WEE WISDOM.



Vol. 7. KANSAS CITY, MO., FEBRUARY, 1903. No. 7.



My Dear Wee Wisdom:

I received the Sunshine Barrel too late to play Santa Claus, as it did not get here until after Christmas. But nevertheless I have made quite a few dear little ones happy who did n't get anything for Christmas. One family of five I will mention in particular; they live a little way out in the country. The mother accidentally got her leg broken, and the children were too small to be left alone with her, and so their father was obliged to stay at home. No one to earn the living but him, so what would they have done for Christmas! I sent them some of the nice things in the Sunshine Barrel, and mamma added some candy, apples and cakes, and I feel sure that they were made happy. I want to thank all the Wee Wisdoms that helped for their kindness, and the happiness they gave the dear little ones here. I know you all have had a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. And so, I am yours truly,

— Frankie Hunt, Edmond, Okla.

Dear Wee Wisdoms:

In the Sunshine department of the November number of your magazine, I suggested that someone might like to send a doll to little Effie Tyson, of Narcoossee, Florida, who has long wanted one, and today she is the happy possessor of a lovely doll through the kindness of Mary Brewerton de Witt, of Alemeda, California, who not only sent a doll for Effie, but many beautiful cards to be distributed among the children of the village on Christmas. So you see how soon Sunshine needs can be supplied if we will only "think and do." If you will all look about earnestly for opportunities to scatter sunshine you will find them, and many of them, and in so doing will attract much sunshine into your own lives while helping to make other lives brighter. Keep doing. You will find it the happiest, most satisfying work you ever engaged in. Miss de Witt has been written to personally, but I wished to make an acknowledgment through the columns of the magazine that all might know of the Christmas made happier through the ready response of one who I feel sure finds great delight in Sunshine work. May the New Year be bright with happiness for you all because of the Sunshine you may bestow upon others, is the wish of one interested in the work you are doing.

Yours in sincerity,

— Marie L. Ennis, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mrs. Fillmore:

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." You and your Sunshine band are much blessed today, for many here are, and you more. The day before Christmas was very cold, but I went about with bundles and baskets. The cold wind made the tears run, and they froze as they fell on my coat, but I forgot the cold when I found little ones shivering. I have had them in my house, and sent them away happy many times. The little girls said that they would write to the "Sunshine lady," but the cold and home cares have kept me in, so I have not been to see them since we received the clothing. All expressed gratitude and seemed to be happy. One little girl of ten had no doll, and was made happy by one you sent; another doll went to the mother who is like the "woman who lived in a shoe." I want to learn how to have the "Blessed Sunshine" all the time, and be like our Blessed Master in going about doing good. I have given away everything about the house that we can spare. I will try and get the little ones to report. May the dear Lord bless you and yours. Yours gratefully,

— Mrs. J. J. Hardin,
Pattonsburg, Mo.

WEE WISDOM

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

VOL. VII. KANSAS CITY, MO., FEBRUARY, 1903. No. 7.

Uncle Noble's Rainbow Rose.

MARY BREWERTON DEWITT.

CHAPTER VI.

NO MORE PAIN.

PANSY sobbed all the way home. Her mother tucked her into her bed and sat down beside her, and took her hand. Rose was in the next room busy threading some beads.

"Tell me, precious one, why is it you are crying so?" said Mrs. Bright, lovingly, as she smoothed Pansy's hair, and tried to soothe her.

"I think I'd better send for a doctor. This isn't a bit like my Little Pansy."

"Oh, no, mamma, please don't have the doctor," and Pansy sobbed again.

"What hurts you then, Pansy?"

"Nothing, mamma, really nothing."

"Is your back tired? Does it hurt you in any way?"

"No, it feels better. It feels different. Oh, dear mamma, that's why I'm crying, that awful feeling that's been there so long has all gone away."

"Are you sure?" asked Mrs. Bright.

"Oh, yes, it feels all well; no pain at all."

"Surely it is a miracle!" exclaimed Mrs. Bright.

"No, mamma dear, it's God did it, and He is here all the time; and I know Rose helped."

"Yes, but, dear, don't cry any more, or you'll wear yourself out. Here's my handkerchief."

"Really, mamma, I couldn't help crying, I'm so glad. My heart feels so big and full, and I'm so glad. Please go in the next room and leave me all by myself, I want to think about it."

"Very well, dear," said Mrs. Bright, rising, "Shall I tell Rose?"

"No, please let me."

Awhile later Mrs. Bright crept back into the room to find her child sleeping sweetly, a happy smile upon her face.

Pansy was still sleeping when the door-bell rang.

"It's the afternoon mail," said Mrs. Bright, looking up from the sewing she had in her lap, "Run, Rose, to the door, please."

"Oh, look," said Rose on her return to the room, waving a little blue envelope over her head, "it is a letter for me from Prudence. Pansy will be glad, too."

"Yes, Prudence is a very nice little girl," said Mrs. Bright.

"I'll read it to her when she wakes," concluded Rose.

"In the meantime you may let me hear what Prudence has to say, if you wish," said Mrs. Bright.

So Rose read:

"MY DEAR ROSE — Your good letter came the other day. I think you must have forgotten that I know Pansy, but I met her before she was hurt,

and she could walk then. I've been telling her every day since receiving your letter that God takes care of her, and gives her strength and courage to sit up and walk. I hope she is much better by the time this reaches you. My mamma sends her love to you and Pansy and Mrs. Bright. Please write to me soon again. Its quite lonely without you. Rover wags his tail and says, 'Bow, wow;' that's the way he sends his love.

