

Vol. 8.

KANSAS CITY, MO., FEBRUARY, 1904.

No. 7.



SHINE CHICISTIMAS

A True Story.

Something had been going on for days in the luxuriant home of Mrs. R.—— in Kansas City. The florist had been there, the electrician had been there, and it would seem everybody had been there who could contribute toward

converting it into fairyland.

You could see this afternoon before Christmas that whatever all this preparation was for was about to take Back of the silken draperies could be seen the tall, fragrant pine that had been transformed into a Christmas tree. It was so strung with glittering webs of silver and gold you might have thought some giant spider had done the work. And, oh! what could be left for "Santa" to do, with all those dangling stockings filled to the brim with priceless sweets. And the dolls! such families of dolls-big, bigger, biggest; little, littler, littlest; sweet, sweeter, sweetest, were these creatures of dollhood, from infancy up. Such a paradise for little mothers! But where were the little mothers? In all this big, luxuriant home there was not so much as an echo of a child's voice or a child's footfall, for the stately and beautiful had not one child to call her own. But she must have had the love of children a-plenty in her heart, else why should this great tree be packed from top to bottom with everything that makes glad the heart of childhood.

And, oh, the wonder of this tree! You had but to touch a magic button, and lo, in and out among the branches flashed lights that looked like flowers in shape and coloring. Who ever beheld such a marvelous tree! Surely it is like the time of Alladan's Lamp, and some good fairy spell is over the whole house. There is a table set in the soft tinted room — and such a table! who would attempt to describe it? Not I. It must

be princely guests who are expected to such a feast. Then there is rare music waiting to charm sweet ears. There is expectancy all through the house. Something is about to happen, something that gives a tender lingering touch to things already doubly done, something that puts "a light not seen on sea or land" into the eyes and face of Mrs. R—

There is a stir outside. "They are come," she murmurs, and throws wide open the outer door. Ah, now we shall see these fairy favorites of fortune for whom all this lavish preparation has been made. Behold! What? Just two lines of "Mother Goose" flit through

our head -

"Hark, hark! hear the dogs bark, The beggars are coming to town"—

this motley crew of queer-clad, half-clad, soiled-faced urchins huddled out of the cold and dark into the light and warmth of this paradise on earth. There was a large company, and you would have thought them the most distinguished guests, to have seen the graceful welcome they received from their beautiful hostess. "The Kind Lady" was with them, she it was who had hunted them up and brought them this Christmas Eve to see and know what the Christ love was like. I would like to tell you all about it, just as "the Kind Lady" told it to me, but I have only this little bit of space to tell it in, and so you must finish out for yourselves what must have been the heavenly joy of these little guests to have had this wonderful evening with all its gifts and beauty, its music and love, and to have taken home, each one, a bag filled with clothing and sweets and toys, and a memory which shall forever awake sacred thoughts of Christmas Eve.



Vol. VIII.

KANSAS CITY, MO., FEBRUARY, 1904.

No. 7.

One Summer in Pacific Grove, or What Faith Did.

BY MARY BREWERTON DEWITT.

CHAPTER VI.

THE OLD MISSION.



HE happy day had arrived for the drive, and all were on hand at the appointed place of meeting with Jack in the lead.

Mr. and Mrs. Lakewood, with their grown daughter Clare, introduced themselves, putting Mrs. Evans entirely at her ease by declaring it was a pleasure

to be able to show them some of the beauties of the surrounding country.

"It is a hobby of ours to want to show strangers about," added Mr. Lakewood, "and your boy Jack has kindly given us the opportunity, so we have planned to take you to Point Lobos, one of the principal drives."

Mrs. Evans concluded the Lakewoods were wealthy people, residing in the Groves, and she was right.

They had two vehicles. Mr. Lakewood drove in his buggy with Clare, the four Evans' riding in the surrey with Mrs. Lakewood. They drove through the old Spanish town of Monterey, and here Mrs. Lakewood pointed out to them the points of interest, such as the old Custom house, the house where Stevenson, the writer, stopped at, the the old adobe houses, the Catholic church called San Carlos Mission, and other places. Then the drive took them through the country past farms, on through the thick woods, and again by the sea, on and on, until they reached Point Lobos.



Point Lobos.

Here they alighted, and, greatly to their surprise, Mr. Lakewood drew forth a good-sized lunch basket from beneath the seat of the buggy.

"I had no idea we were going so far," said Mrs. Evans, "or I should

certainly have brought lunch along."

