

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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Little Lily Lovejoy



*O little Lily Lovejoy a party gave one day,
A birthday party on the lawn; 'twas in the
month of May.*

*And when the games had all been played,
And when the lunch was done,*

*They each made a wish for Lily dear —
Yes, every single one.*

*They wished her health, they wished her wealth;
Good wishes came galore.*

*She said, "I thank you, little friends,
But these were mine before."*

— L. H. H.



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NO. 10

THE STORY OF LOVIE; OR, ESTABLISHING IDEALS.

MYRTLE FILLMORE

CHAPTER IX.

BABYHOOD

TO the babe slumbering under the creamy cover of her downy crib it seemed of little moment that the sun was rising on her first earth-day. And to that great luminary spreading the east with morning splendor, what could it possibly matter that the night-angel had unfolded this dainty bit of humanity, slumbering under the creamy cover of her downy crib? But we are calculating outside the charmed circle of the pretty bungalow to assume indifference of this kind, for to the quickening sense of the new joy felt there, the whole universe seemed in sympathy.

It was with certainty these happy souls looked out upon the glowing east as a demonstration of the joy that thrilled the golden heart of day because of this babe slumbering under the creamy cover of her downy crib. Was it not a contribution to the *Great-All*—this slumbering babe that had come in the night, clothed in the vestments of humanity?

Why should not the great sun give heed and rejoice that a pair of blue eyes had unfolded and a new life had come to share in his warmth and glory?

Why should not the skies bend lower and the air grow softer because of this nestling, trusting little life that asks of them the alms of breath?

Why should not the little wood take on brighter color and the wood-folk greater joy, because of this little life that is to bring them such companionship as was never theirs before? And so the birds sang and the creatures frisked as never before, while the bees and butterflies winging about, told to the listening flowers the tale of the babe they saw nestled under the creamy covers of her downy crib in the pretty bungalow.

Heaven and earth were so blended in the happy consciousness of the young father and mother whose sweet, new treasure slumbered in the downy crib that Trixey said, "Dear Jack, how are we ever to tell where heaven leaves off and earth begins in our new blessedness?"

It was a strong, assuring voice that answered as Jack's lips touched those of the ecstatic young mother:

"Why, Trixey, sweetheart, God never intended us to divide ourselves between two worlds. Heaven and earth are only divorced from each other because of mankind's failure to perceive God's great unity. Heaven and earth were as husband and wife till ignorance and superstition separated them. They were joined together in the beginning, and it was written as in the marriage vow: '*What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder*'."

"Oh Jack," said Trixey putting her arms about his neck, "I see as never before, what the first great mistake was that turned Adam and Eve out of their Eden and gave to their children such unhappy portion, but we, dear Jack, will always remember in ours to listen to 'the voice walking in the garden' and to obey it and never eat of the fruit of the dual tree."

"A noble resolve, my blessed girl, and that those of our household may practice it with us, I will have painted upon the wall of every room, this reminder:

G-o-d

In all and through all and above all.

The one Power and one Presence

For a while there was silence in the pretty chamber, for these two souls were absorbed in the contemplation of that Presence that walked unhindered in their midst and whose silent voice was more sweet to them than any sound ear ever heard, and they were realizing as never before that all the joy and beauty that had come to them was but God expressing himself more visibly to their consciousness.

Jack's voice broke the silence and his eyes were upon the slumbering babe as he spoke, "Trixy, sweetheart, how wonderfully we have been led up to this great climax. I am remembering with blessings every little help on the way I can see now where I was blind before, that in those experiences which I pronounced *evil*, Adam-like, I separated myself from companionship with the All-Good. Now I am redeeming my word by blessing even those darkest hours of my boy-life, and it has cleared my spiritual sight so I can see the strength and knowledge that were born of that solitude. But for that experience this blessed wildwood might not have been ours now — for it was my loneliness that drove me here, and then it grew so sacred I could not part with it, because of

the invisible companionship I felt when I came here. I thought it was my mother's presence then, but now I know 'tis God's; and, too, I know 'twas leading me to find what I have found in you and this sweet home — and now our darling child. If you and I have realized so much, what may not this little one realize, who from her first inception has been fed on thoughts of God?" Trixie's hand stole into her husband's and together they talked of the wonderful possibilities of the slumbering babe.

