WEE WISDOM.



Vol. 9. KANSAS CITY, MO., FEBRUARY, 1905. No. 7.



OUR SUNSHINE BARREL.

Last month we told you about the Sunshine Barrel which the "Joyful Circle" had put in the South parlor at Unity Headquarters, and filled to the brim with all kinds of nice things for *somebody*. *You* may like to know something about that *somebody*. We have heard from Martha's doll, as Hollis' letter will show; but Hollis has not told you all his mamma told us about the doll, and its little new mother. Hollis' mamma took the doll and some other things with her when they went off to the country for the holidays, for she knew of a home where Santa Claus never came, and where the children needed some of the fruits of the Sunshine Barrel. Well, it was a large family of children she dispensed these treasures to, and made happy their hungry little hearts.

But it was of doll Ruth she spoke especially. She gave her to a little girl who had never had a doll in all her life (just think of that!) And she said she could never describe the joy of that child upon receiving her doll. Her face became radiant, and her whole being seemed transformed with a wonderful new life. She was perfectly silent for a time, and then hunting up her little old rocking chair she sat down, and clasping her priceless treasure to her breast, she began crooning it to sleep. Her sweet voice gave expression to the joy of her soul, and she forgot everybody and everything as she sang on and on for hours, making her own little tunes and her own little words to suit her blissfull motherhood. I'm sure Martha is well repaid in knowing this, for the sacrifices she made in parting with her old-time companion, Ruth. And so we always are, when we give others joy. But hear what Hollis says:

KANSAS CITY, MO.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOMS—No doubt some of you would like to read a brief sketch of dollie Ruth's life now. She has gone to make her home in the country about twenty miles from Wichita, Kansas, with a little blue-eyed girl, whose name is Ruth. She calls her dollie, Margaret Ruth. This is the song she sings her to sleep with:

Rock-a-bye, dollie darling, to sleep,
While little mother glad watches shall keep;
Gently rest, dollie, no danger fear,
For love alone is waiting here.

HOLLIS HEDRICK.

The Sunshine Barrel is still actively in service. Lowell calls it, "The give-and-take-barrel," for *somebody* is always putting in and *somebody* is always taking out. Mrs. Thomas, who looks after it, says: "It's the most wonderful barrel to always have in it just what *somebody* needs, just when they need it."



VOL. IX. KANSAS CITY, MO., FEBRUARY, 1905. No. 7.

"MINISTERING ANGELS:" STORY OF TWO BOYS WHO TRIED IT.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

CHAPTER VI.

HENRY'S PARTY.

Mrs. Miles was an adept at entertaining, therefore Henry's party was a perfect success throughout.

Earl's verdict was that it was "A number one, tip-top affair." And Arthur's that "it was up to the highest notch, and could n't be surpassed."

The night was a perfect one, balmy and warm; so that the girls were able to wear their thinnest and prettiest dresses, while the boys appeared in their best suits, bright cravats and pumps.

The lawn was dotted with these human butterflies of gay and sombre hues. From every tree bobbed numerous Chinese lanterns. Smilax and gay bunting festooned the veranda and parlors of the house. The children flitted in and out, laughing, chattering, squealing. All was a babel of excitement and pleasure.

Henry received his guests from the broad veranda, while his young Aunt Dora escorted them upstairs to assist in the taking off of wraps.

When all had arrived Mrs. Miles appeared upon the veranda, clad in a soft cobwebby blue gown that was very becoming to her pretty face and figure.

In her bright hair she wore two rich red roses that seemed almost to nod a welcome to the guests. She carried in her hand a tiny silver bell, which she rang to call the children together.

"See, children," said she when the voices were hushed to listen to her words, "you will notice a line stretched between those two trees over there on the lawn;" she pointed to the trees. "I have some small boxes to hang to this line, in which are prizes. Each in turn is to be blinded. Then you are given a stick and are allowed two hits, or three if you are not successful at first. If you succeed in knocking one of these boxes down, it is yours to keep. So now take partners and form a line. Boys, I will ask you to please select girls for partners. You will find them very willing to be invited, so do not feel shy about asking." Mrs. Miles smiled.

and the children laughed and scrambled about for partners.

It was great fun being blinded and hitting the air wildly with a stick, though many were successful, and loud then the shout that went up when a box fell to the ground. Most of the boxes contained very pretty surprises; some were droll and some were useful. They were well wrapped so that the fall to the ground could not injure them. The three boys known to this story were among the fortunate ones.

Henry's prize was a dainty little basket of candies, chocolate and almonds, tied with blue ribbon. This he very gallantly presented to his partner, Olive Lightner, who had not been able to strike any of the boxes.

Arthur discovered in his package a white porcelaine statue of a rabbit sitting upon its hind legs eating a lettuce leaf. Earl found a white ivory-handled pen knife, which pleased him very much.

The next game was London Bridge. Then Mrs. Miles called them into the house and sang for them just the songs children are familiar with and love to hear. After this Dora recited and told some funny stories. This rest gave them all a new zest for more games. Then came a march played by Dora Miles, and they all took partners for refreshments.

