EE VISIOM

EASTER 1910





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HOW THEY SPENT EASTER

AUNT SEG, IN WEE WISDOM, 1900.

"I wish we could have an Easter party!" exclaimed Elizabeth Gray, a little girl of ten years, to her friend and playmate, Ella Wright.

The children had been speaking of Easter and all that it meant to them. They had learned to think of Jesus Christ as their dearest comforter and friend, and were wishing that they might, in some special way, show their love for him.

"Yes, we might have something like a May party," suggested Ella.

"But I don't see how we could have one without a queen or a—king," Elizabeth thoughtfully replied. "No one could be king in Jesus' place, you know; 'twouldn't be right. Oh, I know!" she joyfully cried, throwing her arms around her little friend and whispering eagerly, so that the trees and birds and flowers might not hear, I suppose. Ella whispered back again, and not even the meadow lark, who stopped singing for quite a while because he was so interested, you know, could catch a word, or give me a single idea concerning the wonderful discovery occupying the attention of these two little girlish minds.

I will stop right here to explain that I am Miss Gray, Elizabeth's auntie, and a teacher in the Sunday School. The children are in my orchard laying plans for an Easter party. A little later Elizabeth said to me, "Auntie, please tell me something about raising from the dead."

Elizabeth had learned that every event in life has a spiritual meaning.

"My dear," I answered, "the death of the body is simply laying aside a garment which we can no longer use. If the soul *entirely* leaves the body, then the body has become a cast-off garment of flesh, and is not to be mourned over any more than an old dress, for the soul at once has a new dress, or body, in which to manifest and has lost nothing at all. This experience comes to all at the present day."

"Won't it be so always, Auntie?"

"I cannot tell you what will be, dear, but I can tell you what I think will happen by and by, when people come to know more of the great power of God in themselves. To be raised from the dead, Elizabeth, really means the soul becoming alive to truth. Then the soul begins to instruct the mind, and the mind sends living messages of Truth into every part of the body, and the body becomes really alive with the perfect Life. Before this new condition, soul, mind, and body seemed only to hang on to life, and not to have life within themselves.

Now, in this new condition, the body may become fine—spiritual—obedient to the spirit dwelling within, and it may be so pure—so spiritual—so unearthly that it will not be seen by earthly sight, in which case it will not die, but be lifted up out of sight of mortals. I do not say this will be so; I say it may be. Do you understand

me Elizabeth?"

"Yes, Aunt Marion, I understand, but do you think Jesus' body died?"

"No really, my dear. It seemed to die, and would have, if Jesus had not possessed the power to keep it alive until he wanted to use it again. He had learned to use his Father's will—his Father's power; for he had proved himself to be the Son of God in every way, and all that the Father had was and is his."

"Couldn't Jesus have had another body and not

tried to raise the crucified body?"

"Certainly, but he had a lesson to teach the people. They must be taught how to find God in themselves, and to life. They must know that they also have this power. They must be taught how to find God in themselves, and how to make a godly body—or a body pure and whole. Jesus came to teach them truth, and he would not leave

them in ignorance of how to use all the power God, their Father, had given them."

I am not going to tell you how that party was planned, but instead, I invite you to be present and learn a beautiful lesson. It is the afternoon of Easter Sunday, and I will take you into the orchard. The apple trees are pink and white, the peach trees a vivid pink, the plum and pear trees are pure white, and the grass is like green velvet. In the midst of the green is a pure white cross, and above the cross, suspended by invisible wires, a golden crown of yellow daisies. At the base are pots of Easter lilies, the pots being hidden under branches of green. A message was left at the church inviting all friends to be present, providing they would be very good and not talk, and also they would leave the space around the cross quite free for what was going to happen.

The friends are all here and silently waiting. Hush! from just behind the hedge comes floating strains of music, soft and low; now a throng of girls and boys arrange themselves around the cross. The girls are robed in white, the boys wear white ribbons, and each one carries on the left arm a wreath of white lilies, and the heavenly music floats on. Presently the tallest boy and girl approach and hang a wreath upon each arm of the cross, and their attitude is full of loving reverence. This is repeated until each child has given its love offering to the Lord, and the music floats on. Suddenly all is silent; not a sound; not a word. The children stand with bowed heads and closed eves. A few moments of intense stillness to which even the birds seem to contribute. * * * Now the music breaks the heavenly silence; the children join hands and move rhymically around the cross singing:

"Jesus blessed the little children, Long years ago."

I turn to the audience and perceive that every heart is touched. I feel the communion of soul with soul. I know the Lord is in our midst.

As the last strains die away upon the soft warm air, the white robed ones softly move away, one by one, their friends following. The power of silence is strong upon us all. Now my child comes to me and we sit long in the loving sunshine, before the shining cross with its golden crown and its wealth of love offerings, in the midst of living green, and we feel that every tree and bird and bud and flower are saying—softly saying, "Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God forever and ever. Amen."

A SEED THOUGHT

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

I found a little seed-pod; I took it home and laid it
Anó in it tight did dwell In the soil where it might grow;
A dark and dingy object And watered all the ground about.
Tucked up within the shell. And treated it just so!

