WEE WISDOM



Our Easter Number.

Christ Is Risen in You.



VOL. 8 KANSAS CITY, MO. APRIL, 1899. NO 9.

WEE WISDOM

STANDS FOR

The unwarped faith that believeth and hopeth all things.
"All things are possible to them that believe."

The freshness and purity that beholdeth Good Always.
"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The joy and gladness that are fullness of life and health.
"In Thy presence is fullness of joy.....
.....Thou wilt show me the path of life."

The truth that frees from the clutches of race heredity.
"One is your Father, even God."

The knowledge that *Jesus Christ* is the subjective spirit of every child.
"The kingdom of God is within you."

The understanding that our word is the builder of our environment.
"For without the Word was not anything made that was made."

Be ye therefore perfect, :: :: :: ::
Even as your Father in heaven is perfect.
—JESUS.

WEE WISDOM

"Little Children Love One Another." "Wisdom is Justified of her Children"

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Easter Morn.

Thou, sweet child, a flower art,
White of soul and pure of heart,
And the lily on the stem
Is not fairer to our ken.
Says the holy word of light,
Jesus was a lily white.

Lo! the sweet life of the flower
Opening in silent power!
Lo! the resurrection morn,
Now each soul anew is born!
And the blossom's lovely face
Tells the soul's abounding grace.

Thou, sweet child, doth bloom anew,
Fresh as flower in morning dew,
This thy resurrection day
Unto Truth's divinest sway!

Thoughts like sunbeams in the spring
Feed thee, fold thee, cherishing;
And thy heart this morn is given
Its ascension into Heaven.

—*Grace Holmes White.*

The Four-Leaf Fairy.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

The little leaves were laughing
And the grasses looked so wise,
The roses puffed their pinken cheeks
And closed their smiling eyes.

The breezes whispered, whispered,
And the flowers laughed all over,
Because a little fairy child
Was rolling in the clover.

What are you doing little one,
You merry, roguish fay?
Why do you smile and laugh so much,
Why don't you run away?

"I'm planting four-leaf clovers,"
This little elf laughed out,
"And if you think you'll find them,
You're good beyond a doubt.

"Good children find my clovers.
Ha, ha! Ho, ho! He, he!
They'll bring you many a happy day
And then you'll think of me.

"I am a thought you dropped here,
A loving thought of joy;
Four wishes I am planting
For any girl or boy.

"Wish when you find a four-leaf,
For they will all come true,
Good wishes little children,
Ha, ha! for all of you.

"Talky's" Left Arm.

LUCY C. KELLERHOUSE.

Once upon a time — in fact, not very long ago, just a few months back — there was a little boy who was called "Talky," and what I shall tell you as having happened to "Talky" is true, and was told to me by "Talky's" mother herself.

"Talky" lives in Kansas City, and has a "real, true" name; but I shall just call him by the nickname which his boy friends have given him.

Last May "Talky" was living at home with his mother and father and two little brothers, bright, well and happy; but as his father's pocketbook was not over heavy, and "Talkey" was full of "go-aheadness," he started out in life as a newsboy.

It may have been the first day, or perhaps a little later in his new career, when "Talky" started off bright and early to sell papers.

"Talky's" mother had told him not to go that day, and if he had minded her a sad accident would have been avoided. But I did not intend to tuck in a little lesson on obedience, but simply to tell the story of "Talky's" faith and fearlessness.

"Talky" was singing out his papers down by the postoffice when a colored newsboy snatched them from his arm and jumped upon a passing street car. Of course "Talky" leaped nimbly after him to rescue his papers, but the other boy struck out with his foot, "Talky" fell and the car passed on, but not without crushing poor "Talky's" left arm as he lay helpless on the street.

A friend, whom I will call Mr. Foster, was near when the accident occurred, and he went with "Talky" when they tenderly picked him up and took him in the ambulance to the police station. The physician who was called to look at "Talky's" arm shook his head and said that it would have to be cut off.

Then they asked him his name, but he replied: "I will not tell you my name, for then you will tell my mother. I don't want her to know, and feel bad."

"But, my boy, we must know your name and where you live," gently persisted the doctor.

"Talky" shook his head.

"If you do not tell your name, "Talky," said Mr. Foster, I must tell them."

So "Talky" told his name.

They gave him what relief they could, then took him to the hospital. Here the surgeons gathered about him and looked at his arm, or what used to be his arm, and the unanimous verdict was, "It will have to be taken off."

"Talky" could hear their low voices, and he replied very decidedly, "No, my arm will not be taken off. It'll be all right."

They smiled, but shook their heads.

That night "Talky's" mother came to the hospital, but they would not let her see her boy, for they feared it would shock them both too much. But she begged that they leave "Talky's" arm where God had put it.

The surgeons prepared for the amputation. "Oh no, no!" pleaded "Talky." "It's all right. It doesn't hurt a bit. Don't take it off and it will soon be all well.

