonderful picture that ever was painted. He says it almost breathes, and he can hardly comprehend that it is the work of our little Grace. But we know the Great Genius waits to do the bidding of whosoever will. And our Grace is versed in the "open sesames" of mind and soul.

Although we have found no wood nymphs about the place, it seems there are gnomes and brownies a-plenty. Jack called me out a while ago to see some of them. He had three waiting. You should have seen them! Pinkey, Pigeontoe and Crutches. Pinkey comes first, that's his nature, and his name I judge is derived from the shock of red hair he uncovered in my honor. Pigeontoe, as his name indicates, toes in, and the other, Crutches, is a little cripple. Pinkey is a character, with the brightest eyes and quickest mind imaginable, but his language is something terrible. Why, I couldn't understand a thing he meant, and Jack was convulsed with laughter over it and declared I would soon get used to street parlance, but I'm sure I don't want anything of that kind, and I shall undertake teaching them English right away. Pigeontoe is more common, but his speech is a little more comprehensible; still he needs lessons in English, too.

Crutches' pathetic little face goes right to my heart. He seems refined, too, and speaks correctly. Judge my surprise when he lifted his great blue eyes to mine and said, "Miss Wiseman, I'm going to be well, like Mr. Ned some day." And then the child proceeded to open his heart to me. His faith is beautiful, and he has fine ideals, and oh, I am so glad we shall be able to help him realize them. He thinks Pinkey the most wonderful boy on earth, and I'm rather interested in him myself, when he learns to talk decently. I think I'll start right in teaching them. Jack wants to know if he shall clear out the garage or build an academy for my school. I think, for the present, the shade of the big oak will answer.

Such a long letter as I have written you, and yet I have only just skimmed over what there is to tell. Can't you come, all of you, soon, and see for yourselves this wonderful paradise of Jack's and mine?

Ever with fond love, in which Jack joins me,

I am your

TRIXEY.

(To be continued.)

VALENTINE TIME

*The little God of Love, with pink-tipped
wings,
Is doing now all sorts of pleasant things.
To all the Wee Ones' hearts good cheer
he brings,
And love and gladness with the song
he sings.*

— B.



Wisdom is the direct road to all good.



SERIES VI

THE SILENT LIE

BESSIE EVANS PITTINGER

The school exercises were over, and the two children sat in front of the big brick fireplace talking over the events of the great day.

Washington's birthday was always an event of importance in the children's school life, and for days before they had been practicing in preparation for the exercises until each child was fairly alive to the glory and honor due the American hero. And now it was over, and Sallie was saying as she lay on the floor watching the fire:

"There were only four pieces about the hatchet this time."

"Yes, and only three songs," said Lois.

"I wonder why people think it was such a great thing for George Washington to tell his father the truth," mused Sallie.

"I suppose it was because he thought his father was going to whip him for being bad," answered Lois. "I don't believe I'd tell the truth if I knew I was going to be whipped, do you?"

"I don't know," said Sallie, I think I would, but it might not be so easy when the time came. I'm glad father and mother don't punish us when we're bad.

I'm afraid I should want to tell what wasn't true all of the time, if they did."

As mother came into the room Lois asked — "Do you think it is always easy to tell the truth, mother?"

"No, dear, I think it is very hard at times." "Do all people find it hard?" asked Sallie.

"Yes, I think every one finds its hard, for you see there are so many ways of telling an untruth."

"Why, I thought there was only one way," said Lois. "How many ways are there?"

"O, so many ways, I could not think of them all," answered mother. "Some people tell a lie because they are afraid of punishment; some because they want the approval of their friends; some people tell lies to injure others, and this I think is the worst kind of a lie, and brings bitter sorrow to the one who tells it; and then one can tell a lie by just keeping quiet."

"Why, mother!" said Sallie in surprise, "how can a person tell a lie by just keeping quiet?"