One bright and early morning, When all was fair and sweet, I found a tiny blade of green That rose right at my feet.

> Thus many happy mornings Had passed in work away, When stepping to my door I spied A blossom bright and gay,

So, if we will be faithful,
And look for only light,
And nurture every happy thought
And keep it watered right.

A day will come all gladness
When we shall find so near
A hearenly deed of kindness,
Of love, good will and cheer!

EASTERTIME

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

The happy flowers wake from sleep And wave each tasseled banner, But angels still their vigils keep, In holy, prayerful manner! While, all about us and above,

" A thousand voices cry—
" 'Tis Easter time; the Christ of Love
Is with us from on high!"

IS IT, OR ISN'T IT?

Oh, Easter lilies are tall and fair,

And little Bess likes'em best,

But brother Bob goes a-

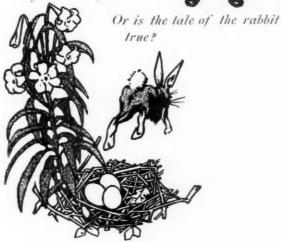
And hunts till he finds the Rabbit's nest.

Oh, eggs all yellow and red and green,

Oh, eggs all purple and blue,

Have you come from the nest of our biddy-hen







THE WEE WISDOM CLUB



BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER.



SALLIE AND LOIS PETTINGER.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

After Mildred had rounded the end of the island bearing Margaret's message to her mother, Margaret found trouble with her skate and gave it several impatient jerks, which, instead of tightening it, loosened the log upon which she was sitting. The log turned slowly, then with a bound it rolled suddenly into the Lake, tearing the great hole in the ice, afterward discovered by Willie and Robert. Margaret lost her balance and went plunging into the ice water in company with the log.

At first the cold took away her breath, then she grabbed onto the log and yelled until the very hills seemed to echo with her distress. Her fingers were so stiff she felt that she could hold on no longer, and her

body lost all sense of feeling. She could not raise her voice now to cry for help, and her lips could frame only the words "Now I lay me down to sleep," this she said over and over again until she felt herself loosen her hold upon the log, and she sank down, and down, and down, and on, how warm and comfortable she was. She opened her eyes and saw a big shaggy dog standing over her. "I'm at the bottom of the Lake now," she told herself, "and isn't it funny to have a dog here; I suppose he has been drowned too." Then she closed her eyes and knew no more for a long time.

Farmer Craig and his daughter Mandy were passing along the Lake road in the buck-board, while Nero the huge Newfoundland trotted on ahead of the horses, as if guiding them to the old farm house a half mile distant. Presently Nero stopped with his ears cocked and his front foot off the ground in an attitude of listening; then away he darted toward the Lake where his bark attracted the attention of Farmer Craig.

"I tell you 'Mandy, when a dog barks like that there is something wrong. You just hold them horses whilst I go see."

"Oh, what's the use Pa?" said 'Mandy, "It's just a rabbit he has seen, or maybe only the tracks of one."

"No, that 'aint no rabbit bark; I've had a dog ever since I was a foot high, and I'm well nigh educated in the barks of a dog, and that there is a danger bark, so just hold them horses."

He found Bruno standing over Margaret, and it took only a glance to tell him the whole story.

Farmer Craig had seen the inside of very few books, but he was educated not only in "the barks of a dog," but how to act quickly in the case of an emergency, such as he now found himself confronted with.

He carried the little girl to the edge of the Lake where he paused only long enough to cut the skates from her foot, and wrapping his big warm coat around her he put her in the wagon, "Now 'Mandy, drive as fast as ever you can, and if we hurry up Mother will be able to bring the poor little thing to life again, that is if any one can do it."

So 'Mandy urged up the horses, and away they disappeared from sight, just as Willie and Robert appeared

in search of Margaret.

Soon Mother Craig had Margaret wrapped in warm blankets, with a steaming drink to her lips; her wet hair was almost dry and lay outspread upon the pillow. But 'Mandy shook her head slowly when she saw the scarlet checks and heavy eyes. "Her folks ought to know where she is, Ma, so we'd better find out who she is."

But Margaret couldn't remember what her name was, nor where she lived. 'Mandy told her how worried her mother would be if they did not let her know at once where she was, so Margaret tried to think, and she suddenly remembered a dialogue she was taking part in at school and that her name was Marie Antoinette, and that

she lived in Paris.

"Marie Antoinette! it sounds just like some of them bookish names, but of course the poor child 'aint to blame for the foolish notion of her parents in naming her. Paris is that little settlement at the north end of the Lake, so you had better telephone over there right now and tell 'em that Marie Antoinette is here all safe and that we will send her home in the morning if she is all right, and if she shouldn't be well enough we'll let 'em know,' directed Mother Craig.

The post-master at Paris said he didn't know any one by the name of Antoinette, but that he would hunt them up and tell them about it. And that is the reason that all night long the parties of searchers went through the woods trying to find traces of the lost child, and why it was not until three in the morning, after Farmer Craig had been called out of his warm bed, that the Wee Wisdom Club heard what had happened to their

President.