The surgeons again shook their heads — all but one, an old physician with a kind heart and a wise head.

"I think that the boy is right," said the kind old doctor. "Let us try to save the arm."

I cannot recall all the hurt that "Talky's" arm sustained, but it was fractured in six places and what used to be a hand was only torn bone. But they went to work with fine wires and silver plates and soft bandages and the flesh that a little dumb fellow creature offered up, and, by and by, they had "Talky's" left arm all mended and stitched and bunled up and fastened into a big steel cage.

"Does it hurt very badly?" asked someone.

"It doesn't hurt at all," replied "Talky" with radiant face. "It is all right—all right every bit."

But the doctors still shook their heads and spoke of "mortification."

"We will try this just a little while," said one, "but the arm will have to come off in the end."

"No, no," pleaded "Talky." God gave me this arm and it's all right."

His mother, whom they had now let come in, added her pleadings to his. "Wait just three days," she said.

So they waited three days, and as the arm was doing nicely they let it remain where nature put it.

You have all heard of Aunt Joy? Trixy has told you all about her. Well, Aunt Joy, as soon as she heard about "Talky" and his arm, came straight to him. I think, however, that her thought reached him first, for thought, you know, travels much faster than a cable car.

So Aunt Joy and "Talky" fixed it all up between them. how the arm was to be made over into a good, sound, strong arm.

One night "Talky" tumbled out of bed. The sound of the steel cage coming down upon the floor was like the roof falling in. They ran to "Talky" and put him back in bed, sure that his arm would have to be re-set; but "Talky" said he was all right, and in five minutes he was sleeping like a baby.

In a few days "Talky" and his arm were out of the hospital. The arm was all right and "Talky," himself, was round and rosy.

The next that Aunt Joy heard was that "Talky" was playing base ball, and when she drove me out to see him and his wonderful arm he was off on the hill coasting with his boy friends. I should like to have seen that left arm, but I would much rather have seen the boy who had so much courage in his heart. He had never once complained, everything was always "all right." "Talky" clung to this, and so now he has arms, right and left, both sound and strong, as every right-thinking boy ought to have, so "Talky" says.

Send ten cents for December number of *Brightside*. Address *Brightside*, Box 1526, Denver, Col.

How Tulips Were Made.

A Fairy Yarn.

THERESA B. H. BROWN.

Few mortals have ever seen fairyland; but I have been told that Hans Christian Anderson often visited there. You must understand that our good Danish child lover did not actually go into fairyland because one step of his foot might have crushed several of their houses, but he would stand a little ways off like some tall mountain and look



right down into their country and see their beautiful homes and fairies coming and going on their errands of love.

I ad been asked by some children to tell them a fairy story.

"Not one," said a little girl, "where somebody goes to sleep and when they wake up there is nothing in it but a dream;" then all the other children said, "Yes, yes, please tell us a real fairy story. And that is the way I, too, happened to get an invitation to visit fairy land for the dear little people knew what the children wanted, and so one night when they sent their messenger to me I was very glad to go.

She was a bright little lady, dressed in some sort of white woolen stuff that radiated so much light we did not need a lantern. She did not walk,

but just floated ahead of me, like a bunch of thistle down. In fact, she was not much larger than a thistle-down herself. She was the picture of health, with rosy cheeks, bright black eyes, and black hair that floated down her back. She wore a little cap made of a violet and in her right hand she carried, for a wand, a tiny silver spray of lillies of the valley.

She seated herself close to my ear on a wild cherry bush and, waving her wand, said to me, "Look!"

I looked and saw stretching out before me a fairy land: there were tiny mountains and valleys; I saw seven cities, a fairy ocean, and scattered over the landscape were beautiful homes. I saw the people moving about, but they seldom walked. When they wanted to go anywhere they floated along, often right up over the tops of their own houses.

"My name is True Thought," the little lady said, smiling at my exclamations of delight. I could see everything, because it was as light as day in fairy land, and I noticed that all the streets and even the country roads were threads of golden light.

"Those threads of light you see are glow-worms," said. "When your winters begin on earth the the glow-worms form processions and march straigt to Fairyland; then they carpet all our streets and country roads in regular order. Our whole country, except Frizree, is heated by electricity; the heat is carried underneath the ground by a process the brownies understand. And, in hot weather, cold is carried in the same way, so that we have a delightful climate the year round. The glow-worms like to lie on the warm earth and pavements, and fairy footsteps are so light they cannot hurt the worms, even when they walk upon them. We love them and they love us. Nothing is ever hurt in Fairyland, and all things that come to us come to bless."

"Where is Frizree?" I asked, and she pointed to a distant place that was full of lakes and hills, but all in white. I could see the fairies coasting down the hills and skating on the lakes. "That is Frizree," she said. "Our people go there to amuse themselves. It is just as you see the whole year. The Brownies understand keeping it that way. We have taught them, and they do all our heavy work. They delight to work. Frizree is lighted with electric lights.

