

WEE WISDOM

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



MARCH, 1909
KANSAS CITY, MO.

ÆSOP VERSIFIED

The Cat and the Monkey

LIDA H. HARDY

A monkey and a pussy cat,
Each friendly as could be,
Together lived for many years
In the same family.

One day they spied some chestnuts brown,
All roasted, sweet and hot,
And Mr. Monkey tried his best
To get them, but could not.

So then the monkey said, "Here, Puss,
You know just what to do;
You have such graceful nimble paws,
'Twill be no trick for you."

So Pussy, pleased with words of praise,
Complied with his request,
And went to work with all her might,
And did her level best.

And while he praised, she worked and worked,
Till no more nuts were there;
And then she stopped and looked around
To claim her proper share.

But every single nut was gone;
The monkey laughed with glee,
And Puss resolved to nevermore
Give heed to flattery.



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THE SONG OF THE VIOLET

ELIZABETH CARTER

PERHAPS you have heard of Prince Goldenheart who saw only the good and beautiful in everybody and everything. He was a musician and played many instruments, but he loved the violin best of all. He spent many happy hours writing and playing the lovely harmonies that came to him, he said, from the wind, flowers and even heaven itself.

The court gave an annual concert at which was given a prize for the best interpretation, either in vocal or instrumental music. This prize was usually given to Prince Goldenheart, because he, more than any other, gave soul to his music.

One boy named Paul was a good musician, but he had never won a prize, and was so jealous of the prince he could scarcely think of anything else. He spent his time wishing his father and mother were king and queen and he a prince. He really thought he couldn't accomplish anything because he hadn't the same things as the prince, and his books and playthings never satisfied him if they weren't just like those of the prince.

He had a beautiful voice, but he wouldn't sing often, and tried to play the violin instead, because the prince did. He neglected and despised his own talents

and opportunities and tried to copy the prince. Even now as the time drew near for the concert he was practicing on his violin long hours daily, but without much hope of winning the prize.

One day as he was walking in the garden near the palace he heard the prince playing, and it was so beautiful that he was filled with despair. He knew he could never play like that, and sank down on a bench and listened and listened. The prince coming to the window saw Paul sitting out there, looking so sad and doleful, that he felt he must do something to cheer his playmate if possible. Laying aside his violin he ran down to Paul, who greeted him with a frown. He asked in the kindest way what was the matter, and Paul answered very grumpily, "You know what is the matter. How can any of us hope to win the concert prize when you play?"

The prince thought for a few moments, and then told Paul what he had wanted to say so many times — that each one had his own talent, and Paul was making a mistake in trying to play the violin when he could sing so beautifully. Paul listened, and then asked where he could find any songs to compare with the music he, the prince, played. For answer Goldenheart laid his hand on Paul's arm, and pointed to the bed of violets near by. Paul heard what he had never heard before, and although he had been told such things did happen, he hadn't believed it possible. The violets were singing a lovely song, to which Paul seemed to hear the words, and when the prince gave him a pencil and told him to write them down, he obeyed; all the time listening to the melody until it seemed to become a part of himself.

The prince took him to the music room in the palace, and seating himself at the piano began an

accompaniment and Paul sang as never before. Every day after this until the concert Goldenheart and Paul would go to the garden and listen to the violets and then go to the music room.

When the great night came there was a great deal of excitement when it was whispered that the Prince Goldenheart had asked permission to play the accompaniment to Paul's song, for everyone knew how jealous Paul was of the prince, and how badly he had spoken of him. When the number was called the silence was intense, and was not broken, excepting for the music, for a few seconds after the song ended, and then there was a tumult. Of course, Paul won the prize, to the great delight of the prince, and equally of course, the boys were the best of friends ever after. But best of all, Paul learned from the prince how to find and hear music in everything and everywhere.

THE REASON FOR IT

*I pucker up my lips and whistle,
All through the livelong day.
I whistle even when I work,
And always when I play.
My mother doesn't think it's pretty,
But there's a reason why,
When lips are puckered up for kissing,
They'er not in shape to cry;
But then I can't kiss all the time,
So you must surely see
Puckering up my lips to whistle's
The next best thing for me.*

—B.

THE WEE WISDOM CLUB

BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER

VI.

THE SECRETARY'S MINUTES



THE Club met March 5, 1909, at the same place as always. All of us were there and we had two visitors: Archie Smith, our cousin, came up from town, and the other Chester, the new little boy that has just moved into the yellow house, around the corner from Mildred's uncle's. He is an awful nice little boy and if his folks are going to live here always we are going to ask him to join our Club.

We fixed up the nursery with fir boughs, and made a platform of some boxes, and it looked just like the school hall when we had an entertainment at Christmas time.