Ever your true friend,

— PRUDENCE PEARLEY."

"That's a very nice letter, my dear," said Mrs. Bright.

"Please tell me," begged Rose, "how was it Pansy was hurt?"

"She fell from a swing over a year ago. And the doctor has said we could do nothing for her, but keep her quiet, and free from excitement as much as possible, plenty of fresh air, and not to let her sit up. I disobeyed the doctor today for the first time, but Pansy begged so hard."

"Oh, I believe God made her want to sit up," exclaimed Rose. "How can she ever get well without trying?"

"That is true, my dear," replied Mrs. Bright, thoughtfully, as she rested her cheek on her hand.

At this moment there was a little cry from the next room, such a feeble cry that Mrs. Bright and Rose ran quick to see what could have happened, for it was Pansy's voice.

[*To be continued.*]

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

I have nearly eighty horses in my stable, and the first law in regard to them is the law of kindness. I allow no whipping, or jerking, or swearing or yelling, or cruel bits. Every animal is made as comfortable as possible. And why? Well, if for no other reason, it pays. That certainly is a good business reason. But here's a better: It brings a return of honest affection which all the wealth of the world cannot buy.

A short time ago I had in my care a pair of horses very close to thoroughbreds, that a gentleman of this city used for carriage horses. He had his own coachman, and this coachman, like too many others — far too many others — thought that the more prance and dance there was about a horse, and the higher he held his head, the better he looked. So he checked up this pair as tightly as possible, used his whip freely, and altogether tormented them in a manner that seemed to me to be as cowardly as it would have been for a strong man to beat a helpless cripple. However, the poor creatures were under his care, and I could do nothing to help them until, through some happy chance, they were sent to my stable for awhile. Here they were soon taught that they were among friends. They heard nothing but words of kindness, and felt no touch heavier than the gentle pat of a friendly hand. Did they appreciate it? Were they grateful? Merry girls and boys, you shall answer. Those horses were taken back home, and after they had been gone almost a month, one of them seized the first opportunity he found, and came galloping back to my stable, and into the stall which had been his when he was with me. And wasn't I glad to see the noble fellow! And didn't I welcome him warmly! Girls and boys, you may answer again.

Then I have a black horse. When I got her four years ago, she was a sorry sight, and so nervous that she was afraid of her own shadow. I took off her harsh bit, put on one that did not hurt her, talked to her in a caressing way, won her confidence, and today she is

more like a dog than a horse in her devoted love for my wife and myself. She will go anywhere we tell her to. If we invite her into the house, in she comes, and what I have never known or heard of any other horse doing, she will share our beefsteak and gravy with us. My fourteen-year-old nephew, if he wants a good romp, lets her into the yard, and the two of them play hide-and-seek, and no matter where he hides she finds him every time. And from being positively ill-looking, fretful and nervous, she has become (such is the magical power of kindness) handsome as a picture, playful as a child, and so useful that there is no consideration, which we can think of, for which we could be induced to part with her.

I have also an extra large black gray-hound. When this chap was a puppy, the friend who had promised to give him to me was ashamed to send him because he was so homely. And when he did arrive at the house, my other friends poked all kinds of fun at me about my "beautiful" dog. "But hold on," said I, and two years have passed since then, and the despised puppy is the handsomest dog of his kind in America, and as good in temper and every other way as ever a dog could be. He knows all the people in our town; but, while he takes all advances good-naturedly, he never swerves from his loyalty and devotion to those whom, if he could talk, he would call his own — a loyalty and devotion given for kindness and gentleness, but which, without them, a king could not buy with his kingdom. These are but a few examples, from one man's experience, of the great power within the reach of all.

And take my word for it, the girls and boys who practice it will grow into sweet, womanly women and fine, manly men on whom all who know them will look with respect, pride and affection. — *Detroit Free Press.*

(Selected by JACOB ORTLOFF.)

OUR VALENTINE VISITORS.



This is Gussie and Elbert Southerland. They have come from Wilmington, N. C., to be our Valentine. How glad we are to welcome them and to have them unite with us in the *building business* this year. If you have n't learned already, you must learn *how to build* according to the little song Miss Rix gave us last month, and then you'll know how to build just right, for —

"We all are little builders,
We're building here today;
We're building living temples,
Not those of wood and clay.
Our stones are made of loving deeds,
Our colors, too, are fast;
Jesus our master-builder is,
Such work will surely last."

I wonder if Miss Rix won't give us a tune for our song, or tell us where to find one, for we want to sing while we build.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

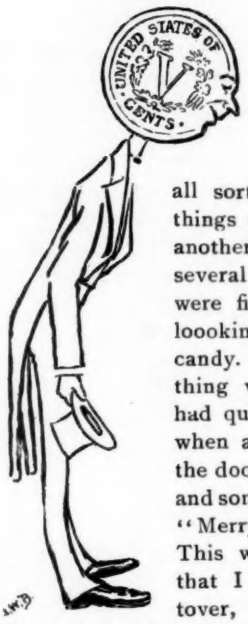
DEAR WEE WISDOM — I will send our picture for you and I hope to see it in the next paper. I had a nice time Christmas and I got 12 presents. I hope you had a nice time too. I hope my letter will be in the next paper. Mrs. Fillmore, I would like to have the picture of you and your children and the editor's picture. I do not want them in the paper. I want them sent to me. I hope to receive them soon. Your friend,

GUSSIE SOUTHERLAND.

