

Vol. 8.

KANSAS CITY, MO., JANUARY, 1904.

No. 6.



Mamie heard something, that was sure, but it sounded so much like her own thoughts talking to her that it was not till her eye fell upon the Sunshine Barrel that she was aware it was trying to talk to her. Mamie had heard about inanimate objects talking, and had often wondered how they did it. So now, that the Sunshine Barrel really conveyed to her the idea that it had something important to tell, she went over to it and said, "Well, Sunshine Barrel, I am ready to listen, talk away." But the Sunshine Barrel stood still, and Mamie said, "How am I really to know what you want me to know if you don't tell me someway?" Then there came from the barrel something, it was not a voice, but it was intelligence, and it found a way to tell its story. It talked to Mamie again, and it sounded like thinking when it said, "You want to hear inanimate objects talk, do you? Well, listen. You call me inanimate, do you, with all these other things that stand around waiting to be moved? Well, there's where your off " Mamie's eyes opened wide and she looked at the motionless barrel in great surprise. "What do you mean? I can't see any animation about you, I'm sure," she said.

"Well, there, don't get excited, little girl, I'm just what you made me, anyway, and if you didn't put an idea into me. then of course I don't know anything, but you did, and so did all the Sunshiners, and I tell you I'm so full of that idea that I must express myself or

burst."

"All right, go ahead, but don't burst or you'll spill out all your dollars and dolls," said Mamie. So the Sunshine Barrel talked with its intelligence and told this story:

"It was ages ago I suppose, when

the little seed that started the great tree I was born of, lifted the first little green banner of life in the forest. I was glad to be a tree. I loved the swell of life in my great veins. I loved to toss my giant-arms in the storms and rustle my silken leaves in the sunshine. I loved the birds that came to me for shelter. I loved the fuzzy worms that tented in my leaves, and gladly shared my substance with them. Tho' I looked bare and brown in winter, yet my glad life was taking its winter holiday down in the wonderful laboratories of my under-world home. So I lived and loved with nature, and expressed my freedom and strength until man willed for me another expression of existence. After much handling and shaping I took on my present form, and they called me a barrel. I will tell you of my first great joy as a barrel. I was filled with great, red, beautiful spheres of deliciousness and sent to a home where there were hungry children, and oh! if ever barrel could be loved and accounted a messenger of good, I was that barrel, and ever since it seems to have fallen my lot to express bounty. "Could you know these dolls and toys, these coins and good thoughts that are dropped into my capacious heart, (for I am all heart now,) you would know the grain of the old tree no longer forms my cylinder, nor are these rings of wood that girt my circumference-no, I am a living idea, and the staves and hoops that outline me, are, in truth, meridians and parallels of loving mind. I am no longer a barrel—I am idea."

And then Mamie looked and saw no longer there a soulless wooden barrel. but an expression of great Love.

And that's what our Sunshine Barrel stands for. - MAMIE.



VOL. VIII.

KANSAS CITY, MO., JANUARY, 1904.

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# One Summer in Pacific Grove, or What Faith Did.

BY MARY BREWERTON DEWITT.

CHAPTER V.

JACK'S SURPRISE.

NE day Harry entered the house in the wood with a peered into her pail. very disconsolate look on his usually sunny face. He carried a bag of fish in one hand and a pole in the other.

"Why, Harry, my boy, what troubles you?" asked his mother.

"I caught only shiners, and no one would buy them. Now, if I'd caught perch or rock-cod, sea-bass or even bull-heads I might have made something. Two ladies looked into my bag, but they shook their heads. They said they wanted larger fish."

"You shouldn't be discontented about a little thing like that, but rather be happy that you caught anything at all. We'll have them for supper. You've saved your mother some steps. I don't have to go for eggs now. We have n't much in the larder, I find."

"Where are Jack and Evelyn?" asked Harry, looking around.

"On the beach, as usual. Here they come now."

Jack gave a shout and shook his pail at them.

"They have something in their buckets!" cried Harry, running down the walk.

"Look!" cried Evelyn, as Harry "We've had an awful time getting them off the rocks,



Evelyn's abalone shells

but we found so many abalone shells, and we cut out the meat part (a man showed us how), and then we sold it, and brought home the shells - they are so pretty. You see the abalone lies in this beautiful shell, and clings to the side of a rock. One has to cut it away with a sharp, strong knife. Then you cut away the black part, and scrape it; the meat is very white. The one that does the cooking must scrape it some more, and beat it lightly with a potato masher; then slice and make fritters of it, or you can have soup."

As Evelyn paused, Jack spoke.

"I sold two dozen mussels, and we made a lot of money."

