WEE WISDOM.



Vol. 8. KANSAS CITY, MO., DECEMBER, 1903. No. 5.



Mother Goose came tripping in
Full of smiles, and rosey;
In her hand a roll of script,
On her breast a posey.
Mother Truth looked up and smiled,
"Something new, my Goosie?"
"Yes, the jingle of a girl
Whose middle name is Lucy."

"Lucy's jingle hath a joy
That makes the world grow brighter,
Sends a tingle thro' the soul
That burden'd hearts grow lighter."
"Let us have it then," said Truth,
"While our Wisdoms listen,
Let the jingle joys ring forth,
Let the love lights glisten."

LUCY'S JINGLE.

And this is what our mother read, And this is what our Lucy said:

When the Sun came up, the Sun said to me,
"Was ever an owner of gold like me?
I pour it out till the world is fed,
And warmed and lighted and put to bed.
Did you ever think
What it means to be
A tireless giver of good like me?
I shine and shine, as glad to bring
Light to the waif as light to the king;
I know no cast, I know no ill —
I shine to bless, I shine to fill,
I shine to gladden, I shine to warm,
I shine to bring into life and form;
I shine that Infinite Good thro' me
May tell its love to hu-man-i-ty."

"Oh, tell me, Sun," I said, "tell true
What can I do to be like you?
You are so great, so bright, so high,
Your shining fills all earth and sky.
What can a little, wee girl do
To help the great, big Good shine thro'?"

"You're just the one,"
Said the smiling Sun,
"To do greater works than I have done.
Walls and doors may shut me out,
But *you* can enter the prison of doubt,
And with one sunny smile make light and glad
The heart that is heavy and dark and sad.
There's a shining, wee girlie, they only can do
Who have love in their hearts, and thoughts that are true
For the home of Good is in the heart,
And the rays of its love are the shining part.
Be faithful, like me, and you will bring
To wint'ry lives the joy of Spring;
Will 'waken the song birds, and bring the bloom,
And color and gladness and rich perfume.
Day in and day out, day out and day in,
Shine and shine, and shine again.
Shine in the morning and shine at noon,
Shine thro' the stars and shine thro' the moon,
For if with glad shinings the day you keep,
The heavens of joy will shine while you sleep.
I am I, and you are you;
Each to our shining will be true.
I'll shine for the earth, the sea, the land,
And you may shine for the *Sunshine Band*.
Shining together, you and I —
One on the earth, and one in the sky —
Reversed in the heart of the Father's Love,
I below and you above,
Together we'll shine and shine and shine,
You in your sphere, and I in mine."

That's what the great Sun said to me,
That's why I'm shining as hard as can be,
And that's why this jingle-de jingle-de-de
Came out of the sunshine to me. — LUCY.

Then Mother Truth said, "If the jingle is done,
We'll all go and thank the shining Sun."

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

VOL. VIII. KANSAS CITY, MO., DECEMBER, 1903. No. 5.

One Summer in Pacific Grove, or What Faith Did.

BY MARY BREWERTON DEWITT.

CHAPTER IV.

WORK AND PLAY.

ON the morrow one might have seen a happy little trio on one of the further beaches scrambling about among the rocks. Harry had a fishing line and was fishing for "shiners," he said, a fish a little larger than minnows.

"Jesus told the men where to throw in their lines," said Evelyn, who was on the sand pulling off her shoes and stockings.

"The disciples had nets," corrected Harry, as he jerked his line. "I tell you if I was in one of those boats on Monterey Bay with the men, I might get some salmon. There are any number way out there."

"Look, now I'm ready." Evelyn rose from the sand and waded in. "Now I'm going to get some mussels off the rocks, and try and sell them. Some people bake and eat them."

The little black shelled mussels held fast to the rocks, but Evelyn used her hatchet to good advantage. In the meantime Jack was wading in and out of little pools, hunting shells, chasing crabs, or poking his fingers into the mouths of sea-anemones to feel them suck his finger in.

"Hi!" he shouted. "It thinks I'm good to eat," and he laughed joyously.

"Don't wade in too far, Jack," advised cautious Evelyn.

"See, there comes that lady down the cliff She was reading yesterday on the other beach. She has some pails and shovels. I wonder what she wants so many for," observed Jack.



Evelyn climbing the rocks.

"I guess she's going to sell them," suggested Evelyn, whose mind was running in one direction at present.

"Jack!" called the lady approaching them.

"My! how did she know your name?" asked Evelyn.

