WEE WISDOM.



Vol. 7. KANSAS CITY, MO., DECEMBER, 1902. No. 5.



I cannot tell you how happy I am over the thought that you are to have a "Sunshine Corner" in WEE WISDOM. Now we must make this the coziest in the whole paper, and I am depending upon you to do it. You must scatter sunshine at every corner you turn. When you discover a new way of doing it, or a new field in which to do it, just write to the editor of the Sunshine Column of WEE WISDOM and tell her all about it. In this way you will furnish ideas to those who do not know how to scatter sunshine. You will also receive assistance from others in what you are trying to do. They will read about it in your little paper.

Christmas is not far away. Have you ever thought about how many children there are right in your own town who will not have their stockings filled, and who indeed have nothing to hang up?

"Sunshine" is going to try to make everyone of those children happy, and you can do your share in the neighborhood in which you live. Whenever you see or hear of a child that is not likely to be remembered by Santa Claus, write the name and address down on a piece of paper and make it your especial work to see that that little one is not forgotten. If you find more than you or your friends can dispose of, write to WEE WISDOM, or General Headquarters of the International Sunshine Society, 96 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

We expect to have many "I-am-talking-in-my-sleep" barrels to send out this year. If you find one is needed in your place, let us know and perhaps we can arrange to have one sent you. At all events, no child that you know of must be allowed to say that this year Santa Claus did not have a load large enough to go around. Do your part and let us help you.

Do not think that Sunshine work is limited to Christmas time. Every day of your lives there are opportunities, if you seek them, to make others happy. Money is not always necessary, neither must you spend much time.

It does not cost anything when a little girl has five or six dolls, if she finds another who has never had one, to give her one.

When a lot of boys are having a good time playing a game of ball, it will not cost one of them a cent if, seeing a lad who is a stranger to them looking with a wistful eye at their pleasure and wishing he was in it, they invite him to join them.

It does not require a great amount of time to help that blind man you see every morning groping his way over the crowded crossing at the corner of your street. Still how few ever think of it! It means much to the poor old man who is filled with terror every time he attempts to take a step. Grandma's spectacle case may be on the top floor, and she would suffer the inconvenience of not having it all day before she would ask one of you to leave your play to get it. Yet how happy she would be should one of you volunteer to go for it.

These little deeds of kindness that do not cost anything are true sunshine, and the object of this "Sunshine Column" is to teach you little ones how to develop the Spirit. By keeping your eyes open you will learn that there is much more sunshine for you to scatter than you ever dreamed it possible to give

CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN,
President General.

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

VOL. VII. KANSAS CITY, MO., DECEMBER, 1902. No. 5.

Uncle Noble's Rainbow Rose.

MARY BREWERTON DEWITT.

CHAPTER IV.

ROSE'S STORY.

THE FOLLOWING day was so damp and foggy that Mrs. Bright made up a fire in the fire-place in the dining room, and left the two children in there together so that they might become better acquainted.

"We have so many of these cold foggy mornings," she explained to Rose, "and then the only thing to do is to keep warm in the house. You may have the dolls and some scraps and amuse yourself sewing while I write a few letters. If Pansy needs me, just call."

"Bring me the doll's trunk," said Pansy to Rose, "and we'll make Eleanor a new apron. We'll look over the pieces and see what there is."

For some time the children cut and sewed, then Pansy began to feel restless. She pricked her fingers, and wearily dropped her work.

"Would n't you like me to tell you a story, Pansy?" asked Rose, for she was a thoughtful child and did n't want to call Mrs. Bright needlessly away from her writing.

"Yes," replied Pansy, "but make it a short one, please."

"Well, I'll tell a true one."

"Go on, I like it if it's true."

"Once upon a time," began Rose, "there was a really truly little girl who lived with her grandma in a poor little house. Sometimes they did n't have enough to eat, and the little girl grew so weak and sick that at last she could no longer walk any, and she had to be put to bed. She stayed in bed a long, long time. But one day while she was lying there all by herself (her grandma had gone out to try and make some money) why, the little girl began to think, and she thought that God never made anything sick or miserable. He only made good things, so she asked God over and over to make her well. Then she said to herself, 'If God really does make people well, He will send something to show me I can be well.'

"Just at that minute the grandma came in, and she looked so happy, and said with her face all smiles, 'See, a gentleman sent you this beautiful white rose, and I've sold all my oranges, and am able to give you some nice warm soup today.'

The little girl was so happy, not because of the soup, but because she knew God had given her a sign and heard her prayer, and felt that she would surely get well —"

"Well and what next?" asked Pansy as Rose paused.

"I thought if you were tired I'd tell the rest some other time."

"Oh, no, do go on."

So Rose continued, "The little girl began to feel better, that is, happier. A few days passed, and one day while she was all alone, a knock came at the door."

"And what was it?" asked Pansy breathlessly.

"Three lovely little girls and a gentleman and a dog. They brought her some good things in a basket, and Faith whispered to her, 'God will make you well.'