P. S. — I will send 10 cents for which send me some extra copies for my little friends.—G. S.

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

CHAPTER XI.



I had quite a time of it Christmas Eve, and nearly lost my date, I got so excited. On the afternoon of the day before Christmas I was taken to a place called Unity Headquarters. Here there was something unusual going on. In one corner of one of the rooms there was a large evergreen tree trimmed with all sorts of shiny things and toys. In another corner were several ladies, who were filling queer loooking boxes with candy. After everything was ready we had quiet for awhile, when all of a sudden the door was opened, and someone shouted, "Merry Christmas!" This was so sudden that I rolled clear tover, but this was only the beginning, for the people, large and small, began to troop in, and everybody had a "Merry Christmas" for everybody else.

Soon a lady, whose name I afterwards learned was Mrs. Croft, said for all the children to go out to the room where the tree was and sit down. My, but there were lots of them — some little, and some big, but all children. After they were seated they sang three or four songs, and then a gentleman, whom they called Mr. Fillmore, got up and talked on the benefits of observing such occasions as Christmas. Mrs. Croft, who I learned was the Sunday School Superintendent, explained that the real Santa Claus is Love. After this a jolly gentleman, who was called Mr. Prather, distributed the presents to the children, and also the presents that the children gave to their teachers. After the presents came the boxes of candy, and after the candy came Mr. Prather with a basket of oranges. Right here I began to get scared, for the oranges seemed to fly through the room, but they all landed safely in somebody's hands, and I didn't get hurt. After this a gentleman, named Mr. Bulkeley, sang some solos, that were fine. Everybody enjoyed themselves till it was time to go home, then they said, "Good night and Merry Christmas," and left.—A. NICKEL,

per Charles Haseltine.

ZIP AND THE CHEWING GUM.

Little Helen was in the habit of putting her chewing gum on the corner of the window ledge. One night Zip, the Spitz dog, seemed to be guided by some unknown force to the identical locality of the gum. Standing erect, she carefully removed it from the window, and in the most sedate manner possible, walked back to her place by the fire, aud solemnly chewed that gum for fifteen minutes, during which time little Helen and her mamma were convulsed with laughter. Zip then removed the gum from her mouth, and placed it on the floor for a while, and then resumed the chewing process. How long this might have lasted it is hard to say, had she not began to pull the gum into strings, when it soon adhered to her foot, and stopped the fun.

—JESSIE JULIET KNOX.

A BEGINNING AND AN END.*

M. B. BELL.

JIMMY Farley sat on the top of a picket fence looking over into the chicken yard, and how cross he did feel! It was the first day since Sunday that had been pleasant, and no boy who likes to play ball and marbles as well as he did, could feel just right with three stormy days behind him, and this single pleasant one, with doubtless a couple of uncomfortable ones to bring him up to Sunday again, so full of things to be done.

The owner of a pair of blue eyes that were glad to turn away from the inevitable sewing, and to rest in a very loving way upon the boy on the fence, was watching Jim, who had not been home from school more than ten minutes. He had lots to look at besides the chicken yard, and as he was fond of fresh eggs, and did not mind the care of the hens, they were not bothering him a bit. As he sat on the fence and dangled his legs over it, now and then hitting the pickets, he thought he was a pretty miserable sort of a boy. As he noticed one of the Brown Leghorns pick up a choice scrap, and after pecking at it till the scrap was no longer there, give a satisfactory cluck, he said aloud, "I just wish I was a hen."

His mother had opened the window by which she was sitting to throw out a few bits of thread that the soft wind caught in a moment and blew away; and as she was enjoying the bright sun, of which she had seen so little of late, she heard Jim's remark.

"What a strange wish, Jim, dear; would you really like to be one of that number of fowls in yonder yard?" she asked.

"Fact is, mother, I don't care much what I am, if it could be anything at this moment but Jim Farley," was his answer.

"Well, I ——" his mother began, but a peculiar whistle, that evidently came from a distance, was coming nearer and nearer, and before she could finish her sentence Jim had slipped down from the fence, and was answering it in true boyish fashion.

In a couple of minutes more Sam Kellogg was coming around the corner of the house, and saying in a loud voice, "Hello, Jim, why ain't you out? The fellows are talking of a match, and want you."

"What match are you talking about?" asked Jim, in rather a surly tone of voice.

"None of that guff, my lord, you know well enough that we are to have a ball match in the west fields at the cross-roads," said Sam.

"What of it? It'll rain, sure; does rain pretty much every day now."

Sam looked up, but the sun was so lovely and bright that his eyes would not stay open, so he stopped trying to make them do so, and looked back at Jim.

"Say, old man, do you talk rain with such lovely sunshine as that blinding my eyes?"

"Yesterday was rainy, the day before, and nobody knows how many days before. Say, I ain't going to count them for you, Sam Kellogg."

"Don't know's I want you to. But what's the matter?"

"Matter enough," replied Jim, who had stuck his hands in his pockets and walking up and down.

"Well?" asked Sam.

"Three wells make a river; I wish the river was big enough and deep

* Selected by Jacob Ortloff.

enough to wash all that hateful wood away. See it?"

Sam looked at the heap of wood beside him, and thought it looked discouraging enough. Most of it was old apple-tree wood, but there were a few logs of worm-eaten oak, and considerable brush that looked like the trimming of cherry trees. He looked back at Jim's face, and it was so very doleful that he had to laugh.

