

VOL. IV. KANSAS CITY, MO., MARCH, 1900. No. 8.

"FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

F. R. S., PUEBLO, COLO.

"Suffer little children to come unto me,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven."
In each little heart is planted a seed,
By my Father himself it was given.

In the hour of creation an angel came
With this seed of Love's completeness,
And as it grew up we gave it the name
Of innocent life and sweetness.

This Christ-child teaches us, God is near,
It helps us to love one another;
It tells us that God is our Father dear,
And Jesus our "Elder Brother."

As Jesus loved little children then,
So his loving arms yet enfolds us;
We feel his presence *within* us when
We *do* the things which he told us.

The Au-to-bi-og-ra-phy of A Nickel.

CHAPTER I.

(But This is Not Chapter I.)

THIS is to explain that A Nickel, who was advertised to commence the story of

His eventful career
On this mundane sphere,

is not able to keep his engagement because no one has volunteered to translate what he has to say into readable English. Why is this? Where *are* our ready writers? Did *you* not understand last month that some of *you* were expected to help him out with his first chapter at this date?

You will remember, if you read February WEE WISDOM carefully, that Claude's suggestion "to have a story in which every chapter should have a different author," was to be carried out by some of *you* Wisdoms. We were delighted with the idea and solicited authors for the first chapter, choosing for the subject, "*The Story of a Nickel*," *as told by itself*. You must have waited one for the other, and so there is no FIRST CHAPTER for this month. *You* will just have to try it over again.

We announce a more dignified title this time to our story, though it stands for the very same thing.

Au-to-bi-og-ra-phy means writing one's own story one's self.

A Nickel appears more imposing to the sight than a nickel, hence we put *our* nickel into capitals.

We couldn't have a more familiar subject. Why! A Nickel is so u-biq-ui-tous, that means *so-everywhere-present*, that you're in his company every day, and when you're not you want to be. You can't even take a car ride without him. Wouldn't it be interesting to hear his side of the story? What does he think of us all, anyway?

Well, surely some of *you* will come forward and help him keep his engagements hereafter, won't you? Suppose several—yes, dozens—of you write a chapter for him. You can't get ahead of A Nickel's experiences. The more the merrier.

Anything but an unkept engagement

The Buttercup Talks

GRACE HOLMES WHITE.

I AM a little yellow buttercup. I grow on the hillside in company with my sisters and brothers, other little buttercups, and my cousins the spring beauties, pansies and shooting stars. Every fall when the leaves turn yellow and red and then brown, and become so light that the least wind sends them flying—zip! down the hill, and the frost creeps around everywhere and lays a white finger on every one of us that has its head up, that is n't positively gone to bed, why, then, I just shiver a little and crouch right down into the warm earth and pretend I am asleep. But I am never really asleep, I am all the time thinking — dreaming, you might call it. I listen to the sounds outside —the voice of the wind, the cries of birds, the patter of feet, the clatter of rain and hail, the fall of snow, and if I listen very hard they become the most beautiful music. I wish you could hear the songs that come to me under my warm covering of earth and snow. Sometimes I think it strange that those I hear in the outside world are never quite as beautiful.



Then, too, I can visit places I never can reach when I am just nodding and listening in the sunshine. Why, I have even been in the breast of an angel, high up among the clouds, floating, floating. And I know there is a great ocean, so deep. And I know something about the little lights that shine at night, that sprinkle the sky just as I and my little relatives in their various appearance sprinkle the hillside.

However, for all I have such a pleasant time through the winter, I am always glad when I hear a certain song that the raindrops, the sunbeams, the winds, and others sing in the spring, dancing to the music —

Come, our dear flower,
This is the hour
Children are searching for thee!
We winds would kiss you,
We sunbeams miss you,
Miss you — the bird and the bee.

Come, our sweet treasure,
We dance to thy pleasure,
All our gay songs are to thee!
Come, we implore you,
We, who adore you —
Bird, zephyr, sunbeam, and bee!

Now who would n't even if they had enjoyed the long "silence" be wild to get out in the world again among all that merry-making?

This year, would you believe it? I heard the song before I felt one bit of that strange warmth that makes one feel so smothered in the earth and want to leap right out of the ground. I began to think what a beautiful face I would present to my friends. "How I will shine!" I said proudly. "How perfect I will be! And the earlier I am the more delighted they will all be to see me."

As soon as I could I made my appearance. I was almost blinded in my hurry. As I looked around not another flower was to be seen. (They told me afterwards it was a long time before they heard the song.)

There were patches of snow in the brush

around, and a chill in the air that actually brought a tear to my eye.

Oh yes, there were enough friends overjoyed to welcome me. The wind frolicked about until I begged him not to be so rough. The sunbeams stayed every minute they could get from the flying clouds.

"Did n't you sing for me to come?" I asked rather crossly of a bee that seemed hardly able to lift his wings.



"Why no," said he, "we did'nt think it time. I would n't be out to-day myself if an accident had n't happened to our house."

Just then Bettie, the little girl that lives on top of the hill, came walking along very slowly. Her eyes were bent on the ground and she seemed searching for something. When she saw me her face lit up with joy.

"Oh you lovely thing!" she cried. "I knew you were here. I called you. It was I told you to come. Is n't it cold out here almost in the snow?" and she plucked me and carried me into the house.