"Don't be troubled about that, Madam," called out Mr. Lakewood cheerfully, as he led the way to some good-sized oaks in full view of the dashing sea. "This is a part of our little surprise. We have all the lunch this party can manage. My wife put this up, and her idea of seven appetites is about as large as her plump person."

All smiled at this, for Mrs. Lakewood was certainly a round and jolly looking individual, with a comfortable smile on her fat, rosy face.



Skeleton of the Whale.

Clare followed her father, carrying two bottles. One contained tea and the other milk. While Mr. Lakewood unhitched the horses the rest set to work building a fire, and in a short time had some nice hot tea ready.

What a feast that was! After they had partaken of chicken sandwiches, potato salad, eggs, crackers, cheese, strawberries and cake, Mr. Lakewood went to the buggy and returned carrying an ice cream freezer.

"Ice cream!" shouted the children, forgetting all shyness.

After this lunch Jack and Harry and Evelyn wandered about among the trees and rocks to their hearts' content.

Harry came running back to where the grown people were resting, declaring he had seen the bones of a huge animal, so they followed his leading to find out what it might be. There in the sun lay the skeleton of an immense creature, which Mr. Lakewood explained was that of a whale. It must have measured sixty feet at least, and was a wonderful sight to our little party.

"I should think it would be easy for Jonah to stay alive in a big fish like that," observed lack.

"He could almost walk around inside of it, couldn't he?" added Harry.

"We're going back soon," interrupted Mr. Lakewood, "so I'd advise you to make the most of your time. Pick all the wild flowers you can find. We'll stop at Carmel Mission and see that old building, for it's over one hundred years old."

"My! but we're learning a lot," exclaimed Evelyn.

Clare smiled at the eager little girl. "It's the best and easiest way to learn, is it not?"

Evelyn nodded, adding, "You're all so good to bring us."

"You must thank Jack for that" said Mrs. Lakewood, joining them as they walked back to the wagons.

"All aboard!" shouted Mr. Lake-wood.

The two boys scrambled to see which would be in first.

"Harry! Jack!" called Mrs. Evans, "remember, little boys last."

The boys subsided at this and were more quiet.

After half an hour's driving they reached the old Mission.

"I'm going back in the buggy," announced Jack as they alighted. "Mr. Lakewood said I might."

A little Spanish girl seeing them from a house across the road, came with a big key and opened the ponderous door for them to enter. Mr. Lakewood gave the girl some money and they all went in quietly.

"Please do not speak loud in the church," said the girl.

It was a dim old building with rude benches at the front, a fount near the door, and small confessional on an elevation, and above their heads the organ loft. The small painted glass windows looked quite pretty with the afternoon light on them. There were mottoes on the walls. One read, "If you do not believe, respect the church."

The children were interested in climbing the worn steps to the empty loft. Here they found prints of the feet that had so often gone up and down the stair.

Jack had been the last to ascend the loft, after the others had descended. After a few minutes it seemed rather



Carmel Mission.

dark to him and very silent. He climbed rapidly down, but what was his consternation to find no one about and the large door closed and locked.

Jack was a plucky little fellow, and he was not apt to cry until he had made an effort to help himself. He looked

about him for a window through which to climb, but they were all too high; then he went to the door once more and rapped on it, but all was still.

"Evelyn would pray, I s'pose," said Jack to himself, "God is my help in every need.' Oh, please let me out, God. It isn't nice for little boys to be shut up, and I haven't been bad, either."

Jack sat down on the cold floor and began to cry, then he stopped abruptly. "Why, God didn't shut me up. I ought to 've watched the others 'nd paid 'tention, and 'sides they'll come back for me."

But it was many long minutes before the little party discovered that one of their number was missing. The buggy was a good distance ahead of the surrey. Mrs. Lakewood having heard Jack state that he was going to ride in the buggy concluded that he was with Mr. Lakewood and Clare, so no one was disturbed about him until after about two miles of driving they overtook the buggy.

"Where is Jack?" the two women exclaimed in a breath.

There was considerable excitement for a few minutes, then Mr. Lakewood turned his horse's head and drove as fast as was possible toward the old Mission.

The Spanish girl hurriedly unlocked the large door when she heard their tale of the missing boy. They found the little fellow curled up in a heap close to the door, tears streaking his usually sunny face, and his eyes closed in sleep.

"Poor little boy!" whispered Clare, as she lifted him tenderly.

He waked and clung crying to her

"You're all right, little man," called out Mr. Lakewood, as Clare lifted him into the buggy. "I can walk, I'm no baby," said Jack, waking and realizing the attention that was being given him.

"We'll soon be up with the carriage, now," said Mr. Lakewood taking the reins. "Your mother will be glad to

see you again."

