WEE WISDOM

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

Vol. XII. MARCH 1908. No. 8, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Mother Goose Rhymes

For Twentieth Century Boys and Girls.



THE PEOPLE ARE COMING TO TOWN

Hark! hark! the dog's glad bark!
The people are coming to town!
All in health and all in wealth,
Without a single frown.

- L. H. H., Topeka.

If you love your work it will turn into play, And you'll laugh with joy the livelong day.



Vol. XIII.

MARCH, 1908.

No. 8

THE STORY OF LOVIE;

MYRTLE FILLMORE

CHAPTER VII.

MORE IDEALS

HE dial of the year has turned thrice round since the coming of our king and queen.

Spring has spread again her green tents in the woodland kingdom; again awakened her sleeping beauties; again recalled her feathered orchestra from the southland and set astir the pulses of glad life in all her creatures.

So much like that other spring seems this one, you would never know from anything apparent it were not the same. No change in song of bird, or hum of bee, or hue of flower, or rustling leaf. No trace of the three intervening years has record here. The seasons are God's calendar, the years, man's measure of events.

But, while yet we meditate, two boyish figures bound into sight and make a race for the big oak. "I touched it first," was the joyful shout of the winner.

"All right," cheerily called out his fellow, "those legs will fetch you every time," and unable to express their exuberance of spirit otherwise, the two boys locked in the embrace of a wrestle and rolled on the soft sward. There's something strangely familiar about these two boys, that bright poll bobbing up and down on the grass strongly resembles Pinkey's, and those big blue eyes are very like Crutches, but then these boys are clean and well dressed and would raise their hats and speak to you in good English, you are quite sure of that; then, too, they are both strong and well, and there is no sign of crutches.

As if to answer our puzzle, the bright-haired boy leaves off with his romping and setting himself up

against the big oak calls out-

"I say, Crutches," then recalling himself he jumps to his feet and bumps his head three times against the oak tree, with the self-admonition, "now, I guess you'll remember," then turning to his blue-eyed companion he explained, "I didn't go to do it, for I promised Miss Wiseman I never would call you that old name again, and I'll bump harder than that if I ever do, but, I'll never forget again, you see if I do! She told me the story of King Richard so's to help me remember, always, "Richard is himself again."

"Oh you're all right, Philip," replied blue eyes, "a little slip like that's nothing. I'm strong and well, and if the boys should call me that I wouldn't mind

it now.

"Well, they'd better not. They can call me Pinkey as much as they like, but they'd better let you alone, and a double fist beat into the air.

Richard laid a gentle hand on the clenched fist and stayed it in its course.

"Philip, you musn't be like Simon Peter, he was always ready to fight for his Lord, but he couldn't stand the test of being still for him."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, there is more strength needed to bear than to fight. The doubled fist can't serve; it is the

open hand that can really help. I've had lots of thoughts about these things, when I've been alone and could do nothing but think. Oh, Philip, I am sure the dear Lord has been trying all the time to make me understand."

Not altogether able to comprehend his companion's speech, Philip eased his mind by saying, "I'm glad folks don't die of good." Then Richard laughed and Philip laughed and the distance between was lessened by mental fellowship.

In these boy-calendars we find the record of the three years that have slipped by since our last visit to "Wiseman's Wildwood," and it is plainly evident that Trixey's school has been a success.

But where is Trixey, and what have the years measured out to her and Jack? It would take a book to tell it all and then you would have to get close to the Great Heart to appreciate the efforts of these young souls to liberate and lift; to bless and enlighten all their lives have touched. The proud and the rich, as well as the lowly, have visited them, and have been blessed, for "Wiseman's Wildwood" has become a synonym for heaven to the city outside. And Trixey? You will find her in her "throne room," sitting at the feet of Aunt Joy rehearsing the wonderful events that have taken place in her new home and Jack's. And such a fellow as Jack is! Why, you could fill a book with the wonderful things that Jack has done in his profession, and Trixey glows with pride and pleasure as she relates how Jack refused a case that promised him, Oh, ever so much! just because he was offered the wrong side of it, and how lack persuaded another client not to take his case into court, but to put it into the hands of the Eternal Justice, and after it had worked out, Oh so wonderfully! he came around and give Jack a great big check, double what his fees would have been, and told him his advice had been worth a great deal more than that to him, for it had saved him his friends, his peace of mind and his faith in divine Justice. And so Trixey went on enumerating the virtues of her wonderful husband while Aunt Joy's heart drank in her sweet confidence and rejoiced in the harvest that had come from the sowing of these happy truths in the Day home when Trixey was a little girl.