"Guess you would n't laugh if you had it to do," said Jim.

Sam put one arm over his friend's shoulder. "Tell it out, Jim, and let's see what we can do."

"Well," Jim's tone was more hopeful, (it is very nice to hear an encouraging voice when one is in trouble), "you know Squire Redful?"

"Yes, I know him," said Sam, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"He's always talking about giving to the heathen, and I verily believe he thought we were a part of them; for yesterday in all the mud he carted this heap of old stuff, and dumped it here. Did you ever see such a knotty, gnarly, crooked old dead lot?"

"It does look pretty bad; what have you got to do with it, Jim?"

"Mother said I could not go with the boys until I had worked at it for an hour," Jim answered.

"And have you commenced on it?"

"Not a bit of it. I had only been home from school ten minutes."

"Well, ten minutes is as good for working as idling. Why did n't you save it and apply it on your hour's work? There! the town clock is just striking three. Suppose you and I put in double time for half an hour."

They went to work in a very energetic way, and with a good deal of system, too. First they made a heap of the brush, then they piled up the wood, putting the largest logs at the bottom. Then one took the ax, the other the hatchet, and the way they made them almost fly was good to see.

Mrs. Farley pushed her spectacles up over her head, laid her sewing on her lap, and watched them till she wished she was a boy, so that she could help them. Splinters flew here and there, the brush wood bent and cracked and broke, and the busy boys became so warm that they took off their coats and hung them on the pickets. Then while one continued chopping the other piled up the wood, and I will venture to say that a bigger half-hour's work was never done.

At the end of it Sam went up to the back door, and taking off his cap he said, "I suppose, Mrs. Farley, that as two halves make a whole, two half hours make up Jim's time?"

"Indeed they do, Sam, and he can go with you this minute. I thank you for the lesson you taught my boy today. He will not forget it."

"I only reminded him, please ma'am, that an end must have a beginning, and there 's no use in being unwilling to make it," said Sam, laughing.

"Fact, momsie, dead sure fact," said Jim. "You 'll see tomorrow that I've learned my lesson well."

"And I'll come over and give you a lift, Jim," interrupted Sam.

"Will you? But, mother, we are hungry."

As the boys drank the last drops in the glasses of milk given them, Jim said, "I mean to learn that lesson well. Sam, let's see; you said there could not be an end without a beginning, did n't you?"

"Yes, I did. Come on. 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' they tell me."

Sam jumped over the fence, and Jim went after him, and in a very few moments they were well on their way to the cross-roads and fun.— *Young People's Weekly.*

The Party.

BLANCHE BELMONT LERCH.



I.

WHAT BABY THINKS.

"Big sister whirls and whirls
Around in her pretty dress,
With sash and rings and curls.
She says, 'Parties for baby girls
Are not the things.' Goodness!
But doggie and I will go.

II.

PREPARATIONS.

"Nursie, put on my hood,
And my thickest white fleecy coat;
And, doggie, do be good.
Though no invitation they wrote,
But still as mice we'll go
To the party; we'll act *just so*.

III.

ON THE WAY.

"Where is nursie? Oh dear!
Poor doggie is lost in the snow.
My heart is sad with fear,
O mamma, I do want you so!
You're the best friend of all —
Take me, my coat trips me, I'll fall!



IV.

THERE.

"Here's the party, and sister
A-playing the game hide-and-seek
With doggie. I missed her,
Just hear the jolly words they speak.
We'll stay every minute—
What glorious fun to be in it!"

NOT SELFISH.

At Christmas time when the store windows were made especially interesting with beautiful and attractive goods, three little boys together stood outside admiring a display. The oldest was of perhaps seven years, and the youngest was one of the cunning little men who step out of dresses into overalls. A passer-by stopped also, but more to listen to the chatter of children than to see what was inside the window. They which they liked, and were entirely unconscious of anybody listening. When they had looked them over, the baby, youngest of the three, in a satisfied way summed up his interest by saying, "I like 'em all, but I don't want 'em."

And the passer-by walked on, and has thought how much, how much, we all may enjoy if we will look at things in a spirit of admiring the beautiful, and not with an idea that possession is the great means of enjoyment; being happy in the beauty of what we see.

—H. LOLA KUEHL, Oakland, Calif.



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.]

Unity Word—"AS THY DAYS SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE."

Jewel Word—I AM STRENGTH.

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

Verse Word—

TODAY'S FURROW.

Sow the shining seeds of service
In the furrow of each day.
Plant each one with serious purpose
In a hopeful, tender way.
Never lose one seed or cast it
Wrongly with a hurried hand;
Take full time to lay it wisely
Where and how thy God hath plan'd.

—I. M. C.

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

UNCLE JOHN'S COLUMN.

We were not going to have any Unity School Christmas entertainment, except a little one for only children, until about a week before Christmas. Then Innocencia and our girls put their heads together, and they told me that if I would take charge of things in general, they would do anything I asked of them. I made them practice two hours each day for 7 days, and we invited in a lot of our friends and neighbors, and we gave as good a show as we ever did. Everybody was much pleased, and they all were very happy. With the exception of Mrs. Day and her son Harry, who had come over to spend the day with us, the audience was not in harmony with our methods of expressing the Truth. We gave them some pleasant surprises, and they showed their approval by much hearty applause. Our little Wees marched in as a class and told the audience "What WEE WISDOM stands for," then they sang, "Jesus blessed the Little Children," and marched out. Then Frances followed with a recitation "Do you look for Wrong or Evil?" then a solo by Elise, "Who Taught the Little Bird?" and a recitation by Marion Logan. After that the class sang "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and our Marion made the five expressions by beautiful body motions.