Such a chattering, clinking of glasses and rattling of spoons. Every one was happy, and all had just what they liked, for what child does not fall into raptures over three kinds of ice cream, chocolate, vanilla and strawberry, and every conceivable kind of cake. But I leave it for you to guess what else they had on that bountiful table, and of course you will guess correctly!

In front of each place was a bon bon beside a dainty little supper-card, hand painted, with a motto upon it. Each child read the words in turn. Henry's said, "Health is a blessing," and Earl's read, "Be happy in well doing." Arthur's was, "Joy radiates to all."

Mrs. Miles entered the room once again after all were served, and standing back of her son's chair, raised her hand for silence. All were attention.

"Henry and I have been so happy to have you with us this evening, and now I wish to tell you why I gave this party. It is to celebrate my son's recovery to health. A few weeks ago we thought we would lose him, and now you see him with you in perfect health — no longer the delicate, sickly boy he was. We are so thankful, and we want all to rejoice with us. Henry will now tell you of his recovery."

Henry laid down his napkin, and rising, spoke a little timidly at first, but gained courage as he proceeded.

"Earl and Arthur here," waving his hand toward his two friends, "were the first to make me think that I could really be well. They told me about the outdoor things — the leaves, the trees, the flowers, all being healthy; and then I began to think, and I see now how true that is — God's Life being in everything. His whole healthy Life is mine, and belongs to me. From the minute I thought of that I began to recover, and my mother helped me." Henry turned a glowing face to Mrs. Miles, "And I am so very glad to be with you all to-night in this happy way."

The children clapped their hands as Henry took his seat, and one of the enthusiastic ones shouted, "Hurrah!"

After supper there were a few more games, and then the children put on their things, and telling the hostess what a delightful time they had had, took their departure.

"Didn't we have a glorious time?" said Arthur, as he and Earl were on their homeward way.

"I should say! and Mrs. Miles knows how to give a party," was the reply.

[*To be continued.*]

I know a fairy light and airy,
Who always comes to bless,
All feelings gray she 'll chase away;
Her name is *Cheerfulness*.
I know another, 'tis her brother,
His name is *Fearlessness*.

LITTLE FAIRIES.

BY AUNT ABBIE GOULD.

Golden Light shone down through the branches of the trees with his one great eye into the pool where the Rain Fairies dwell. Tinta, the Rainbow Goddess, gave the fairies their beautiful dresses — bidding each bring a drop of dew, make a wish, and lay it on a rose-leaf where Golden Light could wink at it, when lo, the dress came in the color each fairy had wished.

So they flitted about the flowers, and when Golden Light drew them into his heart, in what the earth people call water-rays from the sun, they fell again to earth, and each one selected the flower to light upon which was like its dress, which made the flower more beautiful, and it looked like diamonds.

"Now," they said, "we must go away and find the little wigwam where Silver Light shines on Cinderay the Indian maid, and Fluffy the papoose."

All day long Fluffy lay asleep in her birch bark canoe. The strings of wampum were woven all about her. Her little arms and feet lay still, and her blue eyes under their heavy fringes were closed, and her hair was just the color of Golden Light's shining. Cinderay sat by her side weaving pretty baskets and crooning a song she had sung to her own little red papoose moons and moons ago, before the Great Spirit had taken it to the happy hunting grounds and changed it to a star. But how she did love this little white papoose. It had come miles and miles across the ocean from far-away Belgium, and it wore the peasant dress of the native children there.

Fluffy had been hid from sight when the Custom House officers looked in Benco's bag to see what they might find, but only linen and stockings were to be seen, so out of her native land she came until at last she was seen by Cinderay, and wanted at her wigwam.

But still Fluffy stept. Cinderay wished she would wake up; when she heard a patter, and the Rain Fairies came tumbling into the wigwam, and sent a little shower of rainbow mist on Fluffy's face — when, what do you think happened? She opened her eyes, sat up in the canoe, and held her tiny arms out to the little fairy people who belonged to Golden Light. Then Cinderay was so happy, for she knew she would have life now; so she took her in her arms and chanted, while the Rain Faries danced:

"Golden Light, Silver Light, star, bright star,
Coming from the hunting grounds, oh, so far;
Weave a spell I cannot break
For my little papoose's sake,
So she will be true to me
As the raven in the tree.

"Golden Light, Silver Light, star, bright star,
Little red papoose watch from afar,
Where the Rain Fairies dwell,
Never to the mortal tell,
But oh, come and live with me,
Dance around my greenwood tree."

You must live today at your very best,
The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you.

— SARAH K. BOLTON.

A STORY OF THE FOREST.

A Fable.

BY THERESA B. H. BROWN.

"OH, me; oh, me!" Such a pitiful wail, such a tiny wail, and it seemed to come out from a bunch of grass in the forked root of a picturesque old stump of the forest.

"What is the matter, Cousin Violet?" said a pansy, bobbing up her head and turning her face to the sky to catch the raindrops that were falling.

Violet's head was drooping, and she shivered as she swayed and moaned. "Mother Nature awoke me too soon, and I don't like this cold, nasty rain. My brothers and sisters are still asleep, and I am lonesome. I wish the sun would shine. I can't even hear the twitter of a bird nor the hum of a bee, and this old stump reminds me of a life that was and is not. Just listen, Cousin Pansy, to that ugly wind singing through those trees over there. What is it saying? 'You'll soon be cut down; you'll soon be cut down.' Goodness! how dreadful all this is!"