It was then that Trixie told of her beautiful experience with this child that was to come from out of the glad days to them. Whenever she had been out in the wildwood-alone, Trixie said, like a presence walking hand-in-hand with her, was this beautiful child — she could not see it with her outer eyes, but she *felt* its gladness and beauty; felt its childish voice as it prattled with the little stream and sang with the birds. But most she felt its glad delight when under the big oak, or drinking in the woodsey fragrance of the early morning, or watching the nesting birds. She was quite sure the little presence was visible to all the woods folk, for they came so close and looked so intently; and one day a white pigeon hovered above her and settled for a moment, as if on the head of the invisible child, and she felt it was a benediction of peace upon them both. Jack did not smile at these queer fancies; he only said, "Dear little girl, how lovely!" for he had a theory that the soul of the unborn child sought companionship, and in the quiet of the little wood, she had become receptive to it.

But Lovie was a visible presence now, slumbering beside them in her downy crib, and the happy mother knew that some day they would roam together the little forest hand-in-hand, as the dream-child had done.

Lovie's blue eyes opened upon her seventh earth-day and a surprise party at the same time, but not being versed in the customs of this planet, she only blinked at the three boys hanging over her crib trying to attract her attention to the gifts that had cost them one whole week's careful saving, for Lovie had not yet come to a sense of appreciation for the gay jumping jack that Pinkey, *alias* Philip, swung temptingly before her, neither had she felt the necessity that should make practical the smooth white teething ring that Crutches, *alias* Richard, tried to put into her little fist. Nor had the pink rubber ball, which Pigeontoe, *alias* Henry, bounced up and down, any merit for her. No, Lovie was just a week-old baby, and it mattered not to her that these boys were disappointed in her, nor that Pinkey said, "I never thought *she'd be like that*. I went to see Miss Hunt's baby a-purpose to find out what babies's like. But, my! Miss Hunt's baby wasn't that way; it was crawlin' all over the floor, and just crazy for jumpin' jacks and things."

Lovie's babyhood was sweet and free and natural as a bird's. Her little body was never pinched and tortured by the abominations custom has imposed upon the innocent babe in the way of wardrobe. Her wise friends assumed that her perfect little form could retain its beauty, its symmetry, its freedom of growth, by being clad in loose, light garments, and so Lovie was dressed for comfort and not for display, though her dainty gowns would have satisfied the most artistic eye.

Sunshine and air and water she had a-plenty and reasonable service from her loving friends, but never into Lovie's baby-life was dropped a suggestion of fear or evil. She never knew there was anything to hurt or be afraid of and so her sweet babyhood unfolded like a lovely blossom, and her young life rippled on in perpetual joy.

(To be continued.)



SERIES X

THE SNOWBALL BUSH

BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER

The doors and windows were all wide open and the warm sweet air and sunshine of May poured into the gray stone house and filled every nook and corner of the living room with the fragrance of fresh earth and lilac blooms.

Bob, the canary, sang as if he would split his little throat and Cotton, the cat, stretched himself full length in the sunny window seat just below the cage, but just out of reach.

Mother sat writing and Sallie and Lois, sunbonnets in hand, stood before the big brick fireplace. The interior, which had been so bright and cheery during the winter days, was now black and dull looking; even the big brass balls on the fire dogs seemed to have a depressed sort of shine and seemed really sad.

"I wish we could put the fireplace out in the shed with the stoves," said Lois, "It looks so lonely and out of place in summer, doesn't it?"

"Yes," answered Sallie, "I believe I like winter better than summer just on account of the fireplace. Mother doesn't tell us so many stories when the fire isn't burning. Why don't you, mother?"

"Spring is one grand long story in itself," replied

mother, putting aside her writing, "everything that we look at has a story, and in spring the world seems to be shouting a story from every tree and flower; you should be able to see stories as well as hear them. Now, see that hedge of lilacs there, masses of them, purple and white; some came from Syria, others from Japan and some from France and some are natives of this country. Next week the sun will bring them out in full bloom and what joy will be ours when we look at them; their fragrance will fill the air for blocks around and all of our friends and neighbors will share our pleasures.

