

WEE WISDOM

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



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KANSAS CITY, MO.

TEDDY, B'ER RABBIT AND ME.



*High ho and away we go! Away!
Teddy, B'er Rabbit and I
To grandma's house just on our street
For cookies or cake or pie.*

*My grandma is always good and kind,
And is always glad to see
The little red hand car coming along
'Ith Teddy, B'er Rabbit and me.*

*My grandma's house is full of love ;
There's plenty to give away,
That's why everybody goes to her house,
And that's why they want to stay.*

*High ho and away we go! Away!
Teddy, B'er Rabbit and I
To grandma's house just on our street
For cookies or cake or pie.*

JOSEPHINE HARDY, per Mama.



VOL. XIII.

APRIL, 1908.

No. 9

THE STORY OF LOVIE: OR. ESTABLISHING IDEALS.

MYRTLE FILLMORE

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COMING OF LOVIE



T is June. A full moon hangs over Wiseman's Wildwood; half in light half in shade, this spot of Nature holds its place like a redeeming thought in the heart of the great city.

There is an unwonted charm about the night that consecrates its beauty—a holy hush that holds you listening with the inner ear.

Oh, glorious night! Oh, wondrous night! Thy way from heaven to earth is filled with shining.

And angels of the Highest sing again that soundless Christmas song of glory and good will.

A star of promise shines above the woodland bungalow. The lights flash in and out of its windows. There is joy within its walls, for the Angel of Life waits to perform again the miracle of birth, and from its sanctuary of hiding comes forth a soul clad anew in the garments of pink and white infancy. Pain and fear have no part in its transit, for the glory of understood motherhood bars them out.

The shepherds and wise men have seen the star and heard the song, "Unto us a child is born."

Whosoever will may know that with every child born into the world heaven sings its song of glory and prepares for a Messiah.

Happy the father and mother who have learned the Divine Law through which they can co-operate with the Angel of Immortality and prepare for the coming soul such mental and physical garment as shall reveal and not conceal the God-likeness that is given them to clothe.

The curse is lifted from mankind when parentage is understood, when every father chooses his fatherhood and every mother her motherhood, and love and consideration are the ruling motives of each home.

Her dream is realized, the lily bud has unfolded for Trixey. The pink and white mystery that fed at the fountain of her happy life and shared her joyous heart-beats now nestles on her breast, a new-born babe. The exquisite joy of motherhood is hers. And only she who has shared it, knows what it means to clasp for the first time this bundle of divine humanity that fashioned 'neath her heart, and feel the miracle of Life manifest.

Lovie has Come.

Her's is a triumphant entrance into existence, for her the laws of nature and of God have been sacredly obeyed. The tradition of Eve and the wisdom of men are brought to naught in her birth-chamber, for the harmonious ways of life have been trusted and pain and sorrow have no part in the coming of Lovie.

The light of Paradise glows throughout the pretty bungalow, for the door that swung wide at the entrance of Lovie remains ajar, and can never be closed to this household again.

Before she had been an hour on the planet Lovie opened a pair of wondering blue eyes upon the adoring group bending above her, and Jack declares she smiled. No one disputes him. If he had said she walked or talked, methinks the loving credulity of that little band of worshippers would have credited it nothing too wonderful for this heavenly marvel.

It was a new experience for the white-capped nurse in attendance. Never had she seen the conservative rules and regulations of a birth-chamber so utterly disregarded, and she afterward freed her mind on the matter to a fellow nurse after this manner:

"It was a queer proposition. I've no fault to find-with them, they're lovely people all right, but all our training counts for nothing with such as they. Why, they don't even believe in sickness, and 'twas all that I could do to keep Mrs. Wiseman from getting up and dressing before her babe was an hour old. What do you think of that for a rational person? And then everybody about the house, grandfather and all, came trapesing in before I had the babe fairly dressed. I don't approve of such irregularities; they distract one.

"Dr. Maurice was there, but my ! he stayed only a few minutes. He wasn't needed, and he said to me in the hall, 'They don't seem to have much use for our services!'

"I could see by his looks he was very much disconcerted, and no wonder. I don't like to see people suffer, but I think it's right to follow out prescribed and orderly ways of life, though Mrs. Wiseman says, 'Every natural process ought to be as painless and easy as breathing, and would be if we were in perfect harmony with life.'"

Jack's father had come early in the evening, and

catching the note of expectancy that thrilled the home-nest, he had sent his machine back to the stables and taken up his self-imposed watch beside *the picture* that almost meant a living presence to him now.

