WEE WISDOM.



Vol. 7. KANSAS CITY, MO., JANUARY, 1903. No. 6.



THE SUNSHINE PARTY.

A True Account.

Edna held open the door, and in trooped the children. You see they had come to the party.

"Come in the parlor," said Edna's mamma, "and take off your things."

"I've brought some things for the poor children's Christmas," said Lucie.

"So have I!" cried Laurence.

"I brought a doll and some dishes!" exclaimed Annie eagerly.

At that moment Aunt Mary entered.

"Put the toys in the basket in this corner," said she. "I am sure many children will be made very happy. You have all been so good in saving your old playthings, and here also are the scrap-books you and I have made together at our meetings."

This was a party given by "Aunt Mary" to her small Sunshine Circle, twenty boys and girls. Every child that came to the party brought a toy for someone who might otherwise have no gift at Christmas.

"If every one is here and all the toys are in the basket, we'll go in the next room and play games," said Aunt Mary, holding out her hand to one of the tiny ones.

This pleased the children, so they trooped after her, and great fun they had!

There were games with prizes, and flower games, and bird games, and dancing; then a grab-bag, and refreshments. The latter were very simple, consisting of crackers, cake and home-made candy.

Edna's mamma made the candy, and it was delicious, with plenty of love stirred in. I am sure it could make no one sick. The children went home smiling and happy, some with prizes, and everyone with something from the grab-bag.

A few days later, and not long before Christmas, Edna and Aunt Mary divided the things, and together visited some families. At one place there were eight children, and their mother's eyes glistened when she saw the toys. So you see, if the Sunshine children had not hunted up their playthings, this family would have had a sad Christmas.

At another place they visited there was a dear little new baby, and here the mamma had no time to think of Christmas. You can imagine she was glad indeed to see the pretty toys.

The things left over were sent to the "Bird's Nest," a place out in the country where there are a number of little ones being cared for by a good woman who loves children.

You see that was a happy party, for the Sunshiners not only received pleasure, but gave as well, and "Blessed are they that give." Hunt up and pass on all that you can spare of your toys and good things. —AUNT MARY.

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

VOL. VII. KANSAS CITY, MO., JANUARY, 1903. No. 6.

Uncle Noble's Rainbow Rose.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE BEACH.

"HOW WOULD you children like to take lunch and go down on the beach and stay all day?" asked Mrs. Bright, one pleasant, sunshiny morning.

"Oh, lovely!" exclaimed Rose, looking at Pansy.

Pansy smiled and looked pleased, so Mrs. Bright went to work to put up the lunch."

"Rose, you might take this note inviting Mrs. Love to go with us. She lives only a short distance from here."

"And Frank, too!" exclaimed Pansy.

"Certainly, Frank will go if his mother does," replied Mrs. Bright. "We will be a nice little party, but your papa and Mr. Comfort have some business up in the town, so we shall not see them again until supper."

Rose took the note and Mrs. Love sent back word that she and Frank would be delighted to join them on the beach and would bring some lunch.

It was a happy little party that two hours later met together on the beach. They took two large Japanese umbrellas, and sticking the handles into the sand made a very comfortable awning to sit beneath. Pansy had a small parasol arranged over her chair.

The first thing Frank wanted to do was to go in bathing, so Mrs. Love said she would take the two children up to the bath house for their suits, and go in with them before lunch. Rose was delighted with the prospect of this new treat.

It was not long before Rose and Frank came running down the plank to the beach in their cunning little blue suits, Mrs. Love following them more slowly.

Pansy smiled, and she and Mrs. Bright watched their capers in the water. The big waves would knock one or the other over every few minutes.

"I thought Rose would be afraid, but she's not," said Pansy.

"Yes, she's quite brave," replied Mrs. Bright, "and takes to the water like a little duck."

"O mamma, do you think I can go in some day?"

"I hope so, my dear," replied Mrs. Bright.

"I don't believe I'd be a bit afraid," continued Pansy with a little longing sigh.

"Here they're coming out now, and as soon as they are dressed we will have our lunch," said Mrs. Bright.

Frank and Rose and Mrs. Love had soon joined them.

"It was delightful," said Rose in

response to Pansy's question as to how she liked bathing in the surf.

"The man out there's going to teach me to swim," said Frank.

"You mean the swimming teacher," said Mrs. Love.

"I wish I could go in the water," sighed Pansy.

"I believe it would be good for her, Mrs. Bright; why not try a little salt water?" suggested Mrs. Love.

"I fear the waves would be too much for her, for Pansy can neither walk nor stand," replied Mrs. Bright.

Mrs. Love said no more but commenced unpacking the baskets and spreading the lunch out on a low bench near where they were sitting. These benches were scattered in various places on the beach for the use of the people.

"O mamma, can't I sit down on the sand with Frank and Rose?" begged Pansy.

For a second or two Mrs. Bright stared at Pansy in some surprise, then she spoke. "Why, my dear child, what does make you so restless today? I never knew you to want so many things."

"Oh, please mamma!" pleaded Pansy.

"But Pansy, you know you cannot sit up, you never can —"

"O mamma, indeed I think I can, and anyway I want to be in the sand, I want to feel it."

