WEE WISDOM.



Vol. 6. KANSAS CITY, MO., MARCH, 1902. No. 8.

White: An Easter Thought.

White is the Easter color
That gleams in the lilies fair,
Whose sweet, ethereal fragrance
Now hangs in the balmy air.

White is the color of childhood,
Of innocence holy and sweet,
E'er the soil of life's early pathway
Has touched the little feet.

The red of youthful passion,
The yellow of manly power,
The blue of the soul triumphant,
Each comes in its own bright hour.

But the red and the blue and the yellow
In one glorious color blend,
And all the hues of the rainbow
Their tints to its glory lend.

So the passing hues of a lifetime,
The passion, the power, and the soul,
Blend in one radiant glory—
A divine and perfect whole.

And we find, when the journey is over,
That childhood's pearly white
Has become, when the work is completed,
Like the flash of the diamond bright.

This is the lesson of Easter,
With the lilies so bright and fair,
And the song of the resurrection
Resounding throughout the air.

The spirit has risen triumphant,
It has vanquished care and strife;
All temporal joys now discarded,
It has found eternal life!

—ANITA TUREMAN, in "Philo-Sophia."

Easter Fashions.

MAMIE'S QUESTION.

Dear Young Mother Goose:

Will Easter eggs be the fashion this year?
And will rabbits' nests still "be the go"?
The century and you have both changed, I hear,
Will everything else be so?

I thought I would ask, for I wanted to know
If the fashion would be new and strange.
For I like to keep up with the latest, and so
Will you please advise me of change?

YOUNG MOTHER GOOSE'S ANSWER.

Your question considered, in answer would state,
Eggs continue the fashion this year,
But the hidden rabbit is quite out of date,
For the ways of his nesting are clear.

Mother Truth and myself, looking over the ground,
Have hit on a sure way to please
The ten little fingers in company found,
That belong to each one of our *Wees*.

There 'll be eggs and dyes for these dear fingers, wee,
There will be joyful thoughts to guide,
And wonderful Easter Eggs you will see
With no foolish rabbit to hide.

So, this is the fashion of Nineteen-two,
To bring your best good into sight.
And do with joy what your hands find to do,
And do it in broad day light.



VOL. VI. KANSAS CITY, MO., MARCH, 1902. No. 8.

Lifting Up.

AUNT SEG.

"If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me."

"Mamma," said Mary Parsons, "what is the meaning of Easter?"

"It was upon Easter Sunday that our Lord overcame death and the grave, that is, He arose from the grave, in His purified body. It means much to every soul, Mary."

"To me, mamma?"

"Yes, to you, my little daughter."

"Please tell me, mamma."

"We all want a pure body, my dear, and there is no way to obtain it except we take the body we already have and make it new. I think my little daughter knows how to do this."

"I suppose you mean thoughts, mamma, don't you?"

"Yes, it is by right thinking that we change the body."

"Then I should think we ought to spend a lot of our time that way, but I keep forgetting, and think of just piles of things that are no good."

"It is a habit we all have, Mary, more or less, but we know wrong habits can be overcome. You know of a habit which you have grown out of, do you not?"

"I suppose you mean leaving my books 'round. Yes, I don't do it any more, but I was a long time remembering to put them away. Did the Lord overcome death by true thoughts?"

"What do you think about it, Mary? You see we only know what he did by what we read in the Bible. Do we read of his ever speaking any word but truth?"

"No, mamma, certainly not, but then He *is* the Truth. Why did he let the Jews kill him, when he had all power?"

"He came among men, my daughter, to be an eternal example of the power which is given to every soul by the Father, to become strong and pure and holy, by lifting our thoughts out of death, and establishing them in life. This is why he called himself 'The Resurrection and the Life,' and this he is, and ever will be to all mankind. Of course, he who had all power in heaven and earth had no need to become a man and go through all the sorrows of mankind, unless he chose, but the world is his, and the people are his; so he loved them well enough to even let himself be killed, so far as this body was concerned, that he might show his beloved ones that their way of salvation was in 'lifting up' the things that seem dead, by the power of God in their souls."

"I suppose then, mamma, that we must be 'lifting up' something all the time, if we want to go the way he teaches."

"Exactly so, dear."

"I should like to lift up something or someone before Easter, mamma."

"Think it over, Mary, and you will be reminded of the right thing, I am sure."

Every day for a week little Mary looked around her wherever she went to find her work for Easter, something to 'lift up,' and her mother quietly watched, but said nothing.

About this time Mary's Aunt Ellen, who lived in the country, sent an earnest invitation to her little niece to visit her. She wrote, "Baby is cross, and I am nearly worn out, sister; if Mary can come for a few days he will be entertained by her, and I can rest. Not that I am going to keep her tied to him, but until John comes home. I'm lonesome and Babe is too."

So Mary went and found her mission. There was Uncle John, baby's father, he was away; then Babe was John also, only he looked too little and cute to be called John, so for the present he was just "Babe." Aunt Ellen was nice, but nervous, so she said, and things "pulled her down." Now, in the kitchen was black Debby, who was just the *nicest* cook; then "Jack," the dog, and "Queen" the cat, completed the household.

Mary was most gladly welcomed by the entire household, more especially by Jack, who jumped all over her and kissed every available spot, but that is a dog's privilege, you know. Babe was a dear little torment, that is, he wanted somebody after him all the time. You could almost write a story of Babe's doings each day, he was so cunning and busy all the time. Such a dear loving little chap.

Mary did not get there until evening, so there is not much to tell about until the next day, when she came down with such a bright, happy face that she was like a gleam of sunshine. Babe was in his high chair, and Mary was given a seat beside him, while Aunt Ellen sat opposite. Mary was kept pretty busy keeping dishes out of the little fellow's way, for he had not been very well taught.

"You see, Mary dear, if I don't keep slapping his hands, he won't mind."