"Seventy-five cents," added Evelyn. "Here it is, mother," and she untied the corner of her hankkerchief and laid the silver in her mother's palm.

Mrs. Evans smiled, and patted her daughter's head.

"What helpful children I have," she said fervently.

"I had faith, and knew if God wanted us to earn money and stay on here that

the shells in a neat pile against a tree in the yard.

Mrs. Evans bustled about to get their supper, and in the meantime Jack had been sent on an errand to the grocery store.

"Ten cents of soda crackers and half a roll of butter," he was repeating to himself as he disappeared through the thick shrubbery.

A full hour had passed, and supper was on the table, but no Jack.

"I don't see how he could take so long," said Evelyn, as she wiped her hands on the roller towel and smoothed her apron. "Here it is half past six."

"I feel quite worried about him," said Mrs. Evans as she refilled the teakettle.

"You must n't be worried, mother,"

said Evelyn, cheerfully. "He's surely safe."

"He's telling somebody all he knows, it's likely," suggested Harry, who had observed his brother's peculiarities.

At that moment Jack appeared with flushed cheeks and a very important air.

"What made you so long?" cried both children in a breath.

Before replying Jack laid down the articles he had

been commissioned to bring.

"Why don't you answer?" said Harry, impatiently.

"Don't you wish you knew? Hoo! oc!" cried Jack tantalizingly.

"Well, Jack, where have you been?" asked Mrs. Evans.

"Oh, he'll tell soon enough, he can't keep it," cried Harry.

"I've been to the grocery store, then I walked along the big street (avenue), and I'd walked a block, and then I



Jack and Marjorie.

I'd do it easily, and so we have, all of us. Jack's been good as gold, too. He worked hard, and didn't play all the time as he usually does. He had a fine time with Mrs. Doble's neice, Marjorie, a nice little girl. They went in wading together."

"I was 'way down at the bath house at Del Monte," interrupted Harry. "I caught some shiners. Mother'll cook them for our supper."

"Good!" Evelyn cried, as she placed

found something — guess!" Jack looked about him waiting a reply.

"A dollar," suggested Evelyn.

"Go on, tell!" exclaimed Harry.

"I found a purse."

"You must return it." said Mrs. Evans, drawing up a chair to the table. "I did."

"How could you know who lost it?" asked Evelyn.

"I went to the postoffice, and made a man read all the notices to me. One place it said, 'Lost, A black leather purse, 'taining twenty dollars. Finder will get reward,' at a number on another street, oh, yes, Sixteenth. Then I asked a man to show me the way."



Lover's Point.

"Did n't you tell anybody you found the purse?" asked Evelyn.

"No, I did n't, they might take it away from me."

Mrs. Evans tried to hide her smiles, but Harry and Evelyn laughed outright.

"Youv'e a big head, Jack," cried Harry.

"What made you do that?" questioned Evelyn.

"'Cause I wanted the reward. What do you 'spose?"

"O Jack, for shame!" ejaculated

Mrs. Evans. "I hope you didn't ask for any reward."

"No, ma'am, I did not ask for money. The man said, 'Here is a dollar for you,' and I told him no, my mother would n't like for me to take money. Then he asked me what he could give me and I said, 'I'd like a ride for all my family—a sure enough long ride.' Then he laughed, and called a lady, and she said I was too cunning—Pshaw!" Jack looked disgusted at the praise.

"Well, and what else?" asked Evelyn, as her brother paused.

"The lady asked how big was my family, and I told her, and they both laughed some more, and said we should have the ride, and we're all to be up

> there on Lighthouse Avenue, near that big church tomorrow at 9 o'clock."

"Come, come, supper is growing cold!" exclaimed Mrs. Evans, breathlessly. "Well, I don't know what to say," she added as the children took their seats.

"Oh, can't we go?" cried Harry disconsolately.

"Certainly, we'll go," was the reply. "Jack's new friends will expect us; so

we'll be there on time."

Evelyn buttered a slice of bread, and quoted thoughtfully, "Ask and ye shall receive."

[ To be continued.]

Hi, diddle, diddle!

New Year has a fiddle

With three hundred and sixty-five strings.

Play one at a time,

And you'll fill in the rhyme

With the joy of the Now on its wings.

#### FOUND.

A NURSERY RHYME.

BY N. DIXON HAHN.

- Oh! where, oh where, has my good boy gone, Oh! where, where can he be!
- Oh! where, oh! where, has my good boy gone, Will someone please tell me?
- Oh, my little boy was always good, As good, as good could be.
- And I'm very sure this frowning boy Who stands here can't be he.
- So I'll close my eyes and fold my arms And lie back in my chair,
- And, perhaps, my own dear little boy Will come and nestle there.
- I know he'll come, so I'll sing and wait. What is that noise I hear?
- Why, sure as I live, here is my boy, My little one so dear.