"You may have some sand in this little bucket, see!" said Mrs. Bright, lifting the pail as she spoke.

"Oh no, but that isn't the same."

"Please, Mrs Bright, won't you let Pansy try?" asked Rose.

"What do you think about it, Mrs. Love?" and Pansy's mother turned to that lady.

"I think as she desires it so much, it may be just what she needs."

So at last Pansy was lifted from her little chair carriage and laid flat out on the hot sand. It seemed to give the child great satisfaction. She laid still for some time letting the sand run through her fingers while the others ate their lunch. She declared she was not hungry yet, and just wanted to play with that warm sand, it felt so good.

When the others had finished eating, Pansy said, "Mamma, I can sit up, yes, I truly can; please lift me up, for I know I can without any back."

Seeing the doubt expressed in Mrs. Bright's face, Rose said timidly, "Don't you believe God is making Pansy well, and giving her more strength, Mrs. Bright?"

"I think there is a great deal of truth in what Rose says," added Mrs. Love, so Mrs. Bright was again persuaded, and lifted Pansy to a sitting posture.

"Now take away your hand" said Pansy, with flushing cheeks; "I can do it."

To the surprise of all but Rose, the child sat up alone, without support, for a few seconds, then grew suddenly pale, and begged to be laid back upon the sand.

"In a little while you can do it better," said Rose encouragingly. "It hurt me the first time I tried to sit up."

"I think myself it would n't be a bad plan for the child to sit up a tiny bit each day, it will strengthen her back to use it," advised Mrs. Love.

"I'd like to get into my chair again, and let's go home, please," pleaded Pansy, and with that she burst into tears.

"Why, what is the trouble, Pansy dear?" said her mother soothingly.

To be continued.

Bless! bless! always bless!
Blessings never stop;
While you're sowing, they keep growing
You a thrifty crop.

Sleepy-Town.

Jessie Juliet Knox.

Ride a white pony to sleepy-town
Tired little head;
Softest saddle of eider-down—
Bridle of poppies red.

Ride away to the dream-land trees,
Little one of mine;
Full of sleep is the perfumed breeze,
Drowsy the odor of pine.

Into the shadowy, fragrant wood,
Go, my golden-head;
Thy slumber surely must be good,
With velvet moss for a bed.

Fall asleep in the gentle breeze,
With the warmth of its kiss;
In the land of be-happy-and-do-as-you-please
All is a dream of bliss.

When thou shalt wake on snowy steed,
Hasten, oh, haste to me,
In the warming nest of Mother's breast
Thou wilt laugh and shout with glee.

NATURAL LESSONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

"PAPA HARRY."

CHAPTER XVI.

PESTS.

ONE EVENING, when every one was quite still reading or writing, a cute little mouse came out of the fire-place and ran around the room much to the boys' delight.

"Papa, why do the people call mice 'pests'?" asked Albert.

"Because they mentally build them into pests. Each person creates his own peculiar kind of pests, and then proceeds to fight those creations," answered Papa. "But mice do not do any harm," said Orion.

"No," said Papa, "they do not do any harm to us because we like them, and do not expect them to do so. They are really quite a pleasure to have around. And they did not come of their own accord, but were brought here by you."

"It's funny what some people call 'pests.' Grandma thinks worms, snakes, wasps, bees, and all sorts of things, are pests. Even Orion kind of thinks English sparrows and mosquitos are pests," said Albert.

"It is quite funny why some people make pests out of such useful things. English sparrows certainly make lively many a lonely place, and mosquitos are not bad at all when once you get acquainted with them. Only a few females of a couple species annoy people, and only such people are annoyed as have named them pests. The natural food of mosquitos is vegetable juices, and if we would properly treat them they would confine themselves to such food," said Papa.

"They never bother me," said Albert.

"Nor me," said Papa.

"Now I think rats are real interesting," said Orion, "and yet, nearly everybody dislikes them. I am glad, though, they stay out of the house and do not bother anything like they do up to Grandma's."

"Yes, but they are all the time trying to kill them up there," said Albert.

"It is just as you think about it, boys. Now take house flies, for instance. They are universally looked upon as pests, and yet they work incessantly for our good. They are scavengers and remove vast quantities of filth that would be a great detriment to us. They labor unceasingly around our homes, and any inconvenience caused by the flies is more than made up for by their good works. Viewed in the truth, they are beautiful and useful, and one good trait in them is that they are always singing while at work, so we will see them as in a happy state of mind. For my use, I would not give one fly for ten horses," said papa.

"What about bedbugs?" asked Orion.

"Like every creature God has placed here, they are good. To me they are a part of the whole, and not one has bothered me in my life. As you know, they do not enter our house, nor did one ever bite me. They have many good traits, and one I would very much like to evolve, and that is going without food. They can live as long as six years sealed up in a bottle. One funny thing is the fondness of cockroaches for bedbugs, and the roaches eat vast quantities of them. And yet, the people who call bedbugs pests also so name cockroaches. The bedbugs draw this result upon themselves by feasting upon man, and man is devoured by these pests because he devours the other animals, for the Bible says 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also

[*Concluded on page 8.*]

Frank's Squirrel.

COUSIN JO.