Our next was WEE WISDOM'S definition, God, *the Word is the Seed.* Each child reciting displayed rice seed when they alluded to the seed idea and natural roses when to the flowers. The balance had beautiful Easter lilies, which they held back of them, all displaying their flowers as they sang the Flower Song. This little Kindergarten act was much appreciated by the audience.

Marion's recitation, "When Grandma was a Girl," was beautifully executed. Elise did herself proud. Annette and Ruth won the heart of everybody. Marjorie and Marion Logan were loudly applauded, and Frances sang like a bird, and her soul expressions of "Open my Eyes," were very beautifully played. I played the part of Chris and everybody was satisfied. We had a big log fire burning in the open fire-place, and plenty of refreshments for everybody, to

say nothing of a *great big tree.* Unity School house was decked in evergreen, and it came in for its share of attention, the audience visiting it after the entertainment.

Mrs. N. was not present and so we did not get our *Nickel* report. Maybe Harry or his mamma will help Mr. Nickel out, and then you'll hear more about our good time.



ROCKOVER, WILLIAMSBURG, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM--I am six years old. I had you for a birthday present last May. I like you very much. The children's letters and the pillow verses I want to hear first. I made up some verses about our cow. Her name is Spot. Here they are:

Spot is in the Sunshine Lot,
Cropping grass so green,
That when night has come she 'll give
Milk so sweet and clean.

When the sun sets in the West
Kling-klang goes her bell;
To the barn she comes to rest
With the calf she loves so well.

After sunrise in the East,
Soon you 'll hear the barn door bang.
See old Spot go forth to feast.
Hear that bell again — kling-klang,
Kling-klang, kling-klang, kling-klang.

JOSEPH MARTIN LYMAN.

STERLING, KANS.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I will try and write to you. January 12th is Margie's birthday, and mamma is going to bake her a cake with bean candy on top, spelling her name. I hope you all enjoyed Christmas and New Year. We had Mr. and Mrs. Thompson here for dinner on New Year's day. They are New Thought people too. I had $1.25 to spend at Christmas. I got mamma a pair of slippers, Thanet and Myrth a set of dishes, Francis a handkerchief, Jennie a stove, Cyril a Noah's Ark, and Margie a little table. We made our own candy. Did you like the candy we sent you? We hope you had a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. I have got me a new dress with my own money for 95 cents. We thank you ever so much for "Sweets." Your friend,

LORENA WRIGHT.

[Did we like that candy? You should have seen it vanish before our combined *like* for it. You must have had some ingredients that were not material.— Ed.]

STERLING, KANS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — We have a dog and two cats. One cat is black and one is a Maltese cat. Bob, our dog, will walk across the floor on his hind legs for a piece of candy. We have some chickens. Monday 12th was Margie's birthday, and mamma made a birthday cake. I will have to close. Your friend, THANET WRIGHT.

MAYVILLE, WIS.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — My friend Adela Barwig, Mayville, Wis , wishes to subscribe for this dear little paper one year. Enclosed find fifty cents. My sister and I enjoy reading the little paper very much and like the story of "Uncle Noble's Rainbow Rose" the best. Your little

TUSNELDA WITTKE.

CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I read you every month and like you very much. I like most of all your stories, "Uncle Noble's Rainbow Rose," and I can hardly wait till another number comes, it is such a nice story. I would like to know when my year expires, and I would like you to answer this question in February's number, if it would be the best way. Please send me a Truth card for I like the one I have very much.

Yours sincerely, GERTRUDE TRAUBEL.

[Your subsciption expires April, 1903.— Ed.]

BRATTLEBORO, VT.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — My little grandchildren received your lovely letter and I do not know as they have replied as WEE WISDOM was a Christmas gift from me; very likely they thought I would, when I renewed. They were *perfectly delighted* with your dear letter as they are also with the sweet little WEE, and delight in its every visit, as do older children that I know. I thank you for them for your letter if they have not, while I ask that yours be a glad, bright Christmas and everyone associated with UNITY and WEE WISDOM. Love bless and renew each home, sweet peace to all. In love and truth,

MRS. CELIA D. THOMAS.

NARCOOSSEE, FLA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I thought you might like to hear from Narcossee. We are living in a part of Florida where they grow oranges, and I hope most of you have eaten Florida oranges especially from Narcoossee. Eight years ago our beautiful groves were frozen to the ground, but now they are getting quite big again. I wish you all a happy New Year. IRA BESTE.

Age 9.

[We are very glad to hear from Norcoossee, and we hope to hear often, and you shall hear from us too. — Ed.]

ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS, N. J.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Will you please send me WEE WISDOM. I like it so much. My aunt got it for me last year and I thought I would like to pay for it myself this year. So enclosed please find 50 cents for one year's subscription.

Yours truly, LIZZIE SMITH.

PARTRIDGE, KANS.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — Enclosed find fifty cents for your little paper. I think I can't do without the little visitor visiting me every month. So please send me WEE WISDOM. Well I guess this is all I have to say now. Your true friend,

BERTHA SUTTON.