"Well, let me see — once upon a time there was a school teacher who told her scholars that the ones being perfect in spelling every day for a month should have their names written upon the blackboard in colored chalk. These names should stay there until the end of the term and the scholar having his name there the greatest number of times should, at the close of school, be rewarded with a silver medal

Now this was not a very good plan, for we should do our best always, and not work for a reward. We should do good for good's sake. But this teacher, though a very good woman, had not yet learned this. Now you know that when one thing is done wrong, it sets in motion many things that are wrong, and so it was in this case.

This contest made the children nervous and excit-

able. It encouraged an unkind spirit of rivalry and was the direct cause of jealousy and evil thoughts, for little people are not always strong to resist evil. Older people should be very careful to guard children from dangers until such time as they grow in wisdom and strength.

Each day, in a fever of excitement, the spelling tablets were taken from the desks and for a quarter of an hour hearts beat quick and heads grew dizzy until the bright spots of red burned the cheeks, and hands grew cold with anxiety.

Each child passed his spelling blank to the child in front of him, to be corrected and then returned to its owner.

There was a great deal of rivalry among the class, many tears were shed, many a restless little head tossed about on its pillow at night. Mothers wondered why their children's faces were pale and their eyes so bright, why their meals were uneaten and what made them so cross and fretful. The money spent for medicine to undo these evils would have been sufficient to purchase a silver medal for every child in school.

Thus the term grew to its close and two names were ahead of all others.

The end of the month would decide the matter, and the end was but three days off, and Hattie and Mary were so far even.

Those who had dropped behind in the race were care-free and happy, but the two little contestants were keyed to the highest pitch of excitement.

How one medal was to be divided between the two, no one could guess until Miss Myers said she would get two medals if the girls were even. The second day neither missed and the third and last day the les-

son was oh, so easy, that both girls felt sure of success. The spelling blanks were handed back after correction both marked one hundred, and with a sigh of relief the girls felt that the race was over and won.

As Mary glanced at her blank before putting it away, her heart seemed to stop and grow cold, a cruel pain seemed to grasp her tight until she could not stir. The teacher's voice sounded far away and all things grew confused. There, plainly before her eyes, lay her spelling blank with a misspelled word that Nellie, in the seat in front of her, had failed to correct. What should she do? She would lose the medal if she told. She looked around to see if any one else had noticed it. The paper seemed to burn her hand, so she slipped it in the desk out of sight! But the word seemed to be shouting at her "you left off the 'e,' you left off the 'e.'" "I'll take the blank home and burn it up," she told herself, "I knew that the 'e' should be there, so it isn't exactly as if I missed."

Mary went home a very unhappy little girl, and seemed so ill and broken-down that her father wanted to send for the doctor and her mother made her take some quinine to break up her fever.

Next day her father did not want her to go to school, but her mother said, "As this is the last day and it would break her heart not to be there to receive her medal, she had better go, and I'll give her another dose of quinine before she goes to bed tonight."

Every one was talking of the last day, of their recitations and songs, but most of all were they anxious to see the silver medals and some girls ran up to Mary as she neared the school house, and asked her if she was not glad and happy over her success.

The exercises were almost over when Miss Myers

took her two shining silver medals from their boxes and was about to speak, when a little figure darted out of her seat and up the aisle. It was Mary, with white face and quivering mouth — "O Miss Myers, I thought I wanted it bad enough not to tell, but I don't want it this way. I couldn't touch it, because it isn't mine. I missed in spelling yesterday and — and —" but Mary never finished for tears blinded her eyes and choked her voice.

And so that is the way Mary kept from telling a silent lie and won the love and respect of all her school friends.

"Wasn't she awfully brave? I don't see how she could have done it," said Sallie.

"I don't like that story, mother," said Lois, "it's so sort of 'pressing,' and makes me feel bad."

"And just to think that she knew about the 'e' and just forgot to put it in," sighed Sallie, "such a little mistake."

"We suffer for our mistakes in this world, and through them we often learn our sweetest and best lessons. The plan of this life is development, and if we made no mistakes our development would be slow. Wilful disobedience is the only thing that can work us harm."

"But to think that she didn't get the medal," lamented Lois.

"Ah, but she did," smilingly answered mother. "Mary had a birthday party not long after that and when her friends and classmates arrived, Miss Myers made a speech and presented, in the name of her schoolmates and teacher, a gold medal with the words 'honor' and 'truth' engraved upon it."