"UP I GO, down I come," cried little Frank Lynam in his swing. "Oh, such fun! Mamma, I wish papa was here to toss me up till my toes touched the boughs. I never can go too high, it makes me shiver and I like to shiver. Some day I think I shall tie Bessie in the swing and give her a high push."

"Now, Frank, I beg of you not to attempt it, for she will get hurt," said his mother.

Bessie was his little two-year-old sister, of whom he was very fond, so he wanted her to share his fun, for he was a generous soul, and did not want anything all to himself.

John, Frank and Bessie Lynam lived in Duluth, and they were out to their summer house, a log cabin, on the bank of Lake Gordon in Wisconsin.

They were the happiest children, picking wild flowers, wading in the lake, swinging, making mud pies, and watching the squirrels frisking in the trees.

Frank had a squirrel that an Indian had given him. It was the prettiest little thing with its bright eyes and quick ways. It was very tame, and would eat nuts out of Frank's hand, and curl up in his blouse pocket. Frank's papa made a cage out of wire netting, and put a small basket inside with woolen rags in it for a bed. His name was



"Hyack," which means in the Indian language "Hurry up." You ought to hear Frank talk to his squirrel.

"Say, Hyack, you are the dearest little squirrel that ever stuffed its cheeks with nuts. Now frisk up and down your cage, you streak of lightning. Oh! sit up now on your hind legs! Bessie, come and see something that never cries. My! papa will like this squirrel, for he does not like boys and girls that cry when they get hurt.

"Hyack, my papa is all right, don't

you forget. He helped Harvard win the boat race from Yale once. John told it in school one day when the teacher asked for a *true* story.

"When John said: 'Even the Yale boys, after they were beaten, yelled, 'What's the matter with Lynam, Harvard's *coach?*' 'He is all right, you bet.' Well, Hyack, Tom Brown jumped out of his seat, yelling, 'What's the matter with that for a good story?' John got red in the face because all the kids laughed like fury, but he bowed as mamma taught him to do, and said, 'Thank you for liking my papa.'

"The teacher told mamma that when John began to tell anything about my papa every child in the kindergarten stopped working to listen. She said she never saw such love, it was beautiful, for John's face fairly shone. That's all right, Hyack, for papa is the dearest one in Duluth.

"Now, Hyack, that is the way to love — love papa, love mamma, love Bessie, love poor Jess Orton that drinks and swears, love Bob White that stole my top, love Tom Robbins that teased John because he says John feels *so big* because he is Dr. Lynam's boy and lives in a great big house. It is a nice house, full of sunshine, and the jolliest *home* in the world."

Natural Lessons in Natural History.

[*Continued from page 6.*]

reap.' So if we sow violence and destruction we will reap violence and destruction," replied Papa.

"But Helen says that the Bible says animals were put here to eat," said Orion.

"The Bible," said Papa, "does not justify any such idea, but on the contrary the first command given by God to man (Gen. 1:29) was for him to live upon herbs, seeds and fruits. There is just one life, and that is God's life, and we should not interfere with any creature's expression of that life. Every one of God's creatures is good. He pronounced them good, and we should see them so. They are all a part of the One. Each has its exact place and its individual work to do, and each form will appear to us to be just what we name it. So let us name everything good, and if we look for this good we will find the good is endless in every living creature. If some creatures pester us, no matter whether those creatures be men or insects, we should teach them what is right by holding the right ideas over them. Jesus said, 'Preach the Gospel unto *every creature.*' So, boys, we will follow this rule and believe with the kind and loving Buddha:

'Kill not — for Pity's sake — and lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its upward way.'"



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

Class Word — I HAVE NEITHER BEGINNING OF DAYS NOR END OF LIFE.

Jewel Word — I AM LIFE.

Thanksgiving Word — "I THANK THEE, FATHER, THAT THOU HAST HEARD ME,

AND I KNOW THOU HEAREST ME ALWAYS."

Verse Word—

To choose this motto for each day,
Will be a blessed plan:
"I'll try and do one good kind deed
For Jesus if I can.

"I'll try to see in other lives
What He would have me do;
And in a tender, noisless way
Be kind, and good, and true.

"I'll try and make each little day
Record one deed of love,
Which I may read at eventide,
And find fulfilled above."

—I. M. C.

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

UNCLE JOHN'S COLUMN.

[Uncle John sends us this sweet letter written by "Cousin Fred" to the Wees of Merchantville, and we are very glad to share it with them.]

WEE WISDOM SOCIETY OF SILENT UNITY,
MERCHANTVILLE.

MY DEAR LITTLE WEES—Don't you think it is about time that I should say something in our meetings? You know that I am always with you, I mean *I*, the real *I;* for my thoughts are always sitting in my corner in Unity school on Sundays, and my thoughts see Uncle John and the little Wees all around him, and I see you all looking love and talking love.

You know that Uncle John has told you that when you enter the Silence you are to send out your thoughts to everybody; well, I think that you have succeeded in sending them one hundred miles for Mrs. Manwaring could not stop thinking and singing the Verse Word, "As in the Flower Lives the Seed," and day before yesterday we received our WEE WISDOM and then knew that our Wees had been sending us kind and loving thoughts; we are always glad to feel love and truth entering our house. You see that no one had told us that this was the Word, but it just came to us through your sending it.