Jack came in and sat beside him for a little time, and they gazed together on that beloved face, and then the father spoke of the memories that were thronging his soul this night.

"It was just such a night as this, Jack," he said, "when you were born. Your mother came near giving her life for you, and a great fear possessed me lest I should lose her, for a few days I forgot all else in my solicitude for her. I stayed by her bedside day and night. How well I remember, it made her so happy to have me near her, for we loved each other dearly, Jack. But when the danger was past, in my blindness and selfishness I went back to my money-getting, and applied myself to it closer than ever *for my boy's sake*. In my shortsightedness I deceived myself into believing the accumulation of wealth was the greatest thing I could do for you and her, and so missed my chances for making you happy with my presence and sympathy. You know the rest of the story, but I did not realize till too late what I had done. Oh, my son, I would give all I ever possessed to be able to restore to that face (pointing to the picture) the look of joy and happiness my thoughtless selfishness has denied it."

A great sob burst from his tortured soul. Jack's arms were about his father, and a mighty love poured itself out upon them, while he reviewed to his remorseful parent the many beautiful things he had done since they had taken up their abode in the little bungalow, and how Trixie could never find praises enough for his sweet attention to all that concerned the new home and its

inmates. And further, that he knew *she* (the invisible mother) felt and understood, too, the change that had come, and their joys were hers. The father's soul was comforted, and when an hour later he looked down upon the little pink vision of Lovie, a peace came over him, and he felt as if *she* might be standing beside him knowing the fullness of his heart, and a fervent "Thank God!" went forth unconsciously from his lips, which led Trixie to reach up and kiss him. Those looking saw a face transfigured, for the glory from the "door ajar" shone about him and the walls of separation were dissolved.

To Aunt Joy waiting in the white silence of Trixie's "throne room" returned like a dream, the remembrance of a night like this when the Angel of Life knocked at her door and the sweet joys of motherhood were bestowed upon her.

Oh, if she had only *known* then what she knows now, the gladness of her sacred trust would not have been blighted by fear and solicitude over the health of her delicate boy. How that little body-temple might have glowed with the fullness of Life! Oh, if she had only *known* how her own fear and anxiety barred it out, where her faith and trust could have kept the doors wide swung to life. But Aunt Joy is not the one to let useless regret weaken the power of her present activity for good, and her soul rejoiced and gave thanks for the knowledge that made her free. And later on as she bent above the young Madonna and child, she felt that heaven and earth had conspired to do their harmonious best for the coming of Lovie.

(To be continued.)



SERIES IX

APRIL SHOWERS AND AN ESCAPE

BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER

The interior of the big brick fireplace was dull and black, no cheerful fire flamed up the chimney and no merry group gathered about its ample hearth.

Cotton, the big white Angora cat, wandered in and out of the rooms hunting for some member of the family to relieve her loneliness. Only Josephine was to be found and she was busy, so Cotton curled up in a sewing basket on top of thread and buttons, settled her head upon a paper of pins and regardless of the danger, went to sleep. How quiet the house was! How loud the clock ticked! An april shower splashed the window and drenched the shrubbery in the yard, then the sun shone out hot and clear as if to atone for the rudeness of the rain.

A little gray figure stole out from behind the bookcase, paused and looked about with quick bright eyes, ran forward and then paused and listened again. It darted quickly to the hearth, picked up a grain of popcorn from among the ashes, listened again, then ate the corn and looked for more. This time Mrs. Mousie found a half of walnut then a crumb of cookie and after enjoying this repast she hunted about for a bit of desert.

"It's a good thing Josephine didn't make a fire in here after she swept," said Mrs. Mousie to herself, "a very good thing, indeed, for if she had I would have been forced to go out into the pantry, and that is a long, dangerous trip, and it isn't just polite either, and very unsafe. I wonder why the family always feed Max and Cotton and never forget them, but leave me to go hungry most of the time; it is very inconsiderate of them, to say the least." She hunted about among the ashes a while longer, then right before her eyes on the hearth she discovered a fresh, dainty piece of cheese. True, it was in a wire basket of some sort but Mrs. Mousie had always worked her way into things, so she had no fear this time. She worked first her nose, then her body into the wire trap, but still she could not reach the cheese. She began to feel just a little bit nervous and after making another vain attempt at the dainty morsel she decided she didn't like cheese anyway and had better return to her home behind the bookcase.