Then followed more sacred passages from her life and Jack's. Aunt Joy softly stroked the shining hair of her neice and whispered—"Blessed art thou among women." Trixey's head bowed for a moment on Aunt Joy's lap and then rising to her feet she stood before Aunt Joy, her soft clinging garments half revealing, half concealing the nature of her joy. Never has artist or poet expressed by brush or pen the divine Annunciation as did Trixey standing there with the tremulous light of a dawning realization radiating her face and form, her eyes uplifted and her hands crossed upon her breast. Aunt Joy gazed upon her in silent adoration. Surely the "handmaid of the Lord" was never more divinely overshadowed.

A moment more the spell was broken, and Trixey flung herself into Aunt Joy's arms weeping out the emotions her soul could no longer control. A long silence followed and then I rixey's heart relieved itself in speech:

"It was a year ago when the dream first came to me. I thought I was sitting down by the little brook, when there arose from the water something that looked like a lily bud, and it floated toward me, the nearer it came the larger it grew and a strange joy filled me as I reached out my hand to take it, but before I touched it

the green calyx unfolded and a tiny child lay nestled within them. It was so beautiful my heart went out to it in longing. I begged the lily to give it to me, but a voice like the rippling of the waters answered, 'Some day;' then I awoke, but life seemed so incomplete after that, and my former ideals imperfect, and go where I would the image of that beautiful child haunted me. Jack wondered at my abstraction and everybody noticed I was changed, but I could not seem to help it, nor for a time could I tell Jack what it was. At last one day we were alone down by the little stream, and then I told him of my dream and how I was haunted by the beauty of that child. Dear Jack, he is so wise and loving! He put his arm about me and said, 'Why, Trixey, that was only another ideal for us to realize. We may call that beautiful child to us from its home in the Infinite Love, God has bestowed upon us the power to do so, and if our hearts are one in their agreement to such consummation, our sacrament of love will be the vital magnet that shall draw to us the soul of that beautiful child.' Oh, it was all so wonderful the way Jacl explained it, and then I understood the meaning of my dream and why it haunted me.

"Oh! Aunt Joy, such wonderful things have come to me since I have realized that it was given me to prepare a living garment for this beautiful expression of divine Love.

"I seem to know what Mary knew that kept her singing songs of ecstasy, and Jack and I have kept our bodies holy and our minds free from selfish thoughts, that we may become more worthy of our angel guest.

"And Oh, Aunt Joy, my dream is coming true, for nearer and nearer floating toward me on the stream of days, this beautiful child approaches, and 'some day' as the voice announced, the lily-bud will unfold for me."



SERIES VIII

"MARCH RHYMES"

BESSIE EVANS PITTINGER

"Tell us a story, mother, please do; we haven't anything to do, and it's just a nice time. See how nice and bright the fire is and hear how the old March wind howls." It was Sallie who spoke, but Lois, who pulled the big chair in front of the blazing fire, and found mother's foot-stool, said:

"See, mother, everything is ready now," and Lois took her accustomed seat upon the broad arm of the Morris chair.

How cozy and inviting it looked, and mother almost yielded to the temptation, but buttonholes are necessary to gingham aprons, and gingham aprons are necessary to little girls. "No," said she, "it isn't dark enough for the story fairies to get to work yet, and besides, you little girls must learn to amuse yourselves. There on top of that stand is some colored paper I saved for you, Lois. Get your scissors and cut out some of those pretty things you do at school. Sallie, you might get your pencil and tablet and write a story about the things Lois cuts out. If you both do your parts real well, I'll tell you a story in an hour; I know a fine story about a little boy whose name was David."

The children were soon at work, and a delightfully busy hour it was. Sallie wrote away, heedless of everything except her writing. Lois cut papers all over the floor, holding up now and then some object with the question, "Isn't that a good one, mother?"

"Yes, very; what is it?"

"Why can't you guess? It's just the shape ---"

" Is it a house?"

"A house! why mother! can't you see its head, it's just as plain."

"O yes, to be sure, well, let me see, it must be a little baby pig."

"It does look like a little pig, doesn't it? I guess that is what I'll have it for after all. I meant it for a chicken."

Sallie looked up and asked: "Do you think 'until' would rhyme with 'swell'?"

"I think you might take advantage of poetic license and make it do," was mother's serious answer.

All was silent for a few minutes, then a gust of wind blew around the corner of the house with a long mournful sob.

"O," said Lois, "I wonder if the poor March wind is cold, it seems to want to get in by the fire. I wonder what it says, mother?"

"It's the voice of the night
That broods outside.
When folk should be asleep.
And many and many's the time I've cried,
To the darkness brooding far and wide,
Over the land and over the deep:
'Whom do you want, Oh lonely night.
As you wail the long hours through'?
And the night would say,
In its ghostly way,
'Y-ou-u-u-u-u-u'."

quoted mother with a long-drawn, doleful moan on the last line.

That was too much for Lois, who climbed into her mother's lap, regardless of buttonholes or needle.

The twilight was beginning to deepen, the fireplace was a mass of red and yellow lights and shadows, and the three baked apples on the hearth filled the room with their delicious odor. "Now, three saucers, three spoons and a small pitcher of cream. I put it on the pantry shelf at noon. Oh, yes, sugar, of course; then we will hear what Sallie has written and then the story of David."