Now if I wanted to, I could tell you how the fright, exposure and anxiety, endured by the Club, brought all sorts of unpleasant things about, but you see I don't want to. Why not? Well you must know that it is a poor sort of a rule that does not work both ways, and if, as we agreed last month, one misfortune brings about another unless we have listened closely to the words of

Wisdom, and followed carefully in her foot steps, so one good thing brings about another; and the Club, while it had it's trials for a while, and found it not quite so easy as usual to play the game of "It," yet they pulled through their rocky stretch of road, and one sunny day in March they met for the first time since the Out-door Margaret, well wrapped in a big red blanket, was taken to the place of meeting in a wheeled chair, (Margaret did not mind the chair much, for she would only have to use it for a few weeks longer, but she did object to the color of the blanket); and that first meeting was only the beginning of the good times in store for the Club, so many good times that I will never find space to tell you about more than half of them, so why should I bother about recording their trials during the time that Margaret lingered between life and death, and the hours dragged by one by one until it seemed as if all Eternity had passed. You see there would be no use of my telling you that the doctor shook his head and said she would never walk again even if she did live, no use at all, because vou see he was mistaken, as doctors very often are, and it would be of no real interest to you to know that her beautiful long hair was all cut off. close to her head, because you see it all grew back on again in time.

But I just can't resist telling you one thing about it that taught me a lesson, and that is, that unpleasant things don't always bring about unpleasant things, sometimes good things come from them, for do you know, the Wee Wisdom members were very much improved after their experience on the ice. Maybe Margaret found out how much her little friends loved her, maybe Willie was more appreciated by the thoughtless ones of the Club, maybe they one and all had had some very serious thoughts during those anxious days. I'm sure I don't know what it was, but they were kinder to one another, more thoughtful for others, tried more earnestly to live up to their constitution and Club game, and were slower in expressing their opinions and criticisms of each other. What ever it was I do not exactly know, but I do know that they were gentler and kinder and more loving, and after all, that is what counts in living the Life Beautiful.

'MAGINATION PAINT



When brother an' I want things as they "aint," We just fix 'em up with 'magination paint; Makin' ev'r one happy an' jolly an' glad An' no one's spinky or pouty or mad; Why even my dolly will smile back at me When I smile down at her as hard as can be. We'd 'magined an' 'magined for ever so long That things were colties 'at 'u'd "g'up" an' "g'long." An' brother worked as hard as he could 'Till he'd made one out of a stick of wood With strings tacked on for a bridle rein. We called her "Silk" an' jus' played away, Havin' all kinds of fun, until, one day-My! didn't we open our eyes up wide, When old Fan came up with a colt by her sid .-As pretty an' playful as it could be An' papa said it b'longed to brother an' me. Now, if grown folks 'u'd use more of this paint, The'y have lots of things which they think they "caint."

THE JEWEL FLOWERS

(Selected.)

Down in a cool shady place they grew, rows and rows of wild flag lilies, each one seeming fairer and statelier than her sisters. Every spring they returned, first the straight, tender blades of green shooting up through the damp earth along the brookside, and then every frog and bird would hurry about to tell the glad news that the lilies were back again.

And they would hold quite a reception the first day the lovely lavender and gold petals unfolded. The frogs would come up from their cool haunts under the ferns and water grasses and croak a welcome to them, and the bees would all visit them and chat over last year's honey crop, and the kingly dragon flies, even, would pause in their darting flight to admire the rows of blossoming lilies.

Then the children would discover them, and desert all the buttercups and daisies and wild roses just to pick the lilies.

"They are so different from the other flowers," they would tell each other. "The lilies are like butterflies turned into flowers, and they seem to be alive."

"Ah, but they have no fragrance," the wild roses would cry.

"And they can't tell you whether you love butter or not," said the buttercups wisely.

"Nor who loves you and who loves you not," said the daisies.

"Still they are the handsomest of all the flowers," the children would declare. "They look like enchanted princesses, all standing in a row, with royal robes of gold and purple on."

"Oh, what nonsense," all the flowers would cry.
"They're only common flag lilies."

But the lilies grew haughtier.

"Perhaps we are enchanted princesses," they would whisper to each other, as the wind waved them gently to and fro. "I'm sure we look something special. What a pity it is we have to live all our lives in this lonely dell, with nobody to see our beauty except the birds and bees and frogs and butterflies and these other envious flowers."

"But we love you," said the children.

"Oh, yes; but you are only children," said the lilies quite patronizingly, and after a while they were left alone by the children and the bees and the butterflies, for they were so proud.

Now, the fairy of that glen was a wood sprite, and when she had heard what the lilies said, she determined

to punish them for their foolish pride.

"You are almost as beautiful as the jewel flowers," she told them one day.

"Oh, what are the jewel flowers?" cried the lilies eagerly, all together.

"They are the rarest flower of all," the wood sprite told them. "I will turn you into them, so you can judge

for yourself."

And she touched each lily with her star-tipped wand ever so lightly, but at each touch the lily changed from a living, velvety petaled flower into a dazzling jewel.

sparkling and lovely, but lifeless.