These lilacs are from all parts of the world, but they bloom together in peace; they are of all shades, but blend together in harmony, and their common end is to give pleasure and beautify the garden. That is what God wants the people of the earth to do—live at peace with each other and assist each other in making the earth as beautiful and joyous as heaven. The lilacs have work as well as we have. All the year they prepare for this display of beauty and fragrance; all the year they draw nourishment from the earth and sun, and then they give back to us the gifts they have taken from Nature. They grow stronger year after year just as we do when we live good, true useful lives; they must be pruned and the useless, or dead, branches cut away from them, just as our faults and mistakes must be cast aside and forgotten. Yes, the more I think of it the more I believe the lilacs are like people. And then look at that big snowball bush there in the corner of the yard near the tea house. What a pretty story you could make up about it if you tried!"

"O, tell us a story about it, please mother," and the two little girls settled down in the window seat

where the sun turned their curls into gold and silver. Bob sang away in a very ecstasy of mirth and Cotton licked his lips in disgust. Birds, in his opinion, were meant for dinner, not for ornament.

"Well, once upon a time in a far away country, across the Pacific Ocean, there lived a little boy by the name of Koto and his home was in Japan. His skin was brown and his hair was straight and black, his eyes were so merry and black he always seemed to be laughing, and he was strong and active although quite small for his age. He lived in a small neat queer little house in which there was scarcely any furniture. In place of chairs there were mats to sit upon, mats woven of sweet clean grasses; a bambo table supported a vase of rare workmanship and a few odd looking pictures painted upon silk or rice paper hung upon the wall.

"A garden surrounded the house, and here Koto spent his days and often his nights. It was a bower of beauty all the year around; sometimes it was white with cherry blossoms, sometimes pink with apple, peach or quince; now it was gay with poppies or fairy-like with lilacs, snowballs or spirea.

"Kotos's father was a merchant and went often upon long journeys to purchase goods for his store. Upon his return he would tell Koto of the many wonderful things he had seen in these far-away countries; of the strange habits and manners of the people. Koto was much interested in this talk and liked best to hear of the people of the United states, the people called 'Americans'.

"He would sit for hours under the maple trees in the garden and dream of the time when he would be a man and could visit these distant countries himself. Now when we really want a thing very much, and

think about it and plan about it, before we know it we have our desire. (So you see we should be very careful to want only what is good and true, else we will have our wish, but it will not bring with it happiness.)

"Well, Koto dreamed of going across the ocean to America; he thought so much about it that his wish came true, as it always does if we are earnest in our desires. When he was fourteen years old his father took him to Portland, Oregon, where he was to be educated in the manner of the American boy.

"Before he boarded the great ocean steamer that was to carry him away from his beautiful home he went into his garden to say a last good-bye to his many friends. He leaned his head against the branches of the snowball bush, 'Beautiful flowers, I must leave you', he said, 'but I will return a wise and learned man and I shall not forget you in my absence,' and he broke off a spray of the snow-white flowers to take with him on the boat.

"For a week the snowballs kept fresh in a pitcher of water, then they began to wither and drop their petals, but a tiny white rootlet had grown out from the stem. When Koto saw it he exclaimed, 'It will grow for me in this new country, and remind me of my dear home garden'.

"One of the first things this little boy did when he reached his new home, which was upon a farm near the city, was to plant his snowball sprout in a rich dark loam in a sunny spot.

"Five years it grew there. It turned from a tiny white rootlet into a low wide-spreading bush. Each May it put forth a greater number of flowers and was admired and talked of by all the people who came near the farm. Its reputation grew and its picture appeared in the newspapers, and people came from the city to see it.

"Koto's education was finished, he was to return to his own country and become a lawyer and statesman. A florist gave him a big sum of money for his snowball bush, and one day two gardeners removed the plant to the florist's nurseries; there slips were taken from it and now parts of this same plant are blooming in hundreds of yards all over this country.

"Thus we see how much pleasure one little tiny white rootlet can give to the world. Just as our little acts and words may be the beginning of great things. If our acts are kind the result will be happiness for ourselves and others, if they are unkind they will result in sorrow and unhappiness.

"Now, come, and we will fill this big bowl with snowballs and put them in the fireplace, then it will not look so dark and lonely."

Soon the big scissors were at work and three sun-bonnets were bobbing about the big snowball bush, and the butterflies wondered what it was all about, and the birds sang and the sun shone and the river sparkled and the wind sang, "It is May, May, May."