Bettie's little brother, and later some neighbor's children, stared at me with wide-opened eyes. The mother praised my



beauty, but the father did n't seem to notice. "Yes, yes, child," is all he would say when Bettie called his attention to my presence.

She put me on the mantel, my stem in a saucer of water, and stood by me every minute she could spare, and we talked to each other — Oh, yes, we did!

Bettie is a plump little thing with light hair that blows about her face. She knows many of the things that I could tell you about and that is why we like to talk together.

I stayed there several days and then was glad to get back in the night — to the root from whence I came.

LEADING FORTH.

E. ADELINE WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER V.

Pretty Clearly This Time.

ABOUT two o'clock in the afternoon of the day the Banks family were invited to tea, there came a ring at Mr. Matthews' front door-bell.

"How early they are!" exclaimed Aunt Judith, believing their visitors had arrived. "Run and let them in, Bertha," she added; "I have n't changed my dress yet, for I didn't expect they'd be here much before three or half past."

Aunt Judith's thought was on her visitors, therefore she was acting upon this one thought alone.

Presently Bertha came back and whispered to her. Professor Bolles was in the parlor; but she didn't want Anne and Robbie to hear about it. Let it be a surprise for them.

Aunt Judith dropped into the nearest chair. For her the surprise took the form of a disappointment. She had fixed up a nice little speech, which she was going to make upon entering the room — one which she believed would put them all in a jolly good humor, for she was meaning to go in "just as she was," now the Banks family had come.

"But it's always the way," thought Aunt Judith. "Nothing ever happens as I plan."

When Self plans, Aunt Judith, it is better so.

"I should as soon thought of seeing the man in the moon," speaking to her niece, "as Ed Bolles."

"But it's nice to have him here," said Bertha. "He 'll know all about things,"

remembering the talk they were going to have.

Aunt Judith had not thought of that. Her thought was on her own personal feelings.

The Banks family and the Matthews family were coming together, not for personal good, but for the good of all alike.

Not having taken the visit for what it represented, Aunt Judith at this particular moment was making its object a personal one, so no one else was affected in the same manner that she was.

Aunt Judith was glad to see the Professor, and delighted with the thought of having him present that evening.

The trouble with her, as well as with a great many other persons, being that she had not learned how to control thought; therefore, thought controlled her.

It was not a great surprise for Anne and Robbie. The night before Robbie dreamed he went into the parlor and found the Professor sitting there.

He and Anne were together in the dining-room, reading the latest number of Wee Wisdom, when Bertha called to them and said there was company in the parlor.

"It's your father," exclaimed Robbie; and away they both ran to greet him.

Why didn't Aunt Judith think so, too? you ask.

Because Aunt Judith was not trusting her thought as Robbie and Annie had been doing. Aunt Judith was apt to jump at conclusions; that is, she did not always think out a reason for doing many things.

You may say that Anne and Robbie acted upon an impulse, which is true.

But they know that there is but one power, which is Good. Had they found some one else in the parlor there would have been no sense of disappointment. For that which disappoints is always some personal thing; not what concerns every one, the same as Good, the only power, which is related to all alike, does.

That which would disappoint you might not at all be related to me, therefore it could not affect me. And that which would disappoint me might not at all be related to you, therefore it could not affect you.

But Good is related to every one alike; and if every one's relation to Good is the same as Good's relation to each person, no disappointment can at any time come near any one. You know we are allowed to make our own choice.

There is nothing but Good; but if we choose to say there is something else, we get the result of our say-so, and so have disappointments.

All this was talked about at the tea-table, and during the evening.

Mr. Matthews remarked that there was one puzzle he had not been able to solve, and he did not believe he should ever be, either. It was this: Why have we kept on saying one thing, when we really meant another?

Professor Bolles told him it was because we believe the body to be the man, thus thinking we lived a life apart from God. While we believed so, it made it appear that each one of us was two separate beings.

The New Testament tells us to know the Truth, and the Truth shall make us free.

"What is Life?" asked the Professor.

"Life is God," answering his own question, "manifesting Himself through us—our bodies."

"So *that* Life is the real man?" added Mr. Banks.

"Then man ought to make his own conditions," declared Aunt Judith.

"That is his divine right," replied the Professor.

"When I take up with another belief," said Mr. Matthews, "I give my body the power to do just what I say it can."

"Just so," agreed the Professor.

"I believe I have got to the bottom of it," exclaimed Aunt Judith. "I'm an invisible woman, as you may say."

"The same as the power, the principle, that moves a train of cars is invisible," said Mr. Matthews, helping her out. "You're a living soul, first of all, Judy, remember."

"I see," she cried, delightedly. "I'm that which thinks, which manages, which operates and controls this body."

"You've got it pretty clearly this time," laughed the Professor.

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"*Now I lay me*"—say it darling,
"*Lay me*," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"*Down to sleep*"—"to sleep" she murmured,
And the curly head dropped low;
"*I pray the Lord*," I gently added—
"You can say it all, I know."

"*Pray the Lord*"—the words came faintly,
Fainter still—"*my soul to keep*;"
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"*Mamma, God knows all the rest.*"

Oh the trusting, sweet confiding
Of the child heart! Would that I
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,
He who hears my feeblest cry.

—*Selected.*

A DEVOTED MOTHER.

CATHERINE L. STEELE.

If you are fond of birds, I think you would like to hear how a mother-bird brought her little ones back to the nest when they had been frightened away and could not find their home.