After a while the bees flew down to wish the lilies good-night, as they always did, but when they found only cold, hard jewels in place of the tender flowers, they went away. And when the rain fell that night, all the other flowers opened their cups to drink in the sweet summer moisture, but the lilies received none, for the rain fell off the jewels, and gave no drink to the suffering leaves. Even the grasshopper and the frogs refused to visit the lily corner any more and the dragon fly went sailing by without even a glance at them.

"But we are precious," cried the lilies in dismay.

"We are the rarest flowers in the world."

Then one day through the dell there wandered a witch. Never once did she glance at the flowers, but kept her eyes fixed on the ground, and prodded it with a sharp stick she carried. When she caught sight of jewel flowers, she seized their stems roughly, and tore all the sparkling gems off, and hid them in a sack she carried.

"Where are we going?" cried the lilies in dismay. But the old woman hurried away from the dell, and when she reached her own dark cave, there sat a round-eyed

gnome waiting for her.

"Did you find any?" he demanded. She gave him all she had in the sack, and the lilies were carried away by the gnome to his home in the hills. There he scattered them in the earth, and in the rocks, where it was dark and lonely and cold, and left them. And then at last the proud, discontented lilies knew how wilful they had been, and longed to return to their own pretty dell.

But the wood sprite let them stay in the gnome's hill until she was sure they were really sorry, then she released them, and one sunny morning they wakened to find themselves back in the dell, in their petaled robes of

gold and purple.

"You are not jewel flowers any more, are you?"

asked the frogs and bees and butterflies joyfully.

"We are glad to be ourselves," said the flag lilies, modestly drooping their heads. And when the raindrops fell that day, they lifted their petals eagerly for the fresh, sweet drops, and were grateful when the children came running and crying, "Oh, here are our lilies back again."

"It is better to be loved than to be the most precious jewels in the world, my sisters," said the tallest lily, and all the rest nodded their drooping heads thankfully.

-Sent in by Dr. Gibbons, Golt, Calif.

Like the stars God's love doth keep Shining watch While I'm asleep.

THE FRIENDS OF JESUS

MRS. R. C. ORR.

I have earnestly tried to impress my Mission Sunday School class (bright little six-year-old boys) with the idea that Jesus Christ is the Children's Friend, with all the exquisite delight that the word Friend conveys. We call our class "The Friends of Jesus" and some of these dear little children have blossomed out wonderfully under the radiant truth that Jesus is a personal friend.

On Christmas Eve we had a lovely tree for the children and a little preliminary entertainment. Three little boys each gave a scripture quotation and the class

recited together an original poem.

THEIR RECITATION.

1st Boy—"Henceforth I call you not servants for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth, but I have called you friends."

2nd Boy-"Ye are my friends if you do whatsoever

I command you."

3rd Boy-"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

All the class together.

We are the friends of Jesus His happy little friends, His love sustains and holds us, And greater beauty lends To all our words and actions, And makes our pathway bright. We cannot fall or stumble While walking in His Light.

We are the friends of Jesus, He promised long ago Who followed his commandments He'd always call them so. And so we love and follow, Each one a loyal brother, Lending a hand to everyone, And Helping one another.



EPISTLES

Zen

TO OUR LITTLE LETTER WRITERS

My DEAR WISDOMS-Every letter that comes to Ye Editor's desk receives a welcome, for she appreciates the efforts put forth by their Wee writers. Why! these letters bring us so close together, I can almost see the color of your eyes and hair. I can tell the color of your thought for all these little marks and wiggles have a story to tell about the small hand and brain and purpose that brought them forth. Sometimes you would smile with me, to see how very funny you spell some of your little words, and then again, your English gets off the track and has to be fixed up. You will grow into the right use of that, with a little painstaking. Ye Editor doesn't mind that so much as to have false statements made in your letters. Some of you (but not often, now), tell about conditions that do not belong to Truth's children. Of course, its all right to ask for help to over-We are learning to do that and-but we come these. are also learning that we must keep our words and our thoughts busy with the good and the true if we would keep well and happy. The old world will put on new habits if we will keep seeing God the Good, everywhere and in everybody. Tell in your letters all the best and sweetest things that come to you. Everybody likes to read fresh wide-a-wake letters. The old way of beginning letters with, "I take my pen in hand," is all out of date. Of course, it is plain to be seen you are writing with your pen, so please don't use any more room making these statements. And then, instead of writing the old way, "I am well and hope this will find you the same," give thanks that you are well and declare health for everybody. Do not repeat what others say in their letters. Once a letter writer when winding up her long letter said, "I will close now so I wont crowd other Wees out," or something to that effect, and bless your heart, if some of you don't repeat her statement after you've written but a dozen words or less and it looks as if you had just found in it a good excuse for not making the effort to write a real good letter. You wont do it any

more, will you?

