WEE WISDOM.



Vol. 6. KANSAS CITY, MO., APRIL, 1902. No. 9.

WE LEARN BY DOING.

We learn by doing, little folks,
No matter what the work may be.
Just try with all your might, and find
How one by one your giants flee.

Don't say, "I can't," before you try
But try and see what you can do;
For, if you're helped by others, why,
'Tis others do the work, not you.

See happy bird in yonder tree,
How soft and warm he builds his nest;
He asks no help from you or me,
But tries to do his very best.

And if, like birdie, little ones,
Your very best you try to do,
You 'll find how easy will become
The tasks that seem so hard to you.

—ALICE LUTHERINGTON,
in *Kindergarten News*.

SPRING.

One of the Den-ers.

The long, cold dreary days are o'er,
The seeds begin to peep
From out their narrow little beds
Where they have been asleep.

The violet's heart begins to beat—
With joy swells full and round,
And quickly from the bed of earth
It makes a joyful bound.

The grass seed hears the voice of Spring,
She, too, is tired of night,
And struggles up from out the dark
To get where it is light.

And soon all Nature everywhere
Has found with instinct keen
What color is the fashion—
And all have gowns of green.

LITTLE DOERS.

Lydia Gardiner Worth.

Little bees in sunny hours
Gather sweets among the flowers;
Stores them up for winter use,
As the orange stores its juice,

In little cells that they employ
To hold their sweets, like girl and boy
Who store true thoughts in their heart's cells,
To make music sweet, like chime of bells;

To bless companions when they meet
In home or schoolroom or the street.
True thoughts are *bright* with *heavenly light*,
And shed a radiance day and night.

"Light of the world" ye children are,
And higher far than moon or star.

WEE WISDOM

"Little Children Love One Another."

"Wisdom is Justified of her Children."

VOL. VI. KANSAS CITY, MO., APRIL, 1902. No. 9.

Geraldine's Narrow Escape.

MARY BREWERTON DEWITT.

MRS. WHITTELL entered the parlor carrying a long spray of white roses over her arm.

"Aren't they beautiful, Frank?" asked she, lifting the flowers to her husband's nose, and shutting out the sight of his book for an instant.

"Yes, beautiful," replied he absently, sniffing at the spray, and taking up his book again.

"Where are the children?" mused Mrs. Whittell, stepping lightly across the room to the window as she spoke, and looking out upon the lawn. "I do not see them; perhaps they are down at the beach. It is nearly lunch time; I will tell Sophie to go for them."

She tripped to the hall door, still carrying her spray of roses, and called sweetly to her maid.

A minute later, Sophie might have been seen hurrying down the board walk towards the sea, her hair blowing about her ears, her apron flapping like a sail in the breeze. She soon spied the two children ahead of her, running up the sandy beach.

"Jamie! Jamie! Geraldine!" she called. "Come back, your mother wants you, and lunch is ready."

But only Jamie responded to her call, for Geraldine, the venturesome, was far up the sandy beach, out of hearing. Her feet had carried her swiftly, and she was trying to climb a steep rock that overhung the water. The wind was blowing fiercely, and Sophie's voice was carried back to beat in vain upon her own ears.

"Come back, come back! Geraldine, Geraldine!" she called excitedly, but she found it useless. Geraldine could not hear. Sophie began to wring her hands wildly, and to run up the beach toward the rock.

"Don't be frightened, Sophie," shouted Jamie. "I'll get Geraldine, and if I can't, God will take care of her."

"Oh, she'll fall, she'll fall!" wailed poor Sophie.

"Geraldine, Geraldine!" called Jamie running as fast as his fat legs could carry him, and shouting to her between quick little breaths. He was panting when he reached the rock, but Geraldine was out of sight, and also out of hearing.

"Where are you, Geraldine? Where are you?" screamed Jamie, but the wind was so high he could hardly hear his own voice.

The waves were dashing and splitting against the great rock, and the tide was

coming in every moment, creeping up and up, closer and closer to the bank. Jamie, without any hesitancy, began climbing the rock. At that moment Sophie reached the spot and ordered him to come down.

"One's enough to do such foolishness; you need n't try and drown yourself."

Sophie was growing cross. Jamie turned reluctantly and slid down to the sand.

"Where is Geraldine?" he asked, with fright in his tones.

"On the top of the rock, and goodness knows how we'll ever get her off." Sophie began anew wringing her hands.

"We ought to have a rope," said Jamie.

"I'll run for your father or some one, and you stay here; but mind, if the tide comes in higher than this mark, you 're to run up the bank," said Sophie, buttoning her jacket, and turning her face toward home.

Jamie promised, then called after her, "I'm going to pray God to send some one to save Geraldine." Sophie made no reply, she was running.

Jamie threw himself down upon the sand high above the sea, and clasped his hands tightly together. "Dear God," he whispered, "please take care of Geraldine. I know you know how better than we do. Amen."