Tammy's Lesson

I caught a little froggie
In a big tomato can.
I thought 'twas fun to jolt him
'Round, and bounce him as I ran.
I took him home to mother,
And she didn't say a word,
But went right on a sewin'
Jest es if she never heard.

But purty soon she says to me,
"Just come with me, my son;"
En' she put me in a dry goods box,
Where I couldn't jump or run
Or anything, but just sit still.
'Twas out on our back porch,
En' the only thing thet I could do,
Was jest stay there en' scorch.

En' then when lunch was over,
En' all the dishes done,
I jest set up and hollered,
'Cause they hadn't brought me none.
Then mother came en' took me out;
En' talked to me, en' so
We got the big tomato can
En' let the froggie go.

My mother told me froggies
Like to run es much es me,
En' when folks forgot to feed 'em,
They couldn't cry, you see.
I guess I won't catch frogs no more,
In a big tomato can.
I'll give all things their freedom,
When I get to be a man.

— BLANCHE.

TEDDY'S FIRST POCKETS.

"I want pockets in my new pants," said Teddy.

"You are too little," said mama.

"Please, mama!" Teddy pleaded. "Pockets go with pants. All the big boys have them."

"Well," mama replied, "I suppose you must have them. Yes, I will put some in."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Aunt Emily. "Clara, you don't mean to let that baby have pockets? He will have them full of rubbish and in a dreadful condition all the time. He's too little for trousers, to say nothing of pockets."

But mama put pockets in, and Ted was happy. He went around with his hands in those snuggeries, feeling very proud and grown-up, and trying to whistle; and by and by he began to put things into them.

"If I had the darning cotton, I would mend the stockings," said grandma, but it isn't in the basket."

"Here it is," said Teddy, taking a little black ball out of his right pocket. "I found it behind the door, grandma, I didn't know it was darn-cotton; I thought it was just string."

"You didn't happen to find my pencil, did you?" asked Sister Sue. "I lost it yesterday, and I can't find it anywhere."

"Yes," said Teddy. "It was in the waste basket. I picked it out and put it in my pocket. I didn't know it was yours, Susie," he said, as he passed it to her.

Pretty soon mama could not find her thimble. "I had it this morning," she said, "and all at once I missed it. I am sorry, for it was the one you gave me, Emily."

"Here it is," said Teddy. "I found it down in

the pansy bed. I meant to give it to you but I forgot."

"It must have fallen off the windowsill," said mama. "I remember now; I was sitting by the garden window."

That afternoon Sister Mary asked if anybody had seen a button, for she had lost one off her blue dress; Tom inquired if anybody had run across his jack-knife, which he was using at noon and mislaid; Johnny needed a piece of string in a hurry; and grandpa could not find a little nail. All these things Teddy produced as they were wanted.

"I take it all back, Ted," said Aunt Emily, laughing. "Your pockets certainly are the most useful ones in the family. You don't happen to have a box of chocolates, do you?"

"No," Teddy replied soberly, "but I have some candy that isn't chocolate. Mr. Smith gave it to me. It's taffy."

Aunt Emily laughed again. "There, Clara," she said, "I told you so!"—*Elizabeth Hill, in Youth's Companion.*

THE DOUBTER AND THE CHILD




"GOD IS NOWHERE" the doubter wrote,
And tacked it on his wall,
That all might read and know that he
Believed no God at all.

But a tiny maiden came one day
And read with face all bright,
"GOD-IS-NOW-HERE," the doubter saw,
And knew that she was right.

—GEORGIA M. L. SCRIBNER.

First Steps

Walter Mathews



Little toddling steps across the floor.
One-two-three, now just one more.
Papa's got you, now go soaring high,
Careful, you will bump your head
against the sky.

First it was a rosebud, sweet and pink
and fair,
On the tiny pillow, in the cradle, there.
Then a little birdling, learning
how to coo,
Saying in the baby tongue, "I
love you."

Then it was a ladybug creeping
through the room,
Gurgling out its happiness when
you got a broom.
Nor it is our girlie, walking
straight and tall,
Knowing that with mama near,
baby cannot fall.

Little toddling steps across the floor,
One-two-three, nor one step more.
Mama's got you, nor eo soaring high—
Every little birdling has to
learn to fly.