"I told her," called Jack over his shoulder, starting in the lady's direction.

"What does he mean?" queried Evelyn, digging her toes into the sand.

The lady was holding the pails and spades out towards Jack, saying as she did so:

"I heard you say you wanted some little pails. I found these about my house, just waiting for some little boys and girls to use them."

"You're ever so kind," said Evelyn joining them. "Haven't you little girls and boys of your own?"

"No, my little girl has grown up and is away traveling, but I know she'd love to have me give these pails and shovels to a cheerful little lassie and her two brothers."

"Oh, you are so good; just what we wanted so much. How could you have known?"

"A little bird told me," said the lady smiling.

"Jack was the bird, I know!" cried Evelyn. "He tells things and he oughtn't to."

Jack looked guilty. "Well, she's a nice lady, Evelyn."

At this the three sat down in the sand like old friends and laughed merrily. Then Evelyn told all their plans to their sympathetic friend.

"It is most fortunate that I found you," said Mrs. Doble, for that was the lady's name. "I was wondering where I could get some mussels without going into the water after them, for I don't care to spoil my shoes, so here you are with such a quantity. I'll buy two dozen on the spot."

"You've been so kind to us, I'll give them to you gladly," cried grateful Evelyn.

But Mrs. Doble shook her head and said that she would buy them. But when Evelyn pleaded so prettily, the lady was at last obliged to accept her offer.

When Harry appeared over the rocks she and another lady examined his fish and bought all he had, one dozen shiners and two sea bass.

"Didn't you have the luck?" cried Jack on their homeward way.

"No, Jackie, it wasn't luck, it was faith. We wanted to help mother, so good came straight to us. If you want to do something for someone else the good makes it easy, and you don't have a bit of bother," explained Evelyn.



Looking at Harry's Fish.

"Mother! Mother!" they shouted swinging their pails, as they reached their doorway.

"We've made a beginning," explained Evelyn. "Mrs. Doble wants two dozen mussels tomorrow."

"And another lady wants fish," added Harry. "I'm going to walk over to Monterey and see what I can do there."

"And look at the buckets we have to put things in," interrupted Jack.

"I never saw such children," cried Mrs. Evans, holding back her apron. "You have made a beginning, God bless you!" She smiled and led them in to a table of good things.

When Evelyn saw the pile of waffles with the honey to cover them, she gave a delighted little cry.

"I've another idea. Oh, mother, it's splendid! But I won't tell."

She hugged Jack and spread her napkin out.

[*To be continued.*]

THE BACK PORCH FAMILY.

BY M. ALICE SPRADLIN.

(Concluded from November Wee Wisdom.)

It was not long after this tiil the father bird gathered up courage to come and make sure that all were safe, and then flew joyfully back to his mate to tell the good news. After this he seemed to fully understand the good intentions of Edith, and came and went fearlessly to the nest, but Mrs. Sparrow never quite got over her nervousness.

"Those cunning birds! I begin to see through their tricks. They put those feathers up there both for a blind and to keep the warm air around their eggs. The sun shining, as it does through the greater portion of the day, on the roof keeps the eggs warm. And this is why the Madam was so anxious for me to go in last night. Her bird intelligence told her that it was growing too cold for her eggs. Truly, the mother love is sacred wherever found," thought Edith as she peeped through a crack in the door and watched the bird fly eagerly to her nest as soon as her back was turned. Then all was quiet and still.

During the days that followed the back porch family grew in interest and it was there that Edith and her friend spent most of their leisure time. It was not long before Mr. Sparrow sensed the kindness of Edith and manifested no uneasiness when she went about the nest. But it was different with Mrs. Sparrow. She never would come even to the nest when anyone was on the porch without great hesitation and show of fear.

But one day there came over both of them a very serious demeanor. There was no extra chirping or chattering and wasted energy in flying. They flew in and out in a very business-like way and in quick succession. While at first you could scarcely notice anything in their bill, yet it was evident they were carrying food.

"The little birds surely have materialized," said Edith. "Yes, I feel them like so many little worms way back there in their warm cozy nest. But there are only three of them and there were four eggs."

"Perhaps one is further down in the nest," suggested her friend.

"No, but here is the other egg not yet hatched. I wonder if it will? What do you suppose they have done with the shells? There is not a vistage of them up here."

"You will have to observe more closely if you want to find out all the domestic secrets of the Sparrow family," replied her friend.

The next day there were four birdies in the nest and the family was complete.