"Do you slap him, Auntie?" asked Mary in surprise.

"Yes, but it don't last two minutes; there, see that now," as a plate was landed on the floor. "You naughty, naughty baby! take that, and see if you can learn better manners!" whereupon she slapped the dimpled hands smartly. It always roused a temper in Babe to slap him, and now he kicked and screamed and nearly pulled the table over in his wrath.

This whole experience being quite new to Mary, she did not know what to make of it, and her aunt saw that the child was troubled.

"I am sorry, dear, to have this happen the very first morning, but you see how it is."

Mary did not answer, for she was very near crying herself. She just got through breakfast as well as she could, then taking Babe in her arms went out on the porch in the bright spring sunshine.

For the first time Aunt Ellen paused to think whether she was doing right or wrong by her baby. Mary's distressed face remained before her, telling her that she must find a better way of doing with Babe. And Mary was thinking also. "It needs the 'lifting up,'" she was saying to herself. "I must say 'peace' a good many times," and then she was very quiet while the little one toddled from one end of the porch to the other, picking up everything he saw, and tasting of it to see if it was good. When

baby's mamma came out at last, she remarked that the child had n't been so still for months.

"He is n't still, Auntie, he's just happy, that's all," said Mary.

"Well, I'm glad to be let alone for a little while, at any rate."

"He is such a dear," remarked Mary.

"Oh, I know that. He is the loveliest baby in the world, are n't you Babe?" and she caught him to her heart where he nestled, softly stroking her cheeks. "He does make such work at the table, though," she continued. "You did n't like him to be whipped, Mary, but what can I do?"

"You said it did n't do any good, Auntie," answered the child.

"Well, I don't see that it does, for he only kicks and screams, and then forgets it. It's a shame, Baby, is n't it, when mamma loves you best of all the world?"

"Auntie, dear, I think my mamma would say that you must n't get vexed when he does these things, and if you kept good in your heart, he would be easy to manage," timidly suggested Mary.

"Well, I do n't get really vexed, Mary; I only grow nervous. Why, I'm expecting all the time that dear baby will destroy something."

"That's just it, Aunt Ellen," said Mary eagerly, "it's *expecting* that does it."

"What do you mean, child?"

"Why, you see, Auntie, what we look for, we get."

"I do n't see any other way than to look out for his mischief, because it is always at hand. Everything he can lay his dear little hands on he smashes, if it is smashable."

"I'm too little to advise, Auntie, but I'm going right to expecting that Babe will be good and not do any mischief, but I s'pose both of us ought to try together, else we may be pulling different ways."

"You dear little teacher! I expect this is one of your mother's new notions which you have caught. Please tell me more about it, and parhaps I'll join you in your efforts to reform my blessed baby."

"It's only this, Aunt Ellen, everything in our life must be lifted up instead of pulled down. That is what our Lord came for, so mamma says, just to redeem things and people. You see, Babe is all right if we don't pull him down by our ideas of mischief. I expect his little mind is white and clean, but he does n't know enough yet to keep it so. He can't help your worried thoughts from getting into his little white mind, and he does n't know that they are not his thoughts, but yours, that are setting him on to mischief. Poor baby, he gets whipped because he does just what your thoughts put him up to do."

"I declare, Mary, that is the soundest doctrine I ever heard! I believe you are right, and I can seem to see through it all. What a fiend I've been!"

"No, no, you have n't, Aunt Ellen!" eagerly exclaimed Mary. "Everyone has to learn. You did n't know just what to do, and you was n't one bit to blame."

"Thanks, darling. You are a comforter as well as an adviser. But, little one, you surely are right, and I will join you in keeping my own peace instead of destroying it. Now do you know just how to put this good news into practice?"

"Perhaps I can think, Auntie, if we keep still a moment." So there was silence save for Babe's chattering.

"First of all, Auntie," said Mary, "we must know that baby is altogether good — just made out of God, fresh and new."

"Made out of God, child! what do you mean?"

"Why, Aunt Ellen, where did he come from, his soul I mean?"

"I suppose God created him, of course," admitted she.

"Well, dear Auntie, God must have made baby out of Himself, because He has n't anything else to make babies out of, do n't you see?"

"Tell me what you think about God, Mary."

"God is all there really is, mamma says, and he is all the substance there is, so everything that is seen has something of God in it, for it is made out of Him."

"Does God make all the bad things?" questioned Aunt Ellen.

"I can't tell you everything, Auntie, but I am sure that our baby is from God."

"Oh, you are right, of course, dear, and I admit that Babe is good. Now, what next?"

"Just think *that* all the time, Aunt Ellen."

"Think what?"

"Think that Babe is good all through him, and nothing else. Then you won't be expecting mischief."

"Oh, I see. And when I am at the table with that young man opposite, I must constantly keep in mind that he is good all through, and then he won't wish to pull the dishes off?"

"That is it, Aunt Ellen, and I will too. I'll keep it in my mind that he is God's baby, and that he does n't want to be naughty. You see that Babe ought to have a fair chance; he ought not to be whipped because we put mischief into his little baby mind."

"You are right, my dear, and I am ashamed of myself for having abused my baby as I have, bless his dear heart!"

"We'll do some 'lifting up' together, Auntie."

"What do you mean?" asked Auntie.

Then Mary told her of the conversation she had with her mother, and how she had ever since been on the lookout for someone or something to "lift up."

Babe's mamma was very sober; she was doing some of the best thinking in all her life, and as the day passed on she found so many reasons coming into her mind which explained her troubles that she left Mary nearly to herself. But Mary was so busy "lifting up" that she did not notice, except to watch Babe, and keep him from trotting off the floor of the porch. At lunch Babe was placed in his high chair, and when they were seated at the table, Aunt Ellen and Mary looked soberly at each other, then both smiled without saying anything. Mary was saying in her mind, "Dear baby, you are good all through. You don't want to be naughty." Aunt Ellen was thinking her own thoughts in her own way, but for once she was not expecting Babe to be naughty, and — well — Babe behaved alright; ate his lunch in peace, and left the rest to do the same.