SERIES VII.

SALLIE'S STORY AND POEM

It was one of those wet, rainy days before New Year's when it isn't really cold, but still a good log fire is a real comfort. Sallie lay before the big brick fireplace, paper on the floor in front of her and her lead pencil in her mouth, with the rubber well chewed.

"What do you do when you can't think of any more to write to a poem, mother?"

"You stop," answered her mother with a gleam of amusement in her eyes.

"Well how long ought a real poem to be?" asked the child.

"As long as you have anything to say," was the answer.

"Well, I have a story and a poem that I have written, but the poem doesn't look long enough for a real one."

"Let me see them, dear, and remember that when you write either a story or a poem, you want to say all you have to say, but use as few words as possible. It is quality that is needed, not quantity."

This is what Sallie had written, while she lay before the big brick fireplace:

ROSY.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Rosy.

Now Rosy was a good little girl, but sometimes she was bad.

Of course, we are all bad sometimes; when *she* was bad she was like the little girl who had a little curl:

Taere was a little girl,
Who had a little curl
That hung right down on her forehead.
And when she was good,
She was very, very good,
And when she was bad she was horrid.

One day Rosy went over to spend the day with some friends. "Be sure to come home when it's five o'clock," called her mother from the window, as Rosy left the gate.

Now today I am sorry to say Rosy was a bad little girl.

She walked by the fields until she came to a farm house where Mary and Mildred greeted her, and then they went into the house. Toys of all kinds they had! "Mama said we could go into the field and play," said Mildred. So they left their dolls and went into the field and played hide-and-seek until Mary said, "Let's get on the horse and run a race."

Now Rosy's mother had told her to play nicely and not get on the horses, but she did. And when her time came she went home.

I do not think she loved her mother very much; do you?

Christ said, "If ye love me ye will keep my commandments."

SALLIE'S POEM

*I'm going to be as good as gold,
This bright and happy year,
And keep away the bad thoughts
And keep the good right near.
I'm going to go to bed at night,
Without a single fear.*

*Folks say there is a bad man,
That comes around at night,*

*And fills our eyes with sand,
Until they're out of sight;
But I won't fear him a single bit,
Because God's right near.*

*Folks say there is a goblin,
That comes around at night,
And takes you up the chimney,
Until you're stiff with fright.
But I know God, and he knows me,
And so I'm safe as safe can be.*

*Such foolish, foolish notions,
As there are on earth today;
But we're on God's path,
The only right way.*



SALLIE AND LOIS AWAY FROM HOME.

Primer Page

RHYMES FOR REAL CHILDREN

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT

A is angelic young Alice
Who lives in a wonder-
ful palace,
She never would cry
Or tease for the pie;
'Tisthus she can live in a palace.

B is for bountiful Bess
Whom we all love to
caress.
She is good and she's wise,
With sweet smiling eyes;
And so we all love little Bess.

C is for cutelittle "Cholley,"
Who went for fun on the
trolley,
But he came down too soon,
For the man in the moon
Had invited him up to be jolly.

D stands for dear little Dave
Who tried all the side-
walks to pave,
So his pockets with tar
He bulged out so far
'Till his mother cried, "O,
little Dave."

E is entertaining Miss Edie
 Who never was known
 to be greedy,
 She will give all her pie
 To the poor that go by,
 And dances and sings for the
 needy.

F is for fine little Frank
 Who owned a wonderful
 bank;
 It held many dimes,
 And he bought valentines
 Enough to fill up a tank.

G is for gay little Glad
 Who never was known
 to be sad;
 Her mouth and her eyes
 Are upturned to the skies,
 And so she is called little Glad.

H is for good little Harro,
 Who once rode in a
 wheelbarrow.
 He heard a loud crash,
 O my, what a smash !
 Out fell the boy in the barrow.

I is for good little Issie
Who always was known to
be busy,
The baby she'll tend,
And knows how to mend;
This good little girl named
Issie.