"Then the next day the kind gentleman came for the little girl, and took her and her grandma to live with him in a little cottage on his beautiful grounds.

"And every day Faith came to see the little girl and said to her, 'You are looking better, God is your health, you are nearly well.'

Then at last one day Faith came and said, 'God is your health, you are all well; now try and walk, for you surely can.' Then Rose tried and true enough she could walk."

"What?" interrupted Pansy, "was her name the same as yours?"

"Yes, why Pansy, that little girl was me, and you can be healed and walk, too, just the same."

"Oh, how I wish I could," sighed Pansy with tears in her eyes.

"Oh, but you can; I wish you knew Faith. She and Patience are such sweet sisters. Why, Prudence knows them."

"I know Prudence," said Pansy. "Yes, Prudence first told me about you. Well, that's all the story. Why, there's your mamma," said Rose, looking up to find Mrs. Bright standing in the doorway.

"That was a sweet pretty story, Rose. I have been listening to it, and I think Pansy will want you to help her to know how to be well."

"Yes," said Pansy, "I do."

"I'll help you all I can," said Rose.

A DECLAMATION.

FOR A SMALL BOY.

AGNES MACFAYDEN.

I'll tell you what it won't be long
  Till we are big men, too,
And help make right what's mighty wrong,
  As you folks ought to do.

There seems so much that isn't right
  In this big world of ours.
They say, "this is God's garden site,"
  But weeds grow more than flowers.

Now you just watch, for mighty soon
  We'll clear these weeds away,
And let the flowers of manhood bloom
  To bless the coming day.

And what the papers call "big strikes,"
  They won't come near us then,
Nor any other kind of fights,
  For we'll be better men.

We young reformers this demand,
  And it is bound to be—
There'll be no armies on the land,
  No warships on the sea.

* We'll prove what that great poet wrote
  His name is somewhat Long,
A fellow big folks like to quote,
  Because he made a song.

You want us to be good, you bet,
  You wouldn't have us bad,
But you just wait, we'll show you yet,
  And make you mighty glad.

* The above refers to Longfellow's poem, "The Arsenal at Springfield," the verse beginning, "Where half the power that fills the world with terror," etc.

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* * * Catherine does not know the Truth yet, but has a beautiful faith in God who is very real to her. When quite a tiny child I saw her folding up some pieces of blue and pink paper into real little parcels, and putting them out doors, I asked what they were for. "For God," she said, "He might have something He would like to wrap up." But how will He get them I asked. "Why, Aunt Maude," she answered, with her blue eyes wide open with surprise at my ignorance, "all He has to do is to put His arm down and get them." The next morning she came to me and said, "There, you see, He has got them, they are all gone." She heard someone say it was going to rain cats and dogs: her father was out at the time, and she imagined it all in a literal sense. She was heard praying in her little room very earnestly, "*Please*, God, *don't* let it rain cats and dogs on poor father." She is always looking for Jesus to come, and firmly believes her dog Bang has gone "to the heaven," as she expresses it. Yours in Christ and Truth,

—AUNT MAUDE.



By Redy Fill

"Now if you are real good, Gobbie,"
Said Mrs. Turkey to her son,
"When Christmas time has come around
You shall have a lot of fun.
We will buy you cakes and candy,
And a brand new painted toy;
And for your Christmas dinner
You shall have a nice fat boy.
We will buy him long before hand,
And you shall fatten him
With bread and milk and water,
Till he's full up to the brim.
And you can watch me stuff him
Full of sage and nuts and bread;
Then we will hang him out to freeze
When we go off to bed.
And when we've had our dinner,
You shall have the bone to wish
That boys instead of turkeys
Always made the Christmas dish."





WELCOME CHRISTMAS!

"When summer flowers are hid from sight,
Under a blanket soft and white,
We twine the holly branches bright,
And welcome Merry Christmas!

When chiming bells in chours ring,
And joy our hearts their carols sing,
Our gifts of love we gladly bring
To welcome Merry Christmas!

Then while the bells their carol play,
And rich and poor their greetings say,
May each in gladness know today
A Merry, Merry Christmas!"

—*Selected.*



"OH, IF I only were a boy. They can do so many things," said Sophia True to herself, as she paced restlessly up and down the orchard path. Mamma *must* have that chair! Poor mamma lying there day after day on that lounge. The question is, how can I get one of those invalid's chairs that I saw in Boston last year?

"Oh, if Em would only put her pride in her pocket, and help me, but when I talk to her about doing something to earn the money, she suggests, 'Oh, what would people say?' Sophia stamped her foot, and shut her lips, then exclaimed aloud, "Who cares what people say, not I."