My sister Marion and I were staying in the mountains and had gone out for a short walk.

While we were picking flowers in a pretty aspen grove, we discovered a nest containing three tiny, spotted eggs. It was built on the ground at the foot of an aspen tree and was partly concealed by a log covered with moss. Indeed, so well was it hidden that I think we should not have found it at all if the mother-bird had not flown out with a little cry of alarm.

Some time after we returned to the place and found that instead of the eggs there were three brown fluffy birds.

I reached out my hand to get one of them, but they were so frightened that out they hopped and fluttered away into the bushes.

For a moment they made a queer little noise as if calling for their mother, then they were still. We hunted for a long time among the flowers and bushes, but all in vain. The little birds were not to be found.

Anxious to know how the little ones would get back to their home, we hid behind a large rock and kept very quiet.

Soon the mother-bird flew toward her nest and alighted on a branch directly over it. As she flew from twig to twig she continually uttered a shrill chirp and looked about on the ground beneath her. Suddenly she flew down, and we heard her little ones calling to her for help. She hopped over to them and seemed to talk to them for a moment. Then she took several short hops, the little birds following close behind.

Once more the careful mother flew upon a branch and looked about. Seeing no one, she returned to her babies and slowly and carefully led them back to the nest.

A Portion of Morris' Discourse.

[Morris is becoming quite a "sermonizer." He refuses to speak before other than very select audiences — usually his mamma and papa — but we got "a snap shot" of one sermon through our special reporter.— ED.]

First. God is Love, God is Health, God is Strength, God is Peace. Now, I look around and see what I can see. I look up on the house-top and I see some little people, and they are jolly little people. They are good thoughts. I see some black looking people there, too. They are bad thoughts. I don't believe in the bad, do you? Then there comes a knock at the door. Well, let me see who is there. I open the door. Who are you? Are you a bad thought? "Yes." Well, you pass on, for we don't want any devil and hell thoughts here. I hear another knock. Who are you? You are "good thoughts," are you? Well, come in. Now, I walk down the street and I see some little fellows with shining faces; they are jolly thoughts; those are the kind I like, for I don't believe in the old bad thoughts

NATURAL LESSONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

CONDUCTED BY "PAPA HARRY."

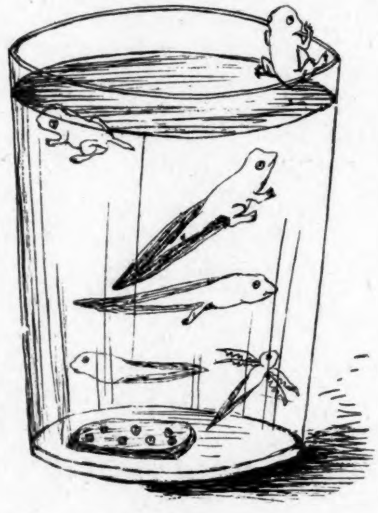
IV.

Some Hops.

"The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,
Because my feet find measure with its call;
The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
For I am known to them, both great and small.
The flowers that on the lonely hillside grow
Expect me there when Spring their bloom have given;
And many a tree and bush my wanderings know,
And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven;
For he who with his Maker walks aright,
Shall be their lord as Adam was before;
His ears shall catch each word with new delight,
Each object wear the dress that then it wore;
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
Hear from his Father's lips that ALL IS GOOD."

LAST summer Orion and Albert captured all the toads they could find and carried them home, where they turned them loose under the front porch. Quite a colony of toads was thus founded, and in the evening they would come out and hop all over the yard, helping their friends, the flowers, to enjoy life. The boys became much attached to their toads, and spent most of the evenings watching them. Toads are easily tamed and make harmless, useful, intelligent and interesting pets.

The life of a toad is as varied, as wondrously metamorphosed as the life of a butterfly. First it is only a tiny, dark-colored egg enclosed, with many others, in a string of transparent albumen entangled among the weeds at the bottom of some pond or slow stream. This egg hatches out into a little animal called "tadpole" and "polliwog," which has a very round body — without any apparant division between this body and the head — and a long, perpendicularly flat tail. This little animal is as good a fish as any that swims, having no lungs, but gills to breathe water through. It feeds upon vegetable food, mostly roots. After some weeks two little buds appear, one on each side of the body near the tail. These buds grow very gradually, like branches on a plant, and become legs, with feet. It now uses these hinder legs to help it swim, or to jump around on the bottom of its pool. Finding his hinder legs so useful, he soon sprouts fore ones, and swims, hops, or walks, with as much pride as a boy parades around in his first pair of trousers. Now, his tail begins to be gradually absorbed, his gills become changed, and lungs are formed. He leaves the water, breathes only air, and discontinues his vegetable diet. His tail shortens and completely disappears, and he is a perfect toad — Mr. Bufo Americanus, if you please.



He is yet very small, and hops around on the ground, getting acquainted with the plants, winking at the stars, and wondering what those large two-legged beasts are good for. He now takes lessons in music and elocution, and in time becomes quite proficient in the art of trilling. Noticing the Sun setting out on a visit to the Goat, he concludes that winter must be coming, so he and his friends migrate to higher land.