## THE STORY OF THE FLOWERS.

BY LUCY AULT.



TINY pink flower grew by the roadside, and on the side of it was a blue flower; and not far off, but on the other side, was a bright yellow

blossom. They were all sweet and fresh, and the sun was just kissing away the dew from their laughing faces when a fairy came flying by. She was lovely to look at. Her dress was made of rose petals, and her wings were shining with gold and silver dust. Seeing the three flowers she stopped and sat down on a blade of grass near by.

"I have given so many thoughts this morning," she said, "that I have only a few left; but I will try to give you, dear little blossoms, some of my best."

The flowers did not know what she meant, so the pink clover looked at her and said, "Why are you giving away thoughts this morning?"

"Oh, don't you know?" the fairy asked. "This is the day that all fairies give to the flowers their happiest thoughts, because tomorrow the frost

will come, and you must have a happy thought to dream about all winter, and, anyway, you must have a thought to give to people when they pluck you."

"We understand," cried the flowers; "please give us your kindest thoughts."

"Very well," the fairy said, as she flew to the blue violet. Bending down she wispered, "Be content."

"Thank you, dear fairy," said the violet, and nodded and sang to herself, "Be content, content."

Next the fairy said softly to the pink clover, "Smile, little blossom, smile."

"I will," said the clover, and she commenced singing, like the violet, only the clover sang, "Smile, smile, smile."

"And now, little buttercup," she said to the last flower, "think kindly of everyone. Good-bye, do not forget what I've told you," and the fairy flew away.

So the three swayed to and fro on their stalks and each sang its thought.

A little girl came down the road, and, seeing the flowers, ran toward them with a cry of delight.

"Oh, I must have you," she cried, "but you look so pretty here that I don't like to take you. You will come, though, won't you?" She went on talking to them, "Mamma is sick, because she 'worried too much and worked too hard' the doctor said." She pulled the violet and smelled it. "Please come with me and cheer mamma," she said, and kissed the blue flower.

"Good-bye," it wispered to its friends, and it was gone.

Bessie carried the flower home to her mother who was asleep when she tip-toed into the bedroom. She placed the violet with its soft leaves in a vase by the bedside, and then went softly out of the room. And the violet sang softly to herself, "Be content, content, content."

And the sick woman heard the song in her dream, and when she awoke and saw the violet and smelled its soft breath, she smiled and wispered, "Be content," and she was.

\* \* \* \*

A boy strolled along the road until he came to a large tree. Throwing himself down under its shade he began pulling up grass and throwing it away idly.

"Oh, dear, its such a shame," he said, "here it is Saturday, and the boys are all gone off to the woods, and here I am with nothing to do all afternoon. I'm through all my work now. But now is too late. If I hadn't had to bring in and pile that last armful of wood I could have gone too. Oh, dear! Oh, pshaw!"

He pulled up the tiny clover with a bunch of grass, and held it to his nose. It was giving out its message with every whiff of perfume, "Smile, smile."

The boy, Dan, seemed to hear it, for his face became softer, and finally he said, "Oh, what's the use anyway? Its after two o'clock now, and the boys were going at two, so it can't be helped."

It was not long before he was trudging home with a light heart, a smiling face, and the clover in his hand. His mother glanced up as he crossed the door-sill. He was smiling broadly.

"You look so happy, Dan, that I think I must tell you that the boys came for you to go with them. They said they would wait out in the yard for half an hour for you, so hurry, they're out there yet." She stopped to take breath and then went on: "I was going to punish you for being so cross about your work this morning by not letting you go, but you looked so happy when you came in that I—"

But Dan was gone, and he had dropped the clover on the floor. His mother picked it up and thrust it in with some other flowers in a vase. "Dan is so fond of flowers." she said.

\* \* \* \*

And the buttercup, what about it?

Well, a girl sat down on the grass near it, and she was crying because one of her friends said she was a 'goodygoody-girl.' She pulled up the buttercup, and gazed into its yellow center. "I thought she was my friend. Oh, I'm not goody-goody. I hate her, I do!" she was saying, and all at once she stopped because she heard the buttercup giving its message, "Think kindly of everyone."

"How foolish I am," she said, "to be angry at such a little thing; but Laura was mea—, no she wasn't either, she was just thoughtless; so there!" She arose and started home with the buttercup in her hand.

When she reached home Bessie put the buttercup in water, and it was many days before it lost its brightness and the fairy thought.

And when the frost came the next day the three flowers had given their thoughts, and were safe from cold winter.

#### A FAIRY.

BY BOTHILDA E. CURTZ,

Little fairy, light and airy,
Why are you so weary,
With eyes so bright
And feet so light?
You dance on the green
When you are not seen.