J stands for joyful Miss Josie
Who is as bright as a posie;
She learns every day,
And the people all say,
"A very smart girl is Miss
Josie."

K stands for kind little Kip
Who owned a most wonderful ship,
'Twas laden with gold,
From knowledge we're told,
You could have all you wanted
from Kip.

L stands for little Lucile
Who tried a big orange
to peel,
But the orange ran off,
Taking steps for the North,
And alone was left little Lucile.

M is a maiden called Maud
We know she is never
a fraud,

Her lessons she knows,
Can count her ten toes,
This mathematician named
Maud.

N is for good little Norman
Who wanted to be a big
foreman,
But all of us know
That a man he must grow,
Before he can be a big foreman.

O stands for good little
Ollie,
Who owned a wonderful
Polly
That could sing and could say,
In a very fond way,
"I love you, my sweet little
Ollie."

P stands for pure little Pearl
You know she's a very
good girl;
She is growing so sweet,
That her friends all repeat,
We all love our dear little Pearl.

Q is for quaint little Queen
Who found a most wonderful bean,
She planted it soon
By the light of the moon.
O where is that wonderful
bean!

R is for roguish young Russ
Who tried to ride on a
buss,
But the whip sounded crack!
And young Russ, alack!
Came down from that very
high buss.

S is for smiling young Sid
Who wouldn't be called a
kid,
He could stand on his head,
Somersault on the bed,
This boy by the name of Sid.

T is for timid young Tom
Who wished to live on a
farm,
But the cows scared him so
That he wanted to go,
So he ran from nothing—
called harm.

U stands for cheerful Miss
 Une
 Who sings a very sweet
 tune,
 The piano she'll play
 In a wonderful way,
 This gay little lady, Miss Une.

V is for lively Miss Vick
 Who never was known
 to be sick,
 She'll laugh and will say,
 In a very sweet way,
 "Come be cheered by your
 Vick."

W is for wise master Will
 Who hadn't much use
 for a pill.
 He never was sad,
 But lively and glad,
 "For joy is my healer," said
 Will.

X Y Z

ALSIE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

"Dear little Alsie," grandma wrote, "you must write and tell me what you wish for a birthday present." And Alsie thought and thought, for it was a very important matter, and she did not want to make a mistake. For a while she ran her pencil over the page without making a mark, and finally she wrote:—

"Dear grandma,— I believe I want a little gold necklace more than anything else. It costs ten dollars. I believe I want it as much as mama wants a new set of teaspoons."

Grandma smiled when she read the letter; but she sent Alsie ten dollars, telling her she could buy the necklace or anything else. "Because I know," wrote grandma, "that sometimes little people change their minds."

"I don't change my mind when I've got ten dollars to buy a gold necklace," said Alsie, and she ran off to the jeweler's. But, while she was standing at the counter waiting for the clerk, she saw laid out in the case before her the prettiest set of teaspoons, and she thought, "I wish mama had them!"

"The price is ten dollars," said the clerk, but they're worth it." And he took out the spoons.

"I want to look at the little gold necklace," said Alsie, bashfully. She held the necklace in her hand, but again her blue eyes sought the silver spoons. "I believe," she said softly, "I'll take the spoons."

It was a happy little girl who ran home carrying the teaspoons, a happy little girl who handed them to her surprised mama, and a happy little girl who wrote:

"Dear Grandma,— I know you won't care when I tell you that I spent the ten dollars buying lovely little teaspoons for mama and all of us, instead of getting the necklace just for myself. I send you a thousand thanks from everybody and a special birthday kiss from your little grand-daughter, ALSIE."

And grandma did not mind at all.—*Louise R. Baker in "Jewels."*

EPISTLES

FAIRVILLE, PA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Inclosed find subscription filled so you can continue your visits for another year. I did not expect to take you but one year, but I love you so well that I want you to keep on visiting me, for you cause me "to inherit substance," and you will surely fill my treasure. Your stories teach us to love nature and God's creatures that dwell therein. Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons teach us, to be kind and loving to everybody. The "Story of Lovie" is the nicest story I ever read. I enjoyed "Ye Editor's letter to WEE WISDOM" very much and I will try to make a joyful Christmas for everybody, and help WEE WISDOM along. I worked out Blanche's puzzle and found it spelled "Christmas." Christmas certainly is a cheery time, but if we scatter sunshine and sing songs like the snowbirds every day will be filled with cheerfulness. A Happy New Year to all.