"I wonder," said Edith, "if one egg hatches each day? If so, one bird will be four days older than the last. I am sorry I did not make sure about this fact. But Mrs. Sparrow takes on so when I get up there that I missed several days."

It was not long before the little ones

began to make themselves heard. Though the parent birds worked until they looked careworn and weary, those four little mouths kept constantly calling for more food. It was only a little while in the middle of the day that their greed seemed to relax. At the earliest peep of day Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow began their domestic duties—cleaning out the nest and bringing water and food as fast as their little wings could carry them. Sometimes Mrs. Sparrow would get one of her nervous spells, and would turn herself about on the clothes-line and fly from tree to tree with her bill full of food while Mr. Sparrow would make half a dozen trips to the nest. This he always did in a business-like way and gave little attention to his nervous wife. Never did he seem to get out of patience with her, though he would often try to encourage her by uttering beckoning notes from the nest, and if she would come, he would stand guard until she went in and came out and they would fly away together.

One evening after dark the thought came to Edith to see if the mother bird sat on her nest during the night. By this time the little ones were almost half grown. She climbed up and put her hand in the nest but only felt the little birds, when all at once like an arrow, something darted out into her face. There was not a chirp made. The little form in its terror and fright reached the roof, and by intently listening Edith could hear the "hop, hop," of its tiny feet on the shingles as it groped aimlessly about in the dark.

"Poor little frightened bird! My curiosity has cost her a night of terror. I wonder if she will try to come back." And as Edith sat and waited and listened, she could almost hear the mother-heart throbbing with grief and fear. It was either too dark for her to find her way back or else she thought her little ones were hopelessly gone, for the mother bird made no attempt to return, and Edith had to go in with the feeling that she would give much to be able to assure that little mother of the safety of her dear ones. The next morning they both seemed to express a special joy in their movements as they went lovingly and faithfully about their work.

One day while they were both coming with a load of food they stopped on the clothes-line and began to utter a strange note. The loud chirping of their little ones suddenly ceased while other sparrows from all directions began to arrive. Looking about to see what was the cause of so much confussion a cat was seen lurking about the yard.

"It seems to me those birds should be almost large enough to fly. Do you notice what coarse food the parent birds are now bringing to them? I think I will get up and see how they are progressing."

Edith stood on the railing, but when she put her hand in the opening there was a general scurring back into the nest. Then suddenly there came one, two, three objects by her head. One birdie landed in a geranium bush, another in the wood-box, and the third could do no more than drop obligingly down to the porch floor and scuddle away in a corner. But this last one could use his legs better than he could his wings, and it was some time before he lay panting in Edith's hands looking out at her with two sharp black eyes. But he soon ceased struggling and did not seem to be the least bit afraid when he was put back in the nest. The one in the wood-box was also put back. Then came the hunt for the one in the bushes. At first everything seemed

perfectly still and there was not a movement that indicated its presence.

"Evidently the old birds are telling it to keep still, or it has wandered away under the cover of the bushes. I feel more anxious about this one than I did the others," continued Edith, "for if it can't fly the cats will be sure to get it."

Then all at once there was a movement among the leaves and an awkward little bird fluttered out in the open at Edith's feet. But before she could make anv attempt to catch it, the mother bird flew down and led it away into the garden. The father bird, too, seemed very proud and officious. But it was the mother who was now in command, and he yielded the palm most graciously and went meekly back to the task of feeding the others. Mrs. Sparrow devoted her entire time and attention to this one.

"Well, she seems to think that she is able to take care of it, so I shall let her," said Edith as she turned to come in the house. "But see her!" cried Edith, "how she hops on to that little clod and down again chattering all the time and leading the way to the pailings where he can have some protection in the game of 'dodge' should a cat make her appearance. And oh! see that little thing try to do what it sees its mother do. There! it got on that clod that time! And see, it is now on that stick! Evidently she is trying to get it off of the ground as soon as possible, for just as soon as it can hop on one thing she selects another a little higher."

"And see how much better it can use its wings already," added her friend.

"It is really as large as its mother and if it was not for its awkward movements you could scarcely tell them apart," said Edith. "And how proud she seems of it!"

"It is very evident your services are not needed, so you can come in out of the sun" suggested Edith's friend.

A few hours later it was seen in one of the low bushes, and when night came on it was in the fig tree sitting quietly among the leaves while its mother brought it food.