"It's going to work, my dear," she said as she kissed happy Mary; "that is, if I keep hold of my reason, and don't fly away with myself. Can't you hold some wonderful thought that will help keep me straight, Mary?"

Mary promised that she would, and as the days passed, peace came to the household. It must not be supposed that Babe was brought into order at once, nor that his mamma made no slips, but a little was gained each day, so that when Mary was ready to go back to her own home, Aunt Ellen said, as she folded the little girl to her grateful heart, "You've done the 'lifting up,' my darling, which you came on purpose to do."

"I'm so glad, Auntie, for us all, for I guess I'm 'lifted up,' too."

When Easter Sunday came, Mary's mamma sat at the piano, and played "Easter Morning," which you children will find in WEE WISDOM, and Mary sang it with her heart full of the presence of the Lord of all the earth. Then it was sung again that day by the whole Sunday School, "lifting up" every heart to know Good, and only Good.

"God has but one forehead, and it is Light; He has but one name, and it is Love."



AN EASTER EPIC.

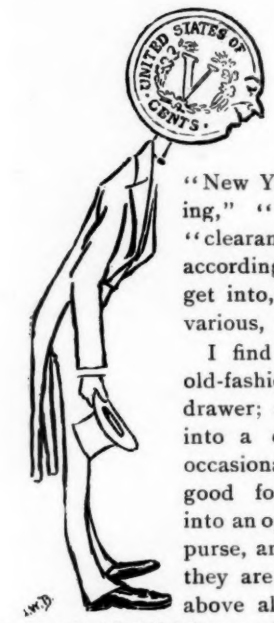


Humpty-dumpty was round and white,
His heart of gold was hidden from sight.
Over him brooded, soft and warm,
A Biddy hen, in Tommie's barn.
Long in the silence, warm and still,
Humpty-dumpty felt a thrill,
Felt a quiver, coming, going,
Humpty-dumpty began a-growing,
Began to feel his golden heart beat,
Began to be feathers and eyes and feet,
Began to long for room and light,
Began to peck at his walls of white;
One telling stroke, and the deed is done.
Humpty-dumpty steps out in the sun.
All the king's oxen, and all the king's men
Can never put Humpty-dumpty back again. — M. F.



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

CHRISTMAS DOINGS OF THE MERCHANTVILLE WEES.



Once more after giving you a long, and probably much-needed rest, I make my top-heavy bow, and give you another chapter of my Au-to-bi-og-ra-phy. This is a busy time of year with me, and I find myself changing hands very often, and passing to and fro very rapidly lately. I have heard a great deal about "New Year stock taking," "white sales," "clearance," and so on according to the till I get into, and they are various, I assure you.

I find myself in an old-fashioned money drawer; out again, and into a cash register; occasionally I have the good fortune to get into an open work bead purse, and I do think they are "*the things*" above all other nickel cases, but I think it must be girls mostly who wear them, for just about the time I get fairly jostled down into a cosy peep corner, and am rejoicing that all the world is spread out as a picture before me, and I am having a very feast of seeing, pop goes my young miss into a candy store and wants five, ten or fifteen cents' worth of so and so; I am fished out of my observatory and handed over the counter and suffer extinguishment again in a cash register before I have had half my fill of the sights, but I suppose this was the life I was intended for, and I haven't a word to say really against it; indeed, I have no leisure to raise up my nickel voice at all except in the dark hours between the busy days when people's work is done, and they have gone to bed. Then I do try to collect myself, after having been so many times collected, and remember the different places I have been in, and what haps or mishaps have befallen me which are worthy of note, or would be interesting to anyone who reads my story, and especially, dear *Wee Wisdoms*, to you. Only for your sakes would I venture to make the effort to get into print, for I am naturally of a very retiring disposition, and it isn't at all necessary for me to get into the paper to put myself into circulation, you know, because I'm circular anyway. But puns are in very bad taste, and I must make haste to tell the little I can tell before daylight comes and I start on my rounds again, for I am round.

I have told you before about the Truth Students, and how glad I always am when I find myself among them. I always hear some good word from them, or they put me to some use which makes me feel that even just being a five-cent piece is lots better than nothing.

Well, on the last meeting of old year I was there, and when the little fancy wooden plate, which answers to the call for the contribution box, was passed 'round the room, a lot of tens, fives, and, I am sorry to say, some pennies were dropped into it and I found myself in the motley crowd, and as the lady who acted as treasurer didn't like to give the collection to the lecturer in such small bits ("chicken feed," she called us, but I don't believe any right-minded chicken would have picked us up) she got us

exchanged for some poor looking pieces of paper called "notes" or "bills," and though I don't know what became of my companions of the plate, the first thing I knew I was at the Market Street Ferry, and found that by the whirl-a-gig of time, and my propensity of circulating I had gotten back into the possession of the same woman who gave me such a good time last year; but, alas! I soon discovered that she didn't have that dear old worn-out pocket book with the hole in the corner, through which I got most of the enjoyment I told you about before, but one of her dear friends had given her a bran new one. It was very pretty, and smelt nice, but when I was dropped into it, it was like putting an extinguisher on me. I couldn't see a thing, except at the rare times when she opened her purse for a ticket or car fare. By the way, did you ever notice that when two ladies are taking a street car ride together they nearly always have a playful tiff over the privilege of paying the fare. I have heard a great many arguments over this matter. Both ladies are equally anxious to do it. Both have "just the right change" in their open pocket books, but of course, one or the other must forego the pleasure. The conductor doesn't care a cent, he's just tickled at the squabble, and so are the nickels, for it gives us a chance to look about us a little, so we hope it will continue to be one of the funny things women do.