SHIRLEY T. SWAYNE.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR MISS BLANCHE—I think I have found the word which the letters represent in the December WEE WISDOM, which is "Christmas." Christmas is the time when the Christ-child was born, and he was born in Bethlehem of Judea. There was a star which led the shepherds to the Christ-child who laid in a manger, Christ is in our hearts. He makes us happy. He came on Christmas to teach us how to live and love, be happy and joyful all the time. Your loving Wee.

LUCRETIA TWIG.

HAWTHORNE, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I am nine years old. I go to the Hawthorne school and I am in the fifth grade. I have a sister five years old and a brother almost three. My sister does not go to school. I enjoy reading WEE WISDOM very much. I especially like to read Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons. I am going to try to get some of my little friends to take WEE WISDOM. I think some of them will. I am very glad to take t. From your loving little Wee.

MARJORIE STUART.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—My mother has given me the dear little magazine of WEE WISDOM for a Christmas present for 1908. I would very much like to belong to the Christmas Circle, mentioned in the December number. I will try very hard to make a success of it and hope that I will. With love to all the little Wees, I am your very much interested reader.

FREDRICA ATWOOD.

[We are glad to add your name to our "Christmas Circle." Please, always put full address on every letter to WEE WISDOM—Ed.]



CONWAY, S. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little girl seven years old next June 13th. I enjoy reading WEE WISDOM or hearing it read. My sister Ruth reads it for me. I live out on a farm. I have a pet cat. His name is Ben, and a dear sweet little doll and a toy stove. I am looking for Santa Claus to bring me another this Christmas. Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year, I am your loving friend,

GUSSIE EDGE.

P. S.—Will look for this in next month's paper.—G. E.



CONWAY, S. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am twenty-two, but I am still a Wee. I am always glad to see WEE WISDOM come. I love to read it and I dearly love the pictures. The December number had such sweet pictures. Baby Ella Marvel I love too. WEE WISDOM always brings cheer in the home. I enjoy reading the story of Santa Claus. It is all very good. Well, as this is my first letter, I will close. With lots of love to Mrs. Fillmore and the dear little Wees, I wish you a happy New Year. Your loving friend,

RUTH EDGE.



CHATFIELD, MINN.

DEAR WEE SISTERS—This is my first letter to you. I am in the second grade at school, and I am eight years old. I like WEE WISDOM very much, and I like the stories very much. I read the poem about cheerfulness that Blanche wrote, and think the nine letters form the word "Christmas." I have a little sister five and a half years old, and when a new WEE WISDOM comes I read all the letters from the other Wees to her. Love to all.

MARION JORGENSEN.

CRANDON, WIS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I here inclose fifty cents for you to come and visit me another year, because you are so nice. I may be a little late for the January number, but I would like to get it, if possible. I do not want to lose one paper. My brother Alonzo is home from Oshkosh Normal on his vacation. I am still your Wee,
JOY RIGGS.



PASADENA, CAL.

DEAR MISS BLANCHE—My papa ordered WEE WISDOM for me and mama read the Thanksgiving story, and that made me wash the dishes for my mama, which I never did in my life before, and I lighted the gas to make hot water, which I never did before. I was scolded when mama came home for spilling water on the floor. In the last paper my papa read me the story of the Princess Beautiful and your puzzle, and I found the name "Christmas" in it. Wishing you and all the Wees a Happy New Year,
CELIA STEIN.

(Seven years and nine months old, second grade.)