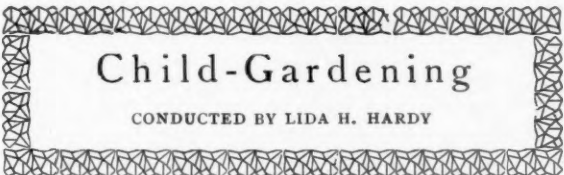


W.E.H.



Photo by John F. Strickrott, Topeka, Kan.

*"In the clear, cool water little fishes swim,
Darting now in sunshine, now in shadows dim.
Under rocks they're hiding, merrily at play;
God who made them loves them, cares for them alway."*



Child-Gardening

CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY

GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY

THE LAW OF EXPRESSION

SERIES IV.

GOD'S GIFT OF THE WATER

Now after God had made the light, and had divided the light from darkness, he gathered together the water unto one place and let the dry land appear. You can read all about it in Moses' story of The Beginning, which you will find in Genesis (Genesis means beginning) the very first chapter, 8 and 9 verses.

When we stop to think about it, water is one of the most wonderful things that God ever created.

Wise men who have studied all about it, tell us that it is made of two kinds of gases, hydrogen and oxygen. These men can separate water into oxygen and hydrogen. Then they can put the two gases together again and water is formed. Without water there could be no vegetable or animal life.

Our earth is covered on about $\frac{23}{32}$ of its surface by ocean water. Most all the water that falls comes from the ocean.

Let us think about the different ways in which water is used. It is used as a drink for all animals and all plants.

By its use we keep our bodies clean. By its use we keep our clothes clean.

In the Mother Play Book, Froebel tells us about some children who went to watch the fishes swim. Children love to watch the fish because they swim so freely and the water in which they live and move is so clear and pure.

There is nothing that the children love better than to chase the bird or catch the fish. In the bird the child tries to catch the bird's flight, in the fish his quick and joyous motion.

The fish and bird when caught give no pleasure. Froebel says that we shall never find freedom outside of ourselves. We must find it within. This freedom, he says, is a wellspring of joy.

We must find purity, too, within ourselves. Then we shall know it as the atmosphere of our life.

In Froebel's picture of the fishes we see order, cleanliness, harmony, unimpeded activity, joyous life, peace, purity and freedom.

The reason we love these pictures is because we see in them a picture of what we love and want for our higher selves.

Now back to the real subject again. Is it not quite marvelous the way old Jack Frost can show us his water wonder changes! Turning water into ice, making snow out of raindrops, and decorating our window panes with his exquisite frost pictures.

All these different and beautiful changes seem just as though they belong to fairyland. Yet we can see them all with our own eyes for ourselves and we know positively that they are really true.

Very easy it is for our good friend Jack to show

us all these wonderful changes, but by no amount of trying can he make the change back to water again.

No, it takes the fairy Heat to do that.

Through her work she is able to change the water drops into a fine mist, which we call steam, and which is so fine and light that it can softly float way up in the air. When enough of this fine mist or steam gets together up in the sky, it forms what we call clouds, and stays up there until the wind comes blowing and blowing along and then fairy Heat has to let go. The fine mist now changes into waterdrops, and comes tumbling right down to our earth home, and when the kindergarten children see them coming they sing:

This is the way the rain comes down
Swiftly, swiftly falling;
So he sendeth his welcome rain
Over field or hill or plain—
This is the way the rain comes down,
Swiftly, swiftly falling."

Sometimes the little water drop meets with such a cold wind as to bring it to the freezing point. If it has already formed into a drop before it meets this cold blast, it will freeze into a hail stone. Sometimes, you know, even in the summer time, we are surprised by a severe hail storm. This is because the drops have met with a freezing wind on their way earthward. If the freezing wind should meet the mist before it has formed into a drop, then the particles will be crystalized into beautiful white flakes, and the people cry, "O, see the snow!" And the kindergarten children laugh and clap their hands and sing again:

So he sendeth his snow like wool,
Fair and white and beautiful;
This is the way the snow comes down,
Softly, softly falling.

By catching the flakes on a dark piece of cloth in cold weather, and looking at them through a magnifying glass, the beautiful crystals may be readily seen. A thousand different snow crystals have been found.

In these beautiful snow crystals we see God's wonderful and orderly Law of Expression.



SNOW FLOWERS

We find this same law in every little pebble and in every blossom even.