Well, I didn't get paid out for car fare or ferry fare, but was imprisoned again in the new purse, and had to do all my seeing with my ears, so very soon I "saw" by the chatter around me that I was with a party of Truth Students on the way to Merchantville again to enjoy the second annual anniversary entertainment of the Unity School. The time slipped away very rapidly while I listened to the talk, and very soon I began to hear other voices with words of welcome and good cheer, and I recognized many, indeed all, I think, of the people, children and grown, who greeted me so kindly last year. It seemed very homelike—the pretty tree, with its glittering decorations, stood in the same corner; the open fire was there, but it was too warm in the house for a very big one, but even an open place where a fire can be built seems a great treat to city people, and all admired that until we were called down stairs for the chief affair of the evening.

I heard Uncle John announce what the first performance would be. Then the little girls in their pretty white dresses marched in, dividing ranks at the door and forming in a half circle facing the audience. There were murmurs of admiration of their appearance and the perfect order of their movements as each took her appointed place.

Then came the opening exercises and prayers in concert, after which the class sang a stirring song, setting forth the merits of the Unity School, each verse ending with the chours, "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the Unity School," repeated. As I have no program to refresh my memory, I cannot tell the order in which the different numbers came, nor do I wish to give a detailed description, but just a little outline of what particularly interested me. There was the song of "The Catapillar and Butterfly," in which Elise Sleater acted the part of the worm in its creeping form, and also after its transformation into a gay, fluttering butterfly, representing the soul's release from the flesh —*the resurrection.* A little dialogue between Elise and the tiny little girl who was the "New Century Santa Clause" last year (I cannot recall her name) was very sweet. Elise asked,

"Where did you come from, baby dear?" and baby answered, "Out of the everywhere into the here." I had to get a real eye peep at this to watch the little one's face, especially her firm little mouth, as she gave her answers to the questions as to where she got eyes, nose, ears, cheeks, hair, hands and feet. Then came a song with the motions, "Holy Spirit, Come to Me," very pretty and particularly interesting as an indication of the clear understanding the little ones have of the spirit of it. I was watching little Frances, she put so much energy into the graceful motions. A large picture of "The Nativity" was next set upon an easel in the doorway, and the children clustering about it on the floor sang the story.

After this an improvised stage was arranged before us. To the front of it was fastened a flat red package, with just one letter, "S," of some inscription showing at the top, and as one of the girls mounted a stage, and led the recitation of "S stands for."——. Marion came to the front and undid the little bundle one fold, disclosing a "T," and so on, until when all was undone the letters spelled "Stocking," and there it was, a very giant of its kind, large enough to hold all of Santa Claus' pack, and after that one more recitation, which I would like to tell you about if there were more room and time. Then came the call to Santa Claus, and as the merry song rang out, suddenly the sound of bells was heard coming nearer and nearer, with an occasional whack! whack! of a whip, presumably being laid on with vigor over the reindeer's backs, and while the children sang, "He comes! he comes!" Santa appeared. You have seen his picture thousands of times. The round, rosy face almost hidden in the heavy white beard, with the bright eyes twinkling under the white brows, and such a laughing, jolly, rollicking chap he is. With a very decided German accent, he gasped, "*Oh, my, it vas hot.*" His pack was very well loaded, containing something for all, and the children were wild with delight over his funny way of calling their names. I am not going to tell you who acted this charming character. She looked like a really truly man, and the typical St. Nicholas, but she is just as lovable in her everyday name and just as cheery, though not so Dutch.

After the gifts were all distributed the curtain dropped over the scenes of the children's entertainment, and the audience in a body was invited to the supper rooms, where all were served with cake and the most delicious grape juice, after which the out-of-town visitors went out to the little building where the regular sessions of the Unity School are held, and those of us who saw it last year noticed the improvements that have been made in its appearance. The walls are literally covered with texts and mottoes. Every line there inscribed is within itself a lesson in Truth, but the manner of its inscription impresses it on the children's mind very forcibly, for while the words are being engraved the class is gathered about their teacher, and his every movement is closely watched, as with the red-hot platinum point he burns each word into the wooden tablets, they are also being inscribed on each child's memory quite as indelibly, and its lesson made a part of their daily living. This little class will exert an influence which will be a great factor in the uplifting of humanity to a higher plane, raising its standards, and bringing into view the great possibilities of man, and his final goal of greatness. God bless teacher and pupils of the Unity School.

Before we had had time to give

the dear little room half the attention its merits deserve, train time came, aud we bade good-by, and wished a happy New Year to all, and almost before I realized that we were away I discovered that we were back in our own state, and what a Babel of tongues and blaze of light greeted us on the home side of the river. It was New Year's eve, very close to 1902, and every preparation was made for greeting the new comer. The City Hall was ablaze with electricity from the crown of Wm. Penn's hat to the pavement, and you should have seen the crowds and procession of "mummers" dressed in every sort of splendor, and rediculous ugliness, while each and all seemed to be trying to out-scream his neighbor. Surely humans are queer.

Well, I think I have spun this story of one evening's doings out quite long enough, and as I can give you nothing better, this is your valentine.

—A. NICKEL, *per G. N.*

REST IN LOVE.

HALLIE LUCILE FAUCHER.

Rest in Love, on a pillow so soft,
Filled with roses perfuming the air,
Rest in Love and think of Love,
And all things else will then be fair.

Rest in love. What a beautiful tho't!
Often through trouble and pain
That thought more than anything else will help
It has never been thought in vain.



EASTER RECITATION.

For five Wee Wisdoms.

(*1st Child:*)
Soft the winds of Spring are blowing,
Like my thoughts the streams are flowing;
Bud and blossom, bird and bee,
Share in happy life with me.

(*2nd Child:*)
Who am I that I know
Why the buds and blossoms grow?
Who am I that I see
Life alike in bird and me?

(*3rd Child:*)
I am I, I am He,
I in Christ, and Christ in me;
Life and living, two in One—
God the Father, God the Son.