He opened his eyes and looked out on the breakers. How lonely it was with that boom, boom, boom, forever in his ears. He wondered how long Sophie would be gone. Already it seemed ages since she had left him. He looked again to see if he could spy a bit of Geraldine's woolen dress, or perhaps the blue hair ribbons that tied her braids, but nothing was in sight save a few ducks that flew swiftly out towards the open sea. Little Jamie sat very quiet there alone, wondering if Geraldine were still on the rock or not.

"But surely God will take care of her," he whispered to himself. "I'll have faith; God is with you, sister, and you know it."

It was in this way that he tried to comfort himself, and to still his fears, for Jamie was a young philosopher in a way.

It was really not more than fifteen or twenty minutes when his father and Sophie arrived upon the scene. Though the water by this time surrounded the rock it was not specially deep, so without any hesitancy Mr. Whittell commenced to climb. They had not long to wait for his return, but what was their surprise, to see him come down empty handed. For a brief second they held their breath in suspense. It was Jamie who broke the silence.

"Where is she, where is she?" he wailed.

Mr. Whittell shook his head sadly, and Sophie began to cry, muffling her sobs in her apron.

While they stood in this sad attitude, a workman appeared around the bend in the road. He seemed to be approaching them. As he neared the little group he touched his hat respectfully, and said, "Mr. Whittell, sir, is it the little girl you're looking after? Sure, Mike has her. He caught her off the rock there, and took her to the house, some time since. Sure, you'll find her safe at home."

"Thank you, thank you, Brady, I am much relieved," said Mr. Whittell fervently.

The workman passed on, and Jamie with a whoop of delight rushed ahead, leading the way towards the house, Mr. Whittell and Sophie following quickly after him. They were met at

the door of the spare bedroom by Mrs. Whittell with uplifted finger.

"I have just put Geraldine to bed. Please, Sophie, get me another blanket, and, Jamie, be quiet. I want Geraldine to go to sleep. She's had quite a shock."

"But what happened? Tell us about it," interrupted Mr. Whittell.

"You see, one of the men was fishing off that big rock up that way, you know," and Mrs. Whittell pointed vaguely in the air, "and as he was sitting there, he heard a movement above him; upon looking up he saw Geraldine, and before he could speak or do a thing he saw her slip and fall."

"Oh, didn't it hurt her?" exclaimed Jamie.

"No, not at all, most fortunately. The man saved the child, the dear fellow."

"How did he?" asked Jamie.

"He lost no time in getting off of the rock, and caught her just as she went under the water. If he had n't been in time, she would have been carried out by the next wave, though he says it was only about two or three feet deep where she fell."

"Let's go and thank him right away," cried Jamie, enthusiastically, "and if he has any little boys, I'll give them some of my toys."

"But look here, how is it, Jamie, that you did n't see Mike pass? Where were your eyes all this time?" asked his father.

"Mike must have gone 'round the other way, for I was up under the bank."

"Jamie was on the other side of the rock, Mr. Whittell," said Sophie, entering with the blanket.

Jamie walked over to his mother and whispered in her ear, "I had my eyes closed, I was praying. I know God saved Geraldine. He kept her from hitting the rock. I just knew He would. I trusted Him, and He made Mike look up in time."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Whittell, who had overheard Jamie's stage whisper. "Don't you think God would have cared for Geraldine without your prayers just the same?"

"Oh, yes, but it made me feel better to know God was noticing."

"Why, my son, I hope you do n't think God is a man."

"No, papa, God is the beautiful Spirit of Love, that knows all love."

"Yes, my boy, a good answer. Love and faith are our protection, and fear is our destruction. None of us are going to have any fear for Geraldine even now, knowing that she is going to sleep in the arms of Love, and will wake refreshed and perfectly well. It was the Christ in your little heart that met the same Christ in Mike, and acted as protection to Geraldine, and saved her to us. So always have faith in Good, my boy."

"When Geraldine wakes may we have a party and celebrate?" asked Jamie, who thought something should be done on that joyful occasion.

"Yes, but we must have lunch first, and then you and Sophie may dress the parlor in white roses, and I'll make two cakes. Your papa will take one to Mike's family, or you and Geraldine may take it, if you wish," said Mrs. Whittell.

"Oh, yes, goody, let us take it," came a voice from the bed.

"There, run out, all of you. Geraldine can't sleep with such a buzz."

"There, there's a good girl, take a nice rest for mamma," and Mrs. Whittell leaned over and kissed her little daughter.

God is Love.



This queer little birdie
Just fluttered to me —
From *where* do you think?
Not down from a tree,
Nor in through a window
The birdie ne'er flew;
Nor of songsters without
Has his birdieship knew.
No egg ever held him,
No nest ever swung
With mamma dear brooding
This birdling so young.
For *he's just pen and ink,*
This birdie so fair,
Hatched, feathered and all,
By that boy over there.

—M. F.