"Why, my dear little Cousin," replied Pansy, "what dismal thoughts. I am enjoying this rain; look up as I do and take the drops in your face, they will wash away all that dust of discontent. My brothers and sisters are also asleep, but I am not lonely. Just see how that grass is bowing and scraping to us. There is a nice young blade who wishes to make your acquaintance, but because you keep looking down you can't see him. Listen and you will hear the remainder of the song the wind is singing to the trees, and I assure you it is quite joyful. It says, "You will soon be cut down, and some of you will sail over wide seas, and visit the wonders of all lands. You will be laid on hearths, and make indoor-sunshine for dear little Wisdoms to warm their wee hands and feet by, and you will help make homes that shelter from the blast of winter.'"

"Oh, hush," said Violet, "your voice tires me," and her head drooped so low that mud spattered all over her delicate blue petals, and Pansy turned her face of velvet and blue away from Violet, and smiled into the eyes of the grasses, who had been so long trying to attract her attention. Then Pansy and Grasses had a merry romp together; the wind whistled a tune for them; the raindrops accompanied with a song, and the many-hued mosses, that covered the dear old stump, laughed in sympathy. But lower drooped Violet.

The next morning the sun was shining, the wind had travelled on to the places of which he had sung to the trees. The raindrops were no longer falling, but glistened and gleamed from every leaf and cup of moss and flower. Mother Nature was touching them with a wand made of a ray of sunshine, and fast changing them into little fairies that flew softly and silently to the blue dome above, whence they could, as they floated along, look down upon their beloved mosses, grasses, leaves, roots, ferns and flowers, always ready to return to them when Mother Nature called them.

All was still save the chatter of a tiny brook that was wending its bright way through the forest singing a song of praise to Love, in which all the rain-

drops joined ere they ascended to the skies.

"Oh, me; oh, me!" suddenly that tiny wail broke upon the stillness.

Pansy turning her face to her cousin said, "Dear Violet, the sun is shining this morning, but you are just as sad as when the rain was falling. You ought to have played with us, we had such a merry time. Now the sun is out, everything is beautiful, and still you are sighing."

"Oh, me!" wailed Violet, "the sun is so hot, it makes me sick, it crinkles my petals and the specks of ugly mud weigh me down, I can hardly breathe, my face is so close to the ground. I wish it would rain again. Oh, me, oh, me! I'm worse off than I ever was before."

Pansy turned away; she thought, "I cannot help Violet by talking to her, so I will just keep looking at the sun, and be happy." Then she sent out to dear little Violet the silent fragrance of love from her tender heart of gold, and Violet stopped her complaining, and, although she knew not why, was comforted. A little breeze sprang up and whispered to the grass-blade, and he jauntily jostled against Violet until the dried mud specks fell away from her, but Violet said, "What did you do that for, Sir Blade? can you not be more polite?"

Grass Blade laughed, and still Violet would not look up. And then a strange thing happened. It was night. The stars were out; fairies were making merry around the old stump, except where Violet stood; this little spot they avoided, and had it not been for Grass Blade, who nestled quite close to her, poor Violet would have, indeed, been lonely.

A voice called from out of the Deep, "Violet, Violet." It was a voice like the harp of a thousand strings, and all vibrating in perfect harmony. Oh, the music of that voice! "Violet, Violet." It was tenderness, reproof, love, sweetness combined. "Violet, darling." Violet thrilled adown her tiny stem, and lifting her sweet face to the moonlight quivered with a new happiness as she answered, "Mother, O mother, is it you?"

"Yes, my child, I am Mother Nature. I have brought some dew with which to wash your face; there, now it is clean once more," said Mother Nature, as she kissed her offspring. "See how your Cousin Pansy sleeps. Why are you not sleeping too?"

Violet bent her head lower, but made no answer.

"Ah, my dear one, I have heard your complainings. See how the tears and mud spots have soiled your beautiful petals of blue."

"I will never complain again," said Violet. "They were not true the things I said; the raindrops were for me, and the sun, too; just as much for me as for the rest. My complaints were wrong stories, all of them; the raindrops were not naughty, they were good, but I would not listen when they tried to remind me. I was naughty, Mother," and Violet wept.

"You are naughty no longer," and Mother Nature kissed Violet again and again, until all the spots were gone quite away from the beautiful petals of blue. Then Violet nestled against Grass Blade and went fast asleep, and Mother Nature kissed them all: Pansy, Grass Blades, Mosses and Violet.

In the morning sunshine awoke them, and throughout the long day they danced and sang and played together, Violet, Pansy and Grass Blades, and at night they went fast asleep again, but as the skies grew into great billows of purple and red at the dawn of the next new day, they heard a murmur of song and laughter; their brothers and sisters were awakening all around them. But the best of this true story is: Violet never complained again.

Our Young Authors' Department.

SOMETHING ABOUT WASPS.

BY NANCY SIMPSON.

WASPS are cousins of the bees, yellow-jackets, hornets and ants. They build their nests mostly of clay; each nest is composed of three kinds of wasps: the workers and the male and females. The workers do nearly all of the work.