NAPOLEON, IND.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — This is my first letter to you. I am eleven years young. I love to read WEE WISDOM very much. I am going to school. I am in the fifth year. I have read WEE WISDOM for two years and will send twenty-five cents in stamps for WEE WISDOM again.

Your loving ARILLA ARNOLD.

[Here's a packet of letters from Dadeville with a letter from every one of the little Ortloffs; they have all turned in to do something for WEE WISDOM. There's a whole sheet of pictures and poetry which would make a nice page for WEE WISDOM, but penciled lines are too dim to be made into plates. We will find a place for the little diamond verse somewhere, and we thank Jacob for the nice selection of stories he has clipped for us. It is very lovely of Grace to write her *wee-er* brothers' and sisters' messages for them, and to include even tiny one-year-old Lily Bell among WEE WISDOM's admirers.]

GRACE'S LETTER.

DADEVILLE, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am eleven years old and love WEE WISDOM. I am in the third grade. I have three sisters and three brothers. They all love WEE WISDOM. I have a pet hen. She is black and white. We had a fine time Christmas.

Your friend, GRACE ORTLOFF.

[Then follows her letter for brother Charley, who is eight years old and goes to school, and has a pet chicken and loves WEE WISDOM. And brother Ernest, who is in the chart class at school, and loves WEE WISDOM dearly. And sister Sophia of four who wants to tell WEE WISDOM she has three sisters and three brothers. And baby Lily Bell, who is a busy one-year-old and ready for bed when night comes.]

VERDIA'S LETTER.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I will write to you again. It has been a long time since I have written. I love the stories in the little paper. "Uncle Noble's Rainbow Rose" is a very interesting story. I go to school and I am in the Fourth grade. Reading, Arithmetic, Language, Geography, and Spelling. I have three sisters and three brothers. The baby's name is Lily Bell. I will close. With much love, VERDIA ORTLOFF.

JACOB'S LETTER.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I thought I would write to you. It has been some time since I last wrote you. I love the dear little paper and would like *Wee Wisdom's Way*. I would love to see WEE WISDOM in every home. I send three stories I selected for WEE WISDOM. Your friend,

JACOB ORTLOFF.

FREEBURG, ILL.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I have heard that there are children writing to you, and I thought I would write once too and tell you how I do love the little paper. Please would you be so kind and send me a moss card. I would be very much obliged to you. I have taken the little paper a year, and perhaps I will take it again. I have no brother nor sister, but I have two dogs and three cats. The dogs' names are Benny and Princie, and the cats' names are Tommie, Topsy and Spottie. Grandma, grandpa, papa, mamma and I, we all live together. Please excuse me if I made some mistakes, for I have not written a letter for a long time. With love I will close, hoping to have my letter put in the paper, and I hope you will send me a nice little picture. With love,

IDA E. SCHANZ.

P. S. — I have a little verse here.

All that you do,
Do with your might.
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

I send you $1.00 for WEE WISDOM a love offering. — MRS. SUDA.



HARRIET H. RIX.

LESSON V. FEBRUARY I.

Paul at Athens. — Acts 17:23-34.

GOLDEN TEXT — *He preached unto them Jesus, and the resurrection.* — Acts 17:18.

In studying your Geography at school, some of you WEE WISDOM readers have probably found the city of Athens on the map of Europe. In Paul's time it was a beautiful city built by those ancient beauty-loving Greeks. Besides loving the beautiful, these people were very much interested in education. The boys were sent to fine schools and colleges, and the learned men used to meet in different places in the city, called market-places, to discuss subjects of interest. But the best thing to know they were ignorant of. They had not heard of Jesus, and did not know the beautiful truth about God and heaven in the heart. When Paul's friends brought him here, he walked about the city to see what kind of place it was and what kind of people these Greeks were. He saw many beautiful temples, but within them the people were worshipping idols made of stone and silver and gold, gods made with hands. In one temple, however, he saw an altar with this written upon it, "To the Unknown God." This touched his heart and he longed to tell them what he knew of God. These ancient Greeks, as a great many people do today, tried to learn about God the way you learn your lessons at school, by using their brains. They did not know of the Christ-child in the heart by whom alone we learn about God.

Now the city of Athens was built on a group of rocky heights. One of these was called Mar's Hill, and on it was a beautiful temple to one of their gods, the God of War. Here Paul found an audience, and he stood up before them and addressed them. He told them about the Omnipresent God, whom you and I know and he knew. That He had made the world and everything in it, and had given them and all other creatures life and health and all they had, that He loved all nations alike and that every man, woman and child was here on the earth to seek God, the Good, and to let His light shine in their lives. Paul knew how near God is to everyone, and he told these ancient Greeks this wonderful truth and the way to make it their own.

Dear WEE WISDOM readers, you know the way. Is it by your head or your heart? Is it by being smart in your lessons or by loving the good? It was a new and strange saying to those worshippers of gold and silver idols, this saying of Paul's, "In God we live and move and have our being." But some understood a little of it and longed to hear more. The worshippers of idols had not brought them peace and happiness and their own hearts told them it was not right. After telling them they were all God's children, Paul spoke to them of Jesus and the beautiful life he had lived as a true Son of God, whose life is a pattern for all to follow. And then he left them. But he had let his light shine in the darkness. Will you always let your light shine, dear little reader?

[The above lesson was written by a friend.]

LESSON VI. FEBRUARY 8.

The Church at Corinth. Acts 18:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.* — I. Cor. 3:11.