She stopped and glanced off to the beautiful pond sparkling in the sunshine, and watched a boat bobbing up and down on the water. Suddenly the little form straightened, the eyes darkened, she drew her breath hard and fast, the quick brain working vigorously. In ten minutes her plan was clear and all its details mapped out in her mind. As a series of pictures she saw the accomplishment of her idea. Then she turned and bounded along the path to the house. Her sister was standing in the door. She called excitedly, "Em, do come here! I have thought of a way to make money and buy that chair for mamma! I am going to sell pond lilies to the people on the trains, and you will make that nice spongecake that Aunt Abby taught you to make last year."

"O Sophie True, will you ever think of what people will say? What *would* Aunt Abbey say?" replied Emily in a distressed tone of voice.

"What would Aunt Abby say?" mimiced Sophia. "Will she give us the money for the chair? Not much! Then why should we stop for what she might think and say. Em, think of mamma. Oh, can you not see how easily we could do it, if as Uncle Phil says, we start with a will?"

"Where would you get the money for the things to make the cake with," asked Emily, when she saw the pained look on Sophia's face?

"Will you do your part, make the cake, if I do the rest?" eagerly asked Sophia.

"But how will you get the money, to begin with?" persisted Em.

"You go and wait upon mamma, until I can see just where I can get it. Not one word to her! Don't be a sieve, Em," laughingly called Sophia.

Emily entered the house, and Sophia ran to the orchard, climbed a tree, and stretched herself on her back along a large limb, and stared into the sky.

At last, she leaped to the ground, and said aloud, "It cannot kill me, if he says 'No.'" She went swiftly over the hill, entered a store and asked the clerk, 'Where is Mr. Spear? I want to speak with him."

The clerk began to tease her, "Say Soph, tell me, do you want some gum and have n't any money to pay for it? Or do you need a new ribbon for your hair, eh?"

Sophia indignantly exclaimed, "I would have you know, Tom Smith, I am not vulgar enough to chew gum, and the True girls do not run in debt!" Here she stopped abruptly, her face a scarlet blaze. At this moment Mr. Spear stepped out of his office, and seeing her confusion, said pleasantly, "Good morning, Sophia, how is my little friend?"

"Very well, thank you. Mr. Spear, can I talk to you in your office?" He smiled, and said, "Surely, girlie!"

The moment the door was closed, Sophia began, "Mr. Spear, I want to buy mamma one of those wheel chairs, so we can take her out in the sunshine. I have thought how I can earn the money, but we must have some help to begin our work."

Mr. Spear smiled and said, "Now, sweetheart, out with your plan."

When Sophia finished telling him her scheme for money making, he laid his hand tenderly on her head, and said, "What would I give if I had a little girl with your pluck! I shall let you have the articles for your cake-making if your mamma approves of your plan. What does she say about it?"

"I have not told her yet. I wanted to get Emily to consent to do her part, and ask you to help us, before I told mamma anything about it. I am sure I shall not fail, Mr. Spear."

"Good! that's the right spirit to start any work. Well, here is my hand on my part of the contract, little daughter."

"Oh you are always so good to us. I just love you! Now I will go and tell mamma."

Sophia's face beamed as she told her mamma of the result of her interview with Mr. Spear, and her project for money-making, and how she hoped to give her the chair for her Christmas present. She answered all her objections, for her mother felt afraid to have her venturesome girl go out alone on the pond after the lilies, and she shrank from the thought of her selling at the depot.

It was decided that Emily, who was three years older and far quieter, should go with her for the lilies, also help her sell at the station. Three days later Sophia stood on the platform ready to meet the down train from Boston, with her heart beating pit-a-pat, a large basket of pond lilies at her side and Em just behind her with a large tray loaded with sqares of golden sponge cake.

They made a pretty picture dressed in pink and white calico dresses and white sunbonnets. Their light brown curls, dark brown eyes full of excitement, clear skins and red cheeks showed the effect of country life. When the cars stopped, Sophia tripped along beside them, looking up at the windows, calling, "Fresh pondlilies, two cents apiece. Home-made sponge cake ten cents a square! Please buy!"

"Say, Bill, buy some of that cake to help the little miss along," cried a sailor to his mate.

"O papa, I never saw any of those lilies before. I must have a large bunch to take to Nettie," said a pale sickly-looking girl, as she leaned far out of the window, and panting between breaths.

"Tom, this cake is great; take the whole outfit for our party. Say, little one, pass up the cake. Never mind the change."

A crowd of jolly Harvard students on their way to Bar Harbor rushed out of the car, and snatched the waiter from Emily and carried the cake to their seats, singing noisily, "It was on a moonlight evening I was eating cake galore!"

Arriving home Sophia threw her arms around her mother's neck and exclaimed, "How will four dollars do for the first

morning's work?" The next day, as she told Mr. Spear, he looked fondly at her, and a mist gathered in his eyes as the echo of Mr. True's voice sounded in his ears. "Spear, look out for my little girls, when I am gone."

One day, as Sophia passed the car to give some change to a lady, a little girl said pleasantly, "Here is something to read," and handed her WEE WISDOM and UNITY. Nothing delighted Sophia more than to read to her mother and Emily after the day's work was done.