"The Brownies built electric plants long before mortals thought about it. It is we fairies who have taught Edison and others all those things that your people think are so wonderful."

But those are not electric lights on lamp posts in the cities," I said. "No, those are lightning-bugs. They come to us just as the glow-worms do. They first gave us the idea of lighting with electricity, and they love to stay with us during your winter, and as they like to be useful we let them do the lighting. But they will soon be going back to you, it is so near spring now."

"I wonder I never saw your country before," I exclaimed. "That is because we have the power of making it and ourselves invisible," she answered. She waved her wand and the bright vision of beautiful Fairyland went out of my sight; even the shining form of True Thought became invisible and I saw only gleaming patches of snow and waving branches of forest trees in the darkness. Suddenly there was a merry laugh in my ear that sounded like the tinkle of a bell no larger than a morning-glory seed, and there sat True Thought, smiling at me and Fairyland in view, glowing brightly as before.

"If you like, I will spin you some fairy yarn," she said, and I answered, "Please do."

"All fairy stories begin with 'Once upon a time'," said True Thought. I nodded my head.

"Several centuries ago I was living in Traeh, the Royal City."

"Several centuries ago!" I cried. "How old are you?" "Oh, I haven't any age," she answered. "I have always lived. We fairies never die. In our land you see no monuments or grave yards, and here nobody grows old."

"But I thought," I said faintly, "that I had heard of wicked fairies who have wrinkles, wear snakes for garters, who are ugly, and turn bad children, into beasts for a thousand years, until some good fairy comes along and turns them back again."

"That is not so," said True Thought, shaking her head and laughing. "That is an invention of the nurse girls who want the children to lie still so they can run off to the candy shops and eat chocolate paste and chew gum. The little children do not know any better and lie quite still, afraid to cry until they see us; but we bring them perfumes of flowers; we tell them beautiful stories, until we see them smiling. Then we fan them softly and sing them to sleep. But if you keep talking I can't tell you the story," she finished.

"I will not say another word," I replied.

"Did you ever hear how tulips were made?" asked True Thought.

I shook my head.

"Then I will tell you about it. A long, long time ago there lived in a two-story cottage on the

edge of the wood three little girls. They had a father, mother, aunties, uncles, two brothers and many friends. They were kind to all. They loved the faries very much and the faries loved them. So the fairy queen, her courtiers and artists had a meeting in Traeh to decide on something to give the three little girls whose names were Pearl, Flora and Ruth. It had been a long, cold winter, and the queen said, 'The present must remind the little girls that summer will soon be here.' The artists thought it ought to be a picture, but the queen said, 'Let it be a flower, because we can put into the flower the life of Spirit, and each year it will visit, not only the three little girls, but all the children of earth, and tell them spring is here.' Then all the faries said, 'It shall be a flower.'"

"In all Fairyland there was a great stir."

"The spiders commenced spinning the webs, the artists began gathering color from the sky, the sea and the woods; the gnomes, who live in a country of their own, set up their looms, and as fast as the spiders spun the soft fine thread the gnomes wove it into white shining cloth I must tell you that the design of every flower that grows is made by the musicians of Fairyland; they just play on their lutes and harps and the designs take form in the air and the artists sketch them.

"When the artists had selected the design they wanted they cut their pattern, dashed on the colors and fastened them down into tiny brown caves that you call bulbs, and the Spirit planted life in the center of each.

"The brownies, who also live in a land of their own because they are most too clumsy for our country, although they are darlings, came to the edge of fairyland and took the little brown caves and carried them one night to the house I told you about, and while Pearl and Flora and Ruth were asleep they planted them so nicely under the black earth and white snow that you never could have told they had been there.

"There was a fairy whose name is Love who is a favorite with our queen. She is always busy distilling perfume for the flowers from the white ether. Somehow, in making this new flower, Love was overlooked, although it was she who first suggested the gift. The artists thought they could do without her. She said not a word but put the odor she had distilled into the Easter lily, which gives it its double perfume.

"Our queen said she would name the new flower 'Two-lips,' because each of the three little girls, had two sweet lips for kissing.

"One morning the little girls looked out of their bed-room window and there, nodding their heads at them, were more than a hundred lovely 'Two-lips' and in the cups of some of them were faries hiding. I was there.

"'O look, look, look!' cried Pearl, Flora and Ruth.

"As soon as they were dressed they rushed down and out among the 'Two-lips' and buried their noses in the cups. Then all stood up and Pearl said, 'I believe I like them best from our window,' and back they all went to the house.

"When we gave our report to the queen she said, 'Something is lacking,' and then she said, 'Where is Love?'

"Then the artists hung their heads, and one of them said, 'Please, dear queen, let us bring Fairy Love and ask her, to finish our beautiful flower.'

But the queen answered, 'It cannot now be done. It shall stand beautiful and pure, but always reminding you that in order to have a perfect creation, we must all work as One.'