It was two days before the next strongest came out. This little fellow took his first exercise in a tree and did not have to work himself up from the ground. So each was taken, one by one, and trained to fly by the mother bird, while the father bird gave his attention to those remaining in the nest. Once in a while, when other duties allowed, he would join the training party to express his pride and admiration and chatter to the mother.

It was a week before the last born was able to come out. It seemed specially timid, and they seemed loath to give up their happy home. But finally, after much coaxing, it was persuaded to take the first leap into the unknown world. And when it did, the home nest was deserted and the interest and life in the back porch suddenly lagged.

"How we miss those birds," said Edith one evening as she and her friend sat on the porch. "They have taught me many things of interest, and all in all, a beautiful lesson of love, faith, and patience.

[*The End.*]

TO THE WEE WISDOMS.

Aunt Mary de Witt will send a dressed doll to the little girl who sends in the largest number of subscriptions to WEE WISDOM before the 1st of February. To all those sending two or more, a Truth card will be sent. Be sure and write your names and addresses clearly, with your own name and address. Subscriptions must be sent to

Wee Wisdom, 1315 McGee Street,
Kansas City, Mo.

WILMA'S TRUTH LESSONS.

This is the way I came by them: Wilma slipped them into my hand with a knowing smile one day at Sunday School. And this is how they look: Two dainty sheets of note paper, the outer one pink, the inner blue, laced together with a tiny ribbon of baby blue, and tied in pretty bow at the back. There's a little lead-pencil star in each of the four corners of the pink cover, made by Wilma's own hand, and the penciled announcement, made by the same hand in big round letters, in the center of the cover is, "*Wilma's Truth Lessons.*"

On the other side of the pink page is a pretty scroll, made after the manner of WEE WISDOM'S seed scroll, containing the magic words, "*Love Never Faileth.*" On the first blue page Wilma gives her lesson on

GOD.

"God is my refuge; He is Life, Love, Truth, Health and Strength. He is the All-Powerful. He is always with you everywhere you go. There is wisdom in me. I can't be sick. God is Strength, Life, Health, Love and Truth, and He fills all space; He is in me, and if He is all those things, and is in me besides, why I can't be sick. He fills all space with love, truth, peace, health, strength and life."

On the second blue page Wilma gives a rule that will always work out fair and square.

"The Golden Rule for me
Is to be as kind to others
As I'd have others kind to me."

On the third a little poem on the meaning of the colors — pink, white and blue.

"I know three little maidens.
One is pink and one is white,
And the other one is blue.
I know three little maidens,
One is love, one is purity,
And the other one is true."

"God is Wisdom. 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.'"

The last blue page records a demonstration of Wilma's, and shows that she practices what she preaches.

"I had a sore finger one day, and I sat down on a chair and shut my eyes and treated it; the very minute I said a word or two then it did not hurt any more. — WILMA."

The very next best thing to *knowing* is *doing* the good we know. You can see from Wilma's color poem, why she choses pink and blue paper for this little Truth book.

DO IT.

If you have a task to do, lad, do it.
Do not dally half a day; get through it.
Do not mix your work with play,
Do not idle by the way,
Go and do it right away — do it.

If a lesson you should learn, then learn it;
If the grindstone you must turn, then turn it.
Strike out boldly like a man,
'Tis by far the better plan;
Do the very best you can, lad — do it.

If the garden you must till, then till it;
If the wood-box you should fill, then fill it.
Though the task be not so fine,
Do not fret or mope or whine,
Do your duty, line on line, lad — do it.

Should the wood-pile need your strength and muscle,
Get your coat off with a lively hastle;
Every stick that you shall split
Is a tribute to your grit,
And will harm you not a whit; then do it.

Never mind if your task seems lowly,
Never mind if your reward comes slowly;
Keep your conscience clean and white,
Keep your courage strong and bright,
And you'll surely win the fight; then do it.

Never fear but what the world will know it.
Just pursue your quiet way,
Make the best of every day,
Do your duty while you may, lad — do it.

— *Youth's Companion.*

CHRISTMAS.

BY PAPA HARRY.

"PAPA, was Jesus born on Christmas?" asked Albert.

"No," answered Papa, "Jesus was born in warm weather, probably in June or May, most likely in May at the great conjunction of the planets Jupiter and Venus which made the star of the wise men."

"Then why do we celebrate it as his birthday?" asked Orion.

"We do not celebrate it as the birthday of Jesus, but in commemoration of the anniversary of the birth of Christ," replied Papa.

"Tell us about it," said Albert.