How the two girls scampered out into the kitchen and back! and sooner than can be told the group was again before the big brick fireplace, the apples disappearing in quick order.

How happy and cozy the scene! and the Spirit of Peace was upon that household, for had she not been an invited guest even at the laying of the foundation of that house? Had not the "Word" been spoken each day during the building? And now true to the "Word," sweet Peace stood guard at the doorways, and admitted only her friends, Love, Joy, Gladness and bright-winged Hope and Faith.

The wind howled and the fire blazed and crackled.

"Read your verses now, Sallie," said mother.

"The name of it is 'The Queen,' and I wrote it about the violet Lois cut out," and Sallie read:

THE QUEEN

She looked up in my face,
That modest violet blue,
And said, "O, do you love me?"
I whispered, "O, I do."

I found my pretty violet
Upon her couch so green,
While butter-cups and daisies,
Were 'round her in a ring.

I asked the flowers pretty, Why they were 'round her so; They said, "Because she's lovely, The loveliest one we know."

How very, very pretty, Was my little violet blue! With stem of green, and leaves like wings, She was the queen, I knew.

"It doesn't just rhyme good," said Lois, "and besides, I didn't cut that out for a violet; it was a rose."

"I had to 'make believe' to think it was anything," returned Sallie. You ought to be glad I got near enough to call it a flower at all. It is just as easy for you to pretend it's a violet now as it would have been for me to pretend it was a rose when I wrote my verse; and as for the rhyme, well, I don't think it sounds just right myself, but it wouldn't go together any other way. Mother, do you think I'll ever he able to write real good poetry? Do you think this is a good poem?

"The thought is good and the rhyme will come later," said mother. "The thought is always the important thing in either poetry or prose, and if writing is one of your God-given talents you need not worry about the rhyme. Just wait and listen in the silence and when the voice within bids you write, just obey. The rhyme will come of itself. The first English writer whose name we know was a man who had never written in his life until one night in the Silence he heard "Write, Cædmon," and he became our first known English writer. English literary men do not tell us that he expected and waited and listened for that voice; they do not tell us how he desired and prayed for the power to write, but we know he did, else he would never have heard that Voice. So, little girl, if you expect and hope and listen and never for a moment doubt, you, too, will hear the Voice and the

rhyme will take care of itself. Read the other verse now."

"O, I drather not; it's such a silly thing. I know you'd laugh," and Sallie was about to throw the second verse into the fire when Lois caught the paper. "No, sir, you will have to read it because it's about my heart, and I took lots of trouble with it," said Lois.

"All right, I'll read it and I don't care if you do laugh," and Sallie held out the cardboard heart upon which was written:

"When Love comes around,
He takes his quill,
And shoots right through us
With such skill.
That we don't know it's there, until
Our hearts begin to swell,
And then what joy awaits us!"

They all laughed, and mother remarked, "It sounds as if it might have been a tragedy."

"Love is a funny thing," said Lois, "the verse isn't very good but it might do for a valentine."

The deep shadows were gathering in the corners of the room, the glowing fire sent its dancing rays upon floor and ceiling and the group of three took tickets for Palestine via the Morris chair, there they heard the story of the little golden haired shepherd boy, who became a great and wise king.

A smile is better than a frown— A happy heart than a Golden crown.

"Love is never cross or rude; Love is ever kind and good."

PRIMER PAGE

[I noticed in last Wee Wisdom's Primer Page that the alphabet rhymes for X Y Z were not given. As soon as I saw it, it haunted me to finish out the letters, so here's the result.— C, G, R.]

X stands for all the unknown Whoare singing in gladsome tone, Till all the old earth Soundswith gladness and mirth

And echoes their wonderful tone.

tone.

Y is for You! yes, You, my dear,
We could not omit one so near.
Bless your dear little heart,
You are of our lives a part—
We all love you so. Do you hear?

Z is for Zeno and Zemma and Zella and Zeus, Ponies of mine of which I make use,

For Zeno oft carries me on his back,

And never once falters or leaves the track.

So this very last letter of all, you see,

Stands for Zeno, Zemma, Zella and me.

-ZEULA ZONG.



OUR YOUNG AUTHORS



GIRLIE

ROSE EVELYN FOLEY

(Australia.)

I know a dear little girl, and if you like I will tell you, or rather, write you, something about her. Of course, all little girls have names, (it would not do for them to go through life without names, would it? Well, this girl's name is May, and she is as sweet as any May flower. but she is always called "Girlie." She has golden brown hair, not long, but inclined to wave, and brown eyes, very soft and bright.

Her face may not be considered beautiful in form, but it is just the sweetest face imaginable, for its beauty lies in its expression, so sweet, innocent and tender. "Girlie" is just four years.