After a refreshing rain these little toads come out in day time and hop around in great numbers, which leads some people to imagine that they come down with the rain. At other times he remains hidden during the day, and only comes out at evening or night. He now buries himself in the ground and sleeps till next spring. (Does any little boy, or girl, know how he lives through the winter without eating?) Next spring he comes forth with the older toads, and nightly serenade is held around each pond, lake and marsh.

The toad is certainly a pleasing and useful creature when his acquaintance is made. Ignorance and superstition have invested the toad with many absurd and ridiculous attributes. The silly notion that the handling of a toad makes warts on the hands is most widespread. No unpleasant or harmful effects can follow the handling of toads. They cannot bite and have no teeth or fangs.

The eye of a toad is more beautiful than that of any living creature, and the expression of patience, resignation, peace and contentment that beams forth from it will cause a pleasant surprise to any one who may take the trouble to catch him.

Once a boy would fill his mouth with half a dozen small toads and then create a sensation by allowing them to jump out one by one. Few would care to become thus familiar with them.

Frogs differ from toads in many ways. They have teeth, while the toad has none; the skin of the frog is smooth, while the skin of the toad is warty; the frog's tongue is forked, but the toad's is not; the larval period of the frog is much longer duration than that of the toad; and many other differences could be noted.

We have many species of frogs, the most common being the Leopard Frog. This is usually the first frog heard in the spring. They gather in immense numbers in every pond, creek and marsh, and keep up their singing throughout the night. To most children this is a welcome sound after the still, cold winter. The Bull Frog grows to a very large size, and his hoarse croak can easily be heard for a mile. He is a grand old frog, and he frequently "fills a long felt want." The Gray Frog can be found in cold springs, and in cool, shady woods, where he leads a solitary life. The Green Frog and the Wood Frog are somewhat common.

Of all the Amphibians the Tree Toads are the most interesting. Mr. Hyla Versicolor always turns the color of any object upon which he may be resting, whether it be red, green, blue, white, black or yellow. This changing of color seems to be entirely beyond the Tree Toad's control. They make nice little pets, as they will stay on one vine or bush all summer.

Mr. Hyla Pickeringii is a noisy little Tree Toad that is somewhat hard to capture. He is heard very early in the spring, when he whistles and trills incessantly day and night. After depositing their eggs the Tree Toads leave the water and spend the summer among the brush and flowers. In autumn they ascend the trees and sing to each other. With the birds and Cicadæ a quite merry band they form. Frost drives them under ground, but sometimes they take up winter quarters in cisterns. Three cute little fellows were pumped up by the boys this winter.

Many strange toads and frogs exist in foreign lands. One toad of Europe is peculiar in that the male takes the eggs when produced by the female and fastening them around his thighs by means of glutinous threads carries them around until the time of hatching, when he takes them to a pool.

The Surinam Toad of South America lays its eggs in the water, when the male collects them and places them on the back of the female, where they are enclosed by the skin of the female enlarging and forming cells; when the young come forth they are perfect toads.

A Venezuelan frog carries its eggs around in a pouch upon its back until they are hatched.

Bobby's Three-Inch Smile.

Sister measured my grin one day;
Took the ruler and me,
Counted the inches all the way—
One and two and three.

"Oh, you're a Cheshire cat," said she.
Father said, "That's no sin."
Then he nodded and smiled at me—
Smiled at my three-inch grin.

Brother suggested I ought to begin
Trying to trim it down.
Mother said, "Better a three-inch grin
Than a little half-inch frown."

—*Boston Traveller.*

Do not say, "I will if I can," but say "I can if I will."—*Ex.*

A Trinity in Unity.

"THEY SEND YOU ALL THEIR BEST LOVE."

These three little Sleater maidens have their home in Merchantville, New Jersey, and lovely times they have, for their papa and mamma are truth lovers, and their home is full of happy thought, and in their desire to share this happy thought they have started a "Wee Wisdom Sunday School," made papa teacher, and invited in their playfellows, and at last report had fifteen members.



ELISE. MARION. FRANCES.

But the time we are given a glimpse of this household is early New Year's morning. It would seem as if every member of it were still is sleepland. But though the papa's eyes are tightly closed, still he is busy in thought, for well he knows the blossoms of his home must have the sunshine of true thought to make them thrive. So this particular morning he is sending out "*Sunshine, Peace and Love.*" A little stir in the next room, a flutter of white, and out pops the tiniest maiden of the three (Frances Eulalia) from her little bed and in she bounds to give the first morning kiss to her dear papa and mamma. And is n't it wonderful! by some magic trick of her own little being

she has caught up her papa's very thought and sings out bright and clear—

"Sunshine, Peace and Love must obey,
Open your eyes right away."

To her mamma's greeting, "Happy New Year to you, Sweetheart," she quickly replies, "What's new? Only the snow is new," for little Frances has discovered the first snowfall of the season, but not the *newness* of the year.

Frances' merry-making soon brings Elise Innocencia (next eldest) onto the scene of action. Brimful of fun and glad over the *new* snow is this bonnie maiden, and with her morning kiss sings out, "A Happy New Year! *for gladness and love are we.*" Then fluttering down upon the floor with her bag of marbles she begins her play, singing like a bird—

"Clear away the rubbish,
Put away the weeds," etc.

She makes happy comradship with her marbles, calling them by name. To hear her addressing "Dear Little Fred," "Big Ned," and "Small Jack," you would have believed in the a-live-ness of these little globes.