The Golden Text in the Juvenile Bible Lessons caught her eye, "Jesus Christ maketh thee whole." When she went to bed these words kept repeating themselves in her mind, they were there when she awoke in the morning—"Jesus Christ maketh thee whole." She spoke to her mamma about them. Her mamma explained Peter used them to heal Eneas. Her mamma read to her the healing of Eneas in Acts 9:34. Sophia, on the pond gathering lilies, found these words running through her brain. Suddenly she said, "Dr. Brown said mamma never would be well. This man had been ill eight years, mamma has been lame two. Something can be done."

Going home her mamma told her that she had been reading UNITY, and she had learned if one repeated certain statements over and over, thinking seriously about them, that this method created faith, then the words became a part of you, and the result desired came to pass.

"We shall commence tonight to say, 'Jesus Christ maketh thee whole.'" earnestly said Sophia to her mother.

"Why, Sophia True, you dreadful girl! Aren't you afraid to talk that way? That was in Bible times," exclaimed Emily.

"Mamma, do *you* believe that story is true?" Sophia asked.

"Certainly, child."

"Then we will begin tonight," reiterated Sophia.

When night came, she placed two chairs in front of her mamma, called Emily, "Let us all say over and over, 'Jesus Christ maketh thee whole.'"

They continued this practice three months, never omitting one night. One day Sophia and Emily came in and there stood their mamma in the middle of the room. The girls were speechless. She smiled and walked across the floor and sat down. Sophia ran to her and flung herself at her feet, burying her face in her mamma's lap. Emily cried out, "Mamma, has our prayer been answered?"

"Yes, my darlings; shortly after we began holding the statement I felt stronger in my ankles, and the thought came to me that I must do my part, which was to try to walk, so each day I tried to stand, then I took two steps, and so on, until I can now walk anywhere in the house. Thank God."

About two weeks afterwards, Sophia received a letter, which read:

"DEAR SOPHIA—I read with loving interest your letter, telling of your speaking the Word for your mamma's lameness, her recovery, and your wish to start a Truth Center in your parlor. We mailed the books today for your little reading circle. Cordially your friend in Truth,

"MYRTLE FILLMORE."

Sophia handed this letter to her mamma. After she read it she passed it to Aunt Abby, who was visiting them. Aunn Abby adjusted her glasses and looked at Sophia a full minute, then said, 'Sophia True, you are a masterful hand! I do not know as I would like my Anice to be like you. Then the way you *sit* at prayers instead of kneeling, then asking for a miracle! It does seem like tempting Providence," she sighed.

People came from miles around to

talk with Mrs. True about her healing, and Sophia would always attract their attention to the books and magazines. Mr. Spear became very much interested and Sophia and he went to the nearest town one day, returning with chairs, a hanging lamp, and a good-sized table. The neighbors were invited Christmas Eve to Mrs. True's. When all were assembled, Sophia arose and said, "Dear friends, you all know about Emily's and my work this summer. The object was to buy mamma a Christmas gift, an invalid's chair. You all know about her healing, so the chair is not needed. We have taken the sixty dollars that we earned and furnished this room. Here are books, papers, and magazines on the New Thought. I now present it to the neighborhood as *their Christmas present.*"



"And there stood their mamma in the middle of the floor."

That was the beginning of a Truth Center "way down East," by two little girls, True in name and deed.

A REMEMBER VERSE.

If you want to be brave and strong and true,
This is the way you'll have to do:
Just think of the Good that waits for you,
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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 AM THE SON (SUN) OF GOD.

Jewel Word—"LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE."

Thanksgiving Word—"I THANK THEE, FATHER, THAT THOU HAST HEARD ME, AND I KNOW THOU HEAREST ME ALWAYS."

Verse Word—

"As in the flower lives the seed,
As in the cone the tree;
So praise the God of truth and grace
Whose Spirit dwells in me.
As rays of light from yonder sun
The flowers of earth set free,
So life and light and love come forth
From the living Christ in me."

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

UNCLE JOHN'S COLUMN.

We were so glad to learn that you had taken up the Sunshine Club idea. We have been working on this thought for some time. We have our "Sunshine barrel," and are decorating it with Truth thoughts burnt into the wood, and the children are sharing their toys and belongings with their playmates everywhere.

We had a Sunshine lesson today, (Sunday, Nov. 16,) and devoted the entire morning (two hours) to the Truth Thought of this month. We commenced by singing our Thanksgiving song in November WEE WISDOM. Then Mrs. Alden's lesson in *cheap cheerfulness* was read (published in November *Ladies' Home Journal*), followed by the class repeating the Sunshine Banner Verse, which was then discussed. The ideas expressed were as follows:

"Things must not be kept forever, but they should be shared with others."

"'Tis not presents that make happiness, but kind thought and acts."

"'Tis a beautiful thought to be always cheerful."

"Give cheerfully and receive cheerfully."

"Return kindness for unkindness."