All of us Club folks dressed up in the most lovely costumes you could imagine. Margaret had on her mother's pink bath robe and a black lace shawl, and she trimmed a big hat with yards and yards of ivy vine until it was perfectly beautiful and just matched the rest of her costume.

The boys dressed up like Indians, and the rest of us looked nearly as fine as Margaret, so it was a real "swell occasion," as a society lady would say.

We all had to do something and take part in the program, so we dressed up to make it more like real acting.

Margaret read a story she made up; Mildred sang a song; Nellie recited a piece; in fact, she recited one and a half, as she forgot in the middle of her piece and had to say something else; Robert told of his trip to Pennsylvania last summer, and he told it awful

good ; I do believe he will be a good talking lawyer when he grows up. Margaret says he is getting enough practice while he is a boy, he ought to make it count for something by and by. Willie did some real smart tricks with a glass of water ; he said they were electrical tricks, but I don't think they really were.

When Lois got up I was surprised to have her read two of my verses she had found in my desk. They weren't any good, anyway, and she read them so horrid, and giggled right in the very most important lines, and of course when Lois giggles it makes every one else do the same, so my poems did not have an appreciative audience. Here they are, and I hope they will look better in print than they sounded when Lois read them:

SPRING

When little birds come hopping,
And little birds come singing,
A very happy message they will bring.
And this merry song they'll sing
"It is Spring, now remember, it is Spring."

When blossoms are hanging onto the trees,
And fall at the touch of gentle Miss Breeze ;
Flowers are swaying, and seem to be saying,
"Come, go a-Maying, come, go a-Maying."

HONEYSUCKLE WINE

When ere the curtain's lifted,
And displays a sky of blue,
And the flowers are wet and shiny,
With a drink that we call dew ;
There's a buzzing and a humming
Round the honeysuckle vine ;
'Tis then the bees are drinking
Up their honeysuckle wine.

For my part, I recited the piece mother made up for me when I lost the one my teacher gave me to learn. You know Lucy Addie Jenkins is "Miss Lucy," the one who wrote "Princess Blue Bell" for our Christmas present. This is what mother wrote:

Lucy Addie Jenkins, she is the nicest one!
 She tells us youngsters stories 'at is the bestest fun.
 Lucy comes to call on ma; then me and sister Lo
 Climb in the chair, aside of her, we know she likes us so.
 When ma is called a minute by some one at the door,
 Our chance we seize for stories and beg for fairy lore.
 And so she gets well started; (Of course our ma's polite,
 She'd not int'rupt the story, cause that would not be right.)

So Lucy Addie Jenkins tells us the greatest yarns,
 About the cows and horses 'at talk at night, in barns.
 And then there is a princess, her name is Geraldine,
 Her home's a great big castle an' everything 'at's fine.
 But one day an awful giant grabbed her in his hand,
 And took her off to his house, 'way in another 'land.
 And, Oh! we get so frightened! we shiver and we shake,
 And snuggle close beside her, and then her hand we take.

And Lucy Addie Jenkins, she laughs at us, and says,
 "At's enough for this time, I'll finish some o' these days"
 An' when her call is over and we are sent to bed,
 Then me and Lo are scared to death, and cover up our head.
 And Lo says. "What's 'at noise? It sounds just like a spook!"
 "It's just a door 'at's open, but I'm afraid to look."
 And when it's most to midnight, and every one's asleep,
 My sister Lo will yell aloud, and out of bed she'll leap.
 Then ma 'ill come to our room, to help us quiet down.
 She tells us "*It's all nonsense,*" and says it with a frown.

And Lucy Addie Jenkins don't care a single mite,
 How much us kids is frightened, or ma is up at night.

We are going to pop corn and bake apples at our
 next meeting and tell conumdrums.

SALLIE PETTINGER, *Secretary.*

FRIENDLY BARTERING WITH INDIANS

BERTHA ELETTA TYTLER

II.

Just as I had closed the deal (and you ought to see how punctilious Indians are about not touching anything until the bargain was struck) two women came up to us from the near by hotel, they would have entirely spoiled my trading, had they come any sooner, for they immediately started to sneer at the baskets and at their valuation by the Indian women, and ended by offering money for the pink shawl the Indian woman had gotten from me. She straightened herself up, tossed back her big braids, and with a perfectly magnifi-

cent gesture of disdain, said, "I don't *want* your money." Then she showed them the breadth of her back and never turned around again.

My sweet-faced friend had gently informed me that those (Indian) women were "well off," but she was much too polite to say so of herself.



BABY TENNY

I photographed the children, or most of them, as you see in the picture, which is none too clear; also dear little "Tenny," the baby in the crowd. The Indians had their own kodak along so they did photographing on their own account.