I often wish I could just come to Unity school and see you all with my eyes instead of in thought.

You must tell me all about our little school when I *do* come.

Does Annette still eat her tickets? I am afraid that she is too anxious to retain the sweet words on them. Marion, you must see that Annette doesn't eat them any more.

I have been reading about your Sunshine barrel. I think that with all the sunshine around Unity school that you will have to get a good many barrels to hold it all. I think that a leaky old barrel is best for sunshine, because then it will leak out and run all over and you will then have to keep pouring in sunshine.

Remember to send us all more loving thoughts.

With love to you all, I am your
COUSIN FRED.



SIGNAL, ARIZ.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I have two dogs and three cats. I have a Shetland pony and a Shetland mule. I like that continued story about Rose very much. I am eleven years old. I hope my letter is good enough to print. I would like you to send me a Truth card. I enclose 10 cents. I have eleven ducks. I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. I am your true friend,

EDITH G. TAPPEN.

RAWLINS, WYO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—Inclosed please find payment for another year to our visitor, WEE WISDOM, as we cannot do without it. Christmas is near at hand, and we are preparing for it, and know we will have a good time. My sister and I

find the instructions in WEE WISDOM very helpful in our work and play, and find no difficulty in demonstrating over little things. We are always well and happy. I wish ye and Wee Editors and all the Wee Wisdoms a merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

I remain your true friend,

JUNA E. NICHOLSEN.

RAWLINS, WYO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I will let you know that I received the beautiful cards in return for my letter of last August, and assure you that I appreciated them very much. I enjoy reading WEE WISDOM and especially the Christmas story in the last copy. The snow has been falling quite heavily today so we have been enjoying the fresh air by a sleigh ride, the first we have had this fall. We are now very busy preparing for our Christmas exercises at school, as we are to give an entertainment. I wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

I remain your loving friend,

EMMA NICHOLSEN.

LEMP, IDAHO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I send 50 cents for another year's subscription to WEE WISDFM. I like you very much. Idon't believe I could do without you. I only wish you would visit me weekly. A month is such a long time, it seems to me, I can scarcely wait each time till you come. Your loving friend,

MARIE SPECHT.

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I think your letter was the sweetest one I ever received. I am sure I have liked your acquaintance. I only wish you would come and visit me every week. I love WEE WISDOM dearly. I must close now.

Your friend, MARJORIE JAMES.

Enclosed find $1.00 for two subscriptions to WEE WISDOM, one to Miss Gladys Robertson, Cass Lake, Minn., and one to me. — M. J.

LODI, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I like to read the stories in WEE WISDOM very much, and all the letters, too. I think the readings are very nice. I read them the very night I get them, and sometimes read them over again. I always did like WEE WISDOM as long as I have been taking it, and think it is a nice paper. It is the best that I have taken for a long time. I like to read Young Americans in the *Farm and Home*. It is quite a nice paper. Yours truly,

MARY ELLA JACOBSON.

BATH, N. Y.

MY DEAR FRIEND MRS. FILLMORE — As you spoke to mamma in a letter that you wished I would send you my picture and write something nice for New Year's WEE WISDOM I will do it, but I cannot send you my picture for I haven't any to send, but I will try and send you one for WEE WISDOM's birthday. I will write you a verse to put in WEE WISDOM if you think it good enough.

THE SNOWFLAKES.

Oh, how many times
Does each little snowflake
Turn over and over to say good by
To its home up in the sky
Before it falls on the bare old ground,
And more and more snowflakes come around
Till the earth is under a blanket of snow,
For the little snowflakes have covered it so.

JENNIE SCHOFIELD.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have been intending to write to you for a long time, but have been so busy helping mamma that I haven't had time. I go to school every day. Our white pussey, whose nam eis Wee Wisdom, has one blue eye and one gray eye, and he is very playful. We have lots of fun together playing catch. I have been reading "Elsie's Little Brother Tom." I think it a lovely story and wish all the little girls who read Wee WISDOM could have this book for a Christmas present. I have read "How Edith Found Fairy Land," and think it is the best of all my books. If any of the Wee Wisdoms would like to have some cinnamon vine seeds I would be glad to send them some. I sing Katheryn Wallace's "A Little Bird's Song" to the tune of "The Banks o'Doon" and everybody thinks it is lovely.

Lovingly, DAISY ROBERTSON.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I love WEE WISDOM. I am president of the Happy Club which we began last summer out at the farm. The Happy Club is to make everybody happy. I hope you will let us know when you come to Chicago. I want to see you. I am six years old. and my mamma is holding my hand and helping me to write what I tell her to. I hope you will be in Chicago for my birthday, February 6th. I want to try and heal everyone who is not well.

Your loving friend, LOUISA BESLY.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I am five years old. I want to send some toys to the Sunshine barrel. I want little girls to get them who may be forgotten by Santa Claus. I belong to The Happy Club, but am not president, because Louisa is. Mamma is holding my hand, but I am telling her what to say. Your loving friend,

EDITH BESLY.