"Fairies often visited mortals and talked with them in that time. One day when the children, their father and mother, auntie and uncle and brothers were in the garden looking at their present, quite a number of fairies floated in and alighted on the 'Two-lip' cups. One of the artists said, 'We are sorry, little girls, that our flower is a failure.'

"But the girls altogether said, "We admire them very much.'

"The mother said, 'They remind me of my baby's eyes.'

"Father said, 'They make me think of the green that will soon cover the earth.'

"Auntie said, 'They remind me of the sea shells I have gathered on the beach.'

"The brothers said, 'They make me think of the sunset.'

"Pearl said, 'They remind me of morning skies.'

"Flora said, 'I think of the pure white snow and the Christ-child.'

"Ruth said, 'I think of blue skies, of the sea and of the colors of all the flowers that I ever saw.'

"'Why, that is so," said Auntie. They have in them the color of every flower that blooms.'

"Then the three little girls clapped their hands and cried, 'We thank you, dear fairies, for our beautiful present.'

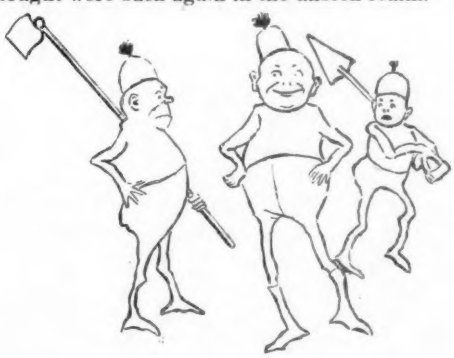
"Fairy Love, her blue eyes shining, said, 'The flower is a great success,' and our queen exclaimed, 'There are no failures.'

"Then all the children, and people and fairies echoed the queen's words, 'There are no failures.' And that is how tulips were made.

"The spelling of the word has since been changed.

"If the children like this story, I may come another time and spin more fairy yarn. Good night."

She waved her wand, and fairyland and True Thought were back again in the unseen realm.



The Pilgrimage of the Little Duck.

A (not strictly) Epic Poem.

A little white duck with pretty pink feet,
A duck with a yellow bill,
Went sailing over the pond one day
As the sun rose over the hill.
The day was warm, the glad winds blew
The waters rippled away,
And he quacked a gleeful song as he swam,
For he meant to stay away.
He'd heard how the flowers away, way off
Were bluer than those that were near;
He'd heard how the sunshine way over there
Was warmer than 'twas over here.
So he sailed and sailed the waters through,
And traveled the livelong day,
For he wanted to know what other folks knew,
And to hear what other folks say.
O little white duck with pretty pink feet!
(O sunshiny summer day!)
What a glorious journey that little duck had,
As he swam and swam away.
But when he reached the other side,
'Twas much like that he'd left;
And the duckling was tired, and wanted his ma,—
He felt so lost and bereft.
The sun slid under a frowning cloud,
The wind blew swift and chill;
He saw such strange and horrid sights,
His poor heart most stood still.
He saw a dreadful whiskered cat
With hunger lick her jaw;
He saw a peacock spread his tail—
Which filled him full of awe.
He saw a frightful, snarling dog,
A horrid pig a-rooting,
A monstrous boy who beat a drum,
Another a horn was tooting.
"Oh dear! I wish I had not come!"
The duckling cried aghast;
And he eagerly sought for a hiding place,
For the great world seemed so vast.
But while he gasped with horror strange
The cat put out her paw,
And now, behold, her eyes were kind;
Then something else he saw:
Two kittens rolling over her
Without the slightest fear;
One of them played with her waving tail,
And one of them patted her ear.
Then he saw that the dog was but playing
With a harmless little bone,
And the horrid pig that was rooting
Was earning his meal alone.

TRUTH COUNTING.

Helen Fussell.

One, two,
What shall I do
To prove thar only the good is true.
Three, four,
The open door
Is to be good and nothing more.
Five, six,
What a fix!
Light and darkness do not mix.
Seven, eight,
To reach the gate
Follow the pathway, broad and straight
Nine, ten,
You will then
Have found the heaven meant for men.

The peacock, spreading out his tail,
Showed such beauty strange and bright,
That our duck was in admiration lost
At the granduer of the sight.
The monstrous boy who beat the drum
Seemed very nice indeed,
For, stooping down, he smoothed the dog,
And threw the peacock feed.
The little boy tooting away at his horn
Was such a funny sight—
Like a wind-god puffing out his cheeks—
That the little duck laughed outright.
"Behold!" cried our duckling, thoughtful,
All things are fair and good,
Though they sometimes seem to be otherwise
Until they are understood.
"But if you note things clearly
And not be conqucred by fear,
You will find there is good all around you,
(At first this may sound rather queer)."
And now our young duckling bethought him
Of the loved ones so far away,
And so he started home again
Straighway without delay.
O little white duck with pretty pink feet!
O duck with the yellow bill!
O beautiful sunshiny, summer day!
O sun sinking over the hill!
How tired, but happy, that little duck
Sailed back o'er the pond that day;
He scarce knew where to begin his tale,
He has so much to say.
The fowls all clusterd around him
To hear what he had to tell,
For our duckling a hero had grown to be,
Because he had journeyed well.
He told them of all the strange things he had seen,
How at first he'd been seized with tremendous fright,
Till at last to mirth he'd been stirred.
"So do not believe in appearances,"
Concluded our duckling wise.
"For all things are good if you prove them so.
This truth you should realize."