Before the ten days of their stay were over I had grown quite friendly with them all, and let them borrow my laundry tubs and boards—anything they wanted, in fact, for they were so clean. The men were delighted, because I told them of the only place where fishing is good near here, so they brought back sixty big trout, one day, enough even for their big crowd to eat.

Mrs. Sweet-face and six or eight of the children, came almost every day to see me. I soon found out that



THE "WISTIE-TAMMO"

they were all very wealthy Indians, living in big brick and stone houses of their own, and educated at Carlisle College in Pennsylvania. You can imagine how I felt about having offered them old clothes! I sent over my apologies and explanations to the others by Mrs. Sweet-face one day, and she brought back the assurance that they had understood

how it happened. They let me know that I could never have obtained the baskets for *any* consideration, had they not seen that I appreciated the Ah-ka-pa's from *their* standpoint. They take an immense amount of time and trouble to make these baskets, being composed of hemp with corn husks split into fine shreds (by holding one end between the teeth), and then wound around the hemp. They make colored patterns by winding yarn around the same way.

At the time I closed the deal for the two lovely baskets, what do you suppose the Indian women were doing? They were preparing a "Wistie-tammo," their version of what we call a turkish bath. Look carefully at the picture and see how cleverly they have twisted willow boughs into a cover or hood; in the foreground is a fire, heating the stones that they pile under the wicker-work. Then the Indian gets in and the frame is covered very tight with skins, etc., and the bather pours cold water on the hot stones, causing such steam that a white man (who tried it) declared to me it was awful. They stay about an hour in the steam and then jump into the nearby mountain torrent, for they always make their wistie-tammos near a stream.

One day a fierce storm came up as we were eating our noon meal. I had wished the Indian braves good-luck as they started off fishing, and had waved a friendly God-speed to the women when they rode by on their way to pick berries, so I knew that only a blind old woman and the smaller children remained in camp. First one terrific flash of lightning struck the hillside opposite us; then, as I was rising to leave the table, there was a blinding light and such ear-splitting noise that I thought my ear-drums had been broken, and I had to cling to the table to keep from

being thrown down by the force of the shock. It did not take more than that to show that the lightning had missed our cabin by very, very little. In a moment we heard a roar and my wee boy pointed to the flames darting up a tall tree on the hillside about fifty feet away—half-way between us and the Indian camp. I immediately thought of the little children and the blind old woman left alone there, and ran over to see how they had fared. Two little boys ran out and clung to me, crying, "Our camp will all be burnt out!"

Then a tall young man I had not seen before came out, and growled something that sounded like, "Shut up," but, of course, nicely brought up Indians never would use such an expression as that, but, as I said, it sounded like it. The young man's eyes were closed, and he asked in very good English, "How far is the fire? I can't see it very well."

I realized at once that he was totally blind, but was too proud to say so. I answered, "You know how far you are from the creek? the burning tree is just that distance from your wikkie-up." Then I assured him that there were plenty of men close by, and I would call upon them and have the entire camp moved to safety if danger threatened. He thanked me very nicely and I went home.

I concluded my friendly bartering with the Indians by the acquisition of five more very fine ah-ka-pas. I paid no money, but managed to exchange them for something the Indians wanted, and had many a jolly talk and laugh with them. Later on a storekeeper from the nearest town came by, and I showed him my collection. He was amazed, especially upon learning that I paid no cash. He said, "I have been around here for many years, but never can get them without paying the top price." Almost in the same breath he said the Indians bored him to distraction, and he disliked talking to them. It is very easy for even the wee-est of you Wees to see *why* the Indians didn't laugh and chat with him! Isn't it?

The Three Little Butterflies



THREE little butterflies, blithe and gay,
Played in a garden one summer day;
One was yellow and one was white,
And one was red as the sunset light.

A great black cloud came up in the West,
And poured down rain from its riven crest;
It drenched the butterflies' dainty wings,
They trembled with cold, the tiny things.

They said, "We must find some friendly flower,
To take us all in out of the shower."

They knocked at the door of the Lady Rose,
Whose ruddy heart, like the hearth-fire glows.

"Oh, Lady Rose, will you take us in?
The rain is cold, and our clothes are thin."
The Rose coldly shook her dew-crowned head.
"I have not room for so many," she said.

"The red one here with me may stay,
"The white and the yellow must go their way."
"Though it be drenching and dreary weather,"
The butterflies said, "we will keep together."