When the moon peeps out
You dance around about;
With your feet so small,
You dance by the garden wall,
But when it is light
You flee from sight.

#### DICK'S RANSON.

BY L. C. FULTZ.



ICK was a beautiful canary bird owned by Mildred Hawkins, and was a general favorite of the neighborhood to the extent of the radi of his

wonderful little voice. He knew it, and was proud of his reputation. Dick's life had been a sunny one, and, to an extent Dick was a philosopher. He could sing as well in the night by the light of the moon as in the warm sunlight on the veranda; but one day it was noticed that he did not sing; he appeared cross, and it was advised to hang the cage in a spare room to himself, and feed him sparingly on seed and water until he would again sing.

When alone he began to ponder upon his life, and, like most people, forgot to dwell on the pleasant side of it. He reviewed his first memories - his early home in a hatchery, his vocal training with conceited birds as tutors, and a period of suspension in a bird store with screaching parrots and animals of all kinds, where the air was not sweet, and the hot sun shining through a plate-glass window, throwing hot beams upon his cage. It was there he first longed for liberty, but his advent in the Hawkins home had brightened his spirits, and all went well for a while. He could not understand why he was so cooped up with bars while other birds were free in the yard; so Dick began to fret, and made up his mind to quit singing. Dick was thinking bad thoughts. No other bird, he contended, was so unfortunate. He had to eat what was given him, bathe in a small dish, and remain where he was placed. He could not fly for the bars, and visions of the freedom of the Canary Isles, where his grandfather was born, now and then broke in upon his mental sight, and altogether Dick was discouraged. Dick was thinking bad thoughts. He pecked peevishly at the little finger of Mildred as she tried to coax him to a better mood. He threw his seed about the room and flicked water from his bath over the wall. Poor Dick! He was thinking bad thoughts.

One morning about dawn Dick was mooping and counting his woes, for he felt too oppressed to sleep. Suddenly a little sentinel in a tree just outside his window began to chirp. There was no response. Then another chirp which sounded like "Awake! awake!" brought forth an answer from the throat of a sleepy fellow, who seemed to say, "Yes, I hear you," and soon the whole colony of sparrows had joined in the morning anthem that greeted the first rays of the rising sun. Poor Dick listened to the chorus more gloomily than ever. Why was he not out there with the other birds? Dick was thinking. All the birds were singing, "I'm free, I'm free," when one burst forth in clearest accents singing, "Liberty, liberty, liberty." This took Dick's attention, and he began to warble softly, "I'm free, I'm free." His voice seemed to awaken in him a new trend of thought. and he burst forth, to the delight of the household awakened by his song, "I'm free, liberty, liberty." Dick was thinking right thoughts, and, although the bars were still there, he sang on and on his new song of liberty, and was soon again out on the veranda amid his favorite haunts. He watched the sparrows splashing in the fountain and hopping in the silver spray of the hose. He plunged into his once despised bathdish and splashed the water over him, all the while saying to himself, "I'm free, I'm free!" Dick was thinking

right thoughts. He did not question the apparent conditions of the bars, nor his limitations, but sang on prayerfully and hopefully, "I'm free, I'm free!" Night and day he sang his song of freedom. One morning while fluttering in the little bath, he heard a sparrow sing close to his cage, "You're free, you're free," and looking up he spied the open door of his bright cage. He hopped out singing all the while, "Liberty, liberty, liberty." Poising a while on the limb of a tree near the house he sang his farewell song to Mildred, "I'm free, liberty, liberty," and then began his flight to the warm and sunny south he had so often seen in his dreams.

#### SAM.

Dear Children of Wee Wisdom:

Aunt Phebe at last is seated to give the story and history of our Sam cat. He is gray with a white collar, was born in 1892, and is now eleven years old. He is a very large, nice cat, and is so knowing; always stays at home. We have for him a bunk, put up so he can jump into it from the window-sill. Then he is safe from the children whom he is afraid of. He does not know what "Kitty, kitty" means, but if we call "Sam!" he comes a-trotting.

He has a place to come in and go out. One night, after we had gone to bed, he came in and walked over the floor so heavy I called out, "Sam, is that you?" and he answered, "mew." He says it in such a way it sounds like "yes."

We raised him from a kitten. Once he was lost for several days. We think a neighbor shut him up in her house to coax him to stay with her. But he would not be coaxed.

We have a cattle ranch, and go down to help make hay in the summer, so we took Sam along. The journey took all

day, and he got tired and wanted to get out; so we cut a hole in the sack and let his head out, and then he enjoyed all the journey. There were three cats on the ranch, and Sepe, one of the cats, hunted moles and field mice, and brought them to Sam.