In the spring the female makes a nest and lays her eggs. The first brood are always workers. It takes about a fortnight for the eggs to hatch. After the first brood is hatched they help the female. The workers sting, while the males and females do not. In the winter wasps dig holes for themselves.

There are thirteen families of wasps, the first ten being known as the digger-wasps. The Masaridæ and Eumendæ are of solitary habits, and are known as the solitary wasps.

The Vespidæ alone are social wasps; these are also known as paper-wasps, from the way they build their nests, for they build them out of paper. They also include the various species of hornets. Other wasps are known as mud-wasps, potter-wasps, sand-wasps and spider-wasps.

FOR THE PROTECTION OF CHILDREN.

BY GENEVE L. SHAFFER.

GWENDOLEN, aged seven, had just returned from a two-years' visit at her aunt's home. Gwen's aunt was a Christian Scientist, and had healed her niece of pneumonia, so when Gwen returned, words like *error*, *discord*, *omnipresence* and *claims*, poured forth from her cherry lips as naturally as *doll* or *candy*.

She took great delight in playing lady, and healing her doll of "*claims*." It was on one of these occasions that her mamma's best hat fell into the bath tub, which was full of water for the purpose of purifying her doll. When Gwen's mother returned home, and discovered the fate of her hat, she put her daughter over her knee and proceeded to administer with her hand a series of slaps, commonly known as a *good hard spanking*. But at last, Gwen's mother, fearing that she might injure her victim, looked anxiously to find out why the ordinary series of howls and promises of "I-won't-do-it-any-more" were not forthcoming. She found Gwen's eyes were closed, and her dimpled face severely set — she was treating herself that "*there is no sensation in matter*," and the spanking was all to no effect.

HAZEL'S VALENTINE TO ——.

AN ACROSTIC.

BY HAZEL L. BAIRD.

Many true wishes for you, my dear,
Yet again and again I send;
Rest assured they are much greater
Than the words which I have penned.
Little do my words convey,
E'en half the love I send your way.

Filled with blessings strong and true
In the coming year for you,
Let them bear my message sweet,
Let them shine upon your way
Mid winter's cold and summer's heat.
Only let this love of mine
Rich in wishes good and true
Ever be your *Valentine!*



Marion's brother.



MERCHANTVILLE, N J.

DEAR EDITOR—We all wish you a Happy, Happy Christmas and a Happy New Year, too. We also send you a picture of our big brother Fillmore (22 months young). He is quite a big boy now. He can do all sorts of things, helping as well as hindering. For example, he can upset father's nail box so that the nails are all over in every corner, and then help pick them up. But he don't help much; he soon wants some other amusement. His hobby is a horse. Whenever he sees one he tells it to "*Gee ip.*" He is very fond of pulling a chair to anything he can't reachs Mother went out of the room for a few minute. today, and when she returned she found Master Fillmore had pulled a chair up to her writing desk and was on top of the desk, with the desk contents all over the floor. He calls mother "Ba Ba," father "papa," and myself "To Do," and anyone whose name he does not know he calls "Ba Ba." He is made a great pet, but he is not spoiled. He is a boy all over. He shouts and sings and does everything a baby older than him could do. Your loving little friend,

MARION A. SLEATER.

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR EDITOR—I will write you a letter this sunshiny day. We have moved away from our old place where we used to live. We now live at 5151 Saint Paul street, Denver, Colo. It is very lovely out here, but there are no trees as we used to have. There is a large city school out here. The school we used to go to was a little one with only one room in it. We do not go to school yet, but will go after Christmas. We wish to renew WEE WISDOM, as we cannot get along without it. Please find enclosed one-half dollar money order for another year. I must thank you for the little book entitled, "Drops From Wee Pens; it is a very nice little book. I will write again and tell you more about our new home. Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am your loving friend,

BOTHILDA E CURTZ.

PITTSBURG, PA.

DEAR EDITOR WEE WISDOM—I have been taking WEE WISDOM for four years. I find it very enjoyable. Tomorrow is my 10th birthday, so you see I have almost grown up with it. I like it because it tells the Truth, and its editors are vegetarians. All our family are with you there. We have a world of outdoor friends, because we don't eat them. I want my cousin, Queen Cunningham, Englevale, Kansas, to have WEE WISDOM for one year, for which please find 50 cents in stamps. It is a Christmas gift. I use blue paper; it stands for *truth*. A Merry Christmas to all. Joyfully, PAUL COULTER.

P. S.—Some time I will tell you how I helped some little pets. P.

[Good for Paul. He lives and lets live, and that's the Christian way to do.—ED.]