(*All:*)
Like the lily, pure and white,
Blooming in the sun's glad light,
Father in Thy Light are we,
Like the lily pure and free.

(*4th Child:*)
Seed and shell only mean
Life is waiting to be seen;
Bird and blossom only tell
Of glad life that bursts its shell.

(*5th Child:*)
There's no sadness, there's no gloom,
There's no weakness, there's no tomb,
When the Living Christ in me
Is by loving thoughts set free.

(*All:*)
Glad our songs shall ever rise,
Warm our hearts as Easter skies.
Only good with us can bide,
Lite, glad life, is Easter-tide.

—M. F.



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—I CAN DO ALL THINGS THROUGH CHRIST WHICH STRENGTHENETH ME.—Phil. 4:13.

Jewel Word—I CAN AND I WILL.

Song Word—No. 3—"THOU ART MY LIFE."

Verse Word—

"The Soul wherein God dwells—
What church can holier be?—
Becomes a walking tent
Of heavenly Majesty."

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

UNCLE JOHN'S COUUMN.

I find that most of the children take a deep interest in the children's letters published in WEE WISDOM. When I am away from home, all of our youngsters delight in writing to me. I value these love messages very highly. To me they are just the sunshine of love. I enclose herewith a sample of one of Elise's, written all by her own self, and my reply. (She keeps all of my letters in a little bundle and says she will have lots of fun reading them when she grows up to be a big girl.)

ELISE'S LETTER.

"DEAR PAPA—I send my love. Mrs. Logan is going to teach Anneta a piece for Christmas, so she can speak at the Unity Sunday School. We all send love. When I was writing, a little mouse came out. Good bye. ELISE."

[There are lots of hugs and kisses marked all over this little letter, also a pink and blue ribbon enclosed.—Ed.]

PAPA'S ANSWER.

"MY DEAR LITTLE SWEETHEART ELISE—Your good letter was a mine of love and joy. I am glad to know that our little Sunbeam Anneta is to speak a piece all by herself. It's very good of her mamma dear to teach her. It was cute of the little mouse to come out of its den and wink at you when you were writing your letter. I think he must have wanted to smile at you with his little eyes. Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Thurma send their best love. Mrs. T. has a little pony. Your ribbon, expressing Love and Truth, I shall keep to remember your great love for me. I expect to be home Saturday. Good night, Sweetheart, and God bless you is the *supreme desire* of your papa dear. Give best love to Mamma, Aunt Lizzie, Frances and Marion, and your own dear self. Your affectionate PAPA."

Mrs. Nason's Nickel Story will give you about all of the Merchantville news that you can handle this month.



GALVA, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—We intend to take you another year because we like you so much. I enjoy my school work very much, and I have not missed my Sabbath school once this year, nor last either. Wishing you a prosperous year,

Your friend, GUSSIE KLINE.

LOWER BOISE, IDAHO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — As I have seen so many little letters in the good little paper I thought I would write one too. I like WEE WISDOM very much and enjoy reading the little letters. I also have some pets, two cats, one dog, and a little black pony. I wish you would send me a card. Hoping to see this letter in print, your loving friend,

MARY BISCHOFF.

P. S.—I send you a verse: Little children be kind to every one you may see.

LOWER BOISE, IDAHO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I enjoy reading your paper very much. I could not do without it, and I can hardly wait till the next month comes so that I can get WEE WISDOM again.

Your loving friend, ELISE BISCHOFF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — It has been a long time since I have written to you, so I thought I would write to you now. I would like very much to have a Truth card. I like the moss cards very much. I like WEE WISDOM. I think the stories are fine. Auntie reads one to me nearly every night, and we get a great deal of good from them.

Your loving friend, HENRIETTA BROWN.

[Henrietta failed to put her address on her letter and so we could not send her a card. She had better write again and tell us where she lives. She is not the first one who has forgotten this important thing when writing to us. — Ed.]

SEWARD, NEB.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I thank you very much for the WEE WISDOM. I am ten years old. I am in the 4th grade. We have lots of snow. I have a little pet dog; his name is Nig. CARL MCLAIN.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

DEAR AUNT LOLL — I received my first WEE WISDOM last week. I think it is the best paper I ever took; it is fixed like a little magazine with a pretty picture on the cover with children of all races holding their hands up to an angel. (This is the Christ-child, Frank.—ED.) Last week I passed in the sixth grade. I had to get a big Geography and Arithmetic. Tell Florence to write and I will write to her. You ought to read our Oklahoma paper; if you got in the middle of a story the letters would be turned around so you could not read it. Well I will close, for I will have to get ready for school. Yours truly,

FRANK ZELIFF.

P. S. — I thank you for the paper.

BIG TIMBER, MONTANA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — It has now been a long time since I wrote to you, so I thonght I would write to you now. I have been reading you every month and like you very much. I am ten years old and in the fifth grade I have been going steady to school until last week—it was closed on account of contagious disease. We have lots of fun skating and building snow houses, but now the snow is nearly gone. I have two brothers and a sister. I enclose stamp for a Truth card.

Yours sincerely, SELMER H. SOLBERG.

[Selmer has sent us a nice little story which will appear later.— Ed.]

VENTURA, CAL.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I received the WEE WISDOMS yesterday. I like them very much.



Mamma took WEE WISDOM for me when I was about four or five years old. What are the Truth cards and how can I get one? I am ten years old and am in the fourth grade. My papa died last October. It seemed hard at first to think that he was really gone, but it was best because he suffered so much. I am trying to follow the teachings of WEE WISDOM. Your loving little friend,

ELINOR EUNICE ASHBROOK.

BATH, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I thought I would write you a few lines. I go to school every day when I can. I study Reading, Writing, Drawing, Arithmetic, Physiology, Geography, Language, and Spelling, and am in the fifth grade examination. I passed last month in everything but Geography. My teacher is Myrtle Hoyt. I will send you a verse for March number for Sundays. Here it is:

Love the true and love the right,
God keeps you and me through the night.