There was a shout of delight when they reached the rest of the party. No further adventures happened to them on their homeward way, so gradually their spirits rose and everyone was joyous again.

Evelyn and Harry sang some of their pretty evening songs for Mrs. Lakewood, which quite delighted her. She said their voices were sweet and clear and the songs unusually pretty, especially the one beginning,

> "God is Love, that Love surrounds me, In that Love I safely dwell."

"That would have been a good song for Jack to have sung when he was shut up in the church," said Evelyn.

"About that time," said Mrs. Evans, "he thought more of crying than singing."

The Lakewoods had taken such an interest in their guests that they wanted to know where they were living, so they set them down before their little cottage in the wood.

[To be continued.]

THE RUNAWAY SUNBEAM.

BY M. BREWERTON DEWITT.

A little sunbeam ran sway,
Because he loved the earth;
And that is what the new leaves heard,
To make them shake with mirth,

'Twas in the February month, Upon that magic day, When all the little boys and girls Their love thoughts send away.

This sunbeam whispered to the earth,
"Your valentine I'll be,
For I will gladen your dear heart
Because I love but thee."

A TRUE DUCK STORY.

BY PAPA HARRY.



IGH above the earth in the blue ether floated a long peculiar < "Look at the ducks!" exclaimed Orion. Albert and Papa gazed into

the heavens, and watched the < as it seemed to be slowly floating southward, but it was, in reality, going at a terrific speed.

"Good," said Orion, "it's going to get cold, and we can go skating."

"Do ducks know it is going to get cold?" asked Albert.

"Yes, but that is not the reason of their flight southward," said Papa; "it is because their swimming places up North have frozen over. Most ducks do not mind cold, but they like open water. Those ducks are running before a great 'high,' and a 'high,' as you know, means a cold wave."

"How do you know a 'high' is coming?" asked Orion.

"See those thin, gauzy cumulus clouds coming out of the northwest? Well, you see they appear out of nothing, run nearly to a point over us, and then dissolve again into nothing. That means that a great 'high' is sweeping down from the North Pacific, and is sure to bring a cold wave. So tomorrow morning it will be winter, all right," said Papa.

"'I hear the beat of their pinions fleet,
As from the land of snow and sleet
They seek a southern sea:
I hear the cry of their voices high,
Falling dreamily through the sky,
But their forms I cannot see.'"

quoted Orion.

"Tell us about ducks," said Albert.
"I will tell you of a strange experience
I had with ducks some years ago," said
Papa. "When a boy, one day while
walking along the street, I met my two

friends, Vincent and Nelson, driving in a wagon. Seeing me, they yelled, 'Jump in; we are going duck hunting to Parkville!' I said, 'Wait till I run home and get my gun!' But they were in too much of a hurry, and would not wait; so I climbed in, and we drove across the river, and on to Parkville lake.

"When we were about a quarter of a mile from the lake, a strange looking old woman stopped us and said, 'Boys, don't shoot any of my tame ducks today: I have lots of them in the lake.' Telling her we would shoot only wild ducks, we drove on, laughing heartily at her strange remark. Driving up to the bank of the lake, we saw a sight that made us 'freeze,' and stare like we were a lot of Egyptian statutes. There in the lake were ducks - ducks by the pair, by the family, by the flock - hundreds, yes, thousands of them: big Mallards, graceful Pentails, cute little Teals, stately Redheads - all kinds swimming together; swimming all over the lake - swimming within fifteen feet of three surprised boys. In a few minutes the shock left us, and Vincent and Nelson seizing their guns prepared to shoot. 'Stop,' I cried, 'those must be that old woman's pet ducks. Wait and see if I can make them fly. Picking up a stick I dropped it among the ducks, and a bunch promptly arose and sailed away. Bang! bang! went the guns, and for the next few minutes the guns worked like a battle was on. But the ducks swam and flew around unconcernedly, and not one appeared injured. Vincent and Nelson stopped shooting and looked at each other, then went at it again, but with the same result.

"'Hand me that gun.' I said to Vincent, 'I guess you're no good. Watch that old papa Mallard over there.' I shot at him, but he got up and flew away, and I shot the other barrel at him as he flew, but could not interest him any. Well, we tried every means to kill those ducks, but could not. We shot seventy-four times at them. Just thousands of ducks, and within ten feet of us. Nelson said, 'This place is haunted, let's go home.' We have often talked it over since, but have not reached any satisfactory conclusion as to why the ducks could not be killed. I have learned not to tell the story, and I have several times had Vincent and Nelson tell it to see if I did not dream it."