The smallest dust which floats upon the wind
Bears the strong impress of the eternal mind.

When the sun comes out after it has been snowing or raining, and we see the steam rising from roof or sidewalk and floating gently upward, we think it is very mild and gentle, but really it is very strong and has even been called a giant.

Changed to steam, water has great power, and is a most willing worker, turning saw mills, printing presses, cotton gins, heating large buildings, sending automobiles swiftly along, moving rapidly over thousands of miles of railroad track long heavy trains of coaches and freight, and even speeding across the great oceans, carry away floating mansions against wind and tide.

Once upon a time long ago, there was a little boy whose name was James Watt. He sat one day before his mother's kitchen fire, watching the tea kettle.

For a long time he did not speak a word to anyone, but just sat thinking, and watching the way the steam from the water in the kettle had power to raise the lid. He took the cover off and then put it on again. Sometimes he would hold a cup or a silver spoon over the steam, watching always what the steam could do.

His Auntie thought he was wasting his time and gave him a scolding, calling him "an idle boy."

Dear children when people seem cross or harsh and speak unkindly, it is always because they do not understand.

This Auntie never would have thought and spoken as she did, if she had understood and known, that in the steam from his mother's tea kettle before him, little James was hearing the rattle and noise of coming machinery and seeing and hearing the puff of coming engines. Steam was just as mighty then as it is today. Its giant power was not then understood or used, because it had not been found. But it was there just the same, all the time.

God's glorious and always present truth, which we are learning and practicing each day, like steam, has always been with us.

Its wonderful power is being found by many people, and is unknown only to those who have not yet discovered it. It is here though, just the same, within and through and all around us, ready and waiting to fill all who find and believe, with joy, peace, health and happiness.

Our little prayer is:

DEAR kind God we thank you that we have found the Truth, and that we believe and know that in thee we live and move and have our being.

VIOLET RUTH'S MONOLOGUE TO THE
CHIPMUNK

OUR little Violet Ruth is just four years of age. A few days ago while working in the garden I missed her, and going round the house in search, came upon her seated on the porch chatting merrily to our little pet chipmunk, and this is what I overheard :

"Dear little Chipmunk, my name is Violet Ruth. I love the Truth, and I know the truth about myself. I am the child of God. Do you know God is Life and Love and Health and Peace, little Chipmunk, and you carry this deep down in your little heart?

"Yes, dear little Chippie-munk, God is your life, and that's what makes you so frisky and happy all the day long. Did you know God is the life of the little flower, too? God's everywhere, that's what Mrs. Allen tells us every Sunday in our Sunday School class, when I go to the Home of Truth ; she says, too, that God is the All-Good. You are in the All-Good, too, my dear, dear little Chipmunk. I love you and you love me, and then you and I both man-i-fest the All-Good. Do you know, dear Chipmunk, what it means to *man-i-fest*? It's a big word for you and me, but mother says it means to show forth, or make good ; then we know and understand. Now, dear little Chipmunk, do you see and understand all I've said? Good-by, little friend. I must go to mama."

Words fail to express the joy that entered my heart as I listened to Violet Ruth. I thanked God that the Truth was so thoroughly rooted in her young mind as to enable her to preach the gospel—"good news" to her little pets.

—VIOLET'S MOTHER, M. W. W., Alameda, Cal.

EPISTLES

CLAYPOOL, IND.


DEAR WEES — I thought I would write you a story about the "Bear and the Man." We had to write a story about "The Bear and the Man," at school so I told my teacher that I would send mine to you. It is not a very good one, but I wanted to teach the little Wees never to fight. Yourstruly

GEORGIA WORLEY.

P. S. I guess I will send you a piece of poetry about "The Fountain."

[Your story will come later. Georgia.—ED.]

NUCLA, COLO.



DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have been loaning you to my girl friends lately and I am hoping for some of them to take you. I am not going to get discouraged. My grandma is very much interested in "The Story of Lovie," and so am I. I will draw the picture of a little birdie I saw from the school house door one day, I and a schoolmate of mine saw him and started to draw him, we had him drawn all but his feet and we looked to see them and he was gone. He was a little blue bird. Well, I must close now. I hope all the Wees had a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I think Blanche's little verses are lovely. From your loving Wee

WINNIE ROWLEY.