ALBANY, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM AND THE WEES—I hope you all have had a very Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year. It is a long time since I have written to you. I want to tell you about my dog Cricket I don't suppose you will think he is such a wonderful dog as we do, because some of you have so many pets, and naturally think your own pet is the smartest and dearest; at least I do. Our other dog can not do a single trick, but Cricket (we call him that because he jumps so much, not because he is the color of a cricket, for he is white with brown spots,) can sit up and beg, and speak. These are all the really, truly tricks he can do, but he is so cunning that he does not need any more. For instance, if we place a chair up to the table at dinner time, he jumps up and takes possession of it and eats what is set before him, and does not cry for things which he cannot have, but waits patiently until he is served, and then he eats like a gentleman. It is funny to see him. He takes it so seriously. He also jumps upon the fence and walks around on the ledge (which is about five inches wide) until he comes to an easy place to jump down, then he jumps down on the other side. There are a good many dogs where we live, and not all of them like Cricket, and it is pretty hard for a little fox terrier to stand against two or three collies, so when they chase him he jumps upon the fence, looks down upon them as much as to say, "Don't you wish you had me?" and then jumps down into his own yard. I could not tell you half of the things he does, but even now as I am writing he stands with his paws on the edge of the table with his nose just reaching above it, and looking at me so beseechingly out of his big brown eyes that I just know he is saying, "Will you give me some of those nuts that you are eating, please?" and of course I can't refuse. Do you remember that I told you some time ago about some little puppies that we had? Well, last year we had another lot, and they were just as cunning as the others. I enjoy WEE WISDOM as much as ever, and I think a little better. I think I have said enough for this time, so I will close now with love.

From your friend, DOROTHY P. LATHROP.

LEEDS, N. D.

DEAR FRIEND WEE WISDOM—I thought that I would write to you. We are all well and I know you are the same. We are having lots of fun on the snow banks playing. My brother was sick, but is all right now. He goes up town. I have two brothers and three sisters. I am nine years young. I like WEE WISDOM very much. I like that little book, "Drops From Wee Pens," that my brother and sister are in. I wish you a Happy New Year. I got a big doll and a ring and a lot of other things. One of my sisters got a pair of skates, and my other two sisters got big dolls. I have not much to say, so goodby. Yours truly, SELINA WEIERMULLER.

P. S. I will send a present of $1.00 to help the Wee's paper and the good work along.—SELINA'S MAMMA.

LOS VEGAS, N. M.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I am ten years of age. I am in the Fourth Reader. I enjoy reading the stories in WEE WISDOM and the letters. I have one brother. His name is Ikey. My brother has two dogs. One's name is Yellow dog and the other Tige. I had a beautiful pug puppie that I called Dixie. My own mamma lives in Phoenix, Arizona. She sends me the WEE WISDOM first. I live here with my aunt and go to school. I was born in Kansas City, Mo., but have lived here eight years. There are lots of little Spanish boys and girls live here, and I am learning to speak the language. Maybe I can write you something of interest about the Spanish children here if any of you care to know of their lives Goodby, little friends, From MAMIE E LEWIS.

NEW YORK.

EDITOR WEE WISDOM — I have just received two beautiful "Roses" from your *flower garden*, and some other sweet, lovely flowers besides; but somehow I like "Love's Roses" best. Now, dear mother of 10,000 children, bright and happy, please put these little pictures of George Washington (stamps) where they will be most appreciated, and in return send me some more "Roses." I want to send them to some dear ones I know in different states of consciousness. Bless your dear *mother heart*. So much love flows to you now from so many sources. God is good. In His name, WILLIAM C. GIBBONS.

OUR DADEVILLE BATCH OF LETTERS.

DADEVILLE, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I thought I would write a few lines to the Wees, as I have not written to them for a few months. My friends love to read the WEE WISDOMS. Some of them would like to have the dear little paper, so I thought that I would write and get the extra one to give it to them. I like to give them to my friends, because I believe that they love to read the little paper. I love to read the little story called, "Ministering Angels, or Story of Two Boys Who Tried It." Some of my friends read our WEE WISDOM almost every month, and I think they get a great deal of good out of it. Well, I guess that I must close. With much love, Your friend,

VERDIE ORTLOFF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I thought I would write a few lines. I love to read the dear paper. I go to school, but we live on a farm and do not get to go every day. I wish you all a Happy Christmas I have a verse to put in WEE WISDOM Here it is:

Love the days
And love the nights.
Love gives peace and joy and light.

Your loving friend, GRACE ORTLOFF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I thought I would write a little letter to you for the Wees. I am six years young. My sister is guiding my hand. The baby is fifteen months young. When he gets a book he will say that he is going to "*ead*." Much love to the Wees. Your friend,

SOPHIA ORTLOFF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am three years young. I thought I would write a letter to the Wees. My sister is guiding my hand. We have three cats. The snow was falling fast yesterday. Love to the Wees. Your friend,

LILLIE BELLE ORTLOFF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I thought I would write a little line. The birds have left, but the snow birds have come. We worked in the corn today. Our dog caught three rats today. I am eight years old. ERNEST ORTLOFF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I thought I would write a few lines. I have four sisters and three brothers. I am ten years old. I snapped off corn today. I am in the Second Reader. The birds built nests in the side of the house.

"Love the birds and
Love the flowers;
Love the fresh sweet
Morning hours."

That is all I can think of. Your friend,

CHARLEY ORTLOFF.

[Six pairs of willing little hands have set to, and told us the story of six Truth loving little hearts that want to send out love and blessings to all the Wees What a home this must be, with eight brothers and sisters all remembering together, that *only the good is true!* We wonder if their brother Jacob thinks he s too big to write to WEE WISDOM now. We remember his good letters of old.— ED.]