HOW JOE KNOWLES LEARNED A LESSON.

JOSEPHINE KNOWLTON.

"OH, HOW I hate it! I cannot bear to look at it!" peevishly exclaimed little Joe Knowles.

"Now, Joey, when I made you so comfortable in that chair in the bay window, so you could see the people passing by, I thought you would be happy and interested, and forget your lameness. What is the matter; what do you hate so intensely?" asked his mother.

"Oh, that old drab, forsaken house across the street. It is so dirty and old-fashioned looking, with its little panes of glass, and that tumbled-down fence, and then it is so square. I hate square houses; they look like dry-goods boxes. It is so dead looking. I am so lonesome! I want something with life. I wish Tom Berry would come in and tell me about his rabbits."

"He is not likely to come so soon again, my boy. Why don't you read some of your nice books?"

"Oh, dear, I have read for a week. A boy do n't want to read all the time," replied Joe.

Joe had worked himself into a miserable state of depression and impatience by one o'clock, when he fairly yelled to his mother, "O mamma! come here. I believe they are going to fix up this old house, at last."

A drayman had stopped before the house with a load of lumber, and two men were unloading and carrying it into the house. The work of renovating this old house became of absorbing interest to the lame boy as he watched, day by day, the work progress.

He saw large, modern windows replace the tiny, narrow-paned ones; a fine conservatory, built on the back of the house, took away the bare, square look that had displeased the art-loving taste of the boy. A pretty iron fence replaced the broken, wooden one, hacked by the knives of the boys, who had used it for a lounging place. Rose bushes, pinks and lilies appeared in the front yard. Painters came and covered the drab paint with white, and Joe saw paperers and decorators working inside.

One day, Joe took his crutches and hobbled over to look at the rooms. Walls between small rooms had been taken down, making large, spacious rooms. The basement, which formerly had been used as a coal room, had been converted into a comfortable kitchen and cosy, cheerful dining room. The rooms above were dreams of loveliness, with their harmonious, artistic coloring.

Not long afterwards, Joe saw a sweet-faced lady, arranging ferns and hanging baskets in the conservatory, and two chubby faces wreathed with smiles appeared at the parlor windows. Catching a glimpse of Joe at his window opposite, they ducked their heads, bobbed up, smiled; down went their heads again, up they came with a finger on lips, roguishly grinned, threw Joe a kiss, and ran away laughing. This was great fun to the lonely boy.

The next day, Mrs. Carmer came in and Joe told her all about the house, how it had looked, and asked her to look at it now. She looked at the boy thoughtfully, and said, "Joe, that is just what Truth does for us. It enlarges our view of things, brings joy and sunshine into our lives, as those larger windows let in more air and sunshine into that house. It brings beauty into homely, daily tasks, as the flowers and vines of that conservatory add so much to the attractiveness of that house. It brings health, activity, as those little, bright faces full of fun fill your heart with joy. It changes what were dull hours into cheerful ones, as the white paint covers the dirty, gray paint. So you, Joe, can keep your temper and change your impatient words into loving ones and by strong thoughts remodel your house, this body of yours, and get well."

"Do you mean it? Tell me how now," cried Joe with tears in his eyes.

"You must use only loving words to your mamma, and in order to use words of love you must think loving thoughts. Commence today, Joe, and I will help you," said Mrs. Carmer.

"Will I be able to run and have fun like other boys?" questioned Joe eagerly.

Mrs. Carmer smiled reassuringly.

* * *

Now Joe bounds to the door when Mrs. Carmer calls.

RACHEL REMEMBERED.

Did all Wee Wisdoms learn the sweet pillow verse—

"God goes with us all the way,
Like stars in night
And flowers in day."

Rachel learned it and one day afterwards she went to a party, about a half a mile from home with some other little girls.

Of course they had lots of fun all the afternoon, and when it was time to go home, they were happy as happy could be, until they were well on their way, and noticed that the sun had set and the darkness was coming fast. They decided to go across the fields because it was nearer, and they could go more quickly that way than they could go by the road. You must know that this was in the country where there were not many houses and no street lights.

The little girls walked as fast as they could, but it seemed to them that it was growing dark, and they heard some dogs bark, and they heard some cows. They had been a little afraid of the dark, and you know that when we let ourselves think about being afraid of anything, very soon we think of other things to be afraid of, and we get more afraid. All at once Rachel remembered the words,

"God goes with us all the way,
Like stars in the night
And flowers in the day."

She told the other girls about these just as soon as she remembered them, and they all said the true words together all the time until they reached home, and they were not afraid any more after they began saying the true words, because these words helped them to know they were safe in All Good.

—AUNT AGGIE.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

CHILD AND MOTHER.