P. S. — Louisa and Edith each send fifty cents of their own money to be used for the Sunshine Club. — MAMMA.

POPLAR BLUFF, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have read your little paper and like it very much. I have a brother, Will, and he is coming home Christmas. I have four brothers and a sister. A dear lady, Miss Vaner, sent me WEE WISDOM for a Christmas present. I am eight years old.

With love, ELSIE MASSINGHAM.

MANHATTAN, KAN.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I want to write a letter to WEE WISDOM. I was so glad to see Verne Millsap's letter in WEE WISDOM. He is my little cousin. I have a dear brother in Idaho. His name is Stanley. He writes to me about the little lambs out on the mountains. I think it would be so nice to see them. I have gone to school for two years and am in the Fourth grade. I have a little niece, her name is Grace.

Your loving friend,

ALVERTA B. STECK.

TRENTON, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I had thought of writing a letter to you before receiving December's WEE WISDOM, but also thought that there were a good many little Wees to write, so would not take the room in the little paper. But now, at the kind invitation of our editor to hear from me, I will begin with a letter to you. I must say when I looked through last month's paper and saw that I was to be a Christmas guest in so many homes, I was very much surprised, although I knew, of course, that I was to be a guest some time. But I am sure I am glad of the visits. I have demonstrated health since learning of the truth. I heard of the New Thought first several years ago, but never made a study of it till the last three years. I always enjoy reading WEE WISDOM. I liked the Christmas story "How They Did It," by Cousin Jo, very much. Wishing you all a Happy New Year, I am your friend, EDNA BEALS.

POOLER, GA.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I enclose $1.25 for WEE WISDOM. I have two little friends who are anxious for it. Each one sends 50 cents for a year's subscription. As we take UNITY I send 25 cents to renew my subscription to WEE WISDOM. I hope my letter is in time to get the January paper, for the two little girls will be looking for their papers the first of January.

FREDDIE V. TAYLOR.

OLIVER, VA.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I cannot do without the dear little WEE WISDOM. I have enjoyed its visits very much, and think it improves ever so much. I am very much interested in Truth and wish I understood it better, and was able to buy books, etc.; there are so many who would like to know, and are walking in the dark. I read every word over and over again, then I send my paper to a friend in Richmond, Va. I am one of Mrs. Alden's little Sunshiners, and am so glad we are to have a say in our little paper. Hurrah for Sunshine! it is spreading everywhere. I am eleven years old. Your friend,

JULIET G. LUCK.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I like WEE WISDOM. I used to have a little kitty. I am in the First grade. I don't eat any killed things. I must close now. Your loving friend,

CHARLES EDGAR LOTHROP.

HOLTON, KAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I want to tell you about my visit to our dear editor's beautiful home. It makes me love to go there. I saw the boys in their Den, and Rick played for us so nicely, and Royal has a play-house out doors and has a store in it where he makes perfumes. He has a guinea pig that is black and its nose is red as brick. They let it run loose in the basement, it is so little. Royal has three flights of steps in his tree play-house and in the summer time he goes up there and reads. Lowel has two green-houses with such pretty flowers in them. The crysanthemums were so pretty, and he takes such good care of them. They have some pretty little fish. One is a catfish, and he does not like to let anyone see him. We have the flowers yet that Lowel gave us and they have some pink in them. We slept in a pretty white room just full of peace while we were at our dear editor's home, and one of the best things I saw was the sunny face of Grandma Fillmore. Every morning when we got up there

was such a nice warm fire in the fireplace that kept us so warm. I don't know of any other home that is so beautiful because it has so much love and peace in it. I guess I have to close.

Your loving little
VIOLETTA LEEMAN.

PATTONSBURG, MO.

DEAR FRIEND — I see your kind words in WEE WISDOM about helping to bring sunshine to the poor little ones. We have some in our town who do not even have stockings to hang up, that is, good ones. I have written to the Society of New York City about it, but thought perhaps you could tell me better how to proceed. I know all towns have their poor, but there are some little girls here whose mothers are widows, two widows with two children each, a boy and a girl. They are working bravely. Our town is just completing a large school house. We have had no school yet, but will have in a few days. One of these widows has poor health. Her boy will be kept from school to help support the family. I have a large family and not much time to give, but I am willing to help all I can. If you so desire, I will send the names of some little boys and girls to be remembered at Christmas time.

MRS. J. J. HARDIN.

[Mrs. Hardin sent in her list and it was met with a bountiful response. There is one truth must be kept clear in the mind before plenty can be free to manifest. We must *see* the bountiful God, and drop the words and patterns that keep us *poor*; there is *no want* in all *God's* world when we speak the words of wealth and plenty. Call no one *poor*. We are all rich. Let's bring on an epidemic of plenty by continual affirmation of it.— Ed.]

EDMOND, OKLA.

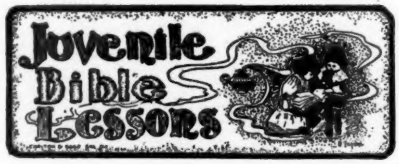
MY DEAR WEE WISDOM — As it is so close to Christmas and I know of quite a few little children that will not have their stockings filled and perhaps have none hang up, and as you asked all the WEE WISDOM readers to write you, so I thought if you think best to send me one of those "Talking-in-your-sleep" barrels, I can play like I am Santa Claus and so make a few little children happy. Wishing you a merry Christmas and a and a happy New Year, I am one of your Wee Wisdoms,

FRANKIE HUNT.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am ten years old. I go to school in the A 5th grade. My papa has a grocery. We go to Sunday School and Church every Sunday. I am going to take part in our Christmas entertainment, we are going to have a Santa Claus. I take piano lessons from the minister's daughter. I wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

CLARA MARTIN.