But alas! Where did she enter! It was indeed a trap! She at first looked slowly and deliberately, then she got frightened and tore around from one side to the other and squealed and squealed.

Cotton awoke from a cat-nap and sprang at the wire cage, sure at last of this little gray lady who had escaped her so many times.

Poor little mousie was in trouble now, and no mistake about it. She was frozen with fear and only a faint little squeak could she make.

She was safe from Cotton, had she only known it, for the wire house which held her prisoner also protected her soft gray little body from the big hairy paw with its cruel claws.

The cat knocked the trap now this way, now that,

in her endeavor to get at the mouse, and it was almost too much for Mrs. Mousie's nerves. She thought she would faint, so sick and dizzy did she grow.

Just then the side door banged, footsteps were heard running through the hall, and Sallie and Lois came into the room; their faces aglow with their outdoor sport, rubber boots wet and muddy and hair flying — "Oh, oh! the little mouse is caught at last," they exclaimed as they caught sight of the trap.

"That naughty Cotton has scared the little mouse half to death, poor little thing," and Lois picked up the trap and stamped her foot at Cotton who was in no mind to lose her rightful prey.

"How can you pick it up, Lois," asked Sallie, as she drew away from the harmless little rodent Lois held up for her to see. "Of course I wouldn't kill it but I couldn't touch that trap for anything. How can you do it?"

"Poor little thing!" said Lois. "Come on, Sallie, let's find it a new home."

"A new home! Why, Lois, nobody wants it. What are you going to do with it?"

"You come with me and I'll show you," answered Lois, "but you make Cotton stay behind."

Shutting Cotton in the house, the two children, one with the trap under her arm, left the yard and made their way down over a moss and fern-covered hill in front of their home.

"We never ought to kill anything if we can help it," said Lois. "Mother said the natural home for rats and mice was in the woods. So I'm going to take Mrs. Mousie down here where she belongs, and where there won't be any chance for her to eat up our books and make holes in the plaster. Now I'm going to open the trap, so look out, if you're afraid."

Sallie squealed and ran behind a tree, Lois was a bit white around the mouth, but she did not falter; she pulled open the door and said, "Go on out now: run as fast as you like."

Mrs. Mousie hesitated for only a moment, then shot out of the trap and was soon lost in a tangle of wood-vines and fern roots.

A heavy shower of rain fell warm and sweet upon the trees overhead and as the two children slowly climbed the hill, with the empty mouse trap, Lois looked back and called, "Be very happy in your new home, Mrs. Mousie, and after this be sure you stay where you belong."

Then the April sun came out and the children skipped away to their play.

IN THE PARK

Lucy Charlton Kellerhouse

*He gazes at me from the grass
And ponders whether he will pass;
Or will he spread his wings and fly,
A stain of red upon the sky?*

*Nay, Robin with the rosy breast,
Stay, and the day for me is blest.
Pray do not fear, for none are nigh
But just the grass and you and I.*

ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES



Here is a little Wee,
Full of sunshine, don't you see?
Bringing each of you a loving thought,
Which Baby Florence herself has sought

—Mrs. F. T. Duff, Florence's Mama.

THE STORY OF KALI

[MOTHER GOD]

[Written for Baby Legget, at Eally, Calcutta, Christmas, 1898.]

Baby Darling, what is the very first thing you remember? Is it not lying in your mother's lap, and looking up into her eyes, and laughing?

Did you ever play hide and seek with mother? Mother's eyes shut, and baby was not. She opened them and there was baby! Then baby's eyes shut, and where was mother? But they opened again, and — oh!

When mother's eyes were shut, where was she? There all the time? But you could not see her eyes. Yet she was there.

Baby, some people think God is just like that. A great great Mother — so that all this big world is her baby. God is playing with her world, and she shuts her eyes. Then, all our lives long, baby darling, we try to catch the Great Mother peeping. And if any of us can do that, if any of us can look into the eyes of God, just once, just for a minute — do you know what happens? . . . That person at once knows all secrets, and he becomes strong and wise and loving, and he never, never forgets that moment.

And when you win like that, when you catch the Mother looking, something else happens. Something lovely. All her other children come and play with you. The little birds come, and the wee lambs love you, and the wild rabbits touch your feet, and the poor children in the streets, who are cold and hungry perhaps — poor children that the Great Mother loves most of all, because they seem to have no father or mother, and perhaps no home — poor children trust you and make a place for you with them. We are all sitting

on the Mother's lap, but these sit closest of all to her breast.