Pa had Sam's picture taken. It makes the children laugh when I show them Sam's soup dish, it looks so cute. One day a bad cat came around, and stuck one of her claws in Sam's eye, and for awhile I thought he would lose it, but I treated it and it got well all right.

When we talk to him he always answers us so knowingly. Pa always feeds him. One evening Sam stayed out later than usual, and Pa had just gone to bed when he walked in, and commenced to talk to Pa as much as to say, "You have gone to bed and left me without supper." So Pa said, "Ma will have to give you some." So then he turned around and came to me, and I fed him. After he had eaten he went back and jumped up in a chair by the bed and talked and licked his tongue out to show Pa he had gotten his supper, then he went off to bed.

I saw him go down towards the creek and catch a rabbit almost as large as himself, and bring part of it to the house for some kittens to eat. It is pretty cold weather here in Montana, and when Sam gets cold towards morning he comes and wakes us up, and we have to get up, too. He has a feather bed, and always sleeps with his head to the North.

We have a Sunday School here, and and are trying to do what we can for the children.

With love for you all from
—AUNT PHEBE, Ophir, Mont.

"All of God's sun shines on our commonest day."



[Contributed by the Wee Wisdom Society of Merchantville, New Jersey, and are for the use of all Wee Wisdom's Truth sowers.]

Class Word— THE SUPREME DESIRE OF MY SOUL IS TO MANIFEST GOD.

Jewel Word - I AM GOD'S CHILD.

Verse Word -

Loving words will cost but little, Journeying up the hill of life; But they make the weak and weary Stronger, braver for the strife. Do not count them only trifles? What to earth are sun and rain? Never was a kind word wasted, Never was one said in vain.

When the cares of life are many,
And its burdens heavy grow,
Think on weak ones close beside you —
If you love them, tell them so.
What you count of little value
Has an almost magic power,
And beneath their cheering sunshine
Hearts will blossom like a flower.

So, as up life's hill we journey, Let us scatter, all the way, Kindly words, for they are sunshine In the dark and cloudy day. Grudge no loving word or action, As along through life you go: There are weary ones around you— If you love them, tell them so.

-From "Sweets."

#### UNCLE JOHN'S COLUMN.

In reply to WEE WISDOM'S question of how they spend Christmas in other countries, Innocencia, the girls' mamma, told us the story of how the Presepi is to Brazil what our Christmas tree is to us. So last Sunday the three girls, Francis, Elsie and Marion, wrote compositions on this subject. I send Marion's; it will give you a glimpse of her mamma's beautiful story.

Our young Fillmore is growing to be a handsome fellow. He's every whit a boy, delights in any old thing in the shape of a frolic. He's just ten months young today. He is as lively as a cricket and as quick as a flash. He stands up by chairs and wants to walk. He is unusually strong, and is as happy as joy; has a smile for everybody, and the possessor of four teeth. He is a regular chatter-box. He is fond of music and sings like a bird.

[We wish Uncle John had sent him on a New Year's visit to us in this WEE WISDOM. Our Slater Fillmore and our Wallace Fillmore are both ten months on this planet. Such babies! Why! Baby Wallace refuses to be cramped up in the house when he takes his naps. No matter what the weather, he wants the whole out-of-doors to sleep in, and demands it. When sleepy time comes he asks for his carriage and into it he goes, with a great show of glee; is wrapped in his blankets and wheeled out-of-door, where he quickly yields to the sleepy god, and for hours slumbers under the canopy of heaven with the winds to rock him. It must mean a great consciousness of freedom that will not brook the limitations of walls and roofs. God bless our ten months Wees, and may they deliver the old world from limitations. - ED. ]

# HOW PEOPLE OF OTHER COUNTRIES CELEBRATE CHRIST-MAS.

MARION A. SLEATER.

Not all the people in the world have Christmas trees, but they have something which is as beautiful to them as our trees seem to us. It is the expression of the idea of the nativity of Christ by miniature figures of all the characters which make up that group.

They have little dolls dressed to represent Mary, the infant Jesus, Joseph, and the Wise Men. These figures are all grouped inside of a large toy stable forming a tableau of the "birth of Christ." Outside of this stable the grounds are laid out in little walks with moss for grass. Glass mirrors representing water with little ducks and swans floating on the make-believe water. This little kindergarten of God is called a Presepi. The people that cannot afford to buy the figures of Mary, Joseph, etc., carve them out of wood.

A story is told in the January number 1903 of Scribner's magazine about a little Italian boy called "Giuseppe," how he carved the figures of Mary, Jesus, etc., and sold them to different people, also to the churches. And how beautiful they looked when there! It also said that perhaps the reason Santa Claus never came there is because "He is afraid the warm climate would melt the icicles from his long white beard, and his reindeer would suffocate, only being used to cold climate."