"'Tis not what we give, but what we share."

All agreed that the name "Sunshine" expressed Love, and that the Sun is one of the grandest symbols of Love that we have. Thoughts to be realized must be expressed in symbols.



EDEN VALE, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have had the paper since last June, and I like it very much. I wish it came every week, it is so nice. I like the continued story very much. I think the birthday number was very nice. The next birthday I will write a story, too. Hoping my letter will reach you soon. I send a pillow verse:

Love all and happiness will come to you,
Bringing its reward.

I am your friend,
SYLVIA B. FIELDING (ten years old.)

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write you a letter for the first time. I am ten years old. I am always happy when WEE WISDOM comes, and

read it with great interest to my younger brothers and sister. My papa has a dairy; my brother and I water the cows in the river. We play in the sand, and in the summer we wade in the water. Wishing you all a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year, Your friend,

BOTHILDA E. CURTZ.

P. S.—I enclose $1.00 money order for WEE WISDOM another year, Vol. III. "Wee Wisdom Library;" "The Wonderful Wishers of Wishing-well," and some cards. —B. E. C.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little boy ten years old. I get the WEE WISDOM from my Sunday School, and I like it very much, and my mother takes the UNITY too. I would like to know how much the Flower cards are. I have a big flock of chickens. As this is my first letter I cannot write much.

I remain your true friend,

CARL GRIMER.

SAN JOSE, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I go to the Home of Truth Sunday School. I like it very much, and I like my teacher. I get a card every Sunday morning. I have two little puppies, named Jack Horner and Tom Tucker. I like Jack better, for Tom fights too much. They are Cocker Spaniels, all black, long silky ears and short tails. This morning they were fighting, so I played my express wagon was the patrol wagon, and I came down and took them to jail. The mother of these puppies did not like rabbits; she killed a dear little rabbit, which was a beauty, white and fluffy. I had a Belgian hare, I gave it away. This is all for this time. Good-by,

(Dictated) LELAND SPENCER PRUSSIA.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOMS—What a happy thought to have a Sunshine page in WEE WISDOM. I have been a member of a Sunshine society for two years. It is the one with the motto beginning, "If you have a kindness shown, pass it on," and is the Florida branch of the Tribune (N. Y.) Sunshine Society, with quarters at Narcoossee, Florida. I have never known children to be specially interested in it, although many have been the happy recipients of books, papers, etc., from the grown-ups and a few thoughtful older children. I am so glad that there will be a Sunshine page especially for children, and being a subscriber to dear WEE WISDOM I am much interested in its success. After enjoying its monthly visits I "pass it on" to a little friend in Narcoossee. Now will you permit me to make a guggestion? Merely a *suggestion*, mind you, and you can act upon it or not, as you wish. There is a sweet little girl living in Narcoossee who does so long for a doll. Not a fancy French affair, or a mere fashion plate, but a nice, neatly dressed doll for a wee country maiden to enjoy, and it occurred to me perhaps some of you Wees would be happy to know where you could send a little sunshine right away in this beginning of the new thought for others; so if anyone is desirous of satisfying this little girl's longing for a doll, send it to the secretary of Sunshine Society, Narcoossee, Osceola Co., Florida, with request to give it to Effie Lyon who will promptly receive and acknowledge same. A box of toys or other dolls could be distributed easily, and give much happiness to the children of this frontier village. Many never have had a toy, there are none to be bought, and in mady cases the money is all needed for the necessities of life. May you all prosper and be blessed in the work, is the wish of WEE WISDOM's friend, MARIE L. ENNIS.

EAST AURORA, N. Y.

MY DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I do wish you would run a Sunshine Society Column in your dear little paper. I am the General President of the Ray Williams Sunshine Society. I will write a column each month if you wish. I am, yours very truly, "In sunshine or shade,"

RAY WILLIAMS,
"The Boy Editor."

[We see from the little sheet accompaning this letter, that our young friend is the "Boy Editor" of the *Sunshine Bulletin*, published twice a month by four Roycrofters. Price, 50 cents per year. We gladly accept the young editor's offer to pour us out a column of Sunshine now and then, for we have reason to believe him to be a bright Roy.—ED.]

THE INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY,
96 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—Are you surprised to get a sunshine letter from me in New York? I followed you to Denver this summer, and then after a little visit at Memphis came on here to get filled with the Sunshine methods, and learn the work. The first thing I find is dear little WEE WISDOM. Mrs. Alden says she has sent you something for your Christmas Sunshine corner, and appreciates your work so much, and so do I. Bless your heart! You could not help being a Sunshiner—it is in your heart and face and life.

With oceans of Sunshine love for us all,

MRS. C. A. RUGG,
Editor of *Tennessee Sunshine News*.



OUR CHRISTMAS GUEST.