O mother, my love, if you'll give me your hand,
And go where I ask you to wander,
I will lead you away to a beautiful land —
The dreamland that's waiting out yonder.
We'll walk in the sweet posie garden out there,
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming,
And the flowers and birds are filling the air
With the fragrance and music of dreaming.
There'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,
No questions or cares to perplex you;
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,
Nor patcning of stockings to vex you,
For I'll rock you away on the silver-dew stream,
And sing you asleep when you're weary,
And no one shall know of the beautiful dream
But you and your own little dearie.
And when I am tired I'll nestle my head
In the bosom that soothed me so often,
And the wide-awake stars shall sing in my stead
A song which my dreaming shall soften.
So mother, my love, let me take your dear hand,
And away through the starlight we'll wander,
Away through the mist to the beautiful land —
The dreamland that's waiting out yonder!

— *Selected by* ANNIE KNIEF.

EASTER LILIES.

A. F.

NANCY and her brother Roy were spending a few weeks at Grandpa Allen's farm. One afternoon the children were playing about the orchard, when Grandpa passed carrying a trowel and several flower pots.

"O Grandpa," called Roy, pausing in his efforts to shake pears from off the tree for Nancy. "I say, Grandpa, where are you going?"

"Down to the brook, sonny," he replied. "Do you and Nancy want to come along?"

"Yes, Grandpa," exclaimed both children. Roy hastened down from his perch in the pear tree to join Grandpa and Nancy, who were walking slowly down the path that led to the brook which merrily rippled along at the foot of the hill on Mr. Allen's farm.

"Please, Grandpa, may I carry one of those flower pots for you?" asked Roy.

"And me, too?" said little Nancy, whose object in life was to imitate every word and act, as far as possible, of her much beloved brother Roy.

"Well, Chick, I doubt if you could carry one," said Grandpa, smiling down at the little upturned face, which beamed with expectancy. "Let brother carry one flower pot, and you take the trowel for Grandpa."

This plan was agreed to, and both children were happy with the thought of helping.

"What are you going to do with these empty flower pots, Grandpa?" asked Roy, when they came to the brook, and he had put his carefully down beside those which Grandpa had carried.

"Put dirt into them, of tourse," said Nancy, who was suiting the action to the word.

"Yes, I am going to fill them with sand, and then I will plant some Easter lily bulbs," said Grandpa, taking from his pocket some dry, knotty looking bulbs which he placed beside the pots.

"Why, Grandpa!" exclaimed Roy, "you don't mean to say these dried up things are going to grow," and picking up one of the bulbs he examined it closely.

"Froe 'em away," and before Grandpa or Roy could prevent her, Nancy had thrown one of those precious bulbs into the brook.

"O Pet, Grandpa wanted that," said Roy, and quickly wading into the brook he fished out the bulb from its watery bed.

"Do you remember the pretty lilies you carried home for mamma last Easter?" asked Grandpa.

"'Deed I does," said Nancy, becoming interested.

"Well," continued Grandpa, "this ugly looking bulb when put into the soil, carefully watered and given sunshine, will grow to be one of those beautiful Easter lilies. Now come, you and Roy fill the flower pots with sand while Grandpa plants the bulbs."

"Why do you plant them in this fine loose soil?" asked Roy.

"So as to make it easier for the tender shoots to push their way up through the earth," said Grandpa, as he carefully pressed the moist earth around the bulbs.

"There is a beautiful lesson here. The bulb looks dead, yet from that which is only external appearance will grow a flower so pure and fragrant that all love it. The lily's growth is also symbolical of our life. We are planted on this earth amid apparent evils which we must rise above. Do you remember what kind of leaves the lily has?"

"They look like blades," said Roy.

"No, they're swords, 'cause Aunty Belle told me so," said Nancy.

"Both of you are correct. The lily is armed with sword-like leaves, so we must likewise be armed with the sword of Truth, which ever points heavenward, and then above all earthly influences, and yet on the earth we are crowned with love and purity, like the St. Joseph lily."

"Now the bulb is asleep, and by and by it will wake up and grow, won't it, Grandpa?" asked Nancy.

"Yes, little one, and remember anyone we see who is unkind or selfish in any way perhaps has not had the watering of kindness, or sunshine of love, to awaken the lily-like nature that is asleep, but it is there, and some day it will awake and grow as the lily does."

"Then everybody is a flower planted by God," said Roy, thoughtfully, "and what you call the lily nature is that little Christ-child in all, only some people don't let the Christ-light shine."

"I see you understand what I mean," said Grandpa. "But come, children, we'll leave the pots here, for it looks like rain."

The sunshine and the rain were not long in awakening the bulbs, and when Easter came there also came to Roy and Nancy (who had gone back to the city) a box of beautiful St. Joseph lilies with this note attached:

"This is the result of the bulbs we planted when you were here. May your lives be sweet and pure as these lilies. With loving Easter greating,

From GRANDPA."

THE EASTER LILY.