—Helen Augusta Fussell, *in Universal Truth.*

Little Alice's Sermons.

MARY B. DE WITT.

A LIGHT tap was heard on my door, and in answer to my "Come in" a little tot of three years entered my room. "Can I stay a little file?" she asked in a pleading voice.

"Yes, I answered, you may stay a little while if you are very quiet and wont talk any, for I am very busy, but see, you may have this paper and pencil. Now you can also write and be busy.

"Phat are you writin' Wittsy?"

"I am writing a sermon," I answered.

Half an hour passed without a word from the little girl who was seated on a footstool at my feet, busily engaged in covering sheet after sheet of paper with fine scribbling. She wrote only on one side of the sheet just as she had seen older people do, and these she carefully laid together at one side. At last I asked, "What are you writing, little Alice?"

"Wrtin' sermonts," and the little one looked at me with her brown eyes, the soft curls falling about her face and neck.

"And what is your text?" I asked.

"Good!" she answered.

"Will you read me the sermon you have written?" And here is little Alice's sermon word for word as she read it to me:

God is health, and I am going to be good and mind my mother.

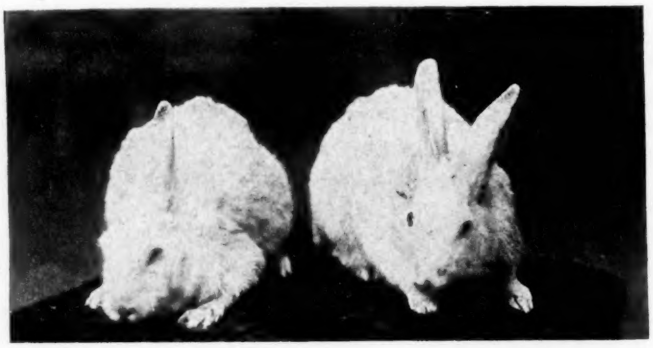
God is Love. It teaches me to mind my dear mother and to do only that which is right. When she asks you to go down stairs mind dear mother and go right quick. God is my help in every need. That's what it says. I am going to mind my mother this week.

When I go to Sunday School I learn 'bout God. When I fall down I tell myself God is wif me.

I was good yesterday afore, and I like to be good, and I would not be naughty.

—ALICE SAUNDERS.

DEAR little rabbits
so pure and white,
With trembling noses
and eyes so bright,
Can you not tell us
why girls and boys
Number "rabbit eggs"
'mong their Easter joys?



"These beautiful eggs
with colors so bright,
Are symbols of holy
Life and Light.
Like "rabbit eggs" in the
nest on the ground,
Truth must be searched for
'ere it is found.
As with the eggs, Life in everything,
When nurtured and cared for, forth will spring.
Then search in your heart for "eggs" of Truth,
Brood them in mind, they bring health and youth,
So search for the treasure with faith strong and bold
If you wish to find it, for I have been told
There never was "rabbit egg" found by the one,
Who doubted this story and thought it "just fun."

—E. H. H.

A Small Boy's Scheme.

A small boy who is not familiar with rural ways was taken by his fond mamma for a brief stay in the country.

On a farm in a neighboring county he waxed fat and sunburnt, and picked up a wondrous store of astonishing experiences.

One day the farmer smilingly said to his mother:

"Just ask your boy what he hid two eggs in the stable for."

So the very first opportunity the mother said to the six-year-old:

"My dear, what did you do with those eggs you took from the hen-house?"

"O mamma!" replied the boy, "I didn't want you to know about it."

"Why, it's all right," said mamma. "I only want to know what my boy did with them."

"I hid them in the stable," said the little fellow.

"And what for?"

"'Cause it's my scheme."

"Your scheme? And what is your scheme?"

"Why, you see, mamma," said the little philosopher, "when eggs is borned in a chicken-house they is always little chickens, an' I fink if they was borned in a stable dey might be little horses."

It is needless to add that up to the time of his leaving the farm the miracle was still unaccomplished.— *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



"As lives the flower in the seed,
As in the cone the tree,
So, praise the God of truth and grace,
His spirit dwells in me.

"As rays of light from yonder sun
The flowers of earth set free,
So light and love come forth
From the living Christ in me."

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

Epistles.

Dear Wee Wisdoms:

I take your little paper and I like it very much. This is the first letter I have written to you. I am a little girl 8 years old. I have a dog and a cat. I like the "Primary School" very much. I have a book and the name of it is "Aunt Charlotte's Stories of Bible History for Litte Ones." One night Iwas sick and I thought I would think over what I had read in it. While I was thinking I went to sleep when I woke up the pain was all gone.