Here are some letters from our Dadeville friends. Joy and Sophia and Lillian Ortloff. They tell us how much they enjoy WEE WISDOM and send money for her traveling expenses another year. They also tell us of a little new brother who is three months old and, "so cute." We are glad to have our little friends continue with us. Their big brothers and sisters used to be Wees, years ago and write us letters just like these have, telling us about the coming of these same little Joy and Sophia and Lillian into the family, and now they have another tiny brother, Ferdinand, we are sure he too, will be a WEE Wisdom and write us letters some of these days. How do you like the rabbit our young artist has put on the cover? What have rabbits to do with Easter, anyway? Who can tell us? With Easter love and blessings for all our Wisdoms. FROM YE EDITOR.

WEEHAWKEN HEIGHTS.

Dear Wee Wisdom—This is my second letter to you. On April 30, 1910, it will be my 9th birthday. Enclosed please find a poem. I will have to cut my letter short for I am getting ink all over the table. Love to all Wees.

MAJORIE KERR.

List to the voice of Jesus,
who is caming from above,
Come all ye thankful children,
With your bright little faces of love.

P. S. Next month I shall have another poem for Wee Wishom.

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

Dear Wees—I should like to be a member of the Wee Wisdom Club. I am ten years old. The February number is the first number I have taken, and I like it very much. My aunt gave me the magazine for my birthday present. Yours lovingly,

Doroty Lotzeide.

[We enter Dorothy's name as an honorary member of the Wee Wisdom Club. We will give lists of those joining the Club from time to time.—

VANCOUVER, B. C.

Dear wee Wisdom—This is my first letter to you. I am eleven years young, and in the Senior Fourth Reader at school. I guess that would be the sixth grade down in the United States. I have been taking you for about six months, and I love to take you. I take music lessons, and am getting along fine in it. My father takes Unity and I hang up some of the Red Leaves in my bedroom. I hope to see this in print in the March copy. I am afraid of crowding some other little Wee out, so I must make my letter short. I will close now. With love to all the Wees. Lovingly yours,

JOY AUBREY EVANS.

HILLSDALE, IDAHO.

Dear Wee Wisdom—This my first letter to you. I have been taking you for two years. I am twelve years old, and in the sixth grade. I love to write poems, and I am sending you one. It is very lonesome out here, and I have only a few playmates. It would please me very, very much if some of the Wees would write me a letter. I will answer every one. My address is Hillsdale, Idaho. With love to all the Wees. I still remain your little Wee.

Ruth Alden Woodcock.

THE DARK

"I hate to go to bed at night."
Confessed a little maid,
"'Cause when you're up the big wide stairs,
It makes you feel afraid."

"You think you see a bogyman And then perhaps a witch, And now a great white figure Within its hand a switch.

But when at last you say your prayers, Then do as you are bade, And scramble quickly into bed You feel no more afraid."

[Ruth ought to add this verse to her poem.—Ep.:]
"God is my all I know no fear.
Since God and Love and Truth are here,"

GLENDORA, CALIF.

I read the poem in December Wee Wisdom "A California Christmas," and I thought I would like to tell you how I en-

joyed my Christmas in California. The day was fine. My nephew's little girl had a Christmas tree and received lots of presents. There were Billikins, dolls, dishes, blocks, books, pictures, paints, doll's buggy, doll's hammock, doll's iron bed, and lots of other nice things. We had a boquet of roses out of our garden on the dinner table. The weather was so warm we went walking without hat or wraps. Geraniums are in bloom in the gardens; petunias and nasturtiums were outside along the parking, also my geraniums. Young people were playing croquet on the lawns, many were out riding in automobiles. The orange and lemon orchards were beautiful. shipping oranges already; wagon loads pass by the house every day. We had sweet potatoes, celery, onions and lettuce out of our own garden the Sunday after Christmas. 'The lawns are all nice and green and the pepper berry trees are still beautiful They have but little rain here in the summer but a great deal in winter. They tell me there is hardly any frost here, never enough to see, without you get up very early. We hear from the East and North of the cold they are having, and to think we are enjoying summer weather and blossoms, and they are packing oranges to ship to London at Christmas time.

MINNIE BENEDICT.

OMAHA, NEB.

Dear Wee Wisdom—A Wee New Thoughtist, one of the dearest eight-year-old boy's I ever knew, sent me the lines below for a letter he had promised to write me. The sentiment is so good I thought Wee Wisdom would like to publish it, so send it with his name attached. Yours for a world of joy.

A. T.

A WORLD OF JOY

A world of joy is true and honest,

If you only like its lay.

'Tis always happy in the dear old fashioned way.

When the sun shines it brings cheer to every one.

The sun makes the gardens grow; The rain makes the roots below.

The flowers above, and all is happiness.

The world is a world of joy, if you only think it so.

-EDWARD HOAGLAND.
CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM-I have enjoyed reading the WEE WIS-

DOM this past year very much. I would like to take you another year, but cannot afford it. I am very sorry that I must give it up for there are very nice stories in the Wee Wisdom. Very truly yours.

Mabel Evans.

[Because of a love-offering from WEE WISDOM'S dear, thoughtful friend, Mrs Suda WEE WISDOM'S traveling expenses are provided for in Mabel's case and three others.—Ep.]

BELIOT, WIS.