Once a little lily said to a rock, "Will you please get a little out of my way so I can come out of my prison in the ground into the sun?"
But the rock didn't budge.
After awhile the lily pushed the rock out of the way and came out.
When the rock saw how beautiful the lily was it was glad to make a shelter for its roots.
And when Easter Sunday came, the people who passed by the yard where it was planted, thought it was the prettiest flower they had ever seen.
This was the Resurrection of the Easter Lily.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON BARTON.



[These Seed Words are contributed from month to month by the Wee Wisdom Society of Merchantville, New Jersey, and are for the use of all WEE WISDOM'S Truth sowers.]

Class Word—FROM EVERLASTING TO EVERLASTING I AM FILLED WITH THE TRUE, SWEET, PEACEFUL LIFE OF GOD.

Jewel Word—PEACE, BE STILL.

Song Word—No. 19.

Verse Word—

"Oh would the heart be
But a manger for the birth,
God would once more
Become a child on earth."

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]



VENTURA, CAL.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I received the cards Tuesday; I thank you very much for them. I have seen the words that are on the Truth card before, but I am very glad to have them where I can see them often. Aunt Mary's card is beautiful, and I do try to be "happy all the day." Mamma and I think that the cover of the old magazine is the prettiest, because it is the simplest. I think that the picture of the Christ-child is the prettiest on the new cover, though. It is time to go to geography. Your loving little friend,

ELINOR ASHBROOK.

NORTH TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Having had two copies of you, and being delighted with you I thought I would like to join the little ones in writing a letter and a short story. I am patiently waiting for the March number. If you think my story all right to publish I would be delighted, for it is my first attempt. Wishing you and the dear Wee Wisdoms lots of happiness and success. I am yours with love, ANNIE IGOE.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Papa brought me a WEE WISDOM home, and I saw his sweet picture in it, and I love my papa. I like WEE WISDOM, and I would like to have a Truth card.

Your loving MARIE PRATHER.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I took up the new WEE WISDOM tonight, and after reading Aunt Seg's lovely story I saw the Jewel Word, "I can and I will," so I began repeating it, and I feel so strong and able to direct myself, and to be positive. I shall continue, but I want to thank you for the simple words which have come just at the right moment. With a great deal of love to the WEE WISDOM workers, VIOLET BESLY.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I send $1.00 (one dollar) for which send me Vol. I. of Wee Wisdom's Library, and Wee Wisdom's Way, and renew my subscription to WEE WISDOM.

Your friend, GUSSIE SOUTHERLAND.

[This is a first-class business letter.—ED.]

LONDON, ENG.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little boy of ten, and I live with my grandma, and I have a little sister of nine. She and I go to Mrs. Spencer's Sunday School, South Kensington. I like it very much, indeed. She teaches us a great deal to help us in our learning. One thing, and the first, was that we were the Christ-child, and that God and heaven are within us all—not in the sky above. There are five other children at Sunday School, but they go in the morning, and we in the afternoon. We look forward to seeing WEE WISDOM every month. I like the stories very much. That in all I have to say.

Yours truly, W. PARKES.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write

a few lines to you. I am a little girl ten years old, and I have one sister and three brothers, and we all read WEE WISDOM, enjoy the stories and Pillow Verses very much. Papa plays the song of "Love the Good You See in All," on the zither, and we all sing to mamma. And we all are very sorry that we have n't any Truth Sunday School here. What are the Truth and the Moss cards, and how can I get one? I will close my letter for this time. Your loving friend,

GERTRUDE RAMSIER.

* * *

CHARLESTON, W. VA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I wish to take the pleasure of writing to you. My sister Ella and I are very glad to have WEE WISDOM. It was a kind present to my sister Ella who can't walk. She enjoys it very much. I have a little baby sister, her name is Lilly; she is almost two years old; she is very cunning. With best regards,

SOPHIE DRENKHAHN.

* * *

GARLAND, MONT.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — We live up in the pine hills thirty miles from town and eight from any other children. We get mail only once in one or two weeks, so we thought it funny Ruth Smedley saying she got mail *only twice a day*. Tongue River is eight miles away, and papa hauls ice and puts in the cistern, so we have cool water to drink in summer. There is no school near so mamma gives us lessons. I am seven, and have just finished my First Reader. Roena is five, and is only beginning to learn to read. We have number lessons, spelling and writing, but cannot write letters yet. We have no other playmates but ourselves and baby Flo, but we have our dog Krouf, and cats, Tommy and Black Kat, and our chickens. Black chicken is very tame and always stands still when we want to pick her up. When she got ready to lay eggs she left the other hens and came to the tent beside of the house and made her nest. Sometimes we sat her in a box in the house and she laid her pretty white egg there, but we had to keep very quiet or she would hop out. Boyd has a saddle and helps papa drive cattle. We each have a colt and a cow. Our cows are called Nubbins and Lilly. Lilly is white. We like to live out here in the pine hills, we like the pine gum that grows on the trees, but it is very nice when papa takes us all to town, and we think we would like better to live there.

BOYD and ROENA VAN HORN.