HARRIET H. RIX.

LESSON I. JANUARY 4.

Paul and Silas at Philippi. Acts 16:22-34.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.*—Acts 16:31.

For a time we will turn away from those interesting stories in the days before Jesus came into the world, and take up once more the study of the book of Acts, and some of Paul's letters to his friends.

The first lesson in this New Year tells us of Paul and Silas in prison, and the wonderful way they made their escape. They were arrested just after healing a poor woman of an unhealthy state of mind, not because it was wrong to do so, but because her masters, who were making money out of her deformed state, became very angry when they found she could no longer be of use to them.

But Paul and Silas must have had a very comfortable, warm feeling in their hearts, even in a cold cell in the middle of a prison, for you all know how good it makes you feel inside when you have done right. What a sweet lesson in faith these brave, good men give us, for in the position where most people would have felt heart-sick and very discouraged they began in the middle of the night to pray and praise and cheerfully sing. Think of it, children, a thanksgiving service in the cold, dark prison, their arms and hands bound with heavy chains, and the windows barred and doors bolted — just the kind of lesson to teach us how to speak the word of God faithfully.

Do you know, children, there are many, yes, thousands of people in prisons of sickness, ignorance and sorrow today who could be free tomorrow if they would begin right now thinking, praising and acknowledging the God of goodness as their health, life and peace. No prison walls ever yet fell down for cry-babies, and no good ever comes by sitting down and grieving because things go wrong. Brave hearts and cheerful faces, smiling eyes and lips for real victory! This is at least one way we may each show we believe in the Christ within.

LESSON II. JANUARY 11.

Christian Living. Phil. 4:1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Rejoice in the Lord alway.*—Phil. 4:4.

The title of this lesson is "Christian Living," which we all know means true thinking and true doing. The thinking must always come before the doing, although they seem so closely united that you can scarcely tell them apart.

There is only one thing worth thinking about, and that is the Good, and Paul knowing this says in the lesson, if you have any virtue or any praise, that is, any love of the Good, think on true, honest, just, pure, lovely and good things, and then you will *do* true, honest, just, pure, lovely and good things. See the ladder these form of six firm, strong steps up which anyone can climb to health, peace and happiness.

When true thinking grows into doing all may see it. What a wonderful workshop you are—a shop in which live things are made out of living materials. The tools never make any noise as they work, for the hammering in and the planing off is so silently done that one can hardly tell what is going on in this quiet inner shop until the work gets so strong and beautiful that it shows through loving eyes, gentle hands and willing feet.

Here are the words to a pretty song the smallest children of our Sunday School often sing:

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.

CHORUS—

Then rap, rap, rap, and tap, tap, tap,
We're building here today,
With stones of Hope and Truth and Love,
All laid in God's right way.

We all are willing workers,
We'll build a wall today;
We'll build it high, we'll build it strong,
And while we work we'll pray.
We're not afraid of any foe,
In Truth we all stand fast;
The willing hands and loving hearts
Are sure to win at last.

LESSON III. JANUARY 18.

Paul at Thessalonica and Berea. Acts 17:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.*—PS. 119:105.

Jesus said to his disciples, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and our lesson today tells how one of these students obeyed his word. Not only did Paul teach the Christ truth to his brothers and sisters in Jerusalem, but he took his knowledge to people who lived hundreds of miles away, and who had never even heard of the Christ.

One of these places was called Thessalonica, and while a few of the people here heard him gladly, the greater part of them turned against the truth and against Paul, and in their excitement made a great disturbance in the city. Instead of seeing that they and their wrong thoughts were the cause of this inharmony, they blamed it all on Paul, and accused him of turning the world upside down. In this they were right, but not exactly in the way they meant the people to understand it.

We can see the Truth is turning the world upside down, or rather, right side up. The world believes in the reality of evil, of sin, sickness, fighting and death; this is showing the wrong side of life uppermost, but when Truth comes with its hand of power it turns this side down into nothingness, thus showing the real side of life to be all that is lovely and beautiful.

In the old life Paul, with the rest of the world, had been a great fighter, but when Christ came to him with his message of love, this old way had to be given up. Truth teaches us how to live in peace, and shows us the foolishness of quarreling, fighting and saying unkind and cross things. It teaches us that love always melts hate, and a kind word overcomes unkindness. This is the true life, and in it there is no more use for guns, warships, or soldiers, no place for fear or hate. Don't you think this will be a more beautiful world to live in when everybody loves everybody else? This love life was the one Paul had chosen to live. So when the people of Thessalonica became angry because of his teaching and presence, instead of staying and fighting back, he wisely and lovingly moved on to the next place, which was Berea. Here he found much better conditions, and many people rejoiced in his presence, and made him welcome. It is always thus with those who stand up for the right when it seems hard to do so, for just beyond every difficult place in the road of life lies a most beautiful blessing. Most truly is God's word a lamp unto our feet, a light on the pathway of life.