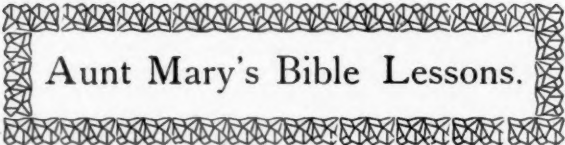
KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write a small letter, because I have taken the WEE WISDOM almost a year. I go to school and my teacher's name is Miss Thompson. I like the verse of "The Lilies Look Like Me." I am a Wee Wisdom, and like to read the WEE WISDOM book, only I have trouble with my eyes and would like for some one to give me absent treatments. I hope the Wee Wisdoms had a Merry Christmas, and wish them a happy New Year. With love, from
EUNICE KAISER.

[God's happy life fills your eyes.—ED.]

*When the voice of you is singing
Happy songs in joyful rhyme;
When the hands of you are doing
Deeds of goodness all the time;
Then the heart of you'll be ringing
With love's everlasting chime.*

— B.



Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons.

LESSON 5. FEBRUARY 2.

Jesus the Savior of the World.—John 3:1-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*—John 3:16.

This is the first part of the New Year, and a very good time to begin and act as if we really believed in God, and, that we are his children. Every one, not only Jesus, is God's son, but Jesus really believed he was God's son, and lived so truly that people now call him God. We may all be God-like if we will live truly as children of the Great Love Principle.

The Great Love Principle is the everywhere Love, and you and I both dwell in it, whether we think so or not; but thinking of love and being loving makes us happier, and then we know we are in the kingdom of heaven right here. Our work as God's children is to make heaven upon earth. This may be done by thinking love, and speaking in a truly kind manner to all, and by being contented with all that we have.

This is the way we may help save the world from its sin, by being true ourselves. That will show others how to be true without any preaching. You may be as a bright and shining light wherever you go, if you are always thinking how you may do good and serve some one else in love. This will not be very hard if you are loving God, the Good. It is not by preaching and talking and telling others what they ought to do that you serve the Truth, or help; it is by keeping still and always doing the right thing yourself, then will you be a shining light.

LESSON 6. FEBRUARY 9.

Jesus and the Woman of Samaria.—John 4:1-42.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink.*—John 7:37.

The word *thirst* in the text, means really to want; so if we want anything very much we may ask God for understanding, and be wise with Jesus, then we will feel satisfied and not be thirsty again.

The woman at the well recognized the thirst in Jesus. She saw that he had the truth. She believed his words for he told her

about herself, things she thought no one knew. She had never seen Jesus before, so at first she took him to be a prophet because of his words of wisdom.

The truth springs up within us just like a well of living water, and if we know that we have this truth within and are conscious always of that holy love in our heart we will not thirst. That was the well of living water Jesus spoke of to the woman, and that was the water he could give her if she asked it of him. We must ask to receive. If we ask, that proves we have faith, and that asking helps us to know that we already have the gift of God.

God's gift is love, and love is with all those children that believe in love and act as loving children should act.

LESSON 7. FEBRUARY 16.

Jesus Heals the Nobleman's Son.—John 4:43-54.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*The man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him, and he went his way.*—John 4:50.

It is well to believe, for to believe with all your heart that a thing is so, is to have faith.

The nobleman had faith in Jesus. He believed him to be a wonderful healer, so he went to him and begged him to come and heal his son.

When Jesus told him to go home, that his son lived, that he was well again, the nobleman knew Jesus spoke truly, he had faith in his word, and so his son was healed. He began to recover at that very hour.

When we ask God to heal us from our belief in sickness, if we have great faith and know that it is done that minute, we will at once begin to get well and feel stronger. But we must forget the sick feeling entirely, and think only of God. Ministers and preachers say God wants all of our heart, not a little bit, and this is true. We must think altogether of the Good and only expect the pleasant things, for God sends only good to his children. We give God all our heart when we put all our faith in him, and know that his power is ours just as it was Jesus'. Jesus said to his disciples "Follow thou me," and "Heal the sick," and we are his disciples today, so we also are commanded to follow him and to heal the sick. We can do these things if we have faith. Jesus had faith. He believed that the Father worked through him. Love worked through Jesus and made people well.

If we love we also are an open door for Love to work through, for Love is God, and God is Love.

LESSON 8. FEBRUARY 23.

Jesus at the Pool of Bethesda — John 5:1-18

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Himself took our infirmities and bear our sickness.*—Matt. 8:17.