MOUNT IDA, ARK.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my first letter to you. I have been taking the little paper for nearly a year, and I am so glad to see it come every time. I have a little pet cat. Her name is Topsy, and I love her very much. I am going to school, but have been sick for most a week and have had to miss the time. I am in the third grade, and like school ever so much. I am eight years old, and will close. Yours very truly,

EVA SPEER.

[Eva will soon learn that *wellness* is the fashion for Wee Wisdoms. Why! this getting sick is all out of date; it belongs to foolishness and ignorance. Keep this verse in your mind, and you won't have to stay out of school, Eva:

"God is my Health, *I can't be sick*;
God is my Strength, unfailing, quick;
God is my All, I know no fear
Since God and Love and Truth are here."
— ED.]

HOLTON, KANS.

DEAR EDITOR — We are having very nice weather lately. I write to tell you how pleased we were with our little books. We thought they were very nice, and I read them to papa evenings. Lavernia says to thank you for her book, too, for she also thinks it very nice, but she did not have time to write because we are making doll dresses for Christmas. We bought eight dolls that were small, and we will dress and give them to our little girl friends for Christmas. Mamma went to Topeka Tuesday and will be back Monday. It is getting late and I will have to go to bed. So good-night to all, and tell Rick I am coming to see him sometime.

Yours with love to all, VIOLETTA LEEMAN.

MOLINE, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have written a fairy story for WEE WISDOM. Some of it is true. Fluffy is a most beautiful bisque doll, dressed in native costume, that came to me in a satchel from Belgum. The canoe came from the Wisconsin Indians. Cinderay is a little ideal Indian maiden that comes into my mind with Fluffy and the canoe, and so I weave my fancies into this little story. AUNT ABBIE.

LOUISIANA, MO.

DEAR FRIENDS — I send 50 cents for a love-offering to WEE WISDOM. MRS. W. F. SUDA.

[We thank our good friend, and know she will be happy in having made it possible for WEE WISDOM to visit somebody's home, who otherwise could not have paid the little paper's traveling expense.— ED.]

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I want to thank you so much for the book you sent me of "Summer Stories." I received it a few weeks ago, but have not had time to acknowledge it.

Your faithful reader, NANCY SIMPSON.

WALLACE, W. VA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is the first time I ever wrote to you. I like to read you very much. I am ten years old. I have a brother five years old. His name is Carlos. We have lots of fun together. I have a toy piano, and can play a tune on it. Santa Claus brought it to me. I do not go to school. The school house is too far away. Mamma teaches me. I am in the Second Reader. I will get mamma to write this over for me, so you can read it better. I like to read and make pictures. I like to play and help mamma work, too. With love to all the little Wees, I will close. Your little friend, BLANCHE DUDLEY.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Mamma subscribed for WEE WISDOM. I think it is very nice. My little friend, Hallie Upshaw, wrote to you. I am eight years old. I will close. Yours truly,

ERIE MOORE.

[Such nice bold writing as Erie's does one's eyes good, but he failed to give his street number. — ED.]

GOODNIGHT.

Goodnight, mother's darling; before I go to sleep
I will ask God Who gave, to guard you with His love,
From sin and sorrow keep —
My little drop of comfort, my little snow white dove.

— MIZPAH.

AUNT MARY'S BIBLE LESSONS.

LESSON VI. FEBRUARY 5.

Jesus at Jacob's Well.— John 4:5-14.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.*— Rev. 22:17.

Were you ever very, very thirsty? Then was it not good to have some one bring you a big cupful of cold water? How good it tasted, and how much better you felt after drinking it. But that water will not satisfy you forever. By and by you are thirsty again and you must have another drink, and, too, you yourself must go for the water. It will not always be brought to you.

At the well Jesus told the Samaritan woman that he knew of water, and had such water, that would be as a well within one, springing up forever — always there. More than this, he told the woman he could give her of this water. This was the water of healing — the healing of sin, sickness and sorrow. This means the pure and holy Spirit or the understanding of the Divine Self.

We all have the Holy Spirit within us. No priest can give it to us. Money cannot buy it. But we can look at the life of Jesus and follow in his steps. By so doing we will be made to realize who we are — the sons of God. This is the descent of the Holy Spirit, the knowledge that we are sons of God.

Jesus told us that long ago. Some people say Jesus died to save us from sin. No; Jesus *lived* to teach us this truth, and Truth *saves* us from sin. There are wise ones on earth today who know themselves as Jesus knew himself. They know themselves as the sons of God and can propesy and do wonderful things, being conscious of the Holy Spirit within them.

Say these words often: *The Holy Spirit dwells within me. God's well of living water bubbles within me and satisfies me.*

"Ask, and ye shall receive." Simply ask God for the consciousness of the presence of the well within you, and give thanks that you now have that living water, that peace and harmony. As you do this you will grow in conscious strength and harmony and happiness.

LESSON VII. FEBRUARY 12.

The Second Miracle in Cana.— John 4:43-54.

GOLDEN TEXT — *The same works that I do, bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me.*— John 5:36.

This is a lesson in healing. Jesus healed the nobleman's son without even going to him. In some places in the Bible we read, "And he sent his word and healed him."