Dear Mrs. Fillmore—I am sending traveling expenses for Wee Wisdom. Am also sending you this little song we promised:

"Good morning Merry Sunshine, how did you wake so soon?
You scared away the little stars and drove away the moon.
I saw you go to sleep last night before I ceased my playing,
How did you get way over there, and where have you been staying?"

"I never go to sleep dear child, I just go round and see The little children in the East, who rise and watch for me. I waken all the birds and bees and flowers on my way, I wake little children too, and tell them it is day."

I also send you the childrens' pictures. Can you guess which one is Ruth? Her little sister, Ruby, started into school on her 4th birthday, which was the 3d of January, and she is such a wise little thing we call her a little Wee, too. She can sing all the little songs her sister sings, and surprises the teacher every day by singing them at the Kindergarten. Yours very truly.

Mrs. Fiedler and Ruth.
P. S. I let Ruth sign her own name.

are a

WILBRAHAM, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I was very much surprised and glad to find my drawing and story in WEE WISDOM. I thank you very much for the extra copies. Here is the last of the story, "Beauty's Journey."

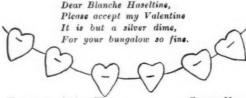
BEAUTY'S JOURNEY

At last her week was ended and she had to go home. She started the next morning at five o'clock. She had chosen a pure white kitten a month oid. She named the kitten Beauty. She arrived at her home that night after the children were in bed. The next day was Paul's birthday. In the morning the children were up bright and early, and were very glad to see their mother. She told them that after breakfast, and when the work was done, she had a great surprise for them. How those children's faces shone. They all hurried to get their work done and eat breakfast. At last breakfast was ended and their work done up. Then she got the kitten and its breakfast and placed it before them on the table. They were never so much pleased in their lives. They said 'twas the best thing that could happen. The kitten need to an old age.

The End. HELEN E. HARDY.

SALEM, MASS.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I have written to you once before. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade at school. I thought I would send Blanche a Valentine, so mama made this verse for me:



From your loving Wee. Goldie Holt.
P. S. Mama loves Unity and I love Wee Wisdom.

My! but won't Blanche be tickled when she gets this. -Ep.]

Dear Wee Wisdom—I like the Wee Wisdom very much. I am in the third grade at school and eight years old. My Auntie gave you to me for Christmas. I will close for this time. Love to all the Wee's.

MARY HUNTER.

[Mary forgot to put her address on her letter, and so she may miss her extra copy of Wke Wisdom.—Ed.]

LORDIN. OHIO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—THANK YOU FOR THE BOOK. GOD WILL MAKE ME WELL LIKE NED SO I WONT NEED MY CRUTCH. GORDON PRESTON.

[Dear little Gordon has printed his letter all by himself, and surely his sweet faith will heal him as it did Ned in "Wee Wisdom's Way," the book he speaks of.—Eb]

SPOKANE, WASH.

Dear Mrs. Filmore—I will write to let you know how I am getting along. I am now eight years old, and in the third grade, and enjoy my work very much. We are having two weeks vacation for Christmas. My sister May is also going to school, she is in the first grade. We both enjoy Wee.



HELEN VOSHELL AND HER BROTHERS AND SISTER.

Wisdom very much; especially Nature Study Course. How I would like to run in and have a little visit with you. I always think of that day we spent with you before we came to Spokane. Wishing you all a very happy New Year.

HELEN VOSHELL.

[We are so glad of this visit from Helen and her brothers and sister She was such a tiny little girlie when she used to come to Unity Sunday School.—En.]



SNOHOMISH, WASH.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I thought I would like to have my little sister's picture in Wee Wisdom. She is five years old and her name is Gladys. She likes to hear the stories of Wee Wisdom and so I read them to her. I will be thirteen the 11th of February. (I think I shall have a birthday party.) How are all the Wees? I hope they are well and having a good time. We are having nice weather now but it was so cold we could

skate, which is something unusual here. I am going to school but we have a vacation as the water pipes froze and bursted. We are not far from Bremerton where they keep the Battle ships and some times we go and see them. One of the sailors gave my little brother his Lanyard, which had the name of his ship on it, it was "The Philadelphia." I hope that Blanche got her present and that my dimes were in time. Love to all the Wees.

Merle E. Gainer.

(We are glad to meet Wee Gladys. She looks like a Truth girlie, -- ED

MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIF.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I will send fifty cents so that Wee Wisdom can visit my home for one more year. I have a cousin, Stanley Justice, who is going to take Wee Wisdom. I don't know whether he has already sent for it yet or not. I have two pets, a dog and a cat. The dog has yellow ears, he has web feet. His name is Dick. My cat is the cutest cat I ever saw but he hasn't any name. I thought maybe some of the Wees or Blanche would like to suggest a name for him. He is a maltese and white. He is so playful. We hang up a string and tie a ball at the end and he will hit it and make it go as far as he can. Dick likes to play with him but the cat is afraid of Dick. Tonight I wish all of the Wees could have been here, they played so cute, I never saw a cat and dog play with each other so cute, but when the cat gets enough he runs under the bed and Dick can't get him there. I go to a private

school. I am in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Thompkins. I like her better than any other teacher I have ever had. Her brother has a Shetland pony ranch of twenty-one ponies. How I wish I had one. I take music lessons. My mama got me a nice piano so I could take music lessons. I guess I will tell you what I got for Christmas. The present I like best is my locket with my initials on it, which are E. W. B., then I got the prettiest purse, it is leather. I got a nice sewing apron and you can fold it into a little work bag, and I got a lot of postal cards and a few handkerchiefs. I guess I will have to close, my letter is so long now but I would like to write a lot more, I have so much to tell you. I am your Wee.