"How do you figure it out?" asked Orion.

"I have quit figuring," said Papa, "but I have had several other experiences along the same line, and since becoming a vegetarian, and believing that all free creatures of Nature have a right to their sacred life, I sometimes feel a protecting presence, which I do not doubt perserves many of the wild creatures from harm. Many creatures seem to be guided and directed by an unseen protector, and as we cultivate this protector in others by not hurting or destroying, we are to a greater extent protected by it.

"How happy you boys should be that you started in life with the full knowledge that 'as you sow so shall you reap,' and if you wish to retain your life you must allow every living creature the same blessed privilege -- you must do even more; you must help every living thing to protect and enjoy its life. What a blessed thing it is to know that it is not necessary to take life in order for us to live and be strong and healthy. You no doubt owe much of your enormous strength and perfect health to the fact that you do not slay and eat the flesh of the slain. To be strong and enjoy life, we must not devour the carcases of the slain creatures that should be beautifying a peaceful world."

Wee Wisdom

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

CHAPTER XI.

Since my last letter to you, I and a lot of other pieces of money had been turned over to the treasurer and he put us in a bank so that we may be earning some more nickels for the building fund. We were put in a very dark vault (and, my goodness, I never saw so many nickels all together at one time!) and

there we stayed for some time, till one day I heard one of the men at the bank say, "It is getting very near Christmas time, and the people will need lots of change," so a man took all of us nickels and wrapped us up in little packages, and one day the paper around the package I was in was torn off and I once more saw the light.

I was placed in a man's pocket with some more money. Now I knew this man was a good man. But, of course, I did not stay in this place with the rest of his money very long. I was spent in a toy shop. (I suppose this man made some little child's heart very happy with the toy he bought.) As soon as I was given to the clerk she placed me in a little box which went whizzing through the air. Soon I found myself in the cashier's hand being wrapped up to pay some clerk. Then again I found myself in a bank, but I did not stay there very long, for I was given with a great deal of other money to a man. As soon as he got me he wrapped me up in a piece of yellow paper and put me into a very bright sock with a baby's rattle, a little tin music box, an apple, some peanuts and a great deal more money.

Not very long after that I was taken to the Unity rooms (of course I was very glad). The sock which I was in was placed on a beautiful tree. But you should have seen the gathering of big girls and little girls and big boys and little boys, all just as happy as they could be and with bright expectant faces. Right here a brief program was given by the little folks. After that part of the entertainment was over each little child was given an orange, a box of candy and a present besides, which made them all very happy. After the little ones came the big ones.

Right beside the sock I was in was another sock. Very soon the other sock and the sock I was in were brought forth in the light so that every one could see them. They were gorgeous. They were black and red striped. They were very large ones. One of these socks was given to a man they called Mr. Prather, and he was very happy, so much so that he opened the sock and after taking out an apple, and some peanuts he found a lot of silver money which was given to him by the Good People of Unity congregation.

Now came the exciting time for me, because the sock that I was in was taken off the tree and given to a boy they called Charlie Fillmore, which made him very happy, and in order every one could see what was in his sock he opened it up, and I never remember hearing such laughter. He also found some gold and silver which was also a love offering from the Good People, but I did not stay with the Fillmores very long as they started me right off to do good. I will tell you more about these journeys in another letter, so good-bye.—A NICKEL.

(By MARTHA HASELTINE.)

THE SONG OF LOVE. *

VIVIA A. LEEMAN.

Hear the wavelets splashing, flowing, Singing sweetly, "God is Love;" Children carol, onward going, "God is Love, God is Love, Love."

Birdlings in the tree-tops swaying Sing it over, "God is Love;" Lambkins in the pasture playing Say so plainly, "God is Love."

All in earth and sea and sky
Sing in chorus, "God is Love;"
Bird and wave and butterfly
Trill the story, "God is Love."

Men and women, children, all, Sing the happy song of Love; All will gather at the call— "God is Love, God is Love, Love,"

* This little song is written by Laverna and Violetta's mamma and is to be set to music. You can get the music by writing to them at Holton, Kansas.

THE STORY OF A VALENTINE.

BY LOUISE KLINE.