They knocked at the door of the Lily fair,
A silver palace beyond compare,

*"Please, Dame Lily, to take us in,
The rain is cold, and our clothes are thin."*

*The Lily lifted her languid head,
"Gay colors dazzle my eyes," she said.
"The white one here with me may stay,
"The red and yellow must go their way."*

*"Though it be weary and windy weather,"
The butterflies said, "we will keep together."
They knocked at the door of the Sunflower tall,
Whose golden castle could hold them all.*

*"Please, Mr. Sunflower, let us in,
"The rain is cold, and our clothes are thin,"
The Sunflower looked from his height of pride
At the three little butterflies side by side.*

*"The yellow one here with me may stay,
The red and the white must go their way."
The butterflies heard him, and sad at heart,
They could not make up their minds to part.*

*"Whatever may come of wind or weather,"
They all declared, "we will keep together."
The Sun was listening overhead,
And heard what the three little butterflies said.*

*He saw how each of them loved his brother;
How bravely they stood by one another,*

*And he smiled a smile so bright and warm,
It scattered the clouds and stopp'd the storm.*

*The great black cloud-rags blew away,
The garden bathed in sunlight lay;
The raindrops glittered like diamond rings,
And the three little butterflies dried their wings.*

*The sunshine warmed them through and through,
Then all together away they flew.
Children, dear, in Life's stormy weather,
Love one another and keep together.*

— Selected.



A CORRECTED SONG

I know as I read the sweet story of old
That Jesus is here among men,
That he still brings his children like lambs to the fold
With the same loving care now as then;
That the same Christ is here to heal and to bless
With the Truth that makes all people free.
Who believes him today, still hears the Christ say,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

—The Shepherd.



Child-Gardening
CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY

GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY

THE LAW OF EXPRESSION

SERIES XIII.

GOD'S GIFT OF THE FRUIT

And God said, Let the earth bring forth . . . the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind, whose seed is in itself; and it was so.

We have now followed the tiny brown seed on its wonderful journey, from the time it was placed in the cool moist soil, until it unfolded according to God's law of expression into a beautiful, perfect flower.

In our lesson about the flower we learned about the pistil of the flower, and what a very important and necessary member it is. You remember we found that there are three different parts to the pistil: the ovary, style and stigma; and that the ovary is the hollow case which holds the ovules.

That was a marvelous story wasn't it, about the pollen, how it falls from the anther or top of the stamen onto the stigma or top of the pistil, travelling down the stem, or style, of the pistil, into the ovary, changing the little ovules into real seeds with baby plants inside of them, with roots, stems, leaves, flowers and fruit; only needing the soil, water, air and sunshine, to bring them out before our wondering eyes?

Now listen: When the ovary, with what is inside of it, grows and develops a certain length of time, we say it is *ripe*. We call it *fruit* and love to eat it.

When the tube or the calyx grows fast to the ovary, it also becomes a part of the fruit, and sometimes, as in the apple and pear, it becomes the greater part of the fruit.

There are three different kinds of fruit: 1. Fleshy Fruits; 2. Stone Fruits; and 3. Dried Fruits.

In fleshy fruits the whole wall becomes thick and soft. The berries, tomatoes and grapes belong to this class. Did you know that the orange is only a big berry? In stone fruit the outer wall of the ovary thickens and becomes soft, while the inner grows hard like a nut. Cherries, plums and peaches are stone fruits. In dry fruits the ovary sometimes remains thin, sometimes it grows hard. Coconuts, hazel nuts, chestnuts and acorns belong to this class. The next time you eat an apple, remember that it is only a ripened ovary, and that making the juicy pulp was not the most important work of the tree. The first and most necessary work was the forming and growing of those little brown seeds, which you see safely housed in their snug smooth treasure boxes, hidden within the pulp.

Think about how long it took the mother tree to make the perfect fruit! Next spring when you see the pink and white petals leave the apple blossoms and go sailing off like tiny boats, you just open your bright eyes — and right there at the end of each blossom stem, you will see a tiny hard, green knob. All through the spring and summer these little knobs will be just growing away, and growing away, and finally, in the autumn, in the very places where the little knobs were, you will find lovely, juicy apples, full grown and ripe. Just look at that large spreading apple tree! It began with a wee tiny cell, in the bottom of a pistil, in a blossom. And look at those lovely



rosy apples! All the time that they were growing, a tiny little apple tree was growing inside of every shiny brown seed.

Froebel said, "The largest tree may have sprung from the smallest seed, and the greatest human action slumbers in the first sensations of the infant soul."

Just as the seed contains the tree, so within the mind of each child of God is wisdom and knowledge, which may be brought forth according to God's law as surely as the tree is brought forth from the seed. A tree is what comes through educating a seed. Did you know that a tree is an educated seed?