And what do we call the Mother with her eyes shut?
We call her Kali.

* * * *

Were you ever for a very few minutes, unhappy?
And did mother, or nurse, or auntie, or someone else
come and pick you up, and love you, and kiss you,
till you were not unhappy any more?

Sometimes God is like that too. We get so
frightened because those eyes will not open. We
want to stop the game. We don't like it. We feel
alone, and far away and lost. Then we cry out. It
has grown quite dark, and still the Mother's eyes are
shut. Let us play no longer. So we feel sometimes.

But the eyes are not shut, really. We think so,
because it is dark all round. Just at that moment
when you cried out, the beautiful eyes of the Mother
opened and looked at her child like two deep wells of
love. And you, if you had seen, would have stopped
playing all at once, and saying "Kali! Kali!" you
would have hidden your little face on the Mother's
shoulder, and listened to the beating of her heart in-
stead!

And so, wee one, will you remember that the Great
Mother Kali is everywhere? Even when she seems to
be faraway, it is only that you cannot see her eyes.
This mother goes away, and you cannot see her. But
Kali is always there, always loving, and always ready
to play with her child.

And will you sometimes remember to stop playing,
just for a minute, and to fold your little hands, and
say, "Dear Mother Kali, let me see your eyes!"

* * * *

There is another game of hide-and-seek that the

great Mother plays. This is more like a fairy story. She hides sometimes in other people. She hides in anything. Any day you might see her eyes, just looking into mother's or playing with a kitten, or picking up a bird that had fallen from its nest. Under all these forms you may find God playing at hide-and-seek!

When there is something to do for someone—Kali is calling us to play. We love that play. She herself said once (she was hiding in someone, and he said it for her). “Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, My little ones, ye did it unto Me.” Is not that like a fairy story! And what funny places she, the Great Mother, can hide in! Another time she said, “Lift the stone and thou shalt find Me. Cleave the wood, and there am I!” Did you ever lift a stone or break a piece of wood to see what was inside? Did you ever think *that* was God—at the heart of things? How beautifully Kali plays! You might find her *anywhere*!

* * * *

Does mother love baby when she is hiding from her? Why of course! else why does she hide? Even when her eyes are shut, is Mother loving baby? Why yes, see how she is laughing all the time!

And so with Kali. We need never be frightened, though her eyes are long shut. She is laughing all the time. In her own good time God will stop playing, and we shall look into her eyes and get away and away behind the world—straight “to the other end of nowhere,” all at once.

So let us always run to play when we are called. Remember, little one, if any need anything you can give, your Mother is calling you to find her! If anyone ask for something you can do, it is really

Mother saying "Peep childie!" or when a new person comes for you to love, Kali is saying, "Here am I!"

* * * *

There is something else. You love mother and father and auntie and nurse, and —, and. Of course you do. Besides, they all love you, and they are all so good and kind.

But far, far away, mother has a brother, a big brother, like Holl. Do you love him, too? Why? You never saw him; he never played with you.

No, but mother loves him. And you love all the people mother loves — don't you, dearie? And so we love all the people Kali loves. *All* the children she plays with, and the lambs, and the flowers, and the great trees, and the little fishes. She loves all these, and she loves too the stars in the sky. And so do we. For we are her children, and everything that she loves we love too, because she is the Mother, and we cannot help it.—*From the Story of Kali, the Mother.*

THE BOY

*The gold of his hair,
Is the wisdom that's there
In his dear little head.
And the blue of his eyes
Is the real truth that lies
In his radiant soul.
And the white of his skin,
Is the pureness within
Which will always remain.*

*But the pink of his cheeks
Brings to me the most joy,
For it means lots of love
In the heart of the boy.*

—BLANCHE.

Child-Gardening

CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY

GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY

THE LAW OF EXPRESSION

SERIES III

GOD'S GIFT OF THE LIGHT

My dear Wee Ones:

Something came into our room so quietly that no



THE SUN

one heard it. It came a long, long way. It came when we were fast asleep. And it came right in the room when the doors and windows were all closed tightly. We cannot catch and hold it in our hands; but we can catch it with our eyes and hold it in our

hearts. That's the reason it always makes us so happy and glad. It is round. It is yellow. It is bright. O, you've guessed —

The Sun. The Light.

When in the beginning God, the All-Good, made the earth, everywhere it was all dark. He saw that the very first thing that was needed was light. So he sent out his word: "Let there be light." And just as soon as his word was sent out, "there was light." "He called the light day, and the darkness he called night."