We are very glad to introduce to you WEE WISDOM'S Christmast guest, Miss Edna Beals, of Trenton, Mo. You will be glad to look into her sweet face, and know that she is one of WEE WISDOM'S earnest friends, as her works show, for in the past year she has sent in nearly one hundred new subscriptions to WEE WISDOM. Now if half of you had done anywhere near as well toward extending the circulation of the little paper, think how many, many thousands more *Wees* there would be to Christmas with us, and then, too, we would be enabled to have all the nice dainty illustrations you are longing to see in WEE WISDOM. Perhaps you 'll do better next year, and we'll have the delight of our hearts yet. We could wish Miss Beals would not be so silent, but would just open her mouth and tell us a lot of the good things she looks as if she were thinking about. We wonder if she won't have something to say by New Year? She will feel more acquainted then, for just think! she will have been in all your homes one month when New Year comes 'round. How many are going to make a New Year call in WEE WISDOM?



HARRIET H. RIX.

LESSON X. DECEMBER 7.

Ruth and Naomi. Ruth 1:16:22.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Be kindly affectioned one to another.*— Rom. 12:10.

The book of Ruth is very short, having only four chapters, but it contains a beautiful story of love and faithfulness, which you will each want to hear; so if you cannot read it yourself, ask someone to read it for you. Everybody loves this story today, just as it has been loved by people for hundreds and thousands of years. They are all glad to listen to the story of Ruth and Naomi, because it is a real love story full of tenderness and truth. I wonder whether this is the reason the name of Ruth is such a favorite one to give little girls now-a-days. So many homes, schools and kindergartens have their Ruths, and we trust they are just as loving and true to their mothers as was this Ruth of long ago.

We are told that this Ruth, because of her faithfulness, gave to the world immortal blessings, such as King David, who wrote those wonderful healing treatments called Psalms; and the greater blessing, the child Jesus, who was her grandchild, with so many greats before the grand that we have not time to write them.

One of the most beautiful lights in the world is faithfulness, and one that we all need, so our Good has given us work to do and tasks to perform that we may, through doing them the very best we know how, learn to let this light of heaven in.

Like Ruth, you are a gleaner in the wheat fields of God, and maybe at night, when the busy day is over, you have sometimes heard within your own heart the same question that came to her, "Where hast thou gleaned today?" Perhaps to you it sounds more like this, "Have I been loving and kind to everybody today?" Don't you think it would be good for us to repeat each morning this week, when first we open our eyes, "Today I will do the best I can in every thing"?

LESSON XI. DECEMBER 14.

The Boy Samuel. I. Sam. 3:6-14.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.* — I. Sam. 3:9.

The name Samuel means "asked of God," and his mother gave him this name because he was an answer to her prayer. She prayed many times that God would send her a son, and also promised that when her prayer was answered she would give her son to God, and to the service of God's people. You may be sure this baby boy had a great welcome when he came into the world. It was because of this glad love in his mother's heart that Samuel's life was filled with strength and faith at the very beginning, and, of course, this made him a welcome visitor wherever he went.

Because his mother believed in him this helped him to believe in himself, and when through this he finally became king of Israel, his people trusted him and he was able to do great things for them. When Samuel was yet a baby his mother took him to the high priest that he might be instructed in the love and service of the Good. Here he staid until he was about twelve years of age at which time he began to hear the voice of God in his own heart. We remember that Jesus at the same age said, "I must be about my Father's business."

One night when Samuel had gone to bed and become very still, this voice roused him up. At first he did not know the voice came from within him, and thinking it was the high priest who had called, he answered, "Here am I." He soon found out his mistake, and went back to bed, but again the voice called, "Samuel, Samuel!" After the third time he learned that it was no person calling, but the indwelling God Himself, and from that on he began to listen with the inner ear. In this way, because he listened and obeyed what he heard, God taught him many good lessons, as He will teach us. Let us take Samuel's word for it, say it so quickly, when our Good would guide us, that error cannot get a thought or word in, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

LESSON XII. DECEMBER 21.

Christmas Lesson. Luke 2:8-20.

GOLDEN TEXT — *For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.* — Luke 2:11.

Have you all seen the St. Joseph lily in full bloom? She is a queen among many queens, for all the lilies are queens. She wears a beautiful crown, too. Just look into her heart and see bright, yellow gold in it, and her whole make-up, how stately, firm, white, fragrant and lovely. So is Jesus among men, the "King of Kings," for we are all kings, only he came into his full inheritance, and we are learning from him how we, too, may rule all our thoughts in perfect love and spiritual power.

A little girl being asked one day whose birthday was celebrated on Christmas, said she did not know, and then to the question as to what Christmas was for, answered, "To get presents." You may well laugh, because you know this is not so. Of all holy days this is the sweetest and best, and its lesson is pure love. Why, to just think of Christmas in the right spirit, and the gift of God to us on that first Christmas Day so long ago, is enough to warm up our hearts in love to everybody, and melt away all hard thoughts. Do you know, children, we can each make this a real new Christmas Day for ourselves and each other by getting up bright and early and hunting up someone to bless the first thing in the morning.