P. S. — Will you please send each of us a Mother Goose card?

St Louis Mo
Feb 23rd 1902

Dear Wee Wisdom
I want to write and tell you how much my little sister and I like to read your little paper We are glad each Month when it comes and we like the pretty new cover it has now My sister was seven years young last September and I was nine in January. I would like to have one of your truth cards if you have one to spare I will close with love
Your loving friend
Henry Behle

* * *

BONNY, TEX.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am going to write to you again. I have been wanting to write to you for a long time; it seemed as if I could not scare up enough to write. I should like very much to have a Truth card. One of my brothers and sister wrote for one a long time ago, and they never got them. I think it would look very nice to see Mrs. Fillmore's photo in our little paper, and the boys, too, they have not had them in there for so long; I would be very much pleased to see them. I think the stories are very nice, and I love them. We have eighteen little chickens, and mamma has begun to make garden. I guess my letter is long enough. I should like very much to have a Truth card With love to all Wee Wisdoms and Mrs. Fillmore,

BESSIE MEYER.

* * *

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I love your dear little stories, and can now read them for myself, for I am in the first grade, and in my seventh year. My brother Norman is six years young. He is always glad when the postman leaves you at our house. His pet is a dog named Curly. My pet is a little canary bird named Butter Cup. My brother and I would like a Truth card, for which I enclose a stamp. With love,

GENERVA RIELA HALL.

"There is no love like the love of God within you."



HARRIET H. RIX.

LESSON I. APRIL 6th.

Saul of Tarsus Converted. Acts 9:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out.*—Acts 3:19.

With the opening of the second quarter we get a glimpse into the life of a wonderful man, whose name is Paul. His other name is Saul. We find that he is like most people when they first hear of Jesus Christ and his powers, he makes up his mind not to believe, and even fights those who do, trying to make them doubt the good also. The more he fights and tries to resist the truth the stronger it grows, and the very thing that he does not wish to come to pass is the thing that does. You know truth is full of life like the green grass, and although you put a heavy weight upon it, the moment it is removed the grass begins to lift its head and show forth life.

One day, so we read in the lesson, when Saul was trying harder than ever to crush the life out of Christianity, he suddenly came face to face with Jesus Christ. Now, he was really a great and good man, so when he looked into those tender eyes and that gentle face, he knew that Jesus was not dead, and instead of being a poor, ignorant, deluded man, as he had always believed, he was the most powerful and beautiful soul he had ever met.

From the moment he changed his mind about Jesus Christ his faith in Jesus' teachings began to grow, but before he could be filled with this new light his old life and way of thinking must go into complete darkness, or die; this was done when he went blind for three days. This is the only death our Good wants us to die, the death of self, then we can love as Jesus loved. What do you suppose died in Paul while he was blind to error? Doubt, fear, anger, ignorance. What came to life? Faith, peace, and power — the Christ within. See how quickly and perfectly Paul was helped out of his blindness, for the Good is ever near its children.

"God is my help in every need," is a very sweet thought to hold. That helping hand is put out to us from every thing and everybody. Sometimes it comes through a book or a picture; often through a friend or a little child; in flower, music, or a song; through the great ocean, or the strong hills, and everything becomes God's hand to those who love and seek the Good.

LESSON II. APRIL 13.

Peter, Æneas, and Dorcas. Acts 9:32-43.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Jesus Christ maketh thee whole.* — Acts 9:34.

Here are two cases of healing — one of a man with a disease called palsy, and the other of a woman with a disease called death; but Peter, who is faith, is equal to all things, and only has to speak the word, and they are made whole through the Christ.

The disease that Æneas had, palsy, sometimes comes to those, who, through a long life believe in and fear evil, and who do not know the Spirit. You see, children, to believe in evil, and do evil things is a disease of mind that can only be healed through faith in the Christ, or good within us.

We will now think about the other case of healing. Peter raised Tabitha from the dead, and although this may seem harder to do than healing Æneas, it is not to God. The reason we find some things hard to do is because we lack in faith. We are still in the A B C class of Truth, where we believe we have done well if we have learned to count one and one. If we keep trying, and learning, and growing, very soon we will learn how to count one thousand, and then on and on we may go until we may know how to count the miles between the stars aud ourselves. As this does not come in a minute, so Christ's work of faith comes only to those who watch, learn and love.

When Peter came to the bedside of Tabitha, he found all her friends weeping, because they thought they had lost their good forever, so before he could do anything to help her, he put them all out of the room. Your mind, children, is your upper chamber, where faith is to work and make you whole; but remember faith can do no great work through you as long as you cry and moan and allow yourself to become discouraged. Therefore put these out of your room the moment they show their untrue faces.

I know a woman, who, when she was a little girl, was a perfect cry-baby. Everything looked wrong to her, and the more she cried about it, the worse things became, so that she was very unhappy. One day the truth came to her and she took it as her own, and it made her whole

Since then she has put all sadness and crying out of her mind, and lives in sunshine most of the time.