The last upon this Happy New Year scene is Marion Askam (eldest of the trio). It might have been her motherly interest in the big Christmas doll she bears in her arms that kept her so long in bed. Anyway, here she is, and the New Year greetings over, she begins the dressing of this latest edition to her family. It would seem Marion is a very attentive little mother to her increasing family of dolls, and a model one, too, for she drills them in the truth statements, which she and her little sisters practice while dressing themselves in the morning and undressing at night. Every article of clothing is put on with the statement, "*I am loving and kind.*" So this little mother is dressing her doll with "a-loving-and-kind" as she calls it.

After this happy trio have turned in and had a regular all-round frolic, in which the papa and mamma and things generally have a lively time, they scamper back to their room to see which shall get dressed first, and here the curtain falls for us. How we would like to follow them through one of their happy days in their lovely home where Truth is kept shining through constant recognition of it, and nothing seems more natural than to love and be loved!

We are so glad to meet these little maidens and to have been given even this little glimpse of their home life. God bless them, and their papa and mamma, and their little Sunday School. And let's *all* learn to dress and undress with "a-loving-and-kind."

Epistles.

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR —— I enclose a short story* for WEE WISDOM. We read the stories in WEE WISDOM to my little sister who enjoys them very much. CATHERINE L. STEELE.

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ROLLA, MO.

TO WEE WISDOM:

I read WEE WISDOM and it is very nice. My Aunt Mattie sends it to me; she likes it too; I love her very much; she is so very very good. I love the story of the "Real Santa Claus." I used to think there was a real man Santa Claus, but I think it is so much nicer to think that "love" is a Santa Claus and we all can be one. I know how happy it does make us. My mamma and I sent a good many presents at Christmas, and when we packed them I was so happy I could hardly stand still. Now I know what made me so happy — it was because I was a *real Santa Claus.* I am going to try and make some verses to stuff some pillows with. I am eight years old and live in Rolla with my mamma. I would like one of Mother Sparr's moss cards.

Your friend, MINNIE THOMSON.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I love you very much, and love to read the dear little letters of the other children. I think that "Jean's Burglar" is one of the nicest stories that I have ever read, and "The Well Sweep." I am a little girl nine years old. I go to school every day. My grandma and I love very much to read the dear little stories in WEE WISDOM. I have a book of WEE WISDOMS about one inch thick. I would like very much to have one of Mother Sparr's pretty moss cards if I am not too late. I am your little friend in truth, MARGARET WASHBOURNE.

Enclosed find 10 cents for moss card.

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GOBLEVILLE, MICH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — My auntie has been sending WEE WISDOM to me and I enjoy it very much. I am a little girl ten years old, and I have a brother nearly four years old. We live on a farm one mile and a half from school; I am going in the sixth grade next year. I have read so much about Mother Sparr's moss cards that I would be pleased to have one. You can put this letter in WEE WISDOM if you think it good enough. Lovingly yours, CHARLOTTE A. CAMPBELL.

I send a pillow verse.*

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ALACULSY, Ga.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am a little girl sixteen years old, and I would like to have Mother Sparr to send me one of her moss cards very much. I am a believer in this good truth. Your true friend,

DELL ARTHUR.

[Dell sends also a letter of thanks for moss cards.]

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MICHIGAN CITY, IND.

DEAR MOTHER SPARR — I take WEE WISDOM and love to read it. I am nine years old, and I love to read the pillows. I would like very much to have one of your moss cards. Enclosed you will find two postage stamps. From your little friend,

EDITH SHULTZ.

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BONNY, TEXAS.

DEAR MOTHER SPARR — I love WEE WISDOM very much; papa takes it for me. I live in the country on a farm. I have six brothers and two sisters. I got "Wee Wisdom's Way" for a Christmas present. I would like very much to have one of Mother Sparr's moss cards. I am twelve years old and I go to school every day and I am in the third grade. Yours truly,

BESSIE MEYER.

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EASTON, PENN.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I read about the little children having a moss card and I thought I would like to have one. I take WEE WISDOM, and I try to be a good girl and follow all that it teaches. Grammie and Granpie are here; they came before Christmas. I was very glad to see them. I want them to stay 64 years. I go to dancing

* See page 5.

* See Saturday's Pillow.

school and I take music lessons. I like it very much. I go to school. I have fifteen dolls, and I have a great big doll and she has a silk dress, and I like them very much. I am eight and a half years old. Granpie brought me a little watch, it is very cunning. From your little friend,

HAZEL BENNER WARE.

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EASTON, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I would love so much for Mother Sparr to send me and my little brother Waive a moss card. I love to read the pillows. I say them for my speeches. Waive tries to say them, too. Love to Mother Sparr.

CLIFFORD BOYLE, per Mamma.

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have two sisters; they both go to school and I do, too; the oldest is in number two, the other in number eighteen and I am in number seven. I am in the Fourth Reader and in fractions. I thought I would write to you and ask you if you would please send me one of Mother Sparr's moss cards. I am nine years old. Yours lovingly, NAOMI BECKETT.

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BATH, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have been trying to make some Pillow Verses; use them if they are all right —

God keeps watching us all the time,
Like the stars that shine at night.

Here is something I have taken out of my Reader. I think it is so pretty. I have changed it a little —

"Pretty Stars overhead
Looking down upon my bed,
I know you are God's kind eyes
Watching me from the skies.
Pretty Stars, kind watch keep
Over me while I sleep,
Watch me well, Stars, I pray
'Till I wake in the bright day."