Jesus came into the world to give love for hate, beauty for ashes, joy for sorrow, and life in the place of death; and every day since, every time any one gives good for evil Christ is again born in that very heart. In this way we can have Christmas every day in the year.

At this season of joy and gladness, when the whole world is thinking on the same thing, and peace and love are very real, let each little Truth student send out a prayer that his life, too, like the holy child Jesus, may be a gift of God to the world.

LESSON XIII. DECEMBER 28.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.* — Ps. 90:1.

* * *

October 5.—Joshua Encouraged. Josh. 1:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Be strong and of a good courage.* — Joshua 1:9.

I will fear no evil, for God will do through me whatever ought to be done by me, if I ever put my trust in Him.

* * *

October 12.—Crossing the Jordan. Joshua 3:9-17.

GOLDEN TEXT — *When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee; and through*

the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.— Isa. 43:2.

Crossing the Jordan means overcoming or coming over from error to Truth, from sickness to health. I can do this, and all good things through faith in Christ.

* * *

October 19.— The Fall of Jericho. Joshua 6:12-20.

GOLDEN TEXT— *By faith the walls of Jericho fell down.*— Heb. 11:30.

Though my Good may seem to be hidden behind iron bars and stone walls of error and ignorance, I can bring it to light by speaking the word of truth.

* *

October 26.— Joshua and Caleb. Joshua 14:5-15.

GOLDEN TEXT— *He wholly followed the Lord.* — Joshua 14:14.

Whatever good thing I would like to do or be, I can do and be by following after it all the time with my whole heart.

* * *

November 2.— Cities of Refuge. Joshua 20:1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT— *God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.*— Ps. 46:1.

There is nothing to fear, for God is here. Knowing this I have a safeguard always with me, against which no evil can work, no harm prevail.

* * *

November 9.— Joshua's Parting Advice. Joshua 24:14-25.

GOLDEN TEXT— *Choose you this day whom ye will serve.*— Joshua 24:15.

I now choose to serve and obey the right, the good, the light, no matter what it asks of me.

* * *

November 16.— The Time of the Judges. Judges 2:7-16.

GOLDEN TEXT— *They cry unto the Lord in their troubles, and he saveth them out of their distresses.*— Ps. 107:19.

Evil is not real unless I allow it to become so by fearing or serving it. Good is the real, and becomes so to me as I love and serve it. My life is what I make it by my thoughts. Good thoughts bring good into my life.

* * *

November 23.— World's Temperance Lesson. Isa. 28:1-7.

GOLDEN TEXT— *They also have erred through wine.*— Isa. 28:7.

There is no intemperance in my true self, for it is always peaceful, never restless, always contented, never disturbed.

* * *

November 30.— Gideon and the Three Hundred. Judges 7:1-8.

GOLDEN TEXT— *It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.*— Ps. 118:8.

Through the Christ within me I have the strength to say, "No" when I ought to say "no," and "Yes" when I ought to say "yes." I am positive in the Good.

* * *

December 7.— Ruth and Naomi. Ruth 1:16-22.

GOLDEN TEXT— *Be kindly affectioned one to another.*— Romans 12:10.

I will say this of the Christ, "Whither thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

* * *

December 14.— The Boy Samuel. I. Sam. 3:6-14.

GOLDEN TEXT— *Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.*— I. Sam. 3:9.

I am ready to obey in thought, word and deed that which the Good asks of me.

* * *

December 21.— Christmas Lesson. Luke 2:8-20.

GOLDEN TEXT— *For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.*— Luke 2:11.

Jesus is my Master, Teacher, who daily leads me to the Christ within, the birthplace of every Christ.

"God is happiness, light, and life,
God is not struggle, weariness, strife,
God is Love, and that is all
The universe holds, of great or small."

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM

WHAT DOES it mean? The old earth turns its face steadfastly toward the sun. November has forgotten its grayness, the flowers are still blooming in the yards, the tender greens of young clovers and grasses are pushing up all along the roadsides. Everybody is praising the mild weather and the beautiful sunshine. Cold and winter are forgotten terms. Comfort and joy seem to be covering mankind as the waters cover the seas.

What charm has been brought to bear upon "The Weather Man"? What spell cast over Flora that she has forgotten to tuck her tender children in bed for their winter's sleep? What has stayed the habit of complaining and put in its place these words of praise? Why! don't you know the *fashion* has changed? It isn't *the latest* for the "Weather Man" to be gloomy and threatening and "storm around" unnecessarily. It isn't *up to date* for Flora to compel her children to leave the glad sunshine and go off to bed. Neither can anybody *be in the swim* of this good old planet and go 'round complaining, and making themselves disagreeable generally.