As I write I can see her through the window, playing among the flowers, picking up all the colored petals that had fallen, and putting them in her pinafore. I shall open the window and call her.

I have, and she has come to me, with a smile on her sweet baby face. I asked her what she was doing. She said, "Girlie picking up all ze young flowers," holding up the petals for my inspection. "Ain't zay pretty?" I laughed, and said, "yes," and told her to run and get some more.

"Girlie" is a Truth student and always treats away her small ailments. One day as she was trying to pull a tall lilly to her small height to smell its sweet scent, she unintentionally hurt a honey bee, who had alighted for a sip of nectar. The bee stung her chubby hand and she gave a little cry, then said, "Dod is my health" several times and it soon was better.

In fact, she had forgotten about it in five minutes. But, at tea, papa noticed a tiny mark on her hand, and said, "How did you get that mark, Girlie dear?" Girlie answered, "I hurted ze poor bee, and he bited me and Dod made it well."

She has a nice way of thinking for herself. Not long ago, mother gave her a bun to eat, she said "thank you, ma," and went off to play. However, she was not inclined to eat it then, so she put it out of Fido, her dog's, reach, for as she put it, "Fido will eat up all my bun, if he tan det it." Then she played with Fido, and, tired of that, went to visit her flowers, and after spending some time thus, she came across her bun. She began to think of the nice iced cake they had had, for tea yesterday, and wondered why, "buns ain't dot no icing." She thought awhile, then said, "I know! I'll put some icing on it," and away she went to the kitchen She did not know in the least how to do this, but after a while she spied some flour. "Now" she thought, "I'll mix ze flour with some milk and spread it on."

This she did, she mixed it carefully, then she spread it smoothly and it looked just like frosting.

Then she said, "I'll let it dry," and put it on the table; just then mother came into the kitchen and saw her daughter in such a mess she hardly knew her—flour all over her brown hair, turning it quite white, flour on her face and everywhere, and a big splash of milk on her clean dress. She was a comical sight.

Mama said, "whatever have you done, Girlie?"
Girlie told her "I made ze nice icing for my bun."
Mama laughed, and took her away and washed away
all traces of the flour and put on another clean dress.

So she did not eat her "nice iced bun" after all. Well, I cannot write any more, for Girlie is calling me to "tum and look at all ze young flowers, they is so pretty."



THE TALE OF A TEDDY BEAR

WALLY RICKERT

There are Teddy bears and Teddy bears and Teddy bruins, too,

And some are white and some are brown and quite a few are blue.

But this is the tale of a nice little bear that wanted a nice little home:

He didn't care exactly where from Florida's capes to Nome.

He was left in the dark beside a Noah's ark in as fine a house as could be,

But he wanted to know who his master was, so he went to the nursery to see.

And there on the bed lay a curly brown head that looked like a very nice boy,

So the dear Teddy Bear crept up then and there and gave him a kiss in pure joy;

But the boy with a pout swung his arm round about, and said, "You leave me alone."

So the poor little bear gave up in despair, and started to find a new home.

He ran swiftly back to Santa Claus' pack, and down in one corner he hid,





For being demure he felt very sure he shouldn't belong to that kid.

Next he was left on a shelf all by himself in a house that was cold and bare,

And being quite free, he jumped down to see what kind of a child lived there.

Strange state of affairs! no hallway or stairs, for the house was all on the ground.

He searched through the gloom of the bare little room but no child or its bed could be found.

He went through a door and there on the floor in a corner, a very queer place!

On a pillow streaked red from tears that it shed he found a wan little face.

In a house so poor he felt quite sure he never could happy be.

He said, "With that boy and no other toy, well, this

He said, "With that boy and no other toy, well, this is no place for me."

In the dark getting out, he stumbled about and slipped

on the boy's face and fell; And my! the joy in the hug of that boy I'll never be

able to tell.

So this little bear, as he huddled there, quite made up his mind to stay,

For it is the joy and the love of a boy that he wanted to get anyway.



Child-Gardening

CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY

THE GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY

LAW OF EXPRESSION



[It is with the kind permission of the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society that we use the world picture in connection with this article.]

"Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world, With the wonderful water around you curled, And the wonderful grass upon your breast— World, you are beautifully dressed." My dear Children: — Is not this earth home of ours a beautiful, wonderful place to live in? And is not the Great Creator, the All in All, a kind and loving Father? In the beginning he made all that is made and said:—"It is very good."

It is his good pleasure to give all these beautiful things that he has made to us, to use while we are in his beautiful world. He gives them to you and to me. To the little brown brothers and sisters. To the little yellow brothers and sisters. And to all the people in the big wide world. One person is just as much in God's sight as another. We love to think about this, for then we understand this beautiful truth, that we are all God's children, and that he is the one great Father of all in whom we live and move.