There is power in a true word. Remember this, dear children, and let your words be healing words; let them be true, kind and noble words. The nobleman represents the noble thought—one who can understand and accept the truth. Can we not all do healing from a distance if we let God think and speak through us as Jesus did? Yau may if you will. "Where there's a will there's a way."

I hope you are all acting as little healers, sending out your thoughts of love and joy to all whom you may meet. Send your thoughts of cheer forth into the world, and be true sunshiners, for in sunshine there is healing. A cross, ugly face does not help anyone, and those that see it feel like being cross, too. Have smiles for all. Jesus carried a smile full of sunshine for all. He was not cross. Do not let your cross feelings show out upon your face, for, if you do so, you will be helpless to heal or to do for others. God can only work through a cheerful countenance, and the smile of cheer will heal or send away all of your own cross feelings, for they are not real and cannot stay.

God is the only healer. He works through you and through me to do good deeds. How glad that nobleman was to hear of his son's recovery to health! How glad are those that we give the word of Truth to! How much gladder are they when we teach them that that same word, or knowledge, of Jesus is within themselves, and that they can use it for themselves and for others!

LESSON VIII. FEBRUARY 19.

Jesus at the Pool of Bethesda.—John 5:1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—*And a great multitude followed him, because they saw his miracles.*—John 6:2.

The point in this lesson is: sin is the cause of sickness. Without sin in the world there would be no sickness. With only true thoughts of God and His love there would be health everywhere.

Some persons say, "But God has afflicted me." This is not true. God cannot give pain. God is Love, and He loves you. Your part is to know God as Love and so be healed. Go and sin no more in your thoughts of God, for *God is Love.*

Now, these people had great faith in this pool of Bethesda; such faith had they that they were many times healed when stepping down into its waters. It was their faith in it that healed them. Jesus showed the impotent man a greater healing power than that within the waters. Jesus simply spoke to the man and he was healed. The people did not like this Sabbath day healing, and complained about it. First they found fault with the man for carrying his bed, then they found fault with the one who healed him. One who does not have faith is apt to be fault-finding.

Each one is Divine, a son of God, for God can make no one unlike Himself, therefore each one has that same power that Jesus manifested, but that power must be used. It must be used in living a true life, in setting a good example, in the healing of ourselves first, and then in the healing of others.

"Ye are of God, little children. Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world." Recognize your power. Look upon yourselves as Christ-like children; appreciate your Divine nature, and thus become at-one with God.

LESSON IX. FEBRUARY 26.

The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes.—John 6:1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT—*I am the living bread which came down from heaven.*—John 6:51.

After Jesus had performed so many miracles, people began to be interested in him; so great crowds followed him from place to place to see what next he would do. Some were curious, some interested, some longed for healing, while others were really ready for his words of Truth.

Even his own followers, the disciples, were surprised when they found he expected to feed so many with only five loaves and two little fishes. But, nothing is impossible with God, and Jesus knew this. So he bade the multitude be seated. The loaves and fishes were divived among them, and all were fed.

God can feed us. He can supply our every need, but our faith must be like that of Jesus. If we have used the last potato in the house, and have no meat, and all our flour is gone, we must know that God can and will feed us in some way, and then take what He sends, no matter in what way it comes, no matter how small it may be, thankfully, graciously receiving the gift. And we will thus derive a blessing.

After the miracle the people knew Jesus to be a prophet, and declared him the one looked for. How obedient we must be to God to get the good from His hand. Suppose the multitude had refused to be seated! Suppose they had said, No, he cannot satisfy us with so little! Then, indeed, they would have gone away hungry, hungry in soul and body, for Jesus fed both the soul and body.

Today Jesus feeds us within our own soul. Jesus Christ dwells within each and all, for he has said, "I am in you." The great I AM is the God of us. God feeds us. God lives us. We are created in God likeness, in Spirit and in Truth. We can do all things, knowing that the Father worketh through us. Jesus said, "Greater things than these shall ye do."

YE EDITOR'S SA NCTUM.

COME in, my Wisdoms. You are always welcome *in here.* I see there are a goodly number of new faces among us this month. We are always glad of this, tho' we never want to miss any of the dear faces we have grown familiar with. This is our own little cozy corner, and we always bring the best of ourselves *in here;* but do you know, when we really get acquainted with ourselves and each other, we find out that's about all there is of us anyway — the Best Self. We have to get real well acquainted with ourselves to find this out, and that's what we're here for. Did you read on our front door plate, as you came in, *this* truth about yourselves? — "*Ye are of God, little children. Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world.*" Now that's God truth about you, children. How do you like it? You don't know quite what it means? Well, it says very plainly, "*Ye are of God, little children.*" Now, if God means to you everything that is good and beautiful and great and wonderful, that's what you "*are of,*" children. And it will make you very happy and very good and very beautiful and very great and very wonderful to remember always, what you "are of." "*Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world.*" What does that mean? Have you ever watched a little seed burst open and grow? It's great, I tell you! You will notice, there's something within that cannot be held back — a power that pushes out and out, and the little seed-shell must give way and let this wonderful Grower grow. We can not see where in all the world it gets the beautiful shapes and colors it sends out; but it works as if it *knew,* and there is nothing *outside* so wonderful as this invisible Worker working from *within,* and it never forgets what manner of plant it came from, either. So in you is this Greater One than is in the outside world — this Wonderful Spirit and Mind that pushes its way right out of evil and pain, and grows like what it came from — *God.* Keep remembering this and you need never be overcome by evil or sickness, for greater is He (God) in you than anything outside. Every time you are sick or unhappy or angry, it is because you have forgotten, "He that is in you" is *greater* than sickness or unhappiness or anger. You can remind yourself, *I am of God.* Health in me is greater than disease. Joy in me is greater than unhappiness. Love in me is greater than anger. And you will feel that unseen Power in you go right to work pushing away the pain and unhappiness and anger. And you will find the new pretty growth of happy, joyful thoughts come quickly into your mind, and life will grow all glad and happy again.