But I think different. I believe Santa Claus is love, and love can go anywhere. I think the Presepi is another way of expressing love, just as our Christmas tree idea.

The people of Italy are not the only ones that have the Presepi. The Catholic people of Brazil have the Presepi also. Some have "gardens" in each corner of the room instead of figures of Jesus and Bethlehem. They celebrate all the week after Christmas fasting and praying.

Do you not think the Presepi with the Madonna and Christ more beautiful than our Christmas tree? I think it is a beautiful way of expressing love and keeping Christ's memorial day.



DENVER, COL.

DEAR LITTLE WEE WISDOM — The snow is on the ground here and it is so cold that everybody is dressed in their warmest furs. We are going to have a little dog. When we have taught it some tricks I will write another letter all about him. If I could only think of a story to tell, but they are scarce in my mind so I will let it go. A happy, happy Christmas and a merry, merry New Year.

Your friend, Janet White.

#### N 38 38

#### AURORA, ILL.

Dear Editor of Wee Wisdom—I have sent in a subscription to Wee Wisdom. These are fatherless children, so please have something in Wee Wisdom about God being a father or like a father. They say that whatever truths we get into our heads when young stay with us through life.

MINNIE E. BENEDICT.

### N 26 %

#### RAYMOND, KANS.

DEAR FRIEND — As I said in my last letter I thought I could get a subscriber, and I did. Enclosed please find 50 cents to send WEE WISDOM to Bessie Webb, Sterling, Kans.

#### VIOLET SMITH.

P. S.—I will give her name and address again, so there will be no mistake.

#### A 26 36

#### NIANATIC, CONN.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE - While I am writing now, there is a little chickadee in the honeysuckle vine on the house in front of us, and he keeps singing his cheerful chickadee-dee-dee. I have tried again and again to copy his note, and can nearly get the tone, but the little trill and the almost harsh sound he has when he is near enough (as on a branch of the tree by our open window) I cannot get. They seem to be the very life of the song. My sister Gertrude and I often outline little houses about a foot high with pine needles, and make little beds of them. That is my favorite place for reading, and little birds often come and pick the seeds out of the pine cones while I am there. We saw a pair of Red Crossbills when we were out walking. They flew from tree to tree making a bit of bright color and making quite a noise picking away at the pine cones. I read an article a little while ago by a man who said he liked the English sparrows. They are so bright and cheery and never forsake us in the cold winter. I have always liked them too, and wonder how people could dislike them. It is Indian summer now, at least it was a few days ago. It is raining now, yet it isn't cold. The sun keeps playing hide-and-seek with the clouds, and I like it. Your dear little paper came to me vesterday, and I at once decided to write a letter, and try, at least, to write a story. I love your little paper and always look forward with pleasure to its coming, and never fail to read Ye Editor's Sanctum; neither does mamma. I did not think of making a drawing for WEE WISDOM'S birthday until too late. I was very sorry. I take the magazines, St. Nicholas, Birds and All Nature, and best of all, WEE WISDOM. It comes like a lot of good thoughts all tied up in a bunch, and whenever I feel blue I get a WEE WISDOM and read it. I like especially the story of "Love's Roses," that appeared in WEE WISDOM long ago. It makes me feel good all over when I read it. It is so nice to be here in Pine Grove by the seashore. I love the bareness of the house. I dislike to think of going to the crowded city where there is such a noise always, and here it is so peaceful and quiet. We have very few toys here, and I am happier without so many. I am going to give a lot away Christmas. The more I read from Ye Editor's Sanctum and Wee Editors' Sanctum the more I wish we could live near you.

Ever your friend, Dorothy P. LATHROP.

[What a good letter Dororthy has written us. She makes us feel as if we were right there with her while she is writing. Her words are all alive with the thought and beauty of her sweet soul. Let us have a drawing, Dorothy, just any time or every time—don't wait for special times.—Ed.]

DENVER, COLORADO.

Dear Wee Wisdom—This is my first letter to you, and I like you very much. I am nine years old and go to school. I am in the third grade. I give my love to all. Your loving

MARIE A. YOUNG,

St 32 32

ROGERS, ARKANSAS.

My Dear Santa Claus—I thought I would write today to tell you what I want for Christmas. I want a little trunk large enough for my dresses. I am ten years old. I have two little sisters younger than myself, one named Sarah the other Mary; one is eight, the other five.

Yours truly, KATHLEEN MENDENHALL. ROGERS, ARKANSAS.