We are being educated, when that wisdom and knowledge which God planted inside of us is being drawn out and used. We have learned before, that everything we see in the world is a symbol, or is just like something that is in the World Beautiful which we know about, but do not see.

The seeds which we plant in our gardens are like the thought seeds which the dear Heavenly Father plants in our soul gardens.

As the tiny brown seeds bring forth fruit of their kind, so do our thought seeds bring forth fruit of *their* kind. Just so sure as radish seeds bring forth radishes, love seeds will bring forth love.


God's beautiful story book tells us about this. It says, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." And "Ye shall know them by their fruits." And it says, too, "Take heed to your words."

And so we find that just so sure as we must care for the seeds in the garden and give them that which they need if we reap good fruit, just so sure must we take care of the thought seeds if we would have them bring forth that most blessed of all fruits: the fruit of the Spirit, which is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness and faith.

"If I were a smile I'd chase the frown
From country, city and town;
And with kindness I'd seek a place
On every human face."

HOW ELEANOR GOT HER NEW DRESS

MABEL HAZELTON

“H, mother, dear,” cried Eleanor Gordon, rushing into the room where her mother sat sewing, “Mary Cheney has asked me to her birthday party next Saturday. Do say I may go.”

Mrs. Gordon looked lovingly down at the eager little face and said, “I don’t quite see how you can, for you have no dress, and mother, you know, has no money. I’m sorry, dear.”

Eleanor’s face fell and a big sob came up in her throat, but she suddenly brightened and said, “Mother, do you remember what Miss Alice said about God wanting to give us all things, and that we only had to ask him, and then thank him for giving it to us? She said that faith in him was everything. I’m going to ask him right now.”

And with that she plumped her head down in her mother’s lap, and prayed, “Dear God, I want a new dress for Mary’s birthday party, please send it right away off quick, and thank you. Amen.”

Then she jumped up and cried, “I know that I have it. Oh, I’m so glad, and may I run and tell Mary?”

The child looked so happy over the answer, and so sure of it, that Mrs. Gordon had not the heart to say, No.

“Who knows,” she thought, “Perhaps a little child shall lead me.”

And at her half doubtful nod Eleanor flew out of the door to tell Mary the good news.

Coming home, the New York train whizzed by her scattering the leaves right and left. Something blew

out from one of the rear windows, and came dancing and skipping toward her, and then settled at her feet like a tired child. What do you think it was? A new, crisp, dollar bill.

Eleanor picked it up wonderingly, and then she thought, "Why, this is my dress, of course. And He sent it to me; I know He did. I'm going home as fast as I can and show it to mother."

How pleased mother was when her little daughter gave her the bill, and told her how it came to her.

"It came right to my feet, mother, dear, and stopped there, just as if it knew that I was the little girl for whom it was sent."

With that dollar Mrs. Gordon bought some dainty lawn and made a dress fit for a princess. And Eleanor wore it to the party the next Saturday, and, as she told her mother afterwards, "I had just the bestest time in my dress that God sent me."

A WISH FOR EVERY DAY

Monday I wish for eager feet,
On errands of love to go ;
Tuesday I wish for a gentle voice,
With a tone both soft and low ;
Wednesday I wish for willing hands,
Love's duties all to do ;
Thursday I wish for open ears,
Wise words to listen to ;
Friday I wish for a smiling face,
A brightener of home to be ;
Saturday I wish for quickened eyes,
God's beauty all to see ;
Sunday I wish for a tranquil heart,
That may to others joy impart.

—*The Ram's Horn.*



EPISTLES

GATOOMA SIDING, GATOOMA, RHODESIA, SOUTH AFRICA.

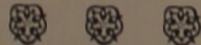
DEAR AUNT MARY—Thank you so much for WEE WISDOM. I wish I could tell you more about the wild cat, but as it ate some of our chickens, we sent it in a sack by a kaffir boy to a miner who wanted it. We did have thirteen cows, but one died because there is no green grass in the veld, and another one ran back eighty-six miles to its old home. We only get twenty quarts of milk a day. I do wish the rain would come and make the grass grow for them. The other night a brown buck stood and looked at us quite near the kaias. I'm glad no one shot it. This is our summer here, Christmas being one of the hottest days in the year, but we are looking forward to a Christmas tree just the same. Mother and I are going home to Cape Town in a few weeks. We take a boat a Beira; go down the East Coast, stopping at all the ports on the way. It takes eighteen days from there to Cape Town. I'm looking forward to it very much, as I have never been on a boat before. Kit and I both enjoyed your letter and post-cards very much. We all send love and Merry Christmas.

November 13, 1908.