I am very careful to keep "Fairy Good Thoughts" with me. With love to all the Wee Wisdoms.

GRETA GOYER.

Your writting is very clear and we are so glad you have told us about yourself and pets, Greta; but how can we fulfill our promise to send you one of Mother Sparr's moss cards when you have not told us where you live?

***

AURORA, ILL.

Dear Wee Wisdoms:

As I am a reader of WEE WISDOM, and I thought perhaps you would like to know what good use I make of it. The stories are good and I think any person old or young could learn lessons of some kind.

When my papa goes away on his long trips I put one or two papers in his grip and tell him to read them. When he wrote home he said "The stories were interesting and he liked them very much."

Mamma takes the UNITY and likes it very much. I like my paper so much. I like my paper so much that I almost think I could not do without it. I also like the UNITY and read it some.

The pillow verses I love, and when the paper comes I put the month's verses on paper and hang them on my bed post and every morning and night I say them over according to the day. I would advise other Wee Wisdoms to do the same.

Every day I am trying to live to the teachings of WEE WISDOM.

I am your dear lover of "truth."

VERA H. MURRAY.

I wish you might all see this letter of Vera's, just as she has written it. The form of it is so graceful and the letters, every one, so perfect; the spelling and punctuation so correct that it makes one realize how willing and able are well trained little fingers, to carry into expression the clear, sweet thoughts of the little thinker. Your dear little fingers are your little pupils and will do skillfully or carlessly the tasks you give them, just according as you teach them. Won't you all try Vera's plan and train them to habits of skill and grace?

***

Kent, O.

Dear Wee Wisdom:

I received your lovely moss cards for which I am very thankful. In reading the WEE WISDOM I saw your program for Easter and wished that I could attend your services because we have no meetings of Science in our town, Therefore all the understanding that we get is from reading. But as we know that God is with all, we are not discouraged and try to get all the knowledge we can. I find tha the Truth helps me in every thing. I always feelt happy now and try to make every one around me feel so.

I am very thankful for the understanding that I already have. Your loving friend, FRANK SMITH.

How glad we are for such a dear, earnest boy as Frank. His is a brave, true love of Good.

***

ROCKY FORD, GA.

Dear Wee Wisdom:

Please find inclosed a love message to Mother Sparr. I would like to have one of those pretty sea moss cards.

I am ten years old and read WEE WISDOM and it does us much good. I am yours truly.

ZOLA DANIELS.

God bless Zola she shall have her moss card.

ARKANSAS CITY, KAN.

Dear Mrs. Fillmore:

I wrote this story of the duck because you want us to write. This is the best I can do.

I am a boy of 9½ years. This is my first attempt at writing a story. I think that WEE WISDOM is a very nice paper and I like to read everything in it.

I like the pillows and I learn some of them. I am your loving friend, RALPH GRAY.

Ralph has written us a real good story which he calls "The Duck" and which we hoped to get in this number of WEE WISDOM, but the Easter rush crowded it out. We will have it next month sure. Ralph's writing is very plain and nice and he is so young, too.

***

"Tell the little boy who wrote the Sunday "pillow verse" for January WEE WISDOM that his verse is the best in the collection, so I send him some moss from the wilds of British Columbia. I have never seen any sea moss, but this that grows on old logs is very beautiful to me."

***

"I send my copy of WEE WISDOM to a mining camp in Oregon where it is eagerly looked for by three little girls whose home is there."

***

"Our little five-years-old girl goes to the good, kind Father with all her hurts and ailments."

The Tongue.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek,

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue — an early death."

Or sometimes takes this form instead,
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"
Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed,"

While Arab sages this inpart,
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew wit this maxim sprung,
"Though feet may slip ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole,
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

REV. PHILIP B. STRONG.

Juvenile Bible Lessons.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

Lesson 3 April 16.

Jesus Teaching Humility. John 13:1-17.

GOLDEN TEXT: *I have given you an example.* —John 13-15.

Jesus Christ is the one who left us an example showing us how we must act toward one another.

Jesus was not proud but very gentle and kind to all. He was willing to do any act of kindness for anyone. When the disciples came in to supper, warm and soiled from their long walk over hot and dusty roads, Jesus washed their feet for them. This was an act of humility, and showed the loving spirit of Jesus.

Did you ever hear of a king in a big palace, washing the feet of his servants? No, we never did, for most earthly kings are very proud and selfish in their actions. This is because they do not know any better. Some day every one will show a kind and tender heart and will be thoughtful as Jesus was.

But to be like Jesus we must think of him often, and know that the Christ Spirit dwells in our heart, and will never leave us nor forsake us.

We are all children of God, and God loves us all alike.

The little girl or boy who sells flowers or matches and wears ragged clothes is just as good as the little one who lives in a happy home with father and mother and wears beautiful clothes. God loves both alike and sees no difference. The Good watches over all, and lives in the heart of each one.