MY DEAR SANTA CLAUS—I thought I would write to you. I am five years old. We live in the country. I want you to please bring me a little stove and a set of dishes and a little doll dressed in a blue dress. Your true friend,

MAMIE MENDENHALL.

[These little friends evidently think Wee Wisdom and Santa are in partnership, and so have sent their Christmas orders this way. They have not missed it much, for Wee Wisdom has sent out her *Word* that the Great Love shall abundantly provide for all your Christmas calls.

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BATH, NEW YORK.

Dear Wee Wisdom — Thinking it my turn to write I will do so. I send you my picture. I love Wee Wisdom dearly and could not do with-



Jennie.

out it. I like the story about "What Faith Did." I am a little girl eleven years old and in the sixth grade at school. I have a very good teacher. Her name is Libbie Hunter. I have a pet horse named Jim that I love to ride and drive, and a calf named Dolly that I raised last year, which will soon be a cow. I also have a pet chicken, and a cat that I call Don. Mamma is going to have a family dinner Christmas, of twenty or more, and the best of all grandma will be in it to brighten the day. I hope Santa Claus will come too. Hoping to see my letter in Wee Wisdom, I will close. Your loving friend,

JENNIE C. SCHOFIELD.

[Jennie does not tell about sending Wee Wisdom to her cousin for a Christmas gift but she has.— Ed.]

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE - I am very interested in "One Summer in Pacific Grove, or What Faith Did," and I think that if everybody had as much patience and perseverance as Harry, Jack and Evelyn had, that nothing would seem an impossibility, and I think that if everybody tried to do things as they did that they would well deserve it when they received it, and would soon be receiving it. Evelyn and Jack and Harry had the real thing inside of them, that a very few people possess, and that "thing" is the great love for each other that they had within them all. I would like very much to know what the Wees are doing. Can anybody tell me? I remain forever. Your true friend.

[Gertrude has written a nice letter, but she has forgotten to give her address. Now it is very necessary to have the address or we cannot send the little writers an extra Wee Wisdom with their "pieces" in.—ED]

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THE INTERNATIONAL SUNSHING SOCIETY,

95 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I want to thank you for the cheery and bright Sunshine page you run in your paper. We keep it in our scrap-book, and are very proud of the work of your little ones. Do you receive the Bulletin regularly? We send it. Thanking you for all your help,

I am faithfully yours in sunshine or shade, CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN, President-General.

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HOLTON, KANSAS

GERTRUDE TRAUBEL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - I thought I would write you a letter, for I have not written to you for a long time. Lavernia and I saved up a dollar for Sunshine Barrel and we will send it with this letter. I am in the fourth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Martin. I spoke the piece about "Grandpa Gobble's Thanksgiving Grace." I guess my letter will not get there in time for the December number. I hope my letter will escape the waste basket. We are making bead-fobs. I will have to close. Sunshine Barrel can do anything it wants to with the dollar. We took the dollar and blessed it in Divine Love and held a thought for it. I am nine years young. I have two sisters, Ethel and Lavernia Leeman. I guess I will have to close. With love to all the Wees, VIOLETTA LEEMAN.

[The subshine and love in this letter will surely stir the good thought into action wherever goes. And the wonderful dollar! Why! it is the Sunshine Barrel full to overflowing, and ho knows what it can accomplish by Violetta wd Lavernia's blessing.—ED.]

CAMPBELL, Cal.

Dear Wee Wisdom — My thoughts for the New Year are to turn over a new leaf and sow new seeds. I like the little paper Wee Wisdom, and fully enjoy it. I go to a little country school. I am in the fourth grade. I am the best of my class in reading and spelling. I know that Divine Mind helps me get my lessons. Love is in everybody, if they only realize it. I know the Truth will make me free. I am ten years young. We have a lovely horse named Prince. We have chickens, and I take care of them. We have a nice home. I have composed some love verses — here they are:

When the happy New Year's come,
I will make a great, big sum.
I will plant some seeds of spirit,
So when any one comes near it
They will be blessed to hear it,
And know that God, the all-good, is Spirit;
That life on earth is joyous,
When we love each other loyal.
Peace on earth, good will to men,
When we do the best we can.
To serve our God is a happy plan,
And love everyone all we can.

I hope to see my letter in January number. Your loving little Truth girl,

FLORENCE E. WADE.

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WATERFORD, MICHIGAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought you would like to hear from me since you have not heard from me in so long. I go to school and am in the sixth grade. (I cannot write very well yet.) How are all the Wees now? I have a dog. His name is Nero. I am ten years old, I think "One Summer in Pacific Grove, or What Faith Did," is such a nice story. Hoping this will escape the waste basket, and wishing you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year,

Yours lovingly, MARJORIE V. CRANE.