Mamma got my moss cards framed with my little picture in one corner for one of my Christmas presents. Thanks for the Truth cards you sent me as they are very pretty.

Your loving friend, JENNIE C. SCHOFIELD.

IOWA FALLS, IOWA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I thought I would write you a few lines. We have taken WEE WISDOM for three years, and UNITY and *Universal Truth* five

years. I go to school every day. I like our teacher very well. We get our mail delivered every day. I think the story of "Caroline — A Mourning Dove" is very interesting. I am 14 years old. I am, as ever, your unknown friend,

KATIE MEYER.

Kansas City, Kans.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — Santa Claus or some other kind friend subscribed for "WEE WISDOM" for me for one year, and I am so glad and want to say to the one who sends it, *many, many thanks.* My Grandmamma reads the paper to me now, but I can soon read it all for myself, as I'm learning to read fast. I have two nice kittens and the mother cat. I call the kittens Topsy and Tabby. Will you print my letter? This is my first.

Yours lovingly, LUCIEN SCOTT.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I thought I would write you a letter for the first time. I enjoyed very much that letter from South America. I should like to visit her very much. We have just finished studying that continent in school. I am in the seventh grade. Mamma said that the story entitled "Love's Roses" was the best story she had ever read for children. I would like a card if you could spare one. I have left off my glasses that I have worn for five years. Yours truly,

BERNICE NEWCOMB.

FOREMAN, ARK.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I shall try to write for WEE WISDOM, too. I am 7 years old. I do not write very well. I am ready for the Third Reader, and play several pieces on the piano. Our home is in a small town, though a very nice one; with cars twice a day. The lime rock hills look like great banks of snow; just a nice drive from town to them. Lovingly, LAURA HOPSON.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — In the letter of Mabel A. Porter, in your January number, the word "brother" is misspelled "bother!" I know that Mabel does not consider her dear little baby brother in *that* kind of a way at all. I will send you my picture the next time I have it taken. I was much interested in the account of the Children's Home at Petersburg, Indiana. It does seem cruel to separate brothers and sisters; but I presume there is no help for it in a business of that kind, for it is a *business*, no matter which way you look at it. If I were married, and looking for children, I would not want to separate them if it could possibly be helped. I will know where to go for them, for I could not live without them. Dear little Ruby's "suffering with delight" was so sweet! God bless her and keep her for many long years! I will send you 50 cents for a year's subsiption to WEE WISDOM. I will also send you some stories. Yours sincerly,

WALTER S. WELLER.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

DEAR FRIEND — I thought I would write you a little piece for your little paper. I like WEE WISDOM better than I ever did before. I saw a little girl has drawn some little things, so I will send some. Your loving friend,

GUSSIE SOUTHERLAND.

[Gussie's pictures are quite good, but as they are not drawn with India ink the etcher cannot reproduce them. Our little artists must know that pictures go through quite a process before they can appear in the paper.—ED.]

DEAR WEE WISDOM — There was once upon a time a poor family. They had one child, and it was the day before Christmas, and they did not have any money so they could not buy any presents, but that same day Annie found a dollar, and she bought her father and mother a present, and they were all very happy. This is the first story I ever wrote in WISDOM. DOROTHY RUCH,

10 years old.

NEWVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have received the WEE WISDOM, and like it very much. This is the first letter I have written. I am 11 years old, and in the 6th grade, and have a little brother named James, and he is 2 years old. Yours truly,

FANNY JONES.

HUNTINGTON, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Please accept this dollar, half for my WEE WISDOM, and the other half I want you please to send the paper to some girl or boy who has not enough money to take it. I read the paper and like it very much.

Your friend, JEAN BUTLER.

Easter-tide lasts all the year,
For I love and do not fear,
And the Christ will rise in me
With each Truth *I* clearly see.

—AUNT EMMA.



HARRIET H. RIX.

LESSON IX. MARCH 2.

The Stoning of Stephen. Acts 7:54-8:2.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.*—Matt. 5:44.

Here is the second lesson about St. Stephen, and our Golden Text comes from the great Master, Jesus Christ, 'Pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." We see our lesson is on forgiveness, or christian charity. Years and years ago, when this lesson was written, and before there was a law made by men who ruled the people, which said, that if a man or woman did certain wrong things, they were to be stoned to death as a punishment. This is what they did to St. Stephen, not because he was a wicked man, for he was very, very good, but because they did not love or believe in the Christ. They were also afraid that some harm would come upon them if the people knew that they had taken part in the nailing of Jesus to the cross.

Long ago this law of stoning, which was not a kind one, passed away, and no one is ever stoned now for doing wrong, but sometimes people who do not know that love is all, throw mental stones, such as unkind words and thoughts of condemnation, at each other. Now, if one of these stones should chance to fly your way, do not be afraid; it need not even touch you. You will be quite safe if you never throw any yourself. We have a stone to throw, but it never hurts anybody. It is round and beautiful, and its name is love. It goes right to the heart of the one you throw it to, and heals that heart of all hardness. This is the sweet way the loving Christ-child has of doing good; this is the way St. Stephen, that good man, did. He gave good for evil, as Jesus said we all should.

LESSON X. MARCH 9.

The Disciples Scattered. Acts 8:3-13.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Therefore they that were scattered abroad, went everywhere preaching the word.*—Acts 8:4.

Just think, children, how glad and happy it must have made these people of long ago to see their dear ones, who had been lame and sick both in body and mind, get up strong and well, and just through a good man saying words.

Thousands of sick, tired and sinful people were healed in those days, as they are being in these days. Of course we know that these wonderful healers must have known some power which they put in the words they used, or they could never have done such good things. We know that it is possible for parrots and phonographs (talking machines) to give forth the best sounding words and statements, but they cannot heal a sick body or sinful mind.