I send ten cents. Am I entitled to a moss card? Your friend,

JENNIE SCHOFIELD.

[Yes, Jennie, those *are* pretty verses, but as our Pillows were already stuffed before these came we will have them for our *extra* pillow. Of course you are entitled to a moss card. Thanks for the ten cents you sent.— ED.]

ETLAH, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM and MOTHER SPARR — I am going to write you a few lines, and I'm going to school, and I'm in the third reader. I like to read the letters in WEE WISDOM. I am nine years old. I would like to have a moss card and one for my sister Dena; she is eight years old. We send our love to all WEE WISDOM readers.

Your little friend, LEO GILHOUS.

***

GLADSTONE, MICH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Mamma received your sample copy of WEE WISDOM. My sister and I were very much pleased with it, so Mamma said I might write for it. As Mamma is a Mental Scientist I feel a great interest in this work. My little sister Olive, eleven years old, thought the little pillow verses were very nice. She said she was going to make seven little pillows and tie them with baby ribbon. Then write out the verses on slips of paper and pin to the pillows so then we can always see them. The editor of WEE WISDOM has a namesake, for my name is Myrtle as well as hers.

MYRTLE E. GRAY.

***

ONAGA, KAN.

DEAR MOTHER SPARR — I saw your picture in the October number and I thought you had a dear, sweet face. I am ten years old, and live on a farm. I go to school and am in the fourth grade. My Mamma takes the UNITY and *Universal Truth* and I take the WEE WISDOM. I have two or three pets — a dog named Dewey, a cat named Flossy, and a pig named Hobson and a colt named Nubby. I have a little brother named Lester and when the WEE WISDOM comes I try and get it first so I can read the pillow verses. I don't know which one of my pets I like best but I think I like Dewey. Hoping to see my letter in the WEE WISDOM I must close. Yours truly,

LIDA GROVER.

P. S.: If you can spare one of the moss cards I would like to have one very much indeed.

One's work cannot exceed his thoughts.
Think loftily if you would do highly.
— *Selected.*

JUVENILE BIBLE LESSONS.

By "Aunt Seg."

Jesus Healing in Capernaum.
Mark 1:21-34.

Golden Text — *And he healed many that were sick.* Mark 1:34.

Verse 21. The Lord Jesus Christ went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and his disciples went with him. "The Sabbath day" means a state of mind, and if you will read the commandment concerning the Sabbath day, children, you will see that it is a state of mind that does no work. "Thou nor thy son nor thy daughter nor thy manservant nor thy maidservant," etc. This means your mind and its faculties — "Son" the faculty of judgment; "daughter" the faculty of will; "manservant" the faculty which *executes* judgment; "maidservant" the faculty of *doing* the will.

The Sabbath day state of mind into which Jesus (Truth) enters and speaks the word of peace, has ceased from its labors, or from working *its* way, and it waits on the Lord, content to let that One work *through* it.

22. We are always surprised when we see the power of God coming into our life, because we have not been in the habit of expecting great things from Him.

23, 24. *We* are ready to receive the healing Presence, but there is a wrong minded-ness which has been built up within us by our old habits of thought which very strongly objects to being cast out. It is called "an unclean spirit."

25, 26. Truth in the mind is almighty and will overcome error if we put our faith in it.

27, 28. Because we do not see God with the eyes of the body, we can hardly believe that such things can be done by the Word of God, as it is spoken by what *seems to be* only a man.

29, 30. Entering into "the house of Simon and Andrew" means entering into an obedient state of mind, for Simon and Andrew mean obedience. Simon's wife is the *love of obedience;* Simon's wife's mother is something in the mind which comes before the love of obedience, or the old idea of doing *your* way, which is a sick idea in the Sabbath day mind, and must be healed.

31. Jesus (Truth) touched this idea with its wonderful transforming power and it was healed of its selfishness, and began to do for others.

There is nothing Truth cannot do for you, when you *depend upon it*, but you must not think you can do anything without it.

Try to have a peaceful state of mind into which Truth can enter.

32, 33, 34. "And he laid his hands on every one of them and healed them." Luke 4:40.

You will notice, children, that *all* were healed by Christ — the Truth. All *can* be healed who are in the Sabbath state of mind, which is obedient unto God, and does no work in its own strength, but just lets God use it as He will.

The Paralytic Healed. Mark 2:1-12.

Golden Text — *The Son of man hath Power on earth to forgive sins.* Mark 2:10.

Jesus was *born* at *Nazareth*, which means to be separate from the world or unworldly; therefore Jesus came into the world as one not of the world. After he began his ministry he moved into Capernaum, where the word of God was much needed. It is written (Mat. 11:23, 24) that mighty works were done in Capernaum, which means a state of thinking where Truth has a mighty work to do.

This state of mind, while wanting truth, is full of old ideas — traditions — which are very hard to get away from. But here Jesus found Simon and Andrew (Matt. 4:18) whose presence means a desire to be obedient unto truth, and so there was a reaching out for God at Capernaum. (Verse 2.)

3. "Sick of the palsy" is where both soul and body are in bondage to old habits of thought. The soul, while clinging to old ideas, desires to be free, and this desire seems so hopeless because of the bondage that the soul becomes discouraged and the body begins to die. This is called "palsy."

4. Such a state of mind finds it very difficult to receive the truth, and those who have faith must help them a good deal.