"WEE WEES" MORNING PRAYER

Now before we work or play,
 Let us bow our heads and pray
 To God who kept us through the night
 And woke with us the morning light.
 Help us, Lord, to love thee more
 Than we ever loved before.
 In our work, and in our play,
 Be thou with us through the day.

I learned this one at kindergarten.

DETROIT, MICH.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I have not written to you before. I enjoy WEE WISDOM very much. I can hardly wait till it comes. Are Sallie and Lois real little girls? If so, where do they live? Here is a poem of "Summer." With love to all the Wees.

Summer is here, summer is here.
We are all ready to welcome you, dear.
With your brooklets gay, your flowering plums,
Oh, you are the loveliest season that comes.

LUCILE BOYNTON.

(9 years. I wrote it when I was 8 years old.)

[Yes indeed, Sallie and Lois are real girls and it's their real mama that writes the stories.—Ed.]



MOSIER, OREGON.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—It is a long time since I wrote to you.



We are having real Oregon weather, it snows one minute and the sun shines the next. Sometimes it snows and shines at the same time. This is the most beautiful winter I have ever seen. I am sending you a picture of the mountain Bears, taken in the doorway on the south side of our home. Mama and sister Carmen

are in the door, Carmen's husband is sitting just in front of her. Papa is standing by him, I am sitting in the middle, Hyman is at my right, Carlisle at my left, he has a beautiful Chinese pug dog, I have a little Scotch terrier dog. Brother Russell is behind the camera. I tried to mount the picture, that's why it looks so mussed. WEE WISDOM is better and better all the time.

When the lark is on the wing
Then Wee Bears begin to sing,
And the woods begin to ring
With praises to God our King.

Yours lovingly,

LESTER CLARK BEAR.



BELLVILLE, N. J.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I like WEE WISDOM very much. I am a little girl ten years old. I have a little brother three years old. From your new Wee.

GLADYS JENKINS.



Juvenile Bible Lessons.

MARY BREWERTON DEWITT

LESSON 5. MAY 3.

Our Heavenly Home — John 14:1-14

GOLDEN TEXT — *In my Father's house are many mansions.*
— John 14:2.

Where is our heavenly home, little children? No, no, not way up in the sky. Why, what good would heaven do us if it were so far away? Do you remember that Jesus said, "Heaven is within you?" That means heaven is right here in the heart of every little girl or boy.

You see heaven is more than just a beautiful place; it is a beautiful feeling, a feeling of love and tenderness for all humanity, and if we have this beautiful love we will soon see about us a beautiful place or happy surroundings, for nothing can remain ugly where a person's heart is filled with love.

Where is God's house? God's house is everywhere, everywhere that people choose to have it.

Mansion means home, so God's home, or house, may be where you live, or I live, or where your friends live; all these are the mansions of God. Then also God's mansions extend through all space on every star as well as upon our earth—are the many mansions of the Father.

Now, you see we have nothing to worry about, knowing that God is here and everywhere, and that we may have heaven wherever we are.

LESSON 6. MAY 10.

The Mission of the Holy Spirit — John 16:4-15.

GOLDEN TEXT — *I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another comforter that he may abide with you forever.*—
John 14:16.

Jesus spoke many words of comfort to his people, and while

comforting them at one time he told them of the still small voice within the heart of each of us which he named the Holy Spirit.

The Holy Spirit is the God-self and it may direct you and me in the right way, and show us how to be happy and loving and satisfied.

The Holy Spirit is always gentle, quiet, indeed very still and infinitely patient. The Holy Spirit is the real self, the true guide of each one. It knows only the good and only the true. It never worries or frets or scolds; it is always peaceful.

If you allow this Holy Spirit to guide you, it will save you from all sin or suffering; it will save you from all trouble. The more we listen for it, the better are we able to hear it speak.

LESSON 7. MAY 17.

Jesus Betrayed and Denied — John 10:1-27.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Jesus said unto them, the son of man shall be betrayed into the hands of men.* — Matt. 17:22.

Jesus knew how Judas felt towards him. He knew that he would give him into the hands of his enemies.

It is not easy to hide one's feelings from another, for thoughts can be easily felt and known. Jesus felt the thoughts of Judas.