"All right," said Papa. "A long time ago the earth was created, and the sun was set in the heaven to run the seasons and give heat and light. The people began to divide the stars into separate groups and name them. One was called the Virgin, and into this constellation the sun appeared in December.

"The earth revolves on ever-changing axis and makes a complete change, or circle, of a new axis every 25,000 years. This movement gives the sun a falling back motion among the stars (called the procession of the equinoxes) so that it is not now in the constellation of the Virgin in December, but it is in the constellation of the Goat. The ancients watched the sun as it receded toward the South, and the cold came down from the North, and all life seemed to go to sleep. About the 19th of December the sun appeared to stand still and go no farther southward, and by the 25th it could be seen coming northward — a new sun born of the Virgin — bringing new life to all the world. The sun sweeps to the North, bringing life, light and happiness — peace, love and increase — an awakening to renewed life and health — Spring. The ancients commemorated this by holding a great feast with games and giving of presents, and for the time making all free and equal; even the slaves received presents and lived on an equality with their masters. This festival was called Saturnalia. The early Christian church tried to suppress the celebration of Saturnalia, but could not, so the church decided to let the people celebrate it, and call it Christmas in commemoration of the birth of Jesus Christ.

"And each nation has given some part to the festivities — the Latins the giving of presents to children, the Scandinavians the placing of a fir tree in the house to inveigle the god of the woods into the house, the Celtæ the making of puddings, decorating with holly, etc. And each science has furnished part — astronomy, geology, history — all blend to make this day the most fitting of all to celebrate. The Saturnalia is supposed to date back to the shadowy Golden age of the earth when good old Saturn ruled over it and trouble was unknown. In fact, Christmas was really fixed when our universe was planned, and the motions and positions of the earth, sun and stars fix it, and no institution of man can change or suppress it."

"Then you like to have it come," said Orion.

"Yes," answered Papa, "when I see the grand old Sun — God's great giver of life — emblem of the Father's Son, the Christ — an orb 1,300,000 times the size of our world, come rushing back to us through the heavens, awakening in all of us a new-born power, spreading a carpet of beautiful flowers over the earth, bringing an attendant train of sweet singing birds and gorgeous butterflies; when I see the whole world

being filled with love and peace and plenty, and each sentient being filled with the knowledge of the birth of a new power and a new love, the Christ within; when I feel the whole world pulsating in the love bonds of brotherhood, under the fatherhood of God; then, I too, feel like worshiping the Son, and up through the Son to the Father, and I feel like giving thanks and expressing that thanks by giving presents."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SKIRT.

BY ANNA IGOE.

[13 years old.]

The first place I can remember being was in a large department store in Leeds, England. One fine day in summer a young lady, whom I thought looked like an American, came into the store, and asked the saleslady to let her see some of the latest style linen skirts.

It was rather tedious work waiting on her, as she was rather hard to suit, and after showing her about five different skirts, the saleslady at last brought me to her and was glad to hear that I suited.

"Cash," was then called, and I was sent to be wrapped up. After this I was placed in my new mistress' valise, and after a ride of about twenty minutes in an omnibus I found myself deposited on the floor of — I know not what, since I lay in the depth of the valise. But at last I was taken out, and I found I was in a luxuriously furnished room, and I was exhibited to father, mother, and sister, all of whom greatly admired me.

After a week or so I heard a deal of excitement going on around, and by chance found out that my mistress and her family were going to their home in America, and that they would sail on the following day. Great was my excitement as I thought of what a treat it would be to cross the ocean, and my one wish was that my mistress would wear me part of the way, so that I might see the sights of an ocean voyage.

The morn dawned bright and clear, and to my great delight my mistress decided to wear me. An hour after we reached the boat the signal for departure was given.

For three successive days after we started my mistress wore me, but on the third day an accident befell me. While at the dinner table the boat gave a sudden jerk, and upset my mistress' plate of soup all over me. Of course, this meant the valise for me for the rest of the journey, as I had to be washed before I could be worn again. I felt very bad at first, but after a while I began to think that perhaps this little accident had happened to remind me that I was getting rather selfish in always wanting to be worn, and that I should give some other skirt a chance to see something also.

Well, I was not worn again during the rest of the journey, and when it was over I had a great deal of riding in trolley cars to do, but at last I found myself installed in my permanent home, which was situated on Fifth Ave., New York City, and the next new personage who handled me was the washwoman, and she certainly admired me.