Then he said: "Let there be a firmament," (a sky). You see he was thinking of making some beautiful lights, and after he had made them, he wanted just the best possible place to put them. Just as soon as he had sent out his word about the firmament, it was made.

Then God said: "Let there be lights in the sky, to divide the day from the night, and let them be to give light upon the earth.

And so God made two great lights; the sun to give light through the daytime, and the moon to give light through the nighttime. He made the stars, too.

The sun is a great big round body of burning light, which shines now just as it did ages and ages ago. We know this because today men have animals in stone, called fossil animals, which lived on the earth long, long ago. Their eyes were made for receiving sun light, just as eyes are created now. Then, too, the rain marks on the rocks tell the same story.

Without the sunlight there could have been no rain marks. And without the sun the pictures of their impressions could not have been made so quickly on the rocks. No light is so bright as the sunlight.

When the sun is shining brightly a flash of lightning cannot be seen.

The light of an electric light is unnoticed in bright sunlight.

All beauty, all color and all life come from the sun.

And when we remember that the cheerful rays that come into our room, travel ninety-two millions of miles to see us, what a loving welcome we give them!

We love the moon, too; but our beautiful moonlight first comes from the sun. The light from the sun first shines on the moon, and then comes down to us.

The moon is not so far away as the sun. Wise men have studied about it as they have seen it through their big telescopes, and they tell us that there really is no light there at all. All is darkness. No, plants, no flowers, no birds and no children.

Now the reason that God made light, before he made plants, animals and other things, was because light is necessary to life.

When God made the things that he intended should grow, he wanted them to have that which would help them to grow.

Where there is no light, there can be no life.

The most light and growth is found, where the days are longest and nights shortest.

All things that live on the earth need the sun's rays in order that they may grow.

Potatoes and onions cannot grow naturally and beautifully in the dark cellar. Neither can children grow naturally and beautifully in a coal mine. That we may be useful in the world's work and that we may each shine in our own little corner, we need light from three different directions. First, we need the light from the sun which gives us healthy bodies; Second, we need to go to school and receive the light which learned men and women have put in

books, in order that our intellects may grow; The third, is the light of the Holy Spirit, of which the sun's light is only a sign or symbol. Without this beautiful third light there could be no spiritual life, no spiritual growth.

Frederick Froebel, one of the best friends that little children have had since Jesus was here, wrote a wonderful book of games for mothers and little children, called "The Mother's Play."

One of these plays is called "The Light Bird." He wrote it after having watched a little boy catch the sunlight on a piece of looking glass and then shine it on a wall. The boy's mother said: "What are you doing, son?"

"I am shining a light bird on the wall, to please little sister."

"I see it now," said the little sister.

"I will catch it." "Oh, mother I cannot catch it. When I think I have it under my hand it shines on top."

Then the good mother tells the children that they must not expect to catch and hold everything in their hands; but that they can catch the beauty with their eyes, and hold it in their hearts, and that in this way only will they find true happiness and enjoyment.

To make the children understand better the mother said: "Don't you remember the love that shone through papa's eyes as he said good-bye, the last time he started out on a trip?"

I know you remember, for you have spoken of it lately, when you asked me when he would be home again."

"Yes, mama, I remember. I see him now just as he looked when he said good-bye. Dear, dear papa!"

"That," said mama, "is catching the light with the eyes and holding it in the heart."



THE MOON

"This, dear children, is just a ray of that true light, that Jesus, our elder brother, brought into the world, by telling us the truth about God and about our ourselves.

"It is our work to open our thought windows and let God's glorious light and truth fill us. Just as we raise the shades to let the beautiful out-door sunlight shine in through the windows of the room.


"The way to open our thought windows is to thoughtfully say each day:

"God is my light, my health, my strength and life now and forever more."

[Our first lesson was, "God's Greatest Gift of the Earth;" our present lesson, "God's Gift of the Light;" and the next lesson will be, "God's Gift of the Water."

We are indebted to Mr. John F. Strickrott, of Topeka, Kansas, for the fine photographs of the sun and moon which are reproduced in the above article. They bear testimony to his kindness of heart as well as to his artistic skill.]

—Ed.



EPISTLES

DEAR WISDOMS—Jim's grandma writes that Jim's teacher said of him, "Mrs. B., you can't know, when all the children are coughing and I get nervous over it, the truly restful feeling that comes over me when I look at Jim. He is so quiet and calm and always smiles when he catches my eye. I can't understand it."