LESSON III. APRIL 20.

Peter and Cornelius. Acts 10:34-44.

GOLDEN TEXT — *God is no respecter of persons.* — Acts 10:34.

Although the subject of this lesson is "Peter and Cornelius," the verses chosen to read and study do not contain the name of Cornelius, but the chapter in which they were found does, so if you want to know who he was and all about him, read the whole chapter.

We find that he is very good and kind and full of love to God, and that he had a vision, in which an angel appeared and told him to send to Joppa for Peter, who would come down and teach them the truth about Christ and his healing. When Peter received the message Cornelius sent, he at once started on his journey, and when he came to Cornelius' house, he found many people waiting to hear the truth. Peter told them about the Christ, and their faith began to grow, so that in a short time they had the power of the Spirit in their minds and hearts.

Our golden text tells us that God is no respecter of persons, and of course this means that He does not love one more than another, nor give more goods to one than to another. "Oh, but," you say, "some people are poor and some rich, some wise and some ignorant; how can it be that God is no respecter of persons?"

Well, children, suppose I should let people know that I have a bag full of treasures which I wish to give away to anyone and everyone who will call for their share. Some people would refuse to come because they would not believe that I had treasures, some because they think I would not give them away, and some because they do not want them, but those who had faith in my promise and wanted my riches would come and receive. This state is somewhat as it is between God and His children. God offers His All Good to all; we must learn how to receive it. Faith and love are wonderful heart keys that unlock the door to God's treasure house, full to overflowing with every blessing.

LESSON IV. APRIL 27.

Gentiles Received into the Church. Acts 11:4-15.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Whosoever believeth on him shall receive remission of sins.*—Acts 10:43.

Here is a lesson that warns us against pride. Our lesson tells us about a vision that Peter had, and what came out of it. One day as Peter was alone and in silent prayer, he suddenly saw a great sheet let down in front of him. It was filled with all kinds of animals, birds and insects, and he was told to eat them. Of course this did not mean that he was to really and truly eat every kind of living thing, but it was a lesson teaching that he must overcome his pride of country, people and religion, and become one with all of God's children. He must see them all as God made them, good and pure.

This was no easy thing for Peter, at first, because he was a Jew, and believed with all the other Jews that they were the chosen people of God, and that anyone outside their religion was unclean and not fit to eat or live with. They made the mistake of believing that they were the only people whom God loved, but the still small voice of truth within Peter said, "What God hath cleansed that call not thou common." Peter believed what the voice told him, and after that his mind was purified of its pride, and he saw everyone a child of God.

Pride is a very unhappy thing to have in your mind, because its presence pushes out the good, will not let love work or talk to us. Pride is something God never made, for it is made of naughty, untrue thinking. It cannot be found in the heart of little truth students, nor big ones, either. This is a good true rule that will ever guide our feelings and actions towards others aright: "I am one with the Good in everybody; whatever God loves I love."

FAIRY UMBRELLAS.

The East Wind had called to the Rain,
"Come down, little drops, to the April flowers;"
And over the grass and the sleeping grain,
And into the streets they swept in showers.

They tapped at each door and called, "Come up!
For the bleak, cold wind and the snow are gone;
Arbutus is lifting her perfumed cup,
And the grass is carpeting all the lawn."

But the fairies that lived in the quiet wood
All wore their new spring bonnets that day,
So they raised their umbrellas as quick as they could,
And under the trees went trooping away.

And the people said, when they saw them there,
The fairy umbrellas out in the rain,
"Oh, Spring has come, so sweet and fair,
For there are those odd little toadstools again."

—G. PACKARD DU BOIS, in *Kindergarten.*

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM

"April showers
Make May flowers."

SO RUNS the old rhyme, but as I look out I see little bursts of sunshine and beauty all over the yard, and that blessed boy out there calls them, according to their expression of shape and color, crocuses, daffodils, tulips and hyacinths. You see, April showers are at flower-making right now. It is very sweet and generous of April to be helping get ready for May, but it is quite as sweet and generous for April to give us present cheer and beauty. Do we not need the good and beautiful quite as much *now* as we shall in May? Let us get this splendid lesson out of April's blossoms: *The way to make the future good and beautiful is to fill the present with the joy of willing service.* You are never sure of a put-off good, without you are planting the seed of it right now. That boy out there in the yard, drinking in the exquisite beauty of those April blossoms, would tell you they did not happen there, but are there because of the choice planting he did last fall. Shall we not be as choice of our words and thoughts since every seed bringeth forth of its kind?