A great many book men, like Kant, Laplace, and others have spent much time and money studying about the earth. The way in which it is made and all about it. Then after years and years of careful study, these men have written books about what they have learned from the earth, as it told its own story to them.

They tell us that the earth is made up of many layers or crusts of rocks and soil. Each crust has a story to tell us. It tells us all about the time when it was being made. It even tells us about the rocks, plants animals and people that lived on the earth, at the time it was being made.

There are five different crusts and each one is quite different from the others.

We have one word that we use, when we speak of all that God has made, as one big whole.

That word is Nature.

Nature is made up of the earth itself, and all that live upon the earth.

We should not think of ourselves as being

something apart by ourselves, but rather as being a part of the One Great Life that fills all, and which the rocks, plants, animals and all living things share. Each is one expression of that life of which we are but another expression.

We love the flowers, birds and all that the kind and loving Father has sent here for our enjoyment. Let us look at them with the love that sees in them a

simple life like our own.

Life sleeps in the rocks, dreams in the plants moves in the animals and wakes in people. Life begins then in the rocks. And life is what we want to think about and talk about. Jesus the Christ come that we might have more and more of it.

If there were no rocks and soil, there could be no plants, because there would be no food for the plants. If there were no plants there could be no animals, because there would be no food for the animals.

We did not know before, did we, that the rocks

and soil are worth so much to us?

The plants change the soil and rocks into leaves, stems, flowers and fruit. Is not the plant a wonderful little power house to be able to do this?

God, the All-Good, is making this wonderful change take place, through the plants, all the time, in order

that the animals may have food to eat.

Hereafter we shall think of the plant as being a wonderful power house, with the rocks and soil on one side as its food, and the animals on the other side,

waiting to be fed.

The plant reaches down to the rocks and dirt. They answer, share their life and become a part of the plant. Now the plant has abundant life and gives it out as food to the animal. And so we see that in his great wisdom God has made all things and with him we see them very good.

"Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, world, at all;
I nd yet when I said my prayers, today,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
"You are more than the earth, though you are such a dot,
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"



NEW YORK CITY.

My Dear Wee Wisdom — Perhaps you do not remember one of your little Wees. Dorothy Dambmann? I used to write for your paper when I was eleven years old. I wrote several stories, mostly about my pet red squirrels. I am afraid I am not a Wee any longer, for I am almost seventeen, but I would like to write for you still. Haven't you got a "Great Wisdom?" It seems to me I used to hear Mrs. James Day talk about it. I hope you still have your little paper and remember me. May I not write some more? I remember all my little friends and would love to hear from them again. I have moved to I west 69th street and like it very much, as I am so near the park. Hoping you will write to me, I remain yourssincerely.

[We are glad to hear from our old friends, and feel very sure Helen will enjoy WEE WISDOM'S visits just as much as ever, and we would like somethip g real good from her pen.]



AUSTRALIA.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE - You said some time ago you would like the Wees to give some demonstrations of the Truth. Well, I will tell you some of mine. A few months ago, I was given a difficult problem in arithmetic; I can do arithmetic all right, but no matter how I tried I could not solve that problem. The others had retired early, it being about 10:30 p. m., and I was so tired with that problem. I got up and walked up and down on the path, in the cool night air. I thanked God that I would and could get that problem. In a few minutes, I went inside again, feeling confident of success through the I Am within me. I read the problem through slowly and carefully; then, like a flash, the solution occurred to me, and I saw right through it. I worked away steadily for about five minutes, and lo, it was finished correctly. I was so glad and I thanked God for it. Often, I have had what in the outer is called headaches, but the God that is within me speedily dispels them. I have now left school and can get through the housework, cooking and sewing quite easily and feel so well and strong. Little sister and myself, in fact all of us, are looking forward for WEE WISDOM to arrive, containing among all its other treats, the "Story of Lovie." We like it. It is just splendid. I am sending you a Butterfly pin cushion. Is this not a better way of having some of Nature's beauty about our homes than by cruelly mangling them and putting their bodies in glass cases? Elsie is also writing a letter, and I am sending you a story. I have had to write it at intervals, whenever I could get a few minutes leisure, consequently it is rather hurried. There is much work to be done in an orchard. I am learning Pittman's shorthand, and with reading, sewing and carving, my evenings are fully occupied. I am carving a table (in fact, have been at it for twelve months) for our own copies of WEE WISDOM to stand on. I have worked in a design of stars and stripes. So, you see I have been thinking of you and your country. Well, I really must now close, hoping, no I mean knowing, the coming year shall be more happy and prosperous than its predecessor. I am yours in love and the Truth.

Rose Evelyn Foley.

[Rose's butterfly is a beautiful creation of white gauze and silk with yellow embroidery, and brown body. It hangs beside ye Editor's dresser, and is a reminder of the little Australian girl, whose loving hands and heart have sent it flying all these miles to bring a message of joy and beauty.]