LESSON IV. JANUARY 25.

Paul's Counsel to the Thessalonians. I. Thess. 5:14-28.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Hold fast that which is good.*—I. Thess. 5:21.

Our Golden Text is the central thought upon

which every right condition in life must move. "Hold fast that which is good," for that good you do not hold with a firm grasp will seem for the time to be lost. This is not the grip of selfishness, for you hold fast to good in order to learn how to *give* good. We can understand this when we think of the glorious sun in the sky; it holds fast to its power, its life-giving forces, and yet sends them out most generously in warmth and light to bless all, and never loses anything in the giving.

Paul tells the truth when he says, "Ye are all children of the light and children of the day: we are not of the night nor of darkness," so, you see, from the very beginning we have belonged to God's Sunshine Circle. Your own dear heart is the sun, and the rays that throw forth light and healing in every direction, keeping everything growing and going, are called by Paul, comfort, support, patience, joy and rejoicing, prayer, thanksgiving, goodness and peace.

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM

HAPPY New Year to you, my Sunshine Wisdoms.

It's a good time to talk of the *new* and let go of talking about the *old*. Once a wise Wee Wisdom was asked, "How old are you?" and she answered, "I'm not old; I'm *new*." So let's us be *new* always, and never get the word *old* tacked onto our birthdays or any other old day. Let's make an agreement with each other right here and now, on the brand new day of the brand New Year, that we'll never use the word "old" any more. Why, it even makes our clothing grow shabby and wear out. Let's use words that build up and keep *new* everything in our world.

Every moment comes to us fresh and new and full of Good. Why, bless you! Good is God's home name, the name everybody loves, the name everybody understands. Let us keep believing in it, let us keep talking about the *everywhereness* of Good. Let us know that Good has more power than all the "bads" that were ever named or heard of. Good is wiser and knows more than all the books that ever were written. Good is the loving and the kind in all the papas and the mammas and the girls and boys, and when we *let* it, it just shines and shines through us always. So let's *let* the great everywhere Good come in. Let's love it with our whole mind, might and heart; let's rejoice in it; let's talk about it; let's *be it* now. *Now* is always new. *Now* is full of everything our blessed hearts have ever desired or named, because *now* is full of Good. The years cannot make *now* grow *old*. Neither past nor future can rob us of our continual Good. *Life*, strong, pure, unhindered life, is one of Good's goods; don't let anybody talk you into believing it is not your *now*. Keep life a-living all the time in your glad and happy world, then throw away all ugly words that have no place when Good is always with us. Let us throw away every word that does not make our Good alive.

The dear little letters have poured in this month and made Ye Editor feel as if the whole world were full of love and gratitude. And the Sunshine barrel! Well, do you know, our Sunshiners poured in such a beautiful stream of Sunshine gifts that one barrel couldn't hold it, and so there had to be *two* at Unity Headquarters. You will see Mrs. Hardin's call in another place, and we will let her tell next month what our bountiful Sunshiners did. And Frankie was sent such a lot of things to play Santa Claus with, but she can tell us all about it next time. Things don't have to be sent here "to pass on," you can find right at your door something to do to make the world happier and better. You can find right in your blessed little thought and heart a way to do it, too. "Do unto others as you'd have others do unto you." Never let the Sunshine go out of your heart or face, for 'tis there all the *substance* of your other giving comes from. *Keep love a-loving.*

WEE WISDOM

50 cents per year. 5 cents per copy.
To UNITY subscribers, 25 cents.
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.

January, 1903.

New Years are ripe!

Help yourself and pass around
All the good that you have found
In the new and happy year—
It won't give out, so have no fear.

THE VALUE OF A SMILE.

The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile.
The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellowmen
Will drive away the clouds of gloom and coax the sun again.
It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent—
It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery smile—
It always has the same good luck—it's never out of style—
It nerves us on to try again, when failure makes us blue;
The dimples of encouragement are good for me and you.
It pays a higher interest, for it is merely lent—
It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent.