LITTLE girl dressed in the most ragged clothes I have ever seen. was begging on a crowded street. A look was on her face which showed that no one had ever loved her or cared for her, and her clothes showed she was in the utmost poverty. A woman came along and stopped in front of the child. The look in the child's face touched a chord in her heart. It was the Chord of Love. After looking at her for a moment the lady passed on sighing. The child looked after her with wonder, but just then a woman with a face full of love said, "Little girl, come with me." The child was amazed, but followed the lady. She entered a house which had the sign, "Home for Friendless Children." The child was taken by the lady (the matron) to a bathroom where the matron soon had the child arrayed in clean clothes and numbered the child "390." She took her where

many others were arrayed like herself and put in charge of an assistant. She soon got used to the place. The matron went back to the bathroom and looked at the rags and said aloud to herself, "I will let Peter, the ragman, have them as they are good for nothing else." The next day Peter came and piled the rags on his wagon, thus completing a load. Peter took them to a paper factory.

It so happened that the old dirty rags which the child had worn were a part of those made into paper that was used for valentines. First only the outlines were made, then they were taken into another department where decorations and trimmings were put on. When the valentines were finished they were beautiful. No one would know one of these beautiful valentines could have ever been a part of the old dirty rags.

But while this was going on, the matron was trying to make the child beautiful. At first, like the bunch of rags, she was unclean, but *love* and kindness made her beautiful in both spirit and form. She would some day be a noble woman, and all this was by *love*.

One day a woman pale and delicate came in the room where the girls were doing various things. No. 390 looked up just as she entered. She recognized the lady but could not remember where. Suddenly it came to her that it was the lady who stopped and looked at her the day on which she was found. She heard the matron address the lady as Mrs. Mayhew. The lady was saying, "One day I passed a little girl clothed only in rags. I stopped and looked at her. She was hungering for love. I went away and in about four minutes went back for her; something in me made me feel as if I wanted her to love. But I could find no trace of her. Ever since I have been trying to get a glimpse of her. That same night when I got to my comfortable home, her face haunted me. I finally thought I would go through the homes of the city. I know I have many chances against me, but still I hope." Just as she finished, her glance fell on No. 390. She looked and turned a little paler, but said, "Thank God, I have found her!"

She took No. 390 with her to her home after the necessary inquiries had been made. Mrs. Mayhew gave her all that love and money could supply, and yet if she had given her only money she would have been unhappy. Mrs. Mayhew called her Charity. About two weeks after Charity had been in her new home it was the day before St. Valentine's Day. Charity wanted to get a valentine for Mrs. Mayhew so she went down town and in one of the windows was a beautiful valentine, so made as to illustrate love. Charity wanted to give her love to Mrs. Mayhew for a valentine so she got the valentine to show it. She did not know that she had bought some of her old rags she used to wear. It was that beautiful valentine which was made in a valentine factory.

This dear little child with a dainty valentine in her hand is indeed a contrast to the child in rags of over a year ago on this same street, yet it is the same child, and shows us how love can transform whatever it will into the beautiful. The next day Charity gave the valentine to Mrs. Mayhew. Mrs. Mayhew took it and said, "Charity, the best valentine I ever got is yourself, and you are 'My Valentine.'"

All that's good and all that's true God has meant, dear ones, for you. THE BIRDS' VALENTINE.

BY M. BREWERTON DEWITT.

The snow was hiding mother earth,
The lonely trees were bare;
A dozen hungry robbins sang
To keep away despair.

"What shall we do?" the leader cried,
"No worm nor bug in sight;—
But see, an open window,
And crumbs all round and white."

A baby voice shouts through the pane, "Birdies, do not fear; These are valentines for you, Sent by God this year."

THE LITTLE BEAR'S CHRISTMAS.

Dear Little Wees and Ye Editor:

I want to come in and tell you how the Wee Little Bears spent their first Chirstmas among the mountains. First I must tell you we have a little Sunday school in our home called "The Home of Truth among the Pines," and, as usual with Sunday schools, we had a Christmas tree. It was a beautiful sight, you ought to have seen it. The tree was filled with beautiful presents, from a pin-cushion to fine albums, which were only a symbol of God's great love. After the tree had been decorated and the guests had gathered in, a bountiful dinner was spread at five o'clock. Then the tree was unveiled, and you ought to have seen the people stare. Before the presents were distributed, each of the little Bears (which were five in number) had a piece to speak. We also had music on the guitar, mandolin and violin. I tell you we had a fine time. People from all over the country came, even from The Dalles and Portland, except an old bachelor, and we sent his presents to him.

I must tell you that all our books were destroyed in the Kansas City flood. All three of the youngest of the Wee

[&]quot;Now is the time for a noble deed."

Bears had pieces out of the UNITY. Brother Russell had "Rienzi's Address to the Romans," which won great applause, and my piece was a composition of my papa and mamma's. I am going to give it to you so you will know that even up here God's great Presence is with us and is our supply.