I soon became acquainted with the skirts who were to be my companions, and I found them very genial and sociable. One night a thought came to me of my old friends in Leeds, and I wondered if they all felt just as happy and as satisfied with their fate as I was. At last as I dosed to sleep I said to myself, "I am a lucky skirt, and I have much to be thankful for."

THREE GOOD FRIENDS.

Francis Eugene Berier has come to visit you this month with his good Maltese cat, Thomas Babkin Berier.



FrancesEugene Berrier and his Maltse ce at.

They are great friends. See how quiet and contented Tommy looks.

Francis lives in the country with his mother and father and dear little sister Naomi, whose picture has appeared in WEE WISDOM before. Francis is a good Truth student, thoughtful of his sweet mother, and gentle and loving with his little sister, whom he adores.

Under the palm you see Edna Hickok. She is sitting in the Home of Truth grounds. She must think it a great joke to have Aunt Mary take her picture, for she is smiling with mouth and eyes.

I'll tell you something: Edna is a very happy little twelve-year old, and is smiling most of the time. She knows the secret of making others happy, also, for she is always doing some nice little thing for some one. I am sure those



Edna Hickok.

two, who are good friends, and also Tommy Berier, are wishing you a merry Christmas with —AUNT MARY.

A FROWN AND A SMILE.

Such a silly little, foolish little, naughty little frown —
Too small to do the slightest harm, you'd think,
Yet the naughty little frown frowned the nursery pleasure down,
And made a pleasant room as black as ink.
Nurse scolded — Jamie sighed —
Kitten ran and baby cried —
(You scarcely can believe it, but it's true);
Every smile was blotted out
With that naughty frown about —
Just think how much a little frown can do!

Such pleasant little, happy little, jolly little smile —
Too small to do the slighest good, you'd say,
Yet that happy little smile kept the nursery all the while
As cheerful as the sunshine, and as gay.
Nurse was singing like a bird —
Baby cooed, and kitten purred —
(You scarcely can believe it, but it's true);
Everywhere that small smile went
It brought pleasure and content —
Just think how much a little smile can do!

—*Selected.*



(Contributed by Uncle John.)

Class Word— "YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."

Jewel Word— GOD GUARDS ME CONTINUALLY.

Verse Word—

Love suffereth long, and is kind;
Love envieth not.
Love vaunteth not itself,
Is not puffed up;
Doth not behave itself unseemly;
Seeketh not her own;
Is not provoked;
Taketh no account of evil;
Rejoiceth not in iniquity,
But rejoiceth in the truth;
Beareth all things,
Believeth all things,
Endureth all things.



LEEDS, NORTH DAKOTA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I will write to you. I am seven and Lily is five. I am going to school. I have three sisters and two brothers. Write to me and tell me how it is down there. My dear WEE WISDOM, I will bless and send love to all.

SELEMA WEIERMULLER.

[Selema's mamma says Selema is very anxious to know what all the Wees are doing. Can't *you* tell her?—ED.]

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my first letter I have ever written to you. I like you very much. I am going to be eleven years old the eighth of May. I am going to school every day, and I am in the third grade. I wish the WEE WISDOM would come every week instead of every month. I like the letters the children write. I love to read the letters the children put in the WEE WISDOM. These letters are very pretty. I love the piece Annie Schellhardt wrote; mamma loves it too. I have four sisters and one little sweet brother. His name will be Marcelles. I will write you my sisters' names: Ida, Bertha, Caroline, Elsie; and my name is Hulda. I love to go to Sunday School. Mr. Schroeder is my Sunday School teacher. I have two nice pictures of the Divine Science Sunday School. I have a prayer here. I say it every night.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
And know the Lord my soul will keep;
And I shall wake to see the light,
For God is with me all the night.
Amen."

I will come to a close. Yours truly,

HULDA SCHELLDHARDT.

[You ought to see this letter as Hulda wrote it. It is written in such large clear letters you could almost read it across the room. Every letter just as plain as print as if Hulda had done her best with every letter. It makes one feel as if Hulda had first thought very clearly just what she wanted to say, and then as if her little fingers just as clearly knew how to put it down on paper. I expect her teacher gives her 100 for all her written exercises.— ED.]

AVON, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Please send Grace and Camille Stump WEE WISDOM. We like it very well. I like the story about Rose the best. We both like it. Mamma reads it sometimes, too. It is a nice little paper. Most of the stories are funny. Enclosed find 50 cents. Your friend,

GRACE STUMP.