"Oh," said Jim, "*Grandma and I live for love*," then the teacher understood and said, "That is beautiful."

Jim's tiny sister, whom he calls "Sister Baby," can talk now, and she asked the other day, "Grandma, does God make everything?" To her grandma's "Yes," she said in a tone of that's-impossible, "My! but he's a busy man."

Why can't you tell us the funny things your little brothers and sisters say and do?

Then we'll have a little Funnygraph column. YE EDITOR.



DAYTON, TENN.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I thank you very much for the little prayer you sent to us in your letter to mama. My brother and I have used your little prayer for two years. We were glad to find it on the cover of "Wee Wisdom's Way." I am sending you some of the little prayers we have used ever since we were three years young, and the little grace we still use at the table. You may like to give them to the little Wees. You say that we must give out to others the thing that has helped us. These have helped my brother and me and I am happy to copy them for the other little Wees, if you think they will help them to be good. Your "Statements of Truth" are very sweet. We have some affirmations for the evening and some denials for the day that we use that are so good. I will send these to you some time if you would like to have them for the Wees. With many thanks to you and much love, I am yours always,

"WEE WEE" BENHAM.

That's my pet name, my real name is Virginia.

[We thank you for passing on to us these little prayers and statements that have helped you and brother, and we will find a place for them in WEE WISDOM soon.—ED.]

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is February the 9th, and I have not written you a letter since last August, so it seems about time that I should do so. Nothing can touch the "Story of Lovie" and I hope it will continue for a long time. We are preparing to receive the fleet which is on its way to San Francisco. Admiral Evans and his fleet expect to arrive here some time in April, and we are going to try to give them a good time. I hope some of the Wees will have a chance to see the fleet. I enclose a story which I wrote, and I hope it will be good enough to print. Wishing you and all the Wees Health, Happiness and Prosperity,

I remain yours sincerely.

JESSIE A. SMILEY.

[We thank you, Jessie, for your "Visit to Mexico" story, and will give it a place in WEE WISDOM some of these fine days.—Ed.]



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will take this time to write, for I've not written for so long. I wonder how all the Wees are getting along, if they feel like me and can thank God. I am always doing so much I never think of writing, and in my Sunday School very few write you. I wait for them to write, but they never think of it, I suppose. I thought I was sick for awhile. I asked God to forgive me because I get cross sometimes. You have to confess your own sins, there are no others. My sister Ida has a cough. Will the Wees be so kind as to help her be free? I had



HULDA

my picture taken and I will send you one so you can see who I am

From your Wee,

HULDA SCHELLHARDT.

[Always give your full address.—Ed.]



FREWSBURG, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would send you a story, and I hope to see it in print. I would like to join the band to help make Christmas all the year. I will close. From your friend,

OLIVE FOX.

[Your story is very good, Olive, and will find a place in WEE WISDOM some of these days.—Ed.]

SEATTLE, WASH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I enjoy reading WEE WISDOM. There is another book. The name is *New York Magazine*. Right by a picture it says, "Cheer-up Magazine." That seems like a nice book, too, by the name of it. I am eight years old. My name is

CATHLEEN CAHILL.

[Cathleen must remember to put her full address on her letter hereafter.—ED.]



CONWAY, S. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I think you are fine this month (February). The Primer Page rhymes are good, and Sallie's poem is the cutest thing. Blanche's writing is always fine. I want you to visit me another year. I don't know how I could do without you. You are so good and I enjoy reading you. I think I am going to get one of my little friends to take you. She has been reading mine and the piece I wrote you. She liked it very much. Looking for you to come soon. I am your loving friend,

RUTH EDGE.

I want you to come right along. Your little friend,

GUSSIE EDGE.



AMES, IOWA.

DEAR WEES—How are you all getting along now? I am well and know you are the same. I have three pets. Their names are Kitty, Tabby and Bowser. I am going to have a garden this summer and some flower beds. I will write and tell you about them. I wish some of you would write to me. I would write back as soon as I could. I have twenty-four house plants. I am ten years old. What did you get for Xmas? I got two new waists, one new skirt, one new dress and a pair of shoes and rubbers. Well, I will have to close because dinner is ready. Good bye.

MARY BARHITE.