EDITH FRASER.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This letter tells you about the farm where my niece and her husband and three little boys live. The little girl, Edith, only eight years old, I have never seen, but I knew her mother in California when I was only a little girl. Yours lovingly,

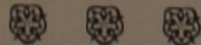
"AUNT MARY" DE WITT.



CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am glad to get the WEE WISDOM; there are so many nice stories in it. I go to school every day. I am nine years old. I have a little sister. I have chickens and a cat. I like to go to school. I have lots of little friends and a kind mama and papa. Your little friend,

RUTH PULLIAM.



VALLEJO, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I like your little stories very much. Christmas is the best one of all. I am nine years old. I thank you for sending me the two extra WEE WISDOMS. I will give them away to a little girl who has not got any. A friend helped me to write this. Good by, from

BESSIE KENNEDY.



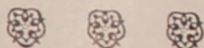
DENVER COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I have read several copies of you, but never subscribed. I did not have

time to write a story, so I send you a picture that tells a story. I cannot draw very good with a pen so I drew it in pencil. Enclosed you will find 50 cents for which I hope you will send me the little magazine for one year. I am in the seventh grade of Clayton school in Denver. Yours truly MARGARET EPENTER.

P. S. I love drawing and expect to take lessons when I'm out of school. M. E.

[Margaret's drawing is very good, but as it is done with a pencil the lines will all have to be gone over with India ink before the etcher can make use of it. We'll try to get it ready for WEE WISDOM at some near date.—ED.]



WEST BERKELY, CAL.

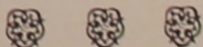
DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the first time I ever wrote to you. I have been taking you for two years, and like you very much. I am eight years old. I have two sisters and one brother. My brother's name is Henry. One of my sisters' name is Inga, the other is Mary. We have been up in the country. We had a fine time there. I like this little prayer very much:

God is my help in every need,
 God does my every hunger feed,
 God walks beside me, guides my way,
 Through every moment of this day
 I now am wise, I now am true,
 Patient, kind and loving, too ;
 All things I am, can do, and be
 Through Christ, the truth that is in me.
 God is my health, I can't be sick ;
 God is my strength, unfailing, quick ,
 God is my all, I know no fear,
 Since God and Love and Truth are here.

From your new Wee,

MARIE KELLEY.

[We are glad Marie knows our little prayer. We say it in concert every Sunday morning in Unity Sunday School, and wish that every child in all the world knew it, and realized the truth of it. Hannah More Kohaus wrote it years ago, and it is counted as part of the scripture of modern metaphysics.—ED.]



PALO ALTO, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have received WEE WISDOM and like it very much. My mother got it for me this year and next year I hope to have it, I must not *hope* for I know I *will* have it and for many years after. I have "Love's Roses," and think it is an exceedingly good story. I am sending you a money order for the "Six Good Story Booklets" which I am sure I will enjoy very much. I will try and do as Blanche says, "Be loving and kind to all God's creatures." My mother and father always look forward to getting UNITY. With lots of love to you, Blanche and all the little Wees. I am thirteen years old and will be in the 8th grade in February. From your loving little subscriber,

SYBIL CALLEY.

WEE WISDOM

NUCLA, COLO.
 MY DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am too late for Christmas and
 New Year festivities, but you all realize that we are forever to-
 gether in Spirit. Enclosed find 50 cents travelling money on
 which to travel till February, 1910. I bring some presents, but



not subscribers. I am very fond of poetry, and I write some, too. I am sending you one, which Mrs. Hardy might utilize in "The Gospel of Nature Study," about "God's Gifts." I have several more I will send you some time. I bring also a picture of a blue jay, for I am interested in drawing and anyone who draws. I will write to Lora Fay when I get time, for she is just my age and in my grade.

With much love, I remain your Wee. WINNIE ROWLEY.

[WEE WISDOM is glad to continue her visits to the home of our young poetess, and join her in the appreciation of all "God's Gifts."—Ed.]

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have never written to you. My Aunt gave you to me for Christmas. I could not do without you. I have been reading the letters, and noticed you telling of your grandmas. I have a great grandma. She is eighty-six years old (young). I am ten. I am in the sixth grade at school. I have two brothers older than myself. I have nobody to play with, but I have a lot of toys, a great big doll, a little dog and cat and some gold fish which I got for Christmas and a lot more things. Well, my letter is getting long. I must close. With best wishes.

CHARLOTTE KRUZAN.

[Charlotte has omitted her street number and so if she fails to get her extra WEE WISDOM it will be on that account.— ED.]



DADEVILLE, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I take my pencil in hand to write you a few lines. I am five years old. I can read WEE WISDOM. I love the little stories in WEE WISDOM. My sister's helping me to write this. I have lots of pets. A dog and a cat. She is a pretty gray cat and my dog is yellow and white. I love to learn little verses out of WEE WISDOM. I started to write and my sister helped me. That is all can think of now. I will close. From your loving reader,

JOY ORTLOFF.