Bonnie Barkway.

[Wer Wisdom is glad to continue her visits to Bonnie. We are glad Bonnie loves to write; her letter is very neatly written and shows few mistakes.—Ed.]

DONALD AT HIS HOME IN SIERRA MADRA

Here is a picture of Donald Mitchell, a little Truth boy, living in Sierra Madra, California. Aunt Mary knew Donald,



ais sister, Dorothy, and brother, Gerald, on Catalina Island. You may have read about them in some of the back numbers of Wee Wisdom. Donald is five years old now. See how glad the pretty fan-tail pigeons are to see him! This is a little glimpse of the beautiful home his mamma and papa have bought at Sierra Madra near the towering foot-hills. Donald's mother and father stopped at our Center of Divine Ministry in Chicago to see us on their way to New York City, and Mrs.

Mitchell handed Aunt Mary this dear little picture, saying as she did so, "Would you not like to send this to Wee Wisdom?" Then she told us this little story about Donald. "One day Donald was climbing up some pretty high places and scrambling about where it seemed as if he might fall. A lady standing by, exclaimed—"Look out Donald, you'll break your neck, some day." "Don't you know, said Donald, I wasn't made to die. I was made to live forever!"

AUNT MARY DE WITT.

DANA AND GENIE'S STORY

Our names are Dana and Genie, and Bonnie is our little Aunt! She isn't very much bigger than we, but she is our Mamma's sister and our truly Auntie.

And she can think of so many things to play. One day, it was rainy and we had to stay in the house, we didn't want to. But Bonnie came in and brought a little Noah's Ark. She would walk all the way and take the nickels to buy things for us. But when we opened the lid, oh! my! There was just about six animals—a skimpy row laid on top of a big wad of brown paper.

We were so disappointed for there are so many of us. Little Ira and Margie and Hollie, Bob, Marsa, Donald and me, Dana and then Bonnie. Well, first we were ready to cry, but Bonnie said, "No! wait a minute!" She put on her hat and ran out the door and we sat and waited, 'cause we knew she always fixes it up some way. Pretty soon she came back with a big paper sack in her hand.

"I went down to the grocery," she said, "and here is a big lot of animal crackers! We will play circus till we are tired

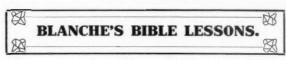
and then eat the menagerie!" Each one will have to eat the animal he has, whether it's an elephant or a flea."

We played a long time, and then in the middle of the procession our lion broke his leg. It was my lion and Bonnie said, "I think Dana had better eat that poor lion, so his leg won't hurt him!"

When we were tired of the circus parade, we began to eat, and Ira gave a shriek and said, "oh, I ate a nelophant!"

"I just bit off a tiger's head, said Marjorie and we laughed and laughed. Oh what fun we had."—

DANA BRONSON AND GENIE MOORE.



Lesson 10. March 6.

JESUS THE HEALER.-Matt. 8:2-17.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Himself took our infirmities and bare our sickness."—Matt 8:17.

We have been studying about Jesus the Preacher, that is, we have been reading about the truths he told the people. This lesson is about Jesus the Healer. You see Jesus not only taught about the truth but he proved it was true by using it. He used it to make people strong and well and happy. If our Lord had never done anything to prove that what he said was truth the people would not have paid much attention to him and we would not be trying to live by the truth he taught.

That is a lesson for us. We must not only know truth but we must use it. Talking about it is all right, but if we want folks to believe we must show that our lives are made better by it. We must use it to keep us strong and well—to drive away all unhappiness. Then people will know it must be the right way to live, and our religion will be worth while.

Lesson II. March 13.

TWO MIGHTY WORKS.-Matt 8:23-34.

GOLDEN TEXT—"What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?"—Matt. 8:27.

As we said in the last lesson the way to prove that a thing is true is to make use of it. Jesus knew that the power within him was greater than anything outside. One time when He and His disciples were out in a boat the wind blew a gale and the waves washed so high that the men became afraid they would be drowned. Now was the time for Jesus to prove the power of the Spirit within Him. He simply arose and told the wind and waves to be still and they obeyed. There is nothing mysterious about it. If we know that the Spirit in us is all powerful why there is nothing we cannot do. It

should be as easy to control the sea or the wind as to cure a tiny ache. It all depends on how much faith we have. The more we use our truth, the stronger our faith becomes. If we pass an examination by saying, "God is my intelligence," then the next time we use it we will be more sure of it because it worked before.