We should be very kind to the street children, send them kind thoughts and teach and help them This is the Christ work.

Never be cross or disagreeable to a poor or naughty child, but send rich, loving thoughts to them, for this is the way to make them better children.

Take them to your Sunday School if you can, and teach them how to be happy. Then you will be doing something for God.

Lesson 4. April 23.

I Am the Way, the Truth and the Life. John 14:1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth and the life.*—John 14:6.

This text teaches us the same lesson we had last week. The Christ lives in your heart, and He is the and the truth and the life. To follow Jesus we must each one listen to the voice of Christ speaking in our heart, for then we cannot make a mistake. To make a mistake is to do that which is wrong.

Jesus Christ teaches us Truth. Now the Truth He teaches us is that only the good is true, for God is all good and all love. Everyone has love in their heart, for everyone has God.

God's house is everywhere, and in God's house there are many homes, and we all have a home in God. Let us name our homes, for each one has a true name. Maybe yours is Strength, and your friend's home is Health, and some other one has a home of Love, and mine may be Peace.

It is good for us to name our homes, and know that they are all in God's kingdom, just as there are many rooms, that is, the rooms make the house pleasant and homelike.

Everyone lives in God and God loves all alike. If you know that you are the Christ-child, then you will remember that God is your Father, for He has made you like Himself.

Once there was a little child lying sick in a hospital who did not know that he was God's dear child. One day a kind lady sat by his bedside, and taking one of his little hands in hers said, "Jimmie, dear, you are God's little boy, and He loves you."

The little fellow was filled with joy and cried out so that all in the room heard him, "God loves me, God loves me!"

All day he said these words over to himself, and need I tell you that he grew better and, and before many days he was perfectly well.

Lesson 5. April 30.

The Comforter Promised. John 14:15-27.

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

The holy comforter is the word of Truth in our hearts. The word of Truth, God's word, tells us not to cry or fret, not to be cross, but to be happy and joyous and loving.

God's loving word never leaves us, but we must not be cross or fretful if we wish to hear God speak. We must be very still and quiet for then we may hear the "still, small voice."

The Spirit of Truth is Love, and lives right in the heart of each one of us.

If we really love God we will listen to His words of Truth, and know then what He has for us to do, and do it.

To keep His commandments, we must love every one, and think how we can best help another, for by so doing we help God.

Love never leaves us nor forsakes us, and God is all Love.

When we love God we can then feel His love is with us and it makes us very happy.

There is nothing to fear when we know that Love is with us, for Love will not let anything hurt us. Love gives us great peace of mind, and we feel rested and happy, knowing Love is all there is

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The Awakening.

HELEN AUGUSTA FUSSELL.

The voice of Mother Nature
Is calling soft and low:
"Ah come, sweet slug-a-beds,
From under your cover of snow;

"Come, snowdrops, pale and white;
Come, little violets blue;
Come, crocuses and daffodils,
There's work for you to do.

"The tiny blades of grass
Are weaving carpets rare,
All the little leaves are budding,
And you must do your share.

"For there's never an idle child of mine
But who must do her work.
O, come!" calls Mother Nature,
"For you know you mustn't shirk."

"Tell them the 'pillow verse' you made up," said his grandma to six-year-old Ray.

So Ray told us this for you: *"God's around you and you're in that Mind and you know that you shall not have fear."*

I have a dear friend who has two bright little girls, aged four and five years. One morning they were in their room making their bed when one said to the other. "Who'd you 'spose makes God's bed?" The other answered quickly, "Why, Mrs. God, of course."

In Apple Time.

Rosy fruit and mellow,
Hanging from the tree;
Ripe and warm with sunshine,
Oh, so temptingly.

Flinging spicy odors,
Reckless on the air;
Tempting little eager hands
Their lusciousness to share.

—Helen Augusta Fussell.

Ye Editor's Sanctum.

You will feel interested to know as you read Miss Kellerhouse's story, "Talky's Left Arm," that it was submitted to Talky himself for criticism. It was like this: Ye editor called that young gentleman into *our* sanctum with the promise she would read him a story. Talky is very fond of stories, but it had never occurred to him that he was to be the hero of one. Without announcing the title, she began to read him this identical story—that was before it was put into print. You should have seen the expression of his face as the first few sentences revealed to him its import.

"Why, that's *me*!" he exclaimed with a chuckle. "Who done it?"