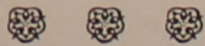
[Joy has done real well, I think, the first three lines of her letter were all her own. then sister helped her out. We remember when first we heard of little Joy, one of her sisters told us of a new baby that had come to them and they had named her after Aunt Joy in "Wee Wisdom's Way." So we all know she is a Truth child and do not wonder that she can do so much herself.— ED.]



DADEVILLE, MO.

DEAR WEES — I write a few lines to you. I am seven years old. This is my first time to write to you. I thank you for your WEE WISDOM. I read your little paper. I have a doll and a cat, pretty gray. Your friend,

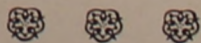
LILLIE ORTLOFF.



DADEVILLE, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I think I will write a few lines to you. I am ten years old and am in the third book. We had a good time New Years. I wish you had a good time too. I have gone four years to school. We have a new house. It isn't quite done. I wish I lived close to your home. We go to school. I like my books. We have a dog named Henry, and one named Bob. From your loving friend,

SOPHIA E. ORTLOFF.

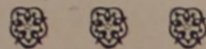


ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEES — This is my first letter to you. I thought I would write a letter to the Wees and tell you how I enjoy WEE WISDOM. I think so much of it. I look forward to its coming every month, and I am so interested in all the stories, especially "The Story of Lovie." I am in the sixth grade, and I am twelve

years old, with much love to all the little Wees, I am your loving little Wee,

EMMA BOETTCHER.



TYFFE, ALA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am a little five-year-old boy. I go to school. I study arithmetic, spelling and reading. I work for mama Saturdays to earn enough money to get WEE WISDOM. My home is on Sand Mountain out in the country where I get pure air and the beautiful sunshine. I have a nice home. I have one brother and two little sisters. My papa has a store. I get many playthings. I am enclosing \$1.00 for WEE WISDOM for myself and my little cousin, Lucile Bell.

AMOS GIBSON.

[What a big man-boy Amos must be. We are real glad to know him, and thank him ever so much for introducing WEE WISDOM to his little cousin.—ED.]



WEE WEE BENHAM'S VALENTINE TO WEE WISDOM.

It came too late to show you last month. So our young artist Billy, has made a sketch of it. Only in her valentine the heart is red and the cupids are pink and the ribbons white. The little white envelope opens and this is the message on its little sheet of paper:

"Cupid Cottage, Love Lane,
A World of Love, to you."



Blanche's Bible Lessons

LESSON IO. MARCH 7.

Philip and The Ethiopian — Acts 8:26-40

GOLDEN TEXT — *Ye search the scriptures, because ye think that in them ye have eternal life; and these are they which bear witness of me.* — John 5:39.

Once upon a time a great man who lived in Ethiopia went to Jerusalem to worship, and he rode in a chariot. When he was coming back across the desert, he was reading the Bible, and a man named Philip, who had been sent by God to the desert, called to the great Ethiopian, and asked if he understood what he was reading. The man answered, "No," and asked Philip to ride with him in the chariot, and explain the Bible to him. So Philip gladly rode with him, and explained to him about Jesus. The man was so convinced and delighted that when they came to a pool of water he asked Philip if he could be baptized. Philip told him that if he believed in Jesus with all his heart, there was nothing to hinder it. So the Ethiopian was baptized by Philip.

Now, what is it all about? Well, in the first place, Ethiopia means darkness. This great man did not understand the truth, but he wanted to learn. Now if anyone wants to learn the truth, then there will be a way provided. The Ethiopian had gone to Jerusalem. That means that he was peaceful inside. We must get peaceful and still or we can never know the truth. Philip means power. The power of the Spirit came to help this man, and it will come to us. We will have power to understand the truth if we are still. This man of Ethiopia wanted to be baptized and Philip said if you have faith it is possible. We must have faith to do anything in this world. So the man was baptized. All his untrue beliefs were washed away and he knew that he was a child of God.

All of us are going to let the power of the Spirit wash away all unreal thoughts, so that we will know that only the good is true.

LESSON II. MARCH 14.

Aeneas and Dorcas — Acts 9:32-43

GOLDEN TEXT — *And Peter said unto him Aeneas, Jesus Christ healeth thee: arise, and make thy bed. And straightway he arose.* — Acts 9:34.