NAMEOKI, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little girl nine years old, I go to school every day and on Sunday go to Sunday school. Santa Claus was right good to me; he brought me all I asked for. I got a Teddy bear for Christmas. Please visit me another year for I could not do without you. One of your little Wees,

BRNA DIEHLE.

P. S. I will send you one of my little friends, who would like to be one of the little Wees. Her name is Grace Keil.—V.D.

[We thank Verna for bringing Wee Wisdom a new friend.— Ed.]



DAYTON, TENN.

DRAR WEE WISDOM—I want you to visit me again this year. So I will send you fifty cents for your traveling expenses. You have been coming regularly for two years. I would miss you so much if you discontinued your visits now. I want to know the end of "Lovie." I have "Wee Wisdom's way," "Elsie's Little Brother Tom," and "Wonderful Wishers of Wishing Well."

They are all such beautiful stories. I cannot tell which I like the best. I am ten years young and my pet name at home is Wee-Wee, so you see I am two Wees. I send my love to all the other little Wees and to Mrs. Fillmore, and wish you all a Happy New Year. Your loving friend,

L. VIRGINIA BENHAM.



VALMEYER, ILL.

DEAR LITTLE WEES—I will write you a few lines to let you know we are all well. I have not written for so long I thought I would write. I am twelve years old and I like to read WEE WISDOM very much. There are lots of nice stories in it. We have a little baby girl, she will be eight months old on the 14th of January. I guess I will close now, with best regards. Your little.

OTTO M. SHBLLHARDT.

[With Otto's letter are some from Annie and Oscar and Frieda, and we are glad to see how well they all write and to hear they all love to go to school and enjoy the visits of Wee Wisdom,—Ed.]



LIVERMORE, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I like to read you. I am very glad when you come. I like to read "By the Big Fire Place." I am going to read "The Story of Lovie." I hope you had a good time Christmas. I got such a lot of Christmas presents. I go to school all the time. It has been raining here. I must close. With love.

MABEL L. CARTER.



FAIRVILLE, PA.

Dear Mrs. Fillmore—Let me thank you for the good thoughts you send me. They are fading out the shadows of fear and ignorance. They are alive with the healing power of the Spirit and are accomplishing their purpose. I and the weather have become good, warm friends. The sun is drawing me up as fast as I can grow. I shall keep on affirming my health, strength, and vitality, and they will be made manifest. With the love of the Spirit. From



OAKLAND, CALIF.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I will drop you a line to ask you to renew my subscription for WEE WISDOM for another year. I like WEE WISDOM very much, and was lonesome this month without it. Enclosed find fifty cents for expenses. I wish you would treat me for talking too loud. I am trying to learn self-control but I

need a little help. I hope to hear from you soon, and also receive my February Wee Wisdom. Yours truly,

WAYNE RUSSELL ALLEN.

[All right, Wayne, it's a big step toward accomplishment when you want to do a good thing, and the next step is, do it. And you will.—Ep.]

A 4 A

TILTON, N. H.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my first letter to you. I have just received the second number of the dear little magazine, and am waiting for the "Wee Wisdom's Way," which you have not yet sent. I am going to recite, "Be You Glad, Good People," next Christmas at the church. From your new little Wee.

MARION T DURGIN.



KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR. WEE WISDOM - I am a little boy seven years of age. I have no brothers or sisters. My only playmate is my little dog. I go with my grandma and my mama to the Unity meetings. I love to help them sing and read the love thoughts. It may be that I can help a little to relieve some one who is sick or in trouble. I want to tell you how I gave my little dog treatments so he became well. Some one was very unkind to her and hurt her so badly that for a long time she was so lame in her back and limbs she could not get up the steps without help. So one day I gave her a treatment and told her to go up the steps alone, that I would help her no more, that she did not need any more help now. I wanted her to get well so she can help herself. She went up alone, I did not have to lift her for I am a little Unity boy and want to help little animals as well as little boys and girls to get well and strong. This is what love and Truth helped me to do for my dear little pet dog. Some day when I grow to be a man it may be that I can help in many ways more than I now can do, it may be I can get up at the meeting and talk like the Judge does. Your little helper, WILLIE KRAUS.



NAMEOKI, ILL.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE AND ALL THE WEES — I cannot do without WEE WISDOM, so I will send fifty cents for her traveling money for this year. Santa Claus treated all of us fair, bringing us a good many things. I hope he treated you all good. I am kept busy all the time with my school work as I expect to pass the Central examination in March, and the final examination in April,

from the eighth grade. If I pass the examination I will have a nice birthday present, as my birthday is in April. My sister Ivy has entered the Granite City High School and is getting along nicely. Mama is well and happy. We are having lovely weather. but it is not very nice for skating. This will be the end of my visit for this time. Lovingly yours,

Myrtle Kunnemann.

JE JE JE

NATURITA, COLO.