ST. MARYS, KAN.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I have just finished reading the March WEE WISDOM, I read Wayne Russell Allen's letter and I would like you to help me. I am sure you will, I trust you. I talk too loud and I am going to try ever so much harder than I have not to. I am ten years old. I have two sisters younger than I and one older. I love to read WEE WISDOM. I have not read Blanche's Corner. I am sure I will like it. I wish I could see all the little Wees.

Pauline is a good girl to be so kind to write a story. I could not do that. My little brother, Ford, and my two sisters are bringing in wood. My brother is seven years old, and my sisters are four and two, the oldest is Florence Clarabel, and the other is Weltha Lee. We call her Lee. Mama is sewing. I ride to school on old Blue, our pony, or Browney; we call her both names, but mostly Blue. I am in elementary arithmetic. I have three dolls; their names are Louise, Shirley and Catherine; and I got a little table for Christmas. From GARNET SUNSHINE GROVER.

[What a splendid name, it will always carry sunshine with it. —Ed.]



KEYSTONE, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM— This is my first letter to you. I am ten years young, I have been taking WEE WISDOM for two years and I like it very much. I have two pet Canary birds and their names are Rolee and Cary. Now I will close for this time. Love to all the Wees.

GLADYS M. GRUVER.



ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM— have just begun to take your little paper, and I am a little girl of eight. I go to school and am in the third grade. Miss Sessions is my teacher's name. I have two sisters, Margaret and Frances. Yours truly,

ELIZABETH MYERS.



MUNCIE, IND.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE AND WEES— This is my first letter to you. I am thirteen years old and in the eighth grade at school. I like your stories very much, especially the story "By the Big Fireplace." Hoping to hear from some of the little Wees, I remain one of you.

IRENE HOWARD.



MOROCCO, IND.

DEAR WEES— It is my first letter to you. My name is Verna Leedom. I am eight years old. I have three sisters and no brothers. My sisters' names are Florence, Sybil and Vera. Florence is six years old, Sybil is five years and Vera is twelve. My grandma and cousin came last week. My papa is a doctor.

Your friend.

VERNA LEEDOM.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS—Easter Lily : *Joy.*

An Easter Exercise

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT

BIG GIRLS REPRESENTING A BANK OF FLOWERS

1 Violet	4 Nemophila	7 Rose
2 Pansy	5 Carnation	8 Hyacinth
3 Buttercup	6 Hawthorne	9 Lily

TWELVE HOURS

Twelve tiny tots represent the hours.

SEVEN DAYS

Seven little boys represent days

Big girls take their places on the stage according to height, giving the appearance of a bank.

Girls in concert :

We are a bank of flowers,
God's messengers to be,
We bring with us the hours
Of love and joy to thee.

Violet :

I am Violet, to whisper love,
My thoughts are echoed
By the murmuring dove.

Pansy :

I am yellow Pansy,
Golden happy thought!
From the present Good I'm taught!

Buttercup :

I am Buttercup,
Sunshine's bloom!
Rejoice with me and cast aside all gloom.

Nemophila :

I am Nemophila,
Baby's eyes, you know,
Pure bright scenes from Paradise I show.

Carnation :

I am Carnation, pale pink is my hue,
Color of the morning, constant heart and true.

Hawthorne:

I am the Hawthorne, from a fair green tree,
My message claims that all in Christ are free.

Rose:

I am the Rose with love's enthralling sigh,
Love that knows only life, that cannot die.

Hyacinth:

I am the Hyacinth! My perfumed breath
Whispers again, "There is no death."

Lily:

I am White Lily! My thought is of the morn.
Within my soul the dear Christ is born!

Easter Carol sung by the school.

RESPONSES

Leader:

What means these blossoms in bright array?

Children:

They celebrate our Easter day.

Leader:

But, why do you sing this joyous song?

Children:

To tell of the Resurrection morn.

Leader:

What does the Resurrection prove?

Children:

The awakening in the heart of love!

Leader:

But Jesus arose from the dead, long ago.

Children:

We too must arise to the Truth that we know,

Leader:

What lesson does Easter bring to each one?

Children:

The lesson of knowing that I am God's son!

The Hours in Concert:

We are the Hours!

Of Easter we chime,

Our moments wisely spent

Thus ring the bells of time!

One:

I ring for joy.

Two:

I ring for wealth.

Three:

I ring for Peace.

Four:

And I for health.

Five:

I ring for life,

Six:

I ring for strength.

Seven:

I ring for truth.

Eight:

I days of length.

Nine:

I ring for love.

Ten:

And I ring for beauty.