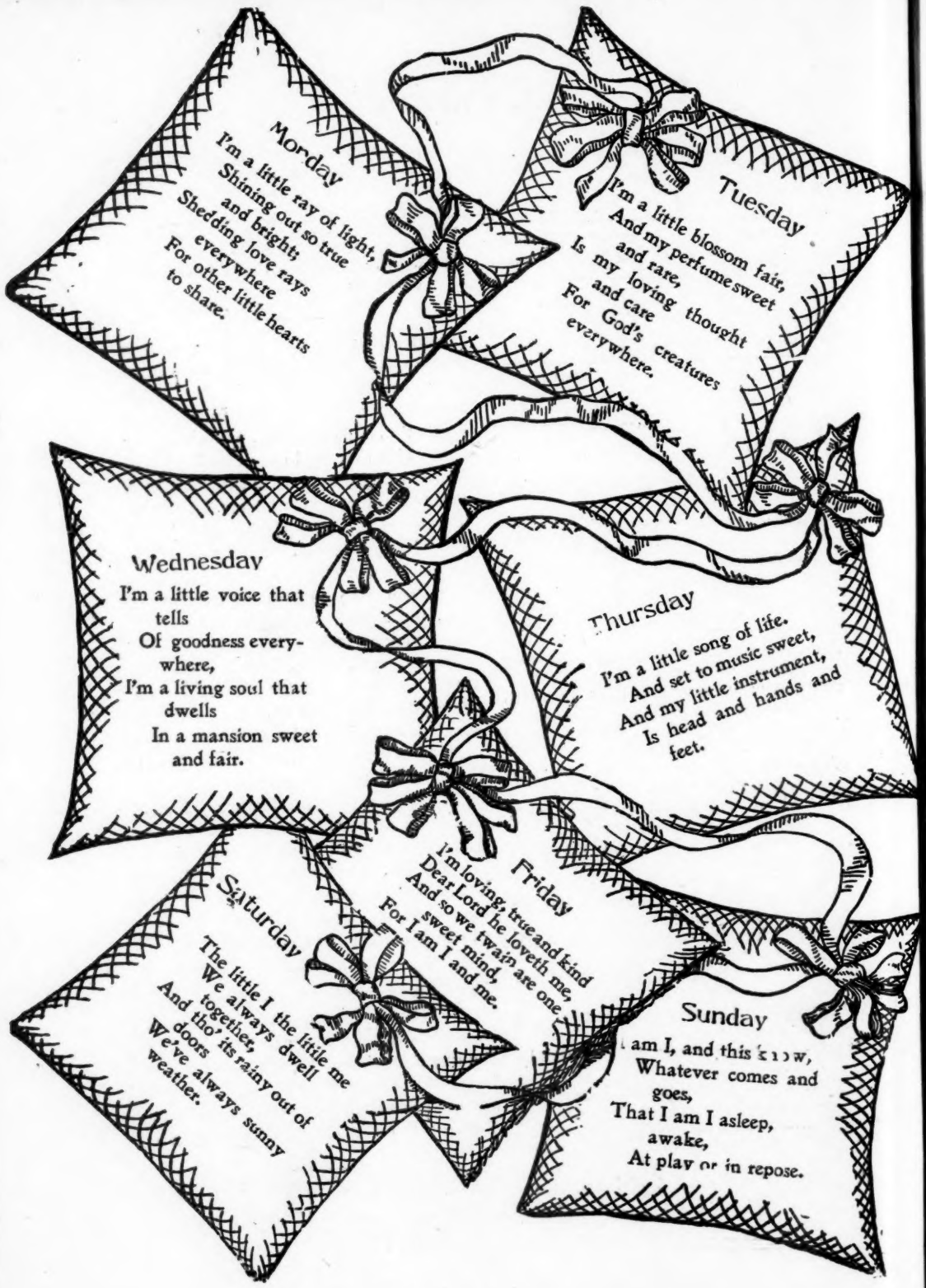
A smile comes very easy—you can wrinkle up with cheer
A hundred times before you can squeeze out a soggy tear.
It ripples out, moreover, to the heart-strings that will tug,
And always leaves an echo that is very like a hug.
So, smile away. Folks understand what by a smile is meant—
It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent.

—*Selected.*

Some friends from a distance came in to help out with expressage and some dear Sunshiners thought they would send fare for WEE WISDOM to scatter a year's Sunshine in other homes. A very sunny idea that, and one of lasting good. Emma and Juna never fail to send in a cheery word every Christmas. I would like to tell you why they are so joyful and why they love the Good so. It's a wonderful story and I should like to have them tell you, in their own sweet way, how, from having a sick, blind papa, they came into the possession of a strong, well, clear-sighted papa; all through the blessed Truth. It is the same papa they have now, only through accident and disease he got *lost* in the dark for many years, and then found the light, which brought him health and sight. It is a wonderful story. I saw him when he was blind and I have seen him since he was restored. But won't you tell us the story youaself, Juna? There are still people who do not believe such healing can be done. So you can bear instance of it, dear girls.

You'll all want to know about our happy time at Unity Headquarters Christmas eve. We had a Christmas Tree for the Sunday School, but there's too much of it to tell in such a little space. So we'll elect Charles Haseltine to act as reporter. Perhaps "Mr. A. Nickle" will dictate to him.

I send one dollar for WEE WISDOM a love offering. —MRS. W. F. SUDA.


Monday
I'm a little ray of light,
Shining out so true
and bright;
Shedding love rays
everywhere
For other little hearts
to share.
Tuesday
I'm a little blossom fair,
And my perfume sweet
and rare,
Is my loving thought
and care
For God's creatures
everywhere.
Wednesday
I'm a little voice that
tells
Of goodness every-
where,
I'm a living soul that
dwells
In a mansion sweet
and fair.
Thursday
I'm a little song of life.
And set to music sweet,
And my little instrument,
Is head and hands and
feet.
Friday
I'm loving, true and kind
Dear Lord he loveth me,
And so we twain are one
sweet mind,
For I am I and me.
Saturday
The little I the little me
We always dwell
together,
And tho' its rainy out of
doors
We've always sunny
weather.
Sunday
I am I, and this I know,
Whatever comes and
goes,
That I am I asleep,
awake,
At play or in repose.