DEAR LITTLE WEE — I like you ever so much. I have mama read you as soon as you come. I like "The Story of Lovie" ever so much. I can't hardly wait till the copy comes. Yours truly, R. L. CHATFIELD.

A 16 16

WALLACE, W. VA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I do not subscribe for the little paper, but am very much interested in it and I think I will subscribe pretty soon. My friend, Blanche Dudley, takes the little magazine and she gives it to me to read. I have composed a little story to send to the little magazine, hoping to see it published. Yours truly with love to all the Wees, PAULINE TALKINGTON, age II.

[We thank Pauline for her story. It was nice in her to write it for Wee Wisdom, but it got crowded out. There are so many good things sent in to Wee Wisdom now, our little Authors will have to do their best to get on record henceforth.—ED.]

Our little writers are waking up, several "Young Author's" stories are waiting, but Wee Wisdom gives warning that only those helpful along the lines of true and happy living will find a place in her pages. She's getting very particular. Do your very Best.—ED.

Folks thinks because I'm jolly.
'En laughin' all the time,
Thet I am sort o' silly like,
But laughin's surely prime.
I'd rather laugh than eat a lot;
I'd rather laugh than cry.
'En every time I shout out loud
My doggie laughs — ki-yi.

Blanche's Bible Lessons.

LESSON Q. MARCH I.

Jesus Feeds the Five Thousand.-John 6:1-21.

Golden Text — He shall feed his flock like a shepherd.— Isaiah 40:11.

This story of the loaves and fisher is one of the best known miracle stories in the Bible. The fact that with just five small loaves of bread and a few fishes Jesus could feed five thousand people has always seemed wonderful. It was not Jesus the man, that did these wonderful things, but the Christ within him. Jesus had faith in the power and ability of this Spirit within him. He knew that all things were possible with God, and that if he believed absolutely in God he would be able to do many things which to other people seemed impossible.

Now we who have been learning this wonderful truth know that the same Spirit which dwelt within Jesus those many years ago is right here today, dwelling in every one of us. We know that we can do all things that Jesus did, and even greater, if we have faith in the Spirit within us. It perhaps will not be necessary for us to feed five thousand people by increasing five loaves of bread and a few fishes, hut we can increase the health and joy and life of ourselves and all around us, by simply believing in

health, life and joy with our whole hearts.

But of what use is this wonderful power within us if we let it lay idle? You know that if you were to stop using one of your hands— would not move it year in and year out—it would shrivel up and become absolutely dead. It is the same with this power to increase within us. If we do not use it, it will become smaller and smaller until after a while we will forget that we have it. That is what has happened to the greater part of the people in the world today. But if, on the other hand, we use this power, it will grow and grow, until we will naturally increase the good wherever we see it. Then after a while there will be so much love and joy and health, that nobody will see the shadow called error, which is really only good in disguise. Now let us each one do his or her part, by seeing only the good, and so increasing it day by day.

LESSON IO. MARCH 8.

Jesus the Bread of Life. - John 22:51.

Golden Text - Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of Life. - John 6:35.

When Jesus said unto the people, "I am the bread of life," he did not mean that he himself was bread which the people should eat, but he meant that the I Am, or Spirit, in each of us will satisfy all our needs. If we believe in the Christ in us, we will never hunger or thirst. That is, all our wants will be satisfied. We will have plenty of health, wealth, joy, life, and every good thing. Isn't that wonderful? Just think! All we have to do is to believe firmly that all things are ours. You can see, then, how unnecessary it is to lack anything. The reason people do lack things, is because they don't know how to take them. God is willing to give them to us, but if we whine and complain, because we haven't them, that shuts the door, and the good cannot come to us. If we say to ourselves, "I believe in the Spirit within, and I know that all my needs are supplied," why the first thing we know, we will be just filled with life, intelligence, love, health and joy. You can help other people to realize this too, and that will open the door for your own good to come to you more quickly. I have tried this plan and found it a good one. Now you try it and see what you will discover.

LESSON II. MARCH 15.

Jesus Heals A Man Born Blind. - John 9:1-41.

GOLDEN TEXT. - I am the light of the world. - John 9:5.

The lesson today is another so called miracle. You remember how wonderful the people thought it was when Jesus increased the loaves and fishes? This time he restored the sight to a poor blind beggar, who had been blind all his life. Now, how do you suppose Jesus did this? The Bible says he made clay, and put it upon the man's eyes, and then told him to bathe in a certain pool. The man needed to show that he was willing to do something toward his healing, and so Jesus put the symbols of materiality (clay) upon his eyes, and told him to go and cleanse them of it. His quick obedience brought quick results— and when he came back he could see.

Sometimes we are blind to the good. We think about things like sickness, or sadness, or something equally unreal. That is blindness of the worst kind. And how are we to heal ourselves of this blindness? By obeying the Christ, and cleansing our minds from believing in the reality of material things.

LESSON 12. MARCH 22.