In this lesson we read about an old friend of ours, Peter. And Peter, as you all remember, means faith. We like to read about faith. It does so many things that seem wonderful, that it is like a fairy tale. But the best part of it all is, that we know it is true. No matter how hard a thing may look we know that faith can do it easily. So when we read about Peter telling this man, who has been in bed eight years, to get up, we are not surprised. Although when we read about Dorcas, the good woman whom Peter awakened from the dead, we realize that it was faith that made her come to life.

But now we come to the part that does us the most good. The stories of Peter teach us that, what faith did in those days, faith can, and *does* do, now. We have all read stories of people, who, when they repeated certain words, or waved a certain wand, could command the obedience of the fairies. But if they forgot the words, or lost the wand, the power was gone. Faith is more wonderful than any magic wand, because when we once get it we can never lose it. Nobody can take it from us and it never wears out. Then, too, it will make us strong and well and happy. It will bring us all we need, and through faith we can be just what we would like to be. Who could wish for more. Keep faith by you and in you and you can do even more wonderful things than Peter did in the days of old.

LESSON 12. MARCH 21.

Review

GOLDEN TEXT — *They therefore that were scattered abroad went about preaching the word* — Acts 8:4.

The lessons of the last quarter tell us the story of the things that happened in the ten years after Jesus died. All these lessons teach us that the Christ Spirit did not die, but went on doing good through other people; through Philip, for instance, and Peter and John. All through this quarter we have been reading about the wonderful things which were done in the name of Christ. Now that same Christ Spirit is in every one of us today and is just as powerful as it ever was. Remember that and use it.

LESSON 13. MARCH 28.

Temperance Lesson — Prov. 23:29-35.

GOLDEN TEXT — *At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder* — Prov. 23:32.

What a blessing these temperance lessons are. They guide us and remind us. Every so often we begin to eat too much, talk too much or cry too much, to be angry or to think too much about money and clothes. Here comes the still, small voice say-

ing. "Be temperate in all things." We settle down in the right path again, and we are thankful for the reminder.

It makes me think of a horse that is being driven along a road with a steep precipice on either side. Once in a while the horse will see some green leaves at the side of the road, and will pull that way and begin to eat ravenously, getting nearer and nearer the edge of the embankment. But always the voice of the driver will urge him back into the road. What a good thing it is for the horse that he can hear the voice, and that he listens to it. We, too, all of us, are going along a straight road, sometimes we forget to keep it and then always we hear the still, small voice and get back on the road again. We are always glad to get back, for it is much more comfortable on the smooth road.

Let us keep our ears and our hearts open to the voice, and always obey the command: "Be temperate in all things."

Blanche's Corner.



Did you ever notice how much like the months people are? Now, March, for instance. Have you ever met a man, rather fleshy, perhaps, blustering a great deal, puffing very much, indeed, who speaks in a loud voice and stands up very stiff and straight, military style; forward, march, fashion, you know; almost everyone is afraid of him, because he is so gruff, but when you know him he is just the best kind of a man; always has something hidden in his pocket for you, and really loves you in his own way. Now, if that isn't like March I don't know what is. Always blustering, blowing and puffing; making more noise than all the other months put together, but

underneath it all, in the heart of March, lies the grass and the flowers ready to grow.

Then, of course, you know people who are always either laughing or crying. They are never at a happy medium. Isn't that like April, all showers and sunshine? Yet they are lovable.

The June people are full of life and growth. They love everybody, and everybody loves them.

To me September is the most beautiful month, and the people whose natures are like September the nearest perfect. There is a balance and poise about September people, as there is a tinge of the yellow wisdom in September leaves. June people have lots of life, but it bubbles and sparkles. September people have life, too. There is nothing dead about September. It is the height of life, but it flows steady and powerful and sure at the very center of their being. They are made up of all the good qualities of the March, April and June people, mellowed down into the poise that is nearest perfection.

Watch people you meet, and see if you can tell to what month they belong by nature. It is interesting and very profitable, too, for remember, that under the coldest and most blustering of months lies the warmth and life of Mother Earth. So in the heart of the sternest, sharpest, most unpromising of God's children there is, if we know how to reach it, the warmth and life of the Almighty Spirit.

*Little bundles of love are floating
All around in the atmosphere ;
Let's keep them passing to one another
All the days of the bright New Year.*

—B.

WEE WISDOM

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, *Associate Editor*

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March, 1909

Forward, March! the winds are blowing;

Forward, March! the snowflakes fly;

Forward, March! for they are bringing

Roses to us by and by.

—B.



Our Wisdoms are doing well. Keep on. Such a lot of letters as came flying into our Sanctum, telling of the happy homes and happy hearts WEE WISDOM visits. We have heard of several homes that have found health and prosperity since WEE WISDOM became their guest.



WEE WISDOM will be furnished in quantities to Sunday Schools at the following rates:

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