You have watched a house being built, and you all know that before anything else can be done there must be a firm foundation made, for the brick, wood and other material to rest upon. of the building is to be very large and strong, many months may be taken up by many workers in making a firm foundation for it. In San Francisco I have seen hundreds of men at work on the foundation of a ferry building for nearly two years. Car load after car load of dirt and rock was dumped into the water and immediately disappeared. Do you think these men were discouraged when all their work during these many months disappeared from view and seemed to amount to nothing? Oh, no, they kept right on working, knowing well that some day what they had done would appear even on the surface. Every little child is here in the world to build a foundation for a Christ character. Your thoughts and words are your materials and every time you think a loving thought or do a kind deed, you are adding so much of strength to your foundation.

Like those workmen, your good may seem to sink out of sight, but cannot be lost. Paul was a great foundation builder. He built the foundation, or put in the first stones of many of the churches you hear of today, like the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian, and in this lesson we

find him working earnestly to give each the first ideas of Christianity. He tells them that they must have faith in and lean upon Jesus Christ as their teacher and guide. As it was then, so is it now, no better or more lasting foundation can be found in all the world than the truth taught and lived by Jesus. Little children learn to obey him lovingly, he talks in your heart as well as through the Bible, and will teach you all things good and true.

LESSON VII. FEBRUARY 15.

Christian Self-Control. I. Cor. 8:4-13.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Let us therefore follow after things which make for peace.* — Romans 14:19.

This lesson teaches us to be loving and wise, and never do anything that would shock or offend another. Paul at this time was among people who worshipped idols and who gave offerings of meat to these idols. They had certain laws which governed the eating of this meat and made it a sin to break them.

Now an idol is nothing to a Christian who loves and worships the real God, and it might not be wrong for him to eat this meat, but Paul shows them that love is always tender and thoughtful and never does anything that might cause pain or be a stumbling block to another. You see, children, it is this way, while it might not be wrong for you to dance and play ball on Sunday, yet if doing this should make some little boy or girl, over whom you have a great influence, follow you and do what he considers wrong, you would not be a help but a hindrance to him. There are some things that we all know are wrong to do, such as telling lies and stealing, and there are some things that people in their ignorance have named evil, but which are not really so. These last will all be righted in time as we get broad and free in the Truth, but in the meantime, as we journey together along life's road, let us never forget to be gentle, kind and tender to those who cannot see as far as we can.

I once heard a man tell about his father whipping him, when he was a little boy, because he said he could not see a colt in the field that was plain to be seen by the father. He thought the boy was telling a lie, but long afterwards found that the boy was near-sighted. Many people are near-sighted when it comes to viewing Truth and they cannot see with broad, free vision the all good; with these be loving and wise and careful not to give offense in word or act.

LESSON VIII. FEBRUARY 22.

Christian Love. I. Corinthians 13:1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.* — I. Cor. 13:13.

Our golden text names the three greatest things in the world, faith, hope and love, the three Christian graces. These are all wonder workers, healers, peacemakers, and purifiers. Why are they called great? Faith is great because it is the power by which all that is invisible, like health, life, peace, power, is made visible or manifested. It is also the power by which wrongs may be righted and untrue conditions removed. Hope is great because it has power to keep away from the heart doubt and discouragement, and gives us something good to live and work for. But Paul says love is greater than these two, and is the very best and sweetest thing of all. Love is greatest because it is faith and hope and something more — faith may not be tender, gentle and forgiving, and hope may not be powerful, active and strong, but love is all of these, and everything else that you can possibly imagine of good. John says, God is Love, so the more love we have the nearer we are to God; then how careful we should be to encourage only love thoughts in our hearts, not only love to our mothers, fathers and dear friends, for this is only a part of love, is what we call natural love, but also that greatest love, spiritual love. This love is born of God and makes us control our thoughts and words as well as to go out in every kindly way to each and all.

If you want to know more about love, learn this chapter by heart, then repeat it each morning, and practise it each hour. Even the very little children can learn the fourteen affirmations, beginning with Love suffereth long, and ending with Love never faileth. No it never has failed to beautify all things, heal all diseases, give all truth and bestow all power — it is a Christian's one hope and faith.

"A million little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees,
And all the little maidens said,
'A jewel, if you please!'
But while they held their hands outstretched
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
And stole them all away."

— *Selected by the little Ortloff's.*

HOW THEY "MADE UP."

A. F.

DANIEL Millet and Earl West were two little boys who lived next door to one another, and until a week ago they had been the best of friends. I am sorry to say they had quarreled over some trivial matter, and neither would speak to the other.

Mrs. Millet tried reasoning with Daniel but to no avail; likewise was it with Mrs. West. Both boys thought they were in the right, so their mammas thought it best to let matters adjust themselves, trusting their better nature would show them their error.

Day by day slipped by, and still the boys were enemies. Oh, how lonesome it was, how long the days seemed, days that otherwise might have been spent in happy play. It was Tuesday morning, the last day of the year. Mrs. West called Earl, and giving him a basket, told him to bring it over to Mrs. Millet.

"But mother, I — I — rather not."

"Earl, please do as I ask you," said Mrs. West, as she hurried about the kitchen.

Now Earl knew better than to argue with his mother, so taking the basket, he walked through the orchard, thinking what he would say if he met Dan, for he wanted to be friends with Dan. At length he came to the conclusion he would tell Dan he was sorry to have quarreled, and with these thoughts in his mind he hastened along with a happier heart and lighter step.