No, indeed, that's all quite out of fashion. *Sunshine-making* is *the latest*, and even the "Weather Man" has joined the Sunshine Club, and proven himself a very desirable acquisition, getting in more sunshine to the square inch than any other member, save "Sol" (the Sun) himself. We have talked much together, dear Wisdoms, about the power of the *Word*, and this is a demonstration of it. The Sunshine word we sent out last month has brought in to us from every direction, sunshine messages. Why! it seems really as if everybody were becoming sun centers. No wonder winter's had no show, or cold a place in a world where sunshine's becoming the ruling power. Even our Uncle John is getting more shining into his Unity Sunday School. We had n't room for all the beautiful lesson the *Wees* had that Sunday he tells of. But a "Sunshine Barrel" is a great thing. You 'll find one in our Sunshine Corner, and don't forget that every time you "pass on" a good you are putting something into our Sunshine Barrel. And every time you think a loving, unselfish thought, and do a kind, thoughtful act, you are making *Son*-shine, and that 's the real way to spell it, *Son*-shine, because we are the "*Sons* of the Most High."

Christmas time is almost here, and

> With gifts to give,
> And gifts to get,
> The dear Lord Christ
> We 'll not forget.

For we will remember "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me," (the Christ), and that shows us that every loving service, such as Mrs. Alden so beautifully speaks of in this month's Sunshine Corner, is really Christ-serving. We don't need to go out of our way to find something to do for Christ. Everybody we meet gives us an opportunity to do something for *Christ*. We can be gentle and thoughtful and patient and loving, and forget about ourselves, and the personality, in seeing the beautiful Christ Spirit in us ministering to the beautiful Christ Spirit in them. "He that hath seen *me* (the Christ Spirit in himself and others) hath seen the Father." An old, old poet said:

> "Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
> If he's not born in thee, thy soul is all forlorn."

Do n't you see, Wisdoms, the real Christ manger must be in our hearts? Think of a dear little Christ-child snuggled up in your very own sweet heart. Is n't it Christmas enough to find your wise thoughts have led you right to the Gift of all Gifts, this Christ-mind in you, which shall save you from all evil and make you ruler of life and love?

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MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor.

Christmas, 1902.

Merry Christmas to all!

I wish, one and all, Merry Christmas!
A season of unhindered cheer!
I hope that the good old "Saint Santa"
(Whose just "papa" the rest of the year)
Will get 'round on time with his reindeer,
Do the chimney act safely and well,
Cram the stockings till every gaunt dangler's
Too full its sweet misery to tell.

Then I wish each slumbering dreamer
May wake Christmas morning to find
That the Christ-child has made it a manger
In the sweet loving thought of each mind.
That the "Giver of Gifts" with old Santa
Has vied for the generous part,
While full to the brim is each stocking,
Overflowing with Christ is each heart.

—M. F.

FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS.

Wee Wisdom's Way, by Myrtle Fillmore; paper, 25 cents.

A beautiful story of how the Day family were healed through the understanding of Truth.

Wee Wisdom's Library, Vols. I., II., III. and IV.; paper, 25 cents each.

The four volumes in *one* volume, cloth, $1.00.

Illustrated. The first, second and fourth volumes are short Truth stories, poems, etc.

Volume III. is a complete story in itself, entitled "The Garden, the Gate, and the Key," and was written by Mary Brewerton deWitt "The story is beautifully told, and personifies the virtues of Faith, Prudence and Patience, seeking each their special way into the garden of Wisdom. It tells the beautiful lesson of how each may enter into this garden, but that each by a special key of his own. Altogether the message which the little volume brings is told in entertaining story form, and will be a nice gift to children."—*The Higher Thought*, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Daddy Gander, by Francis Edgar Mason; boards, $1.25.

Large pages with pictures in three colors. It is declared to be the king of funny books and will certainly become as well and favorably known as "Mother Goose."

Just Out (32 pages of "Daddy Gander"); paper, 50c.

Hodge Podge (32 pages of "Daddy Gander"); paper, 50c.

These are My Jewels, by Stanley Waterloo; 232 pp; cloth, $1.00.

A bright, well-written story for children of the New Thought. It is both instructive and interesting. Its characters are healthy, genuine American boys and girls, and not prodigies.

Aunt Seg's Catechism, by Sarah E. Griswold; paper, 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, $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.

The Story of Teddy, by Helen Van Anderson; cloth, 50 cents.

A most winsome story of an whole-souled boy and his inseparable companion, Jack, a great St. Bernard dog. Teddy's efforts to overcome thoughtlessness and unkindness, the doings of the Crystal Truth Seekers, and how their motto, "I want to love the good," helped them to be and do good, are told in a simple natural way which makes the story a fascinating one for children.

The Wonderful Wishers of Wishingwell, by Annie Rix Militz; paper, 15 cents.

This pretty story shows how the circumstances of an entire family were changed by the wishes of three little boys.

How Edith Found Fairyland, by Nina L. Morgan; cloth, 75 cents.

She has opened up an enchanted country, and made a safe road right into the heart of it, so every child can visit this fairyland, and, like Edith, learn the enchantments that transform life into "a thing of beauty aud a joy forever."