5. You can help to save others, children, if you have great faith in the everywhere Good.

7, 8. When Jesus said "Thy sins be forgiven thee" it was just the same as removing from this mind a heavy weight of sin which had long held him in bondage, and he could be free.

The old idea that God is a great way off makes it difficult for some states of mind to believe that he is right in our midst, and can be heard to speak through a pure mind like Jesus. God can work through your minds, children, when they are pure and clean.

8, 9. The truth knows our hearts; it is a great search light and nothing is hidden from it.

10. "The son of man hath power to forgive sins." "This search light" is the "Son of Man" or the judgment pure enough to separate truth from error and restore order to the mind. It divides the sheep from the goats; it separates the chaff from the wheat. Jesus had such a mind.

11, 12. If we are obedient unto our highest, we shall often be filled with amazement to see what strength and courage and joy will come into our lives.

Jesus at Matthew's House.
Mark 2:13-22.

GOLDEN TEXT — *He said unto him, follow me.* Luke 5:27.

Jesus was teaching at the seaside. You know, children, that the sea is a small ocean. In a spiritual sense it means a small mind, or a narrow mindedness. The *great* ocean means great freedom of mind. Jesus at the seaside means the narrow mind opening to receive truth. As soon as the mind *will* listen, it follows truth gladly.

14. "Publicans" were men who collected taxes and sometimes wrongfully. The law of taxation was made by man, and Levi had been doing the world's way, which is a sinner because it is the law of self love.

But, children, people sometimes have to get to behaving very bad before they can see how great a sinner the world's way is. Levi was weary of sin and so could hear and follow truth — God's way.

15,16,17. Verse 17 explains the two verses before it. Truth is a great search light which opens up all the dark places of the mind, and then sits at table at meat with them. Truth *communes* with that soul ready to begin its search for righteousness.

18. The disciples of John and of the Pharisees mean quite different states of mind from the disciples of Jesus. "John" means the intellect — that wonderful organ of the mind which does all its (the mind's) work; but the intellect is not Christ; it is only a human instrument serving all sorts of purposes. Before it rises out of its humanity or its human way of looking at things, it takes up forms like fasting and praying aloud to make it feel that it is good.

If we are its disciples, we are living on the outside of truth instead of *going in*, and "sitting at meat" with Truth itself.

19, 20. Truth is the "bridegroom," we are his children. To have our bridegroom with us, so that we have no need of forms, such as fasting, is to *realize our Good.* The "days" spoken of, are those times of the soul when it seems in shadow and thinks that Truth has forsaken it. Then that soul will fast, but in a very different way from the Jewish fasting. It will deny its fainting state of mind, its want of faith in the actual presence of God. *This* is true fasting It is the soul refusing to partake of doubting thoughts; refusing to dwell in shadow.

21, 22. We are to understand that the old and the new, the false and the true, will not work together. You cannot serve two masters. Jesus calls that state of mind "a house divided against itself," and he says it cannot stand. It is very much wiser, my dear children, to be true all the time.

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER.

Jan. 7.—The Birth of Jesus.
Luke 2:1-16.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins.*

(Note.) The name "Jesus" means Divine Good — or the *form* of truth. Truth does its greatest work through a perfect life, like Jesus'. He is the *form of goodness.* Truth working in such a form saves from sin. This *is* the ministry of Jesus.

* * *

Jan. 14. — The child visits Jerusalem.
Luke 2:41-52.

GOLDEN TEXT — *And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.*

(Note.) Goodness, as a little child visits your mind (Jerusalem) when you first turn your attention to truth; but it increases in wisdom — makes you wise; and in stature — shows forth in your life; and because of it you increase in favor with God and man.

* * *

Jan. 21. — The Preaching of John the Baptist. Luke 3:1-17.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Prepare ye the way of the Lord.*

(Note.) "John the Baptist" means your intellect, which is now coming to see that obedience to the good will open up the mind to recieve its Lord — the Christ. Your intellect — John the Baptist, decides that it is time to recieve the truth and walk in wisdom's way.

* * *

Jan. 28. — The Baptism and Temptation of Jesus. Matt. 3: 13.

GOLDEN TEXT — *This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.*

(Note.) John baptizes Jesus. Intellect approves of Jesus — the New Life — and confirms this approval by baptism; but a greater baptism and approval follows, which comes from the Father. It is written, that after this baptism Jesus was tempted to think something of himself — to show off. Children, it is the same with every soul seeking its good. It is tempted to think the power is its own. It has to say: "It is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

* * *

Feb. 4.—The First Disciples. John 1: 35-46.

GOLDEN TEXT—*They followed Jesus.*

(Note.) Jesus called them. Divine Goodness, which means *real true* goodness, always appeals to the mind tired of badness. A few thoughts (disciples) are ready to be true. By and by there will be more.

* * *

Feb. 11. — Jesus and Nicodemus. John 3: 1-18.

GOLDEN TEXT — *For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.*

(Note.) Nicodemus came to Jesus to be taught how to be true. Jesus told him that *in his soul* he would have to become as a little child, be born again, begin over again and think spiritually instead of foolishly. This *new birth*, he told him, would be *of the Spirit*, and it would be *in his soul*. It would come to pass through God *in him*. When you begin to know about truth, children, it is said to be born in your consciousness.