Mrs. Millet was in the dining-room watering the flowers, when Earl entered. She thanked him for returning the basket, but reading his searching glance she said, "I'm sorry, Earl, but Dan is n't home now. Do n't you know, I wish you boys were friends again. I miss you very much."

"I wish Dan was home," replied Earl, as he stood watching Mrs. Millet pull off some dead Geranium leaves, but I guess I will go now. Good morning, Mrs. Millett."

"Good morning, Earl. Dan will be home this afternoon," she called as he left the room.

As Earl hurried away his good resolutions to be friends with Dan somewhat faded, perhaps owing to the disappointment in not seeing Dan. When going out of the yard he did not notice that he left the gate open, but Biddy Cluck-cluck and her family of chickens did, and they were not long deciding to go in.

Like all chickens, they roamed about scratching a little here, and a little there, nipping at this and that, but at last they settled themselves in Dan's vegetable bed, where, an hour later, you would n't have known the bed once possessed four rows of lettuce, two of onions, and a parsley clump, but Daniel knew, and when he discovered Biddy, his anger was intense. He drove the surprised hen back into West's orchard where she belonged, and going into the house he just sat down and cried.

"Why, Daniel, what is the trouble?" asked his mother, coming into the kitchen a few minutes later.

"Earl just left the orchard gate open so 's old Biddy could come in and scratch up my vegetable bed," sobbed the boy.

"Surely Earl did n't do that intentionally; he was here this morning and wanted to see you, and ——"

"Did you tell him I was n't at home?" asked Daniel hurriedly.

"Yes; but I told him you would be this afternoon," replied Mrs. Millet.

"Then that's just why he left the gate open, 'cause he knew I was n't at home, and I'll never speak to him again," said Dan, bursting into tears afresh.

Owing to his anger Daniel was unreasonable, but Mrs. Millet knew how to manage her little son, so now she said gently, "Daniel, go wash your face and hands; then come up to my room."

Dan needed no second bidding, for he loved the peaceful atmosphere of his mother's room, and it was there he unconsciously learned many helpful lessons. Ten minutes later Dan was helping his mother put New Year cards into envelopes, forgetting there was such a thing as hen-scratched beds.

"Happy New Year, mamma and papa!" called Daniel from his room as soon as he awoke on New Year's morning.

"Happy New Year to our little son," called papa.

"Look under your pillow, dear," said mamma.

Dan knew he must look under his pillow, for was n't he to find a New Year's card? Had n't he looked under his pillow every New Year's morning for eight years and found his motto card for the coming year?

He drew from under his pillow a large envelope wherein was a pretty pink card, on which was printed in large gold letters: "He who would have a friend, must be a friend."

Daniel lay for a long time thinking, quietly making a new resolution. When he went down to the dining room for breakfast, he said, "Mother, my New Year's motto is almost as hard to live up to as was last year's, 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you,' but I am going to try to start the year aright. I think I almost forgot last year's motto."

"Yes, Daniel, and you know mother will gladly help you," said Mrs. Millet, as she put her arm about her son.

"And, mother, right after breakfast I am going over to Earl, and ——"

"Happy New Year, Dan," called a voice outside.

Daniel knew the voice, and running to the door he opened it and said, "Happy New Year, Earl, come into the house."

"Dan, I was awfully sorry to hear about Biddy and her family destroying your garden," said Earl, as he came up the stairs.

"Oh, never mind," said Daniel, "we're friends now."

"But I do mind. I did n't leave the gate open intentionally. I told Uncle Jerrold all about it, and he said he'll drive us over to grandpa's today, and we will get some young plants."

"I'd rather not," said Dan.

"Oh, but you must; today is New Years, you and I are going with Uncle Jerold to pay New Year's visits, just like last year, and leave our greeting."

And the two boys did go, happy once more, because they were at peace with the world and themselves.

"Be kind to your four-footed friends."

WEE WISDOM

50 cents per year. 5 cents per copy

Foreign Subscription, 3 shillings per year.

Published monthly by

UNITY TRACT SOCIETY,

1315 McGee St. Kansas City, Mo.

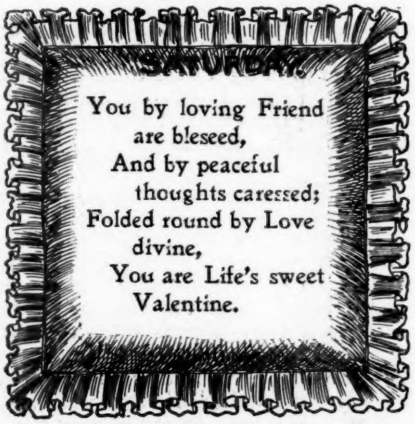
CHARLES E. PRATHER, Business Manager.

Entered at postoffice as second-class matter.

MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor.

February, 1903.

Here's a Valentine pillow for you,
Filled with loving thoughts and true;
On it rest your sleepy head
When you seek at night your bed.



* * * I have been much interested in those Narcoossee, Florida, people. I am trying to get a collection of toys, books, etc , to send to them. I received such a grateful letter for the few cards I sent before Christmas. It seems it was all they had for their festival. I hear scrapbooks are acceptable; so perhaps some of the Kansas City children will make them some scrapbooks. I shall put my Sunshine Circle to work on New Year's Day — one good way to begin the year. I wish you and yours a joyous New Year, prosperity, health and all good. —AUNT MARY.