[Your writing is very clear and nice, and we should have been glad of a much longer letter from you, Marjorie,— Ed.]

"Dear Grandma, I am writing you a letter With mamma's pen and ink. She left it on the table here,

I guess she did not think

That I could climb up in her big chair and write, But I just 'sprise you with a letter sweet, tonight. I know when you have read it

The very words you'll say,

'Why, bless the little darling, I'll send her a doll this day.'"

The piece Clara sent.

## YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.



here we are on the threshhold of a New Year! It doesn't really seem so very different from the old one, not enough so, for if we

had n't changed calendars we'd be calling it by the old name yet. But there's this that we always rejoice in when New Year comes — it's called new, and we're always glad of something new. Did you ever stop and think why we are always wanting new things? Well, think it over in your own little head and heart, and when you ve made it clear to yourself, just tell the rest of us the why.

You remember the little girl who when asked, "How old are you?" answered after the inspiration of her own timeless spirit, "I'm not old at all. I'm new." Well, she was right, and if she keeps on with that record of her life she will always be new in mind and body as well as in spirit. Would you call God old? Why no, and yet what is older than God? Would you call Love old? And yet what is older than Love? Think of love and kindness growing old! Why, love is always so fresh and sweet, and kindness so new, one could never think of them with gray hair and wrinkles, and decrepit. And yet we believe the dear papas and mammas who are the really real nearest representatives of love and kindness, and all that sort of thing, can get old and wrinkled and helpless. How do you suppose such a wicked thought ever crept into the pure mind of God's new little ones?

I'll tell you what I heard last week, it was this: that God never made old life, that the fresh new life which comes forever, to all, from the ever-presence of the great God-life, can't be else than new, all the time NEW. As new when it comes to the papa or mamma as

when it comes to the baby sister or brother, and so when we talk about the old-ness of life we are talking falsehood. And it is the falsehood only that hides our beautiful faces behind the mask of ugliness and wrinkles while we go on living in God's beautiful new world.

I heard, too, that all the beautiful flesh mosiac that makes up the temple of body, was put in fresh and new every eleven months so that really none of us could ever be older in the substance of our bodies than eleven months. How do you like this kind of newness? You can see the reason we like new things is because newness is natural and oldness is unnatural.

It's a good time right now, while we've a new year, to be getting new thoughts and true thoughts about ourselves and life. And now we'll turn right in and tear off all the false faces put on ourselves and those about us by false thoughts of life. And we'll let shine out upon us papa's and mamma's beautiful new faces, and we'll never, never put on them the mask of old age any more by calling them old, or believing them old. We'll just all be elevenmonths-old twins together, and then won't the world be jolly?

It makes me feel good, too, to throw off all these *old* make-shifts we have called a part of life's machinery, and come right down here where we're all new together. Just happy to be and do.

The responsiveness on your part this month is a source of great happiness to ye editor. And it does seem as if she never loved you or appreciated your efforts so much as now Your letters and stories will come as sweet and spontaneous henceforth as a bird sends out its songs because of our great love of this new-ness that is ours continually. All the fears and traditions of the ages fade out before this Eternal God-ness of life. A Happy New Year to you all! (with its new-ness immortalized.)



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MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor.

# Happy New Year!

January, 1904.

About the year

that's here,

my dear.

With love and gladness,

health and cheer,

With life that's free

from care and fear,

Comes the New Year,

my dear.

For the old year

gone by,

don't sigh.

In Love's safe garner

there doth lie

The grains and fruits

in rich supply,

Planted and reaped

by you and I.

my dear. \_ M. F.

The stories for our new books have not been coming in very fast. Lowell was left in charge last month, and he did not give you a subject for this month's story writing. You can take for your February theme, My Valentine. And don't forget that the best stories

are to be put into our little book.

TO THE WEE WISDOMS.

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

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

Aunt Mary's offer is a very attractive one for girls. We wonder what she'll do for boys who are industrious in recruiting for the ranks of WEE WIS-DOM? Don't you believe that Aunt Mary will be one-sided in her attention, boys! You do your part and WEE WISDOM will vouch for her that she'll do hers.

Always write your full address with every letter and story you send, else we cannot send you the extra copy containing your letter or story. One dear child in Chicago subscribed for WEE WISDOM a year ago, but gave no street address, and we have not yet been able to locate the dear boy and send him his precious paper.

WEE WISDOM goes to press before we can tell you of the good times the Unity Wees have at Headquarters with their Christmas tree. Maybe "Mr. Nickel" will be 'round somewhere and take notes. We'll have Helen or Martha look after him.

We hope our Aunt from Ophir will send us the picture of the intelligent cat. And that Dorothy will illustrate a story and send us.