Eleven:

I ring for faith.

Twelve:

And I for duty.

Hours in Concert;

We ring together, one by one,
For happy days beneath the sun!

THE DAYS.

Sunday:

I am Sunday, the glad day,
Prayer and happiness my lay.

Monday:

am Monday! fair and sweet,
Work and duty at my feet.

Tuesday:

I am Tuesday! Time to sow
Seeds that only love may grow.

Wednesday:

I am Wednesday! lo, I stand
Here to hold my Savior's hand.

Thursday:

I am Thursday! day so fair
Seeds are sprouting everywhere.

Friday:

I am Friday! full of power,
For I bring the golden hour.

Saturday:

I am Saturday! lo, the sun
Rises over work well done.

A SONG OF SUNSHINE

*Sing a song of sunshine,
A pocket full of mirth,
Four and twenty hours in which
To gladden all the earth.*

*When the day is opened,
Let us all begin to sing.
Wouldn't these be glorious lives
To place before our King?*

—Edith C. Haynes in *Sunshine Bulletin*.

Easter tide

Emma Farrington Teal

With glad new life
 The earth is rife;
 All joy betide at Eastertide.
 The melting rill
 Has felt the thrill,
 And rippling sings of living springs.
 The little flower
 Heralds God's power
 By 'op'ning wide at Eastertide.
 So as God needs
 The tiny seeds
 Bloom to provide at Eastertide;
 And as they grow
 His life to show
 All time beside at Eastertide,
 Much more does he
 Have need of me
 Expression of Infinity
 The Christ in me
 Within doth bide my Eastertide.

Blanche's Corner.

EASTER



Years ago, so the story goes, one beautiful morning, after Jesus the Nazarene had been buried three days, the Christ again took up his body, and appeared before his people. The story is an interesting one, but if it were merely a story, and meant nothing to us, it would not be told and retold so often.

There is a Spirit in each of us, like the Spirit which was in Jesus, and it can do beautiful things, too. It doesn't need to wait until Easter morning though, for all the year round it can be showing its presence in different ways. Let us right now allow this wonderful Spirit in us to rise up and take possession of our whole mind and body. Then we will be so filled with the good, that we will never see anything else.

Now how do you suppose is the best way to do this? Well, I will tell you. Just plant seed-thoughts of good in your mind. Fill it just as full as can be of these good seeds. And then they will spring up and grow, just as the flowers and grass are doing now. They will bud out and blossom like the trees, and they will be more beautiful than any tree or flower that grows. They will show forth as shiny eyes, cheery words and loving deeds. And, best of all, not only in the springtime will they bloom, but they will continue to sprout, grow and blossom all your life, if you will tend them. Shall we do it?



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

Young folk's Magazine
Devoted to
Practical Christianity

MYRTLE FILLMORE, *Editor.*

BLANCHE SAGE, *Associate Editor.*

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EASTERTIDE

*He is risen as he said,
And the bluebirds overhead
Fling their blithest carols on the balmy air.
There is news for you and me,
Of exultant life and free ;
Life that follows in love's pathway fresh and fair.*

—BLANCHE.

Isn't WEE WISDOM fine this month? It is growing better each time, and the space on its pages is becoming very precious. There is so much to print that we only have room for the very best. So we will write as well as ever we can, and be sure to write only about the good. We don't want any error thoughts sent out in our little magazine, you know, and every Wee should take an interest in its improvement. If you have something especially good or interesting to tell us, write it neatly, making it short and to the point, and send it to us. We are always glad to get bright, joyous stories from our boys and girls.

EASTER BOOKS

* * *	
THE WONDERFUL WISHERS OF WISHING WELL. By ANNIE RIX MILITZ.....	.15
THESE ARE MY JEWELS. By STANLEY WATERLOO.....	\$1.00
AUNT SEG'S CATECHISM. By SARAH E. GRISWOLD.....	.25
ELSIE'S LITTLE BROTHER TOM. By AL- WYN M. THURBER.....	.75
JOHNNIE'S VICTORY. By SARAH E. GRISWOLD.	

The regular price of this delightful little story is 35 cents, but owing to the fact that we have a number of copies which are slightly shopworn, we will sell them, as long as they last, for 20 cents.

These are all wholesome and beautiful little stories, and will develop in your children high ideals of life.

A SONG

THE LILIES LOOK LIKE ME. By PROF. LE ROY MOORE.....	.25
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UNITY TRACT SOCIETY,
913 Tracy Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

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."