Now think a moment and see if you can tell the difference between a parrot saying, "God is my health," and a true Christ-child saying it. I will just leave you to think it out for yourself, and then perhaps you will be able to answer another question.

What was the difference between this Simon of our lesson bewitching the people, and Philip, who told them the truth? Does the word of truth ever bewitch anyone? Now I think I can hear you all answering, "No," and that is right, for the word bewitch means to charm, to mentally bind, really to make a slave of, or put in a kind of mental prison. The truth sets free from all bondage and opens every kind of prison door. Every time you think or say a word of truth, and each night as you say your little prayer and send forth blessings to others, you are surely opening some prison door and setting the prisoner free.

You are a little gospel of good news come into the world to heal and do all the Christ works.

LESSON XI. MARCH 16.

The Ethiopian Converted. Acts 8:29-39.

GOLDEN TEXT—*With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.*—Romans 10:10.

"Now the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip." This angel was not a man or woman with wings and long white flowing robes, but was the guiding voice of the Spirit within. It was God's voice speaking right in the center of Philip's heart, or where his best thoughts were. This voice may be very plainly or clearly heard by those who have the right kind of ear, but Oh, how watchful, how loving and obedient one must be in order to really hear God.

If we desire it, we can be guided every moment, and sometimes God asks His children to do what

might seem to be strange things, things that are hard to explain until the end is seen. Thus it was with Philip; this voice within told him to go out of Jerusalem, where there were a great many people ready to listen, and to go down into the lonely desert where very few people were ever seen. Philip was learning to obey God, so he did not complain or waste time asking foolish questions. He did just as he was bid, which, of course, made the next step quite easy, and he soon saw that God had a great work for him in the desert, for he was to tell the truth about the Christ to one who was very hungry for it.

You see what a happy life sweet obedience makes for us, and how one good step leads to another. If anyone doubts this, let him try and see if it is not so. Jerusalem is the beautiful city of God within you, the city of peace, where love, power and wisdom ever dwell.

Now should there appear an ignorant worker, (like this Ethiopian, who did not know Christ) in your body, and you name it pain, some one will be obliged to go down from Jerusalem to this one in need and help him out. You know who this helper is. His name is Good Thought, and he is ever ready when called upon to do God's work. This "Good Thought" denies pain and evil. Our lesson calls this baptism, and leaves the body, the desert, blooming in health like the rose.

LESSON XII. MARCH 23.

Temperance Lesson. Eph. 5:11-21.

GOLDEN TEXT — ***Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess.***— Eph. 5:18.

Today's lesson is part of a letter written by Paul to his friends at Ephesus, giving them advice on how to live the true life. He tells them that if they think error thoughts, everything will go wrong, but if they think true thoughts everything will go right.

Read carefully the first words in the lesson, "Have no fellowship with * * * darkness," then think it over, and you will see he means that we must not invite any dark thought into our minds. To fellowship with anything is to make friends with it, to be at-one with it. Now, none of us care to be at one with pain, disease and unrest, and if we would be perfectly free from these, we must first refuse to make friends with their father and mother, whose names are Dark Thought, Discontent, Selfishness, etc.

Then in the next verse Paul says it is a shame, to even speak of them, and that is true. We ought to be thoroughly ashamed to speak of dark, dismal and untrue things, either about ourselves or others, and you Wee Wisdoms need never fall into this untrue habit if you will learn early that only the good is true. There can be no intemperance in the one who refuses to let into his mind dark thoughts, for he will be temperate, and all his thoughts and words will be overflowing with joy and laughter. When one is filled with the Spirit of Good, then his heart is singing all the time, as it says in the nineteenth verse. Is not that verse a beautiful picture of your own dear heart? With a mind full of melody, and always giving thanks to God for all things, we will never need a temperance sermon preached to us, nor medicine given to us, nor glasses for our eyes, because our help will spring from within.

LESSON XIII. MARCH 30.

REVIEW AND EASTER.

Read John 20:1-18.

GOLDEN TEXT — ***Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life.***— John 11:25.

Jan. 5th.— The Promise of Power. Acts 1:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT — ***While he blessed them, he was parted from them and carried up into heaven.***— Luke 24:51.

The Holy Spirit is my real life that never dies. It brings all good to me.

* * *

Jan. 12th.— The Promise of Power Fulfilled. Acts 2:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT — ***The promise is unto you and your children.***—Acts 2:39.

God has promised me every good thing. My faith in Good brings good to life.

* * *

Jan. 19th.— The Early Christian Church. Acts 2:37-47.

GOLDEN TEXT — ***The Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.***— Acts 2:47.

I am the temple of the living God, and Good lives in my heart.

* * *

Jan. 26th,— The Lame Man Healed. Acts 3:10.

GOLDEN TEXT — ***The Lord is my strength and my song, and he is become my salvation.***— Exodus 15:2.

I am healed through faith and love. I can heal through faith and love. This makes the glad Easter morn.

* * *

Feb. 2nd.— The First Persecution.
Acts 4:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT— *There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.* Acts 4:12.

The risen living Christ is within me. I love its presence, and will let it love me into all good.

* * *

February 9th.— The Sin of Lying.
Acts 5:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Wherefore putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor.*— Eph. 4:25.

Since I take Christ for my life I can tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

* * *

Feb. 16th.— The Second Persecution.
Acts 5:33-42.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*— Matt. 5:10.

No matter what comes to me, I will always let love rise in my heart and conquer all. Love is my risen Lord.

* * *

Feb. 23rd.— The Arrest of Stephen.
Acts 6:7-15.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul.*— Matt. 10:28.

My real self can never die. I will live my real self, and so will fear no evil.

* * *

March 2nd.— The Stoning of Stephen.
Acts 7:54-8:12.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.*— Matt. 5:44.

How glad I am that I know how to give good for evil, for it makes my life and everybody's life a blessing.