Review

GOLDEN TEXT -- In Him was life; and the lifewas the light of men.—John 1:4.

Now in the last twelve lessons we have been learning about Jesus. We have learned how people found out that he was the Son of God. We have read of the wonderful things he did to prove that there was the Christ-Spirit within him.

We have also been learning that we are the children of God, and that we can do the things which Jesus did, and even greater.

Have you done anything to prove that there is a Christ-Spirit in you? Have you made your lessons easier by declaring that there was in you the intelligence of God? Have you driven away the thought of sickness, by declaring that the fountain of health is in every child of God? Have you kept yourselves happy and loving by knowing that there was nothing but love and joy in the world?

I suppose every one of you has proven in some way that this wonderful, all-powerful Spirit is within you. And I am sure that you will continue to prove it, and that you will develop into strong, healthy, happy men and women.

LESSON 13. MARCH 29.

Temperance Lesson. - Prov. 23:29-35.

Golden Text — At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. — Prov. 23:32.

You all know that to be temperate means not to overdo anything. This particular lesson is a talk Solomon gave to the people about the wine habit. He says, "it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." But there are many other ways in which we can be intemperate beside drinking intoxicating liquors. We can eat too much, for instance; and that is a habit many of us have. We can play too much, and some people work too much, then complain about it. The right way is to balance up in everything and have dominion over our thoughts and habits.

There is one form of intemperance which, like wine, should never be indulged in, and that is anger. The least bit of anger is far too much. Don't you know that when you get angry, you always have an uncomfortable feeling afterward—a headache, or something disagreeable? If we want to overcome these habits, we must hold this thought, "God guides me, and I listen to the voice within." If you listen to the still voice within, you will do just the right thing, and will never let the least little bit of an angry thought creep into you mind. Then you will always be bright and well.

[&]quot;If any little word of mine can make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine can make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word, and take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale to set the echoes ringing."

Blanche's Corner.



I feel in a reminiscent mood this morning. Perhaps it is the soothing grayness of the day, or it may be the reverie that someone is softly playing in the next room. Anyway, as I sit here writing my body is swaying with the rhythm of the music, and my mind is away off in the Colorado mountains. As the music swells I can see from the top of a

mountain, where my mind has flown, a pretty red house with white trimmings, and over to the left is a large roomy barn. It is all nestled down in a beautiful valley. All around it are pine trees, rustling with the music you never hear any other place. It is a picture to bring joy to the hearts of large and small Wees, alike, is this ranch home.

How I would like to take you all, every Wee one, with me to spend a glorious summer holiday there. Wouldn't it be fine? We would tumble out of bed in the early morning, and race down to the corral, where we would probably all sit around on a rail fence and watch the sun come up while the cows were being milked. Then after breakfast, of which, by the way, we would eat a good bit, because on a ranch one's appetite is tremendous, we would take a long walk up the mountain side. We would hunt for wild violets and find them in little shady nooks down by a stream. We would drink our fill of the clear cool water, and rest on the moss-covered rocks.

In the afternoon, if it happened to be rainy, and if the alfalfa had been cut, we would all climb up into the loft and sit around in the sweet hav, telling stories, and listening to the rain falling on the roof. At six o'clock, the supper bell would ring, and a merry crowd would scamper to the house, and eat all they wanted of nice vegetables, right from the garden, and home-made bread, and all sorts of good things. When supper was over we would watch the old sun sinking below the mountain tops, just one big ball of fiery red, shooting darts of light through all the western sky, and we would stop our chattering and laughing, and become thoughtful, and some one would play old-fashioned tunes on the harmonica. Then after the good nights had been said, and we lay in our beds listening to the trees talking to one another and inhaling the wonderfully sweet perfume of the pines, we would be restful, and peaceful, and very, very thankful for the happiness and good which had come to us that day.

But, Wee ones, remember this, that even if we cannot all be together in that beautiful western home, we can fill our hearts with love; we can do our very best each day, and then at night we will be happy and thankful, no matter where we may be. It isn't outside things that make one happy. It is the thoughts in his own mind and the feelings in his own heart.

Three dear friends have sent in some extra funds to help WEE WISDOM become more beautiful. It takes a lot to keep up with her picture gallery, so her big brother UNITY thinks.

I am God's loving child.



and all her paths are peace.

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BLANCHE SAGE, Associate Editor.

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March is foretelling the coming of spring, When brooks they will babble and birds they will sing. But we who are loving and kind, don't you know, Have spring in our hearts, when without there is snow.

- B.

A BELATED VALENTINE!

The greatest thing in the world is love, Between you and me. It's around and below and through and above, Between you and me. And the wonderful thing about it, I say, Is the fact that it's always willing to stay; And we know that it never will go away, Between you and me. - B.

Why not send for "Wee Wisdom's Library?" It is full of bright, witty stories. The six volumes sent to any address for \$1.00. Single copies 25 cents.

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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 treasuries."