[WEE WISDOM thanks Grace for such letters. A nice invitation to come and visit her every month. WEE WISDOM likes to be liked.—ED.]

FRUITVALE, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my first letter I have ever written to you. My sister has a black cat named Don. I have three gold fish; two are red and one is white and red. I am very much interested in that story called, "One Summer in Pacific Grove, or What Faith Did."

Your true friend, ANNIE NOONAN.

SIGNAL, ARIZ.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have not written to you for a long time. I thought I had better write, and help to fill up the letter-box. I like the story of "The Summer at Pacific Grove" very much. My little colt is seven months young. His mother is so small that he is nearly as large as she is now. Nellie, his mother, is a pure Shetland. I shall write a story for WEE WISDOM as soon as I get time. I have one dog, nine cats, a Shetland mule, pony and colt, and eight ducks. I have no brothers or sisters, but I have lots of pets. I must close now. With lots of love and good wishes, I am

Your loving friend, EDITH G. TAPPAN.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR EDITOR— I was in Springfield, Mass., last month, and did not receive the WEE WISDOMS until lately. Thanks so much for the extra copies you sent me. I am writing another story which I will send you soon.



Yours sincerely,
H. DOROTHY DAMBMAN.

[This is Dorothy, the owner of the squirrels, and the author of the little stories about them.—ED.]

MOSIER, OREGON.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I want to tell you how our little dog Monday found a new eyeball. I and papa were sawing wood and mamma told us to see what was the matter with Monday. We picked him up and looked at him. He did not have but one eye. We took him in the house and gave him a treatment. Mamma had to put her hand on his eye to keep him from rubbing it. We kept on giving him treatments for three days, and then we noticed a little new eyeball. I think a cow hooked it out, for he was chasing one before. I like the WEE WISDOM very much.

Yours Respectfully, RUSSELL CLARKE BEAR.

LEEDS, NORTH DAKOTA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I will write you a letter. I am going to school now. I am ten; my birthday was the second day of school, and my teacher's name is Miss Jewett. I am in the fourth grade. much; my first vacation will be next Christmas. I will send a little piece.

CLARA WEIERMULLER.

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I will write you a letter. I would write you a story, but I am not a very good hand at story writing. I like that continued story entitled, "One Summer in Pacific Grove, or What Faith Did." The stories in WEE WISDOM have been very good. I think the verses on the back of WEE WISDOM are very nice. I send some verses I made up. I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

BOTHILDA E. CURTZ.

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my first letter to you. Your stories are so sweet, and when I saw in your little paper this week that you wanted more letters I thought I would write one The story about Red Caps was so sweet. I am also getting good thoughts from WEE WISDOM. With love to all Wees, JANET WHITE.

[Good for Janet.— ED.]

I have often wanted Clarence to write and tell you how much he thinks of WEE WISDOM, and he commenced several letters but did not finish them. Here is something he wrote one evening when he was trying to express how much he really does think of the dear little paper:

"WEE WISDOM is a sweet one,
WEE WISDOM is a dear;
And I'll try with all my might
To learn it all the year."

Clarence has read Wee Wisdom's Way so much that he about knows it by heart. When he first read it he said, "When I get to be a big man I am going to be a Scientist and make my mamma well." CLARENCE'S MAMMA.

WICHITA, KAN.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — Thank you very much for the extra copies of WEE WISDOM. I send you a picture of my little sister. She is very cute. Her name is Gertrude Rogers Will. She is six months young. I go to school, and am in the fourth grade. I am nine years young. I enjoy reading WEE WISDOM very much.

Your friend, MARIAN V. WILL

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am going to write you a letter. I like you very much. I can read a little of you. I am in the second grade. I like to go to school very much. I go to town with my papa once in a while. I wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Your friend, GEORGE E. CURTZ.

WEE EDITORS' SANCTUM.

WE Editor has gone away to Chicago and left us without a Sanctum unless we boys pitch in and write one ourselves. Of course, we boys are always glad of a chance to greet you all in the Sanctum and have a pleasant chat with you.

Let's talk about Christmas this time. We know you are all thinking about the presents you are going to give, and you think sometimes of the presents you would like to receive. We *know* that's the way *we* think sometimes.

We suspect the girls want everything from a sewing machine to a sugar-lump, and the boys expect anything from a box car to a tin whistle.

But, of course, you don't care as much for the presents as you do for the love of the dear Santa Claus, or papa or mamma, or sister or brother or friend that gives you the present.