* * *

March 9th.— The Disciples Scattered.
Acts 8:3-13.

GOLDEN TEXT— *Therefore they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word.*— Acts 8:4.

My living, loving word of truth can give life to others.

* * *

March 16th.— The Ethiopian Converted.
Acts 8:29-39.

GOLDEN TEXT — *With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.* — Rom. 10:10.

I have a sweet angel always with me; it teaches it heals, it gives new life to me.

March 23rd.— Temperance Lesson.
Eph. 5:11-21.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess.*— Eph. 5:18.

Only those dead to good are intemperate. I am alive with the life of Christ, therefore I am always temperate in all things.



Here's "Ye Mr. Editor,"



Our Business Manager,
Just dropped in
To give an Easter greeting;
We welcome him
Wi h hearty vim,
For we're glad
Of such a meeting.

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM

"WAKE up! Wake up!" That is what the March wind is saying to the sleeping earth children, as it pulls the white blanket off their beds and hustles them out to their spring work.

Wake up! Wake up! And what a shaking these sleepy old trees in the back yard are getting. I can hear them yawn as they toss their brown limbs, like sleepy girls and boys that have to be shaken awake in the morning. *You* know how it goes when school time comes too early and the eyes refuse to open. There is nothing lazy about MARCH. If he is a great blower, he is also a great rustler. MARCH has the hardest work of the twelve months to do, and this is what makes him so sturdy and strong and brave. He must have been named after Mars, the war god, on this account, and he is a splendid warrier too, but his fighting is always on the right side; he is never putting out Life, but always bringing it forth.

We might really say MARCH is the wonderful Knight that enters the castle of the Sleeping Beauty, and with his hearty kiss breaks the spell of enchantment that has held her and her court so long asleep, and sets agoing the life and beauty of Spring. MARCH is a Knight, a glorious Knight, loosing the icy chains of imprisoned streams, unlocking every cell where life is held in captivity, freeing, freeing everywhere. *We all love March!* Who is not willing to be "jollied" by such a royal joker and run after his hat a few times?

I wonder if there isn't something in us that MARCH stands for? You know we are taught that everything in the visible, like the picture on the canvas, has a slide somewhere out of sight. And *March*? Sometimes, when you feel as though you didn't know, or the word *can't* was on your lips, have you ever had *something* come sweeping through you that seemed to say, "Wake up! Wake up! Why do you deny the life and intelligence that is yours now? Wake up! Wake up! You are strong and free, and God's life and intelligence fills and thrills every fibre of your being. Wake up! Wake up! There's buds and blossoms and birds and trees, and every thing that ever can be, for you to set growing. Keep growing in your mind and heart."

I can hear you answer rightly, "Why, there is the strong, courageous, undaunted Spirit in me, blowing away all the foolish idle thoughts that believe that there is anything I can't do. I *can* and I *will* be all a child of God should be."

If there's anything that really does Ye Editor's heart good, it is these dear little letters — they bring us so close together. Why! I can almost see and hear you when I take up your letter. Don't forget, *you* have a part in making WEE WISDOM alive with interest and good. Think real hard and see if some new, bright idea don't come to you of some way to make WEE WISDOM grow faster and have more Wees contribute to it. Of course we must never forget that WEE WISDOM has a special object, and that is to bring out the best there is in every girl and boy. We want to be inspired with loving *to do* something for somebody, and to do this we first find the *love that is always there* and doesn't have to come and go — that love is always ready and willing.

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MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor.

Be Braver Than Mareh.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

Gay, gusty, rowdy March is here,
He pulls your hair, and tweaks your ear,
But One with you, dwells closer, dear,

And though you feel the cold and snow,
And shiver and cry, "Dear me, oh!"
Warm Love enfolds you, this you know.

Then shut away the little sigh,
And when you feel you 'd like to cry,
Then laugh at March, and say, "I'm I!

"And I know something that is true,
I'll face the worst that you can do,
For *I am* greater, March, than you."

Aunt Seg gives us such a good Easter lesson. It will help us to see elearly what "Lifting Up" means, and her Easter song *will* surely lift us up. It speaks well for the vital interest in this "lifting up" that we have such a lot of Easter good things on hand. One of our young writers has sent us a story called "The Easter Lilies." We hoped to have room for all by adding four extra pages to this our Easter number, but it would take four more pages still to hold all the good things we have on hand. They will appear later.

A VALENTINE TO THE WEE WISDOMS.

MRS. A. L. D'ISAY.

This is a Valentine for each Wisdom Wee,
Which, as I was listening, a bird sang to me.
In each dear little heart, there's singing a bird;
Its songs are the sweetest that ever were heard.
Be still, *oh, so still,* and you surely will hear,
"Never fear, never fear, for God is right here."
Shut your eyes, shut your ears, and list to the song,
It will fill you with joy, and make you so strong.
For if you but listen, I know you will hear,
"Never fear, never fear, for God is right here."
And the bird carols on, in notes strong and clear,
"God is life, God is health, and God is right here,
He's within and without, beneath and above,
And nothing can harm you, for *God* is just *Love.*"
Warble on, little bird, then surely you 'll say
I gladly would hear your sweet song every day.
To each naughty thought I'll just say, "Be still,"
That my heart and my life your sweet song may fill.

"A Valentine for the WEE WISDOMS" was one of the *home grown* valentines handed in at our Valentine Social. And such a good time as we had at that Social — big Wees, little Wees, and all of Wees!

Our new Pillows you will find tucked 'round in convenient places. Be sure and take one to bed with you every night to sleep on. They are full of wholesome rest.

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

10 to 24 copies, 30 cts. each per year.
25 to 49 copies, 25 cts. each per year.
50 to 100 copies, 20 cts. each per year.

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The Pillow Verses for last month were contributed by Lily Cobbett.

Easter Morning.

S. E. G. *S. E. G.*