After we get in the habit of using a true statement all the time we will never think of doubting it. Then

it will never fail.

Lesson 12, March, 20

A PARAYLTIC FORGIVEN AND HEALED— Matt. 9:1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT—"The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sin."—Matt. 9:6.

The golden text talks about forgiving sins. We know that sinning is "falling short of the mark," not doing the best that we know. If we know that we are God's perfect children and are well and happy all the time, we are sinning, because we fail to prove our knowledge. But we can forgive our sins. Forgive means to give for. Now sinning, or falling short of the mark comes from thinking untrue thoughts. So let us give for these untrue thoughts good strong pure ones. That is forgiving ourselves and we will be just what we should be, God's perfect children.

Lesson 13. March 27.

EASTER LESSON—THE EMPTY TOMB.—Mark 16:1-8.

GOLDEN TEXT—"I am He that liveth, and was dead; and behold I am alive for ever more."—Rev. 1:18.

During the past month we have been reading about the healing Jesus did and how he stilled the winds and waves. In this Easter lesson we are told how Jesus proved there was no power in death. The people crucified him, but He arose and will never die. There is no power in death, unless we give it power. Jesus knew it was a shadow an unreality and He overcome it. It was his faith that banished death.

Christ is risen. Let the Christ in you rise and destroy all untrue thoughts. Never let unreal thoughts enter your mind. Use the Christ spirit in you every hour of the day and you will do the things Jesus did and even greater.

Blanche's Corner.



"There's no use talking, I don't believe it, so there."

"Why Jimmie, do you believe your mother 'ud tell a story?"

"No. You look here Molly Baker, of course my mother wouldn't tell a story, but I think she's made a mistake. She says there's life in every single thing. Now I know that isn't true."

"Now Jimmie, your mother says, God is everywhere. You believe that don't you?"

Well, mebbe I do."

"Then she says, 'God is life' and it is clear as day that if God is life and God is everything, then life is everywhere. A baby could see that."

"I don't care Molly, it isn't true. Now just look at that old iron rabbit with the hose between his ears. He's been there for weeks. He never moves unless some one wants to water the lawn and move him. I'd like to know where you'd find any life in him?"

"I don't know anything about the rabbit, but I think what your mother says is true. Don't lets talk any more about it though. We might get cross. Let's hunt for our Easter Eggs."

And so the hunt began. The two children ran merrily around the yard and in and out of the barn hunting for a nest. Suddenly Molly, who was hunting by the fence, near the iron rabbit, gave a gasp. She had caught a gleam of purple peeping from under the bunny.

"Jimmie Lane, come here this minute!" she called, "and help me lift this bunny." Jimmie came running and together they begun tugging at the rabbit. It was

heavy, but at last they succeeded in lifting it, and there in a hole were six of the most beautiful colored eggs you ever saw. Molly jumped up and down and clapped her hands. But Jimmie stood gazing with open mouth, first at the eggs and then at the rabbit.

"Now then Jimmie, who's mother made a mistake

I'd like to know."

After a moments silence, Jimmie said, "Come on

Moll. I've got to go and 'pologize to mother."

The moment they came in sight of Mrs. Lane, Jimmie began. "Mother I didn't believe what you said this morning about life being everywhere and I told Molly you must have forgotten the iron rabbit, but just now we moved him and found six Easter Eggs. So I guess if that iron bunny can lay six beautiful eggs, there must be life everywhere. I'm sorry I didn't believe what you told me."

Mrs. Lane hesitated. Should she tell her little son—but no—the conclusion at which he had arrived was right. There was life in everything. So she kissed the earnest little face and as the children ran back to the wonderful nest, the mother repeated softly—"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

WHAT MAMIE THINKS ABOUT EASTER

We have eggs and flowers for Easter because the shell of the egg represents the tomb and we all know a little chick-a-dee's in there waiting to come out, if it gets a chance. And the flowers? Well, you see, they're already out of their dark tomb and show us that life can't be buried long. That's what Jesus wanted to show us, and so he let them put him away like he was dead—but life can't die. And so Easter morning they came and found—that like the flowers, his life had just blossomed out again. I think the rabbit's nest means that we'll always find what we're hunting for. We'll hunt for the Good—and we'll blossom out like the flowers, and then every day will be Easter to us.

Mame.



Young folk's Magazine Devoted to Practical Christianity

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

MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor.
BLANCHE SAGE HASELTINE, Associate Editor.

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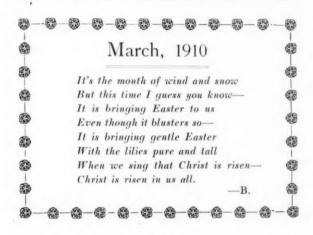


Fig. 1F THERE IS A BLUE MARK at the end of this notice, it is because you have forgotten to invite WEE WISDOM to continue her visits to you You must not miss her this year, for she has planned many new treats for her readers, great and small.

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



"Yes, we think of sparkling rills, Crocuses and daffodils, Violets and 'get-me-nots Growing up in sunny spots.

It whispers low that love's warm ray

Will make our life an Easter Day."