The piece was spoken with gestures, and mamma played the chimes for the bells on the zither. She was upstairs and it seemed as though the bells came from above. The star also arose at the appointed time. I tell you it was grand. I was dressed in pure white, appropriate for the piece, which I give you in full.

CARMEN'S CHRISTMAS RECITATION.

Lovingly dedicated to the Christ within.

Nineteen hundred and three years ago this evening, among the hills and crags adjacent to the little village of Bethlehem, a small band of shepherds were diligently watching their flocks. As they gathered round the glowing camp fires listening to the moaning of the bleak December winds among the rocks, there suddenly appeared a beautiful star. They gazed in admiration and wonder. And this again is Christmas Eve.

Hark! Hear the chimes of the spirit Christmas bells.

As they float to us, a Christ is born.

The star of Bethlehem leads the shepherds of old to the little fold,

Where the Christ child in a manger lay. Hark! Those bells! Hear them ring! List!

The very angels sing praises to their new born king. The wise men brought their precious gifts of

gold and gems so rare—

I bring my soul as a Christmas gift in a

casket pure and fair,
The casket of a living mind,
The only well accepted kind.
Then let us all with one accord.

Sing praises to the Christ our Lord, The Christ within. "Glory to God in the

And on earth peace and good will to men."
Yours lovingly, CARMEN BEAR.

.

We are all God's well beloved.



Class Word—I WILL SPEAK WORDS ONLY THAT BLESS AND BRIGHTEN.

Jewel Word—GOOD IS EVERYWHERE PRESENT.

Verse Word -

The under side of every cloud

Is bright and shining,
And so I turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out—
To show the lining.

-RILEY.

THE BRAVE-HEARTED.

He goes to his task with a song and a smile, He never says "maybe" and "after a while"--

The fellow that's willing to work;

But he lives in the sunshine that gladdens today, And he lightens each load by his good-natured way—

The fellow that's willing to work.

He is n't afraid of trusts that expand,

He does n't look for ward to woe in the land -

The fellow that's willing to work;

For he knows that the earth will give food, drink and air,

And there's always enough and a little to spare For the fellow that's willing to work.

-Washington Star,

We are delighted with the efforts and interest our Wees are taking in making their paper interesting and prosperous.



BELFAST, MAINE.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have not written to you for quite a while. I like to read your stories, especially "One Summer in Pacific Grove, or, What Faith Did." I hardly can wait for your paper to come. I send you 50 cents to renew my subscription. Our schools closed last Friday for a vacation of three weeks. I hope all you Wees will have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. From your loving friend,

BARBARA CROCKETT.

JE JE JE

JOPLIN, Mo.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I just got my paper Wee Wisdom. I am going to school and I am in the second grade. I am the best reader in my class and arithmetic. I like my Wee Wisdom paper. It is three days till New Year's from today. This is a very short letter. I have to go two miles to school.

ROY LANGTHORP.

JE JE JE

PICTON, ONT.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I enclose fifty cents for 1904. I did not get WEE WISDOM in October or November, and if you have those two numbers I wish you would send them to me. I miss them so much. I will send you a little pillow verse for next month.

I am only one, but I am one;

I cannot do everything, but I can do something. What I can do, I ought to do;

What I ought to do, by God's help I will do.

Wishing all the Wee Wisdoms a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,

HENRIETTA VINCENT.

A 18 18

STERLING, KANSAS.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I have not written to you for a long time. I have been wanting to write to you, but I had so much school work that I could not. I am in school. We have been having examination. Almost every study is easy for me. I have not been absent or tardy yet. I am in the fourth grade. The fourth grade is going in the fifth grade at Christmas. We are drawing now. I am on page ten in our drawing book. I must close now.

Your loving friend, THANET WRIGHT.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - For all, and for the first, we all wish you a very Happy New Year. As Christmas is pasted and New Year is coming, so we will pray to God with a thankful hart for health, love, joy and strength, which we needed very much. And we hope mama's eyes will heal pretty soon, and please sent us good thoughts; that is all we wish for. Thanksgiving day we all was well and enjoyed ourselfs in the chutes, so I will write you something about it. Oh, how many children were out there! We all had free school tickets. The weather is very nice and the flowers are blooming nearly all around. We was in the theatre and little Helan played very good. We seen the animiles and the monkeys are acting very smart. They had a little pig in their cage, and about ten little monkeys were siting on him. I will close for this time with best wishers to all for the year of 1904.

Yours truly, Emma and Adolph Hartman.

I am late, and the writing is bad, and I'll try better next time.