And that brings me to speak to our little story-writers of the necessity of always keeping the Good (for only the Good is true) in mind, and describing only that which shall make the old world bud and blossom with joy and loving kindness. Anna Igoe has written a real nice little story about "Louisa's Accident." Into this story she brings such a dear sweet little heroine, which she tortures with all kinds of cruelty and neglect from a father and step-mother, and then lets her fall over a precipice and get killed just to make the folks sorry. Now as we are hunting for happy pictures and patterns to shape the lives of our Wee Wisdoms by, we would like to have Anna let Louisa come back and try it over again, in a real, wholesome, delightful home experience. What say you, Anna?

And our dear little kindergartner, Beatrice, has sent us in a story which would be most welcome, only it's about "The Bad Boy." Just think of it, and here we are trying to lose the bad boy pattern, so's there wont be any more bad boys made up. Say, Beatrice, 'sposen you tell us about the *best* boy you ever knew, and the *best* things he ever could do. You may not have to go far to find him — I guess there's one pretty near where you live.

Some of the letters will have to wait over this month. Among them are some from our Dadevillers. They will all find room next time. I want you to notice Henry Behle's letter, it was written so clear and well — without a mistake; we wanted you to see it. Of course, it is only one-half the size here of the original letter, but you can see how nice it looks.

Remember, every one of you who writes a letter or story for WEE WISDOM, gets not only a card, but an extra WEE WISDOM with your letter or story in it. Some of you are always thoughtful to send a stamp for the mailing of your cards, and some of you are so very generous that you make up for those who forget. Your bountiful measure shall be measured unto you again.

Our two Easter stories are by young authors — one of them very young.

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April.

A game of *hide-and-seek* they play,
This sun and shower of April day.
And while one seeks and while one hides
Or one upon the other glides,
In romping steps of shade and sheen,
The brown clods turn to living green.
There's burst of color everywhere,
There's trill of gladness in the air,
There's swish of wing, there's hum of bee,
There's fairy legions come to see
This April game of *seek-and-find*,
This symbol of our happy mind.

— M. F.

We have received a very interesting letter from the Orphanage in Hawaii — one of WEE WISDOM's visiting places, where children of nearly all nations (just as represented on the cover of WEE WISDOM) are being cared for, and trained in the good and true. We will try to get in extracts from this letter next time.

Our Pillow Verses this month are a reprint from an old WEE WISDOM. It is this earnest request that has brought them into print again:

"* * * I especially love the Pillow Verses in WEE WISDOM of November, 1898. Will you not publish them once more? I want several copies when you do, with good wide margins. Do you now why? I take them and paste them on some dark colored poster paper, tack them on the wall near the head of my bed in convenient range of eyes, so that when I awake in the morning I can read the verse for the day. I repeat it over and over, and find it makes a good beginning for the day. * * * Now, I want some more as gifts to other friends, who would appreciate them. Can you publish them once more, those of November, 1898? Doubtless there are others just as good, but that one appeals especially to me."

JUVENILE BOOKS.

We recommend only the books of highest sentiment and teaching of Truth. The following books were written especially for young folks, and are bright, entertaining and instructive. They make beautiful love offerings to your little friends.

Wee Wisdom's Way, by Myrtle Fillmore; price, 25 cents.
A beautiful story of how the Day family were healed through the understanding of Truth.

Wee Wisdom's Library, Vols. I., II., and III.; 25 cents each.
Illustrated. The first and second volums are short Truth stories, poems, etc.; Vol. III. is a complete story in itself, entitled, "The Garden, the Gate, and the Key."

The Wonderful Wishers of Wishingwell, by Annie Rix Militz; price, 15 cents.
This pretty story shows how the circumstances of an entire family were changed by the wishes of three little boys.

Aunt Seg's Catechism, by Sarah E. Griswold; price, 25 cents.
One of the most instructive courses in right thinking, right speaking, and right acting, published. There are six simple Truth lessons, given in questions and answers.

Springwood Tales, by Helen Augusta Fussell; cloth, price, $1.00.
It teaches so beautifully of the outdoor life of country children, and of children who are taught to be happy under all circumstances, and in every place.

Elsie's Little Brother Tom, by Alwyn M. Thurber; board, 75 cents.
This is one of the newest books out, and is a charming story.

Johnnie's Victory, by Sarah E. Griswold; price, 35 cents.
A beautiful story of how an orphan, a newsboy, was rewarded for being true and faithful to his little sister, and how they found a happy home.


Monday
Thanks to God, the Good,
For my clothes and food;
For my joys, and friends, so dear,
For all things that bring me cheer.
Tuesday
Thankful I will ever be,
Thankful for the good I see,
And the good that comes to me.
Wednesday
If I see a seeming ill,
I will then be thankful still,
For the real good that does fill
All my days.
Thursday
Blessings here, and blessings there;
I find blessings everywhere,
As I look but for the good,
Just as everybody should.
Friday
Thanks to God
For all I need.
When I thank Him,
He does heed.
Saturday
A thankful heart, a happy mind,
Makes me loving, gentle, kind.
What good I seek, I shall find.
Sunday
Thankful not one day in the year,
But every day I fill with cheer,
For all is peace—I have no fear.