No one can bear our sickness for us, not even Jesus, so Matthew could not have meant the words of the text. Every one must bear his own troubles, for everyone makes his own mistakes whatever they may be. Sickness is not always caused by wrong doing — that is a great mistake to suppose.

Here is another case of Jesus' healing. He said to the man at the pool, "Rise take up thy bed and walk," and the man was made whole. If the man had been unwilling to obey Jesus, he would not have been healed. It is those who obey willingly and quickly who are quickly healed. Complaining persons, and those who fret always, do not get well so quickly.

Blanche's Corner.



It seems to me that the whole world is filled with perfume now-a-days and when I shut my eyes, why! the most beautiful and delicate tint of pink waves floats and ripples before my inner vision, so that I don't want to open them again. I wondered for a long time what it was, but now I think I have found out. You all know what pink stands for, don't you? Love, of course,

and isn't the world just full of love all the time, and most of all just now because it's Valentine time? Why, there's so much love going around that we just can't help feeling it. Every heart is full to overflowing, and we show it by sending love thoughts to each other in the shape of valentines. That reminds me of a

VALENTINE STORY

A few years ago I knew a little girl who had awful

cross spells. She would get so angry that nobody knew what to do with her. One beautiful Valentine morning as she awakened, her mother knew by the look on her daughter's face that an angry thought had taken possession of her heart. The mother did all she could to bring a smile to the little face; gave her just what she liked for breakfast, and everything, but it seemed to do no good. Along in the middle of the morning, this little red-haired, pouting girl had to go on an errand. As she walked along, looking down (she looked down, because she didn't want to see the sunshine or any of the pretty things in the world) she saw a little envelope. It was much crumpled, as though it had been tucked away in a tiny pocket, and had slipped out when the owner was running down the street. The little girl picked it up, and as it had been opened, she peeped inside. Putting her hand carefully in, she drew out the contents, and what do you suppose it was? Why, a tiny heart-shaped valentine, with those words printed in the middle:

"I love you."

"Isn't that just beautiful?" our little girl cried, forgetting to frown. She ran home as fast as she could to show it to mother.

"Oh dear, I wish it was for me," she sighed after mother had exclaimed over its beauties.

"To whom is it addressed?" asked mama. Together they examined the envelope carefully.

"Nobody," was the child's eager reply.

"Or everybody," said mama. "I think," she continued, "that it is meant for you to read, and then pass on."

The girlie's face was a wee bit sorrowful, as she

said, "Then I must pass it on to Bessie, and tell her to pass it on to Evelyn, and"—

"No, not necessarily," said mother, "but you must be so loving and kind to your friends that they in turn will be loving and kind to everyone else, and in that way you pass the good along. You might pin the little heart on the wall to remind you to be always sweet and loving."

And that little red-haired girl, although she is not so small now, is still trying to pass along the love she received that day, and she passes it to you now as a valentine:



I love you, one and all,
From the greatest to
the small.
I love you all, both dark
and fair,
Every Wee-one every-
where.

*They say when you're going to be saucy
To stop and to count to ten.
'Tis best to say, "I love you."
You can't be angry then.*

— BLANCHE.

"Who lovest most is nearest kin to God."



"Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness,
and all her paths are peace."

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A Valentine for You

*What a queer little, dear little fairy I see,
All pinky and soft and round;
I see it now in the eyes of you,
Then it leaps into mine with a bound.
How beautifully soothing its presence is;
It's as light as an airy feather,
And if you give it room in your heart,
It will stay through all sorts of weather.
Of course, if it's going to stay with you,
This pure little, sweet little dove,
You'll want to know what its name might be;
I'll whisper, "It's name is LOVE."*

— BLANCHE.

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IMPORTANT!

IS THERE A BLUE CROSS ON ME?

If there is a blue mark across this notice it is because you have forgotten to invite WEE WISDOM to continue her visits to you. You must not miss her *this year*, for she has planned many treats for her readers, great and small.

"I, Wisdom, cause those who love me to inherit substance; and I will fill their treasury."