It was a very happy boy, hidden behind a very broad grin, that listened to the story the rest of the way through; and when it was finished, with a satisfied little chuckle he made this hearty comment, "*That story's all right, every bit of it, only I fell out of bed twice, and I told 'em, too, I didn't need any doctors, Science 'ud fix me all right.*"

There is such a tide of inflowing good set in to Wee Wisdom. Why! you can't imagine how much "frankincense and myrrh" in the way of contributions and song, is being poured out upon the "young child." Talent and genius that were hidden from our knowledge have sprung up suddenly and attattached themselves to this "child's" service. This Easter number is really the blosson of Love. We long to make mention of all the sweet, loving souls who have delighted to bring forth this blossom for the Wee Wisdoms. You will find some of the names attached to the stories and poems, but of those who have served with brush and pencil you will not know unless we make the mention here. Why not? We have not even asked permission but why shall you not know? A dear lover of children, and one whom "the three boys" accept as authority on all points worth boys' knowing, has designed the beautiful Easter lily piece on the third page with Raymond's sweet face for its center. (Mr. Moon did it, but don't tell him that I told you.)

The beautiful fairy and the flowers and the brownies are by *our* Mrs. Brown and Mr. Bennett. You didn't know Mrs. Brown could make pictures with pencil and brush as well as with her pen. Well, we didn't either, but she can, and no knowing what she'll be doing next for you youngsters.

Another blessing we've had is that Miss de Witt who has endeared herself to us all through her Bible Lessons and other beautiful messages through Wee Wisdom, has been making us a visit. She came from the home of roses and, really we can believe she is a part of them and the sunshine, too, she is so sweet and brings such brightness with her. The dear Wisdoms whom she has left in California will bear witness of this.

She has brought us a whole armfull of treasures for you.

We hope you'll enjoy "The Little White Duckling," we like it so much we asked Miss Fussell if we might borrow it for you. She was glad to let us have it ,and says in her letter "When I started to write it, I meant the little duckling to do mighty deeds of valor, but decided after all to let him only learn and love." And isn't that the only deed of valor after all?

We have some most excellent things on hand which will be sent to you next month. Among them a "Story of Real Life" by Flora Howard, and one by a little boy half-past-nine years old,

How the dear little letters are beginning to pour in! And how glad we are to hear from our Wisdoms. "Mother Sparr" will have to send on a new lot of moss cards soon at this rate of demand. Guess she didn't realize what a big contract she was making. But keep on writing and tell us all about what the Good does for you. We would enjoy much having our foreign Wisdoms write to us.

"*Brightside*" furnished us the cut of the white rabbits. This is the picture of two "sure enough" rabbits, owned by the Brightside boys and called by them, "Adam and Eve." Miss Harrington ("Aunt Emma") has written this little poem purposely for *you*. It is a beautiful Easter thought.

Contributors to Wee Wisdom should remember that we are teaching Christian Metaphysics, hence every contribution should lead up to the operation of Mind. Children understand these higher laws much more readily than the older ones, and no one need fear being too metaphysical, if the language is simple.


Monday
Soft the winds
Of spring are blowing;
Like my thoughts,
The streams are
flowing;
Bud and blossom,
Bird and bee,
Share in happy life
With me.
Tuesday
Who am I
That I know
Why the bud
And blossoms grow?
Who am I,
That I see
Life the same
In bird and me?
Wednesday
I am I,
"I am He,"
I in Christ
And Christ in me.
Life and Living,
Two in one—
God the Father,
God the Son
Thursday
Like the lily,
Pure and white,
Blooming in
The sun's glad light,
Father, in Thy Light are
we,
Like the lily, pure and free.
Friday
Seed and shell only mean
Life is waiting to be seen;
Bird and blossom only tell
Of the life within the shell.
Saturday
There's no sadness,
There's no gloom,
There's no weakness,
There's no tomb,
When the living Christ in me
Is by loving thought set free.
Sunday
Glad our songs
Shall ever rise,
Warm our hearts
As Easter skies;
Only Good with us abide,
At our joyous
Easter-tide.

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"April showers
Bring May flowers,"
Words of Truth
The joy of youth,
And thoughts of peace
A long life lease.

Would Wee Wisdoms like to go around the world? Then you should read or have your mamma read to you "Around the World," one of a geographical series. It is intended as a supplemental reader for third and fourth grades. Its authors are Harriet L. Jerome and Stella F. Carroll.

Brightside, published in the interest of the Brightside School for boys, $1.00 per year, or ten cents per sample copy. Address, Ralph Field, Brightside, Box 1526, Denver, Colorado.

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WEE WISDOM is now mailed by itself on the *first* of every month. UNITY is mailed on the *fifteenth* of every month.

WEE WISDOM is 50 cents per year.

UNITY is $1.00 per year.

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Be Kind.

Be kind in whatever you do, dears;
'Twill help every one that you meet,
To see you so gay and so happy,
And yet always loving and sweet.

Be patient when mother needs help, dears;
Do all with a glad willing heart,
And the weariest work will grow pleasant
When bravely you're doing your part.

Be forgiving if baby seems cross' dears;
If you play with him gently awhile,
And are kind and cheerful and loving
I am sure you will soon win a smile.

So be kind in whatever you do, dears;
'Twill help every one that you meet
To see you so gay and so happy,
And yet always loving and sweet.

—HARRIET L. JEROME in *Mother's Journal*