This letter was brought to the Home of Truth by one of its little students. If you have room in your helpful and interesting magazine, kindly print this verbatum. Sincerely yours,—L. A. L.

Jt Jt Jt

ST. Louis, Mo.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know that my siste takes the WEE WISDOM and thinks it very nice. I like the story of "One Summer in Pacific Grove, or, What Faith Did." I am a little girl nine years old. My address is 1513 Clinton street. I think I will close. Yours truly, URA FRANCIS.

A 16 16

EVANSVILLE, IND.

Dear Wee Wisdom—Enclosed find one dollar. I want to renew my subscription for another year as I like Wee Wisdom so much. I would hate to do without it. And for the other fifty cents I want to send Wee Wisdom to my cousin Roy for a Christmas gift. I enjoyed Wee Wisdom so much and hope I shall enjoy it as much in the following year. "Good luck to Wee Wisdom" is the wish of one of its readers,

CLARA MARTIN.

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LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

DEAR EDITOR OF WEE WISDOM — While I am writing now the rain is falling fast and it is a miserable day, but all a person needs to do is to just read WEE WISDOM and you feel as though it was a sunny day. I love to read your page in the

paper about "Sunshine," for we have formed a branch of the International Sunshine Society. On Christmas we gave the poor little orphans a Christmas tree which they enjoyed very much. I hope my letter will be in February number. My uncle got me this paper for a year for a Christmas present, which I think is a very nice one. Well, dear editor, I must say good-bye. Love from a true friend,

Bernice Gano.

P. S. I shall work hard and try to win Aunt Mary's doll.

[I am glad Bernice is trying for Aunt Mary's doll. I am sure she'll succeed if she tries, for that's what makes success.— Ed.]

N N N

PUYALLUP, WASH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - I thank you very much for the Truth card you sent me. I know all the verses on it. I like WEE WISDOM better and better every time it comes. I wish it came every day instead of every month. I go to school and am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Eddy. I think she is a very nice teacher. I have five sisters and two brothers. My birthday is the seventeenth of March. I will be eleven years old. Papa said he would send for WEE Wisdom another year. He likes to read the stories and letters, too. We live by a big spring which supplies the whole town with water. The water comes from under a big hill and forms a stream. In this stream grows the water cress. We go and get basketsful. It is very good with salt. One day, not long ago, three other girls and I went to the springs and went up a lot of steps. The steps went up to the top of the hill that the water came from under. We counted them and there were two hundred and fifty. We went down a path and went home. We got a little basketful of the water cress and we pressed it in so that it would all go in. Yours truly,

RUTH DARR.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I wish you a Happy New Year. Mamma feeds the birds. I like the little Truth cards, and I know all of the verses. I have got a big cat and her name is Booker Washington. This is the second letter I have written you. Good-bye, CECELIA BULLARD.

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GALVA, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — When I got the January number of WEE WISDOM I saw that you wanted stories written about "My Valentine." I have written one and send it with this letter. I hope t will be good enough for the little book, for I am sure the little book will be interesting when it is completed. This is the first story I have written under the subject you have given, but my sister wrote a "Raindrop" story which was printed in the same number in which the prize story was.

With love, Louise T. Kline.

A 18 18

CHICAGO, ILL.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I am a little girl eight years old. I will soon be in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Cox, and she is just lovely. I like the piece that my Aunt Little wrote about "Dick's Ransom" very much. She sent me a copy of the paper. I liked it so much that I have secured you three subscribers beside myself—four in all. I would like to get the dolly, but if I have not got enough please send me two truth cards, for I promised Walter one. Yours, for Wee Wisdom, Florence E, Fultz.

[Good for Florence, If all the Wees would do as well as this, Wer Wisdom would soon have lots of new friends. The Truth cards will be forthcoming, and we will keep count of all your subscriptions and maybe you'll get the doll yet.—ED.]

N 26 36

TOPEKA, KANSAS,

Dear Wee Wisdom — I am a little boy and today (29th of December) is my birthday. I was seven years new today, and my mamma gave me a half-dollar for a present, and I am going to send it to you for Wee Wisdom for a year. I go to school, and papa says I will soon be writing letters for myself (he is writing this for me). My mamma would like a sample copy of Unity. I live at Topeka, Kansas, and my name is

GLEN L. MERCER.

A POCKETFUL OF SUNSHINE.

A pocketful of sunshine
Is better far than gold;
It drowns the daily sorrows
Of the young and the old.
It fills the world with pleasure,
In field and lane and street,
And brightens every prospect

A pocketful of sunshine
Can make the world akin,
And lift a load of sorrow
From the burdened backs of sin;
Diffusing light and knowledge
Through thorny paths of life.
It glids with silver lining
The storm clouds of strife.