WEE WISDOM

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BALLAD OF A VALENTINE.

Sing a song of a Valentine,
That Johnnie sent to Bess;
It had a great big bleeding heart,
And told of great distress.

It traveled clear across the street,
Bess found it at the door;
She told mamma, "It's hurted so
I's f'aid it's awful sore."

Soon Johnnie's rosy face appeared,
Joy beamed in every line;
"I say, Bess, don't you think that was
A bully Valentine?"

We shall be glad to have Marie tell us about her Spanish neighbors.

Good words for our Little Authors are still coming in.

Be sure and learn to sing this new song of thankfulness, our good friend Mr. Krohn has set to music.

Mrs. Burtis, Mrs. Weiremuller and Mrs. Suda have contributed among them two dollars, to be used in sending WEE WISDOM to homes that need it. If Hollis will give us the address of the little girl he tells about, we'll send her one. Another little girl has just written how much she would appreciate WEE WISDOM'S visits. We must send it to her, too.

Aunt Mary says: "The little books with children's stories is a fine idea, and they are prettily gotten up. We all like them. The children are especially pleased." She also says:

"I see grammatical errors in WEE WISDOM again. It seems too bad that this little paper cannot be perfect in its English, and in its outward form, as its preaching is so much along the line of perfection. The words I noticed were, "It don't pay." They should be, "It doesn't pay." We must set a good example to the children."

["*For* the children," you should have said, Aunt Mary.]

It's Ye Editor who pleads guilty of mixed conjugations this time, and she's real sorry she has set you such a bad example by telling Marjory last month, "It *don't* pay," instead of properly saying, "It *doesn't* pay." She *doesn't* excuse herself either, because the almost universal way of putting it nowadays is, "It *don't* pay." Wouldn't it sound queer to hear people say, "It *do not* pay," and yet don't is just the shortened way of saying *do not*. We'll try to be more careful, Aunt Mary; we thank you for your gentle reminder.

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25 to 49 copies, 35 cts. each per year.
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MAMIE'S THANKSGIVING.
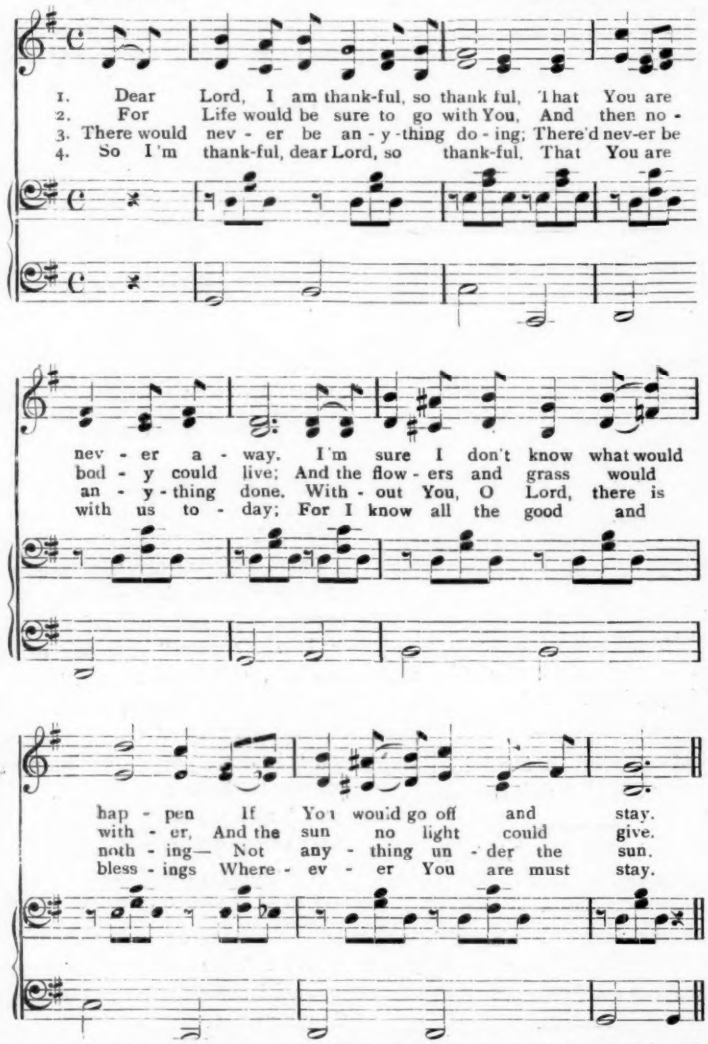
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