We should always try to dispel any unkind thoughts we may have, by replacing them with thoughts of love. If one harbors an unkind thought that thought is apt to grow and develop into some ugly deed and thus by and by you have a giant to overcome. This will take longer than correcting the tiny thought in the beginning. This may seem hard to do, but if you try your best and call upon God to aid you angels will come, and they will whisper so many lovely things, that soon you will find it easy to love, and all that naughty hate will leave you. It will be swallowed up in love.

Jesus was not afraid. We must never be afraid. We must trust in God, and life will be made easy for us. If things seem to be hard just keep remembering God, the Good, anyway.

Peter was afraid when he said he did not know Jesus. That was being a coward. One should be bold and brave, and ever speak the truth.

LESSON 8. MAY 24.

Jesus' Death and Burial — John 19:17-42.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures.* — I. Cor. 15:3.

Jesus lived that we might know the truth. Jesus taught the truth that God is Love. Jesus allowed the Jews to crucify him merely to show that almighty power is with God, and that not even death can overcome the truth. Jesus overcame death.

His dying on a cross has in it nothing to save us from sin. We ourselves must rise above sin with God's help.

All those that do wrong suffer for wrong doing.

When people do right and are kind, loving and forgiving, then do they attract or draw all good to themselves.

Do not fear evil, but leave evil alone; have nothing to do with it. Do the kind act, help others, be sunshiny and pleasant and follow in the steps of Jesus who taught Truth.

Blanche's Corner.

"April showers bring May flowers."



This is the time of year when we all begin to think about gathering wild flowers. In the spring when the grass is green and the trees are coming into leaf, and the flowers are bursting into bloom, it just seems as if we can't breathe right in the house. On Saturday when there is no school, we go to the woods to pick flowers. I remember what fun we used to have gathering flowers in the mountains. We would go out in the cool evening when there was a breeze and the air was just full of perfume. How we used to hunt for the violets, the buttercups, the bluebells the tiny harebells and the dainty, silky, pink and white primroses, which opened only in the evening. But the flower we prized the most was the

flaming red tiger-lily. We used to shout for joy, when we saw one nodding its stately head way up on the hillside; and what a noisy lot we were, as we scrambled up to see who should be first to get it. I wonder why we loved the tiger-lily so? Perhaps because it was red. You know red means life, and life, to truth children, means love and strength and joy and health and every good thing.

Just think of the variety of colors among the flowers and plants. And every color means something good. The green of the trees, means *Growth*; the yellow of the buttercup, *Wisdom*; the pink of the primrose, *Love*; the red of the poppy, *Life*, and so on. The next time you gather a bunch of flowers, count the different colors and see if you can tell what they stand for.

Now don't you see when you are cross and grumbly, you are out of harmony with the flowers, the trees and everything in the whole world? Why you're just like a train off the track. You're liable to run into all sorts of trouble, but if you fill your heart with love and joy and wisdom, then you're on the right road. You're part of the plan of Nature; and you're in harmony with the wisdom of the buttercup, the pink of the primrose, and the life of the tiger-lily. You're happy and well all the time. Hurrah for harmony and truth!

The beautiful two-page poem by Walter Matthews in this issue is lettered and illustrated by our old-time friend, Billy Heitland. Some of you will remember Billy's first visit to WEE WISDOM as a two-year-old, with his big dog Blucher. Billy is fourteen now, and his pencil and brush are always busy. Billy will be a great artist some day.—[ED.]



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

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BLANCHE SAGE, *Associate Editor.*

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May, 1908.

*May-time is here, and far and near
The blossoms are raising their heads.
The snow is gone, they've awakened up,
They've left their wintry beds.*

*Let each of us in our hearts awake
To the fact that God is Love.
We'll see naught else in the whole wide world,
Around, below or above.*

—B.

*What's that fragrance in the air?
Apple blossoms, I declare.
See that tree in bloom out there!
Apple blossoms everywhere.*

—B.

*The columbine was nodding in the fragrant May-time breeze;
It looked up, laughing gently, at the solemn, grim, pine trees.
"I'm not afraid of you," it said, "because I love you so."
And the pine tree whispered a lullaby to the columbine, soft and
low.*

—BLANCHE.

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IF THERE IS A BLUE MARK at the end of 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 new treats for her readers, great and small.

"I, Wisdom, cause those that love me to inherit substance, and I will fill their treasuries."