Of the mortals that we meet.

-Ladies' Home Journal,

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.



Y Dear Wees, there is a dull, gray sky bending over brown earth today. 'Way off there it looks as if the sky and earth all came together, and,

if we didn't know, we might think we were shut up in this bowl of gray and brown. But you know, when we'd get over there where the cover looks so tight fitting from here, we'd find the skies had lifted and come down again further on; and so 'twould be if we chased it the whole world 'round, always opening and shutting before us just like that. That's what folks call It sets one to thinking the horizon. how like this are the things that seem to hinder and shut us in. And how, if we'll walk right on with brave and fearless heart, they won't be there when we get to them, but will have hurried away from meeting us, and make believe they are waiting for us just a little further on. But don't let's believe it. God never made anything to shut us in or shut us out from all the fullness of His great loving Mind. People never really catch up with half the worries and troubles they are expecting. Everybody can go just as far as they have the mind and courage to go, and find the way opening up all the time, like the lifting of these skies as we go forward. So, when anybody talks to you about there being no way out of troubles and trials, don't you believe them, but just remember, there is always a way—a sure and open way out of every ill. The strong Christ Spirit in every man, woman and child when they listen tells them, "I am the way." When weakness shuts down about you, keep going on in thought, "I am the way of health and strength." When it looks as if the skies of want were coming down in front of you, send your brave, strong spirit forward, " I am the way of plenty."

A schoolboy I know began to worry about the examinations he was to have on the morrow, and it looked dark and full of failure to him, but when he got about it he remembered, "I now am wise," "God is my intelligence," and the dark skies lifted, and he came out with a one-hundred grade. And Mary, who was so afraid her throat was going to be troublesome and keep her from school the very day she was going to stand head of her class, worried and troubled till all of a sudden, like a little voice repeating within, came the words, "God is my health, I can't be sick." It was her little Sunday School prayer. She had repeated it many times, and really believed in it, and now in a moment when she had forgotten itit remembered her, and lifted her right out of her shut-in-ness.

It is a good thing to train ourselves in saying good, true things, for when we forget for a moment they will always remember for us. Lottie and Minnie are taking a good way to remember. Mrs. H- called at their mamma's the other day, and she noticed the little maidens were looking around and examining the chair about her, and at last one of them exclaimed, "You are in the Rest chair. Mrs. H-, we've got them all named, and I hoped you'd sit down in Love chair; they're all good, but I like that one best." And, sure enough, those dear children had written on the bottom of each chair its "truly name." One was Wisdom, and whoever sat there would be wise. One was Peace, and it was filled with peace-giving. so on, each chair had been cushioned with the real thought-substance what these little maidens desired their visitors to receive. Isn't that an ingenious way to bless every soul that comes into one's home? Why not give everything a name that shall make it alive with a good purpose? Why! it is really left for us to uame our Good. So let's always name it, and keep it in active service. "Acknowledge me now and see if I pour you not out a blessing."



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VALENTINE.

St. Valentine is sure to see,

I love you and you love me:

You love me and I love you,

Both of us love the good and true.

God's great love is yours and mine,

And this shall be our Valentine.

Just one response to the call for a story written on the subject "My Valentine," but that is such a good one, I guess it will make up for the lack of number. We will take for our next subject the motto of the Sunshine club, "Good Cheer." Remember, all the best stories are to be put into a little book, and every little author is to be given one.

TO THE WEE WISDOMS.

Aunt Mary deWitt will send a dressed doll to the little girl who sends in the largest number of subscriptions to Wee Wisdom and to the little boy who will send ten or more, a book on birds. 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 St., Kansas City, Mo.

OUR VALENTINE VISITOR.



Hazel Baird.

Hazel has come from Roulette, Pa., to make us this visit, and, as it is February, I think we will call it a Valentine visit. Hazel has written Wee Wisdom several letters, and, if you will remember, she wrote such a good Raindrop Story. She came near getting the prize. Hazel lives with her grandmother. Her dear mamma has passed from sight. She wants us all to help her be strong and well, and to know the dear Lord is always with her.

In a private letter Aunt Mary says—"I am dressing the doll myself. It has lovely blue eyes that open and shut, fair hair, and is about 13 inches tall. I finished the hat this evening, and now I have only the coat to make and it will be finished."

There is an inquiry about what has become of our Bible Lessons. Let us ask Harriet Rix if she won't give us, once more, her