You all enjoy giving presents, and how you *do* like to see the bright smile of the one who receives your present. You know you have made someone happy and *that* makes you happy. It always does. And do you know that it is not always so much what you give that brightens another's face as it is the spirit in which you give it? We know for our part that we would rather receive a little Christmas card with a loving smile than a costly gift without a smile.

Jesus said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." How many of us would rather give a present than get one? Well, never mind, we can all give some kind of a present. You do not need to give a material present. You can make others happy by doing them a little kindness, or by giving them a gentle, loving word. Let's make all our friends a present of some helpful thoughts. Good thoughts cost you nothing and are always fine presents.

The good stories and letters some of you have written are also good presents, and we find great pleasure in reading them as many others are doing.

Did you ever think how different Christmas must seem in different parts of the country? The Wees who live in the North will go skating or coasting, or throw snow balls, and Wees in the Sunny South will have just as good a time, only they will have no snow or ice unless they go into the mountains.

Most of us live where there is plenty of snow and ice, and we don't know just how they do celebrate Christmas where the weather is warm at Christmas time. Maybe some one will be so kind as to write and tell us all about it for New Year's WEE WISDOM. Won't someone try?

Mr. A. Nickel must be very busy just before Christmas, and this is probably the reason he does not write us a letter this month, or maybe he is shut up in one of those iron prisons that you would call a bank, and he can't get any pen and paper. He will no doubt be glad to tell us how he spent Christmas as soon as he finds time or gets out into the sunlight again.

Miss Skirt tells us some very interesting things, and we are glad to see that she controls her temper so well.

See how soft and downy and restful Aunt Mary has made the pillows up for us this Christmas. On Christmas eve just take one and go off to sleep after your stocking has been hung up, and you will have the nicest dreams that it is possible for anyone to have. And the next morning there is pretty apt to be something nice in your stocking.

We would like to make you each a personal call on Christmas morning to see what you have found in your stocking, but as this is not possible in the flesh (as there are so many of you and you are scattered over so much ground), we will content ourselves with sending you each and all the best of wishes for a Merry Christmas.—WEE EDITORS.

WEE WISDOM

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MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor.

Christmas, 1903.

Standard Books for Children.

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.

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.

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."

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."

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.

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.

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.

Morning Glories, by Fannie B. James; cloth, 40 cents; paper, 25 cents.

Lessons for the young. The Truth told in simple and interesting language.

Elsie's Little Brother Tom, by Alwyn M. Thurber; boards, 75 cents.

The narrative is pure and wholesome, thrilling and instructive, and full of human nature.— *Mind.* It is a decided hit in the realm of bright stories for boys and girls.— *Eleanor Kirk's Idea.*

Tim's Fairy Tales, by Sarah Wilder Pratt; cloth, 50 cents.

One beauty of this little volume is the extreme simplicity with which the story is told, yet altogether out of the common order of fairy tales. Read what the little deformed boy did by the use of the magic words, "I can, I will."

Child's Christ Tales, by Andrea H. Proudfoot; price, $1.00.

In short, typical kindergarten stories the writer puts the different points of the Christ life into exquisite form. It is a precious gift to any child, and to child lovers for Christmas, Easter or birthday.

Tora's Happy Day, by Florence Peltier Perry; 48 pp; boards, 50 cents.

A little tale of Japan, that beautiful far-away land of many myths, where the cherry blossoms are revered, where the babies never cry, and where the children are always respectful to their parents. Nine full-page illustrations.


Monday
The night comes creeping, creeping,
When little eyelids fall,
And while you're sweetly sleeping
God's blessing rests on all.
—Aunt Mary.
Tuesday
Rest, little one, sleep sweetly;
There's a dream, dear, for thee,
Made of heavenly whispers,
From the dreamland tree.
—Aunt Mary.
Wednesday
The night comes creeping, creeping,
And in her cloak of gray
A thousand stars are peeping
To light you on your way. —Aunt Mary.
Thursday
The Christ-child has wakened,
And joy is abroad;
We rest on our pillows,
And thank the dear Lord.
—Aunt Mary.
Friday
"Give," says he sunshine,
"Give," say the flowers,
Give to the Father
Thro' the fair hours.
—Aunt Mary
Saturday
Love's in the morning hour,
Love's in the light,
Love's in the darkened hour,
Love's in the night.
—Aunt Mary.
Sunday
I love every living thing.
Everything loves me.
Love and kindness always bring
Blessings back to me.
—Selected.