* * *

Feb. 18.—Jesus at Jacob's Well. John 4: 5-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*God is Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.*

(Note.) Jesus found a woman at the well and he told her about "living water" or Truth. He told her that she had been acting unwisely all her life, and as she thought so too, she was ready to listen to Jesus, who taught her about God and everlasting life. It is always so when a soul is ready. God is waiting *everywhere.*

Feb. 25.— Jesus Rejected at Nazareth. Luke 4:16-30.

GOLDEN TEXT — *He came unto his own, and his own received him not.*

(Note.) Jesus came to his old home, Nazareth, and tried to teach his old neighbors and friends about God. Because he had been born there and they had known him as a boy they thought he knew no more than they did, and so they drove him away. The mind of the world cannot receive truth from the meek souled ones; they want ministers that show off and have big salaries. Oh! my dear children, God never comes to any but the meek soul.

* * *

March 4.–Jesus Healing at Capernaum.

This lesson tells of an "unclean spirit," which may be foolish thoughts ruling the mind. It may be hate, or fear, or it may be greed — eating too much. It may be deceit, or a disposition to steal, which is a form of greed.

* * *

March 11.—The Paralytic Healed. Mark 2:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sin.*

(Note.) Here we read of Jesus healing upon the Sabbath day. A "paralytic" is one who cannot move his limbs; they *seem* dead. In a spiritual sense this shows that the soul needs quickening — rousing up. It must come into the Sabbath day state of mind where it will not be heavy and sluggish with sinful thoughts. It must cease from it labors of sin and enter into the rest of love to God and man.

* * *

March 25.— Review.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.* Mark 10:45.

The "Son of Man" is a state of mind that does the work of regenerating the soul. The "Son of God" is a state of pure consciousness — too pure to behold iniquity. It has no work to do, for it has all been done by a lower state of mind called the son of man. It is a lower, though necessary state of mind that deals with good and evil, than that pure soul which cannot see evil. The son of man is the minister—the one who serves God in dividing the false from the true. It is a good servant, and has its work to do in every soul, but sometime, when it has finished its work, it becomes the Son of God and goes to the Father, or into the God mind — sees as God sees — and is too pure to behold iniquity.

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MYRTLE FILLMORE, EDITOR.

MARCH!

HELEN AUGUSTA FUSSELL.

Sing hey! Sing ho!
The March winds blow
Gusty and fierce and strong.
Through their din and affray
I hear alway
The refrain of a jubilant song.

To Contributors:

WEE WISDOM *does not pay for contributions.* Those who contribute to its pages do so because they love to help along the cause of Truth.

There are 800 words to a solid page of WEE WISDOM. That there may be room for variety it is desirable that the average length of contributions should not be greater than two pages and *never* exceed three.

We have on hand now some beautiful stories which have not appeared because they would have crowded out so many shorter things of interest, also the children's contributions. We are glad of all the good things our "grown up's" send, but we assure our little contributors *they shall have room* to say their say.

We invite contributions that instill and make attractive this wonderful Truth that is stranger than fiction.

Yes, we do pay our contributors in the coin of love and gratitude.

Our "Aunt Seg" has written *us* some Bible Lessons which will assist both teacher and pupil into the realization that the Scriptures "*are they which testify of me.*"

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

HERE we are again! And it is March. You are always welcome in here the season round. In here—"ye editor's heart"—with all its secrets, is your own special property, sweet Wisdoms. Even this *Valentine from "John"* is open for your inspection.

John and I are not ashamed of *our* love. Are we, John? For you see all-of-us-all love each other! *Our* love is no one-sided exclusive affair—*our* love is rounded and full, because we know that *God is love*, and that Love "includes all—from the greatest to the small"—and no one can be left out of the God-love.

But here is John's Valentine; it has five illustrations in the original, good ones, too, but they won't print.

JOHN'S VALENTINE.

TO YE EDITOR.

Mrs. Fillmore
I adore,
For she is more
Than golden ore,
She is an Ed-i-tor,
Not a cred-i-tor.
She can write
Of God so white;
She can read
With a train's speed.
She is my VALENTINE,
And that's why I add another line.

—J. L., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dear little Tesla (you remember Tesla, she visited you at Christmas time.) Well, she came into the Rooms the other day and emptied a whole purse full of pennies (twenty-five in all) which she had saved up for "Brightside." If the Brightsiders could have only witnessed the joy she brought along with those pennies! But, then, I guess she filled the pennies with it, too, and they must have sung "Help One Another," for too quick for anything twenty-five more pennies joined their company, and Morris says they will soon be a hundred strong. Then they'll march on to "Brightside."

The Pillow Verses this month, all but Charlotte's and Royal's, are some of WEE WISDOM's very first Pillows. We thought you'd all like to rest on them.


Monday
Loving Good,
Bring to me
Health and peace
Glad and free.
Tuesday
Not a fear,
Not a tear
Comes when
Loving Good
is here.
Wednesday
I am well,
I am strong;
I know no weakness,
Fear no wrong.
Love and joy with me stay,
I am happy night and day.
Thursday
Unto others, gentle, kind,
I would always be
Doing just the same to them
I'd have them do to me.
Friday
Where I go
I will show
Mercy to all
Things below.
Saturday
God is love,
God is light;
God is my shepherd
Day and night.
—Charlotte.
Sunday
God is life
And joy and peace,
And His love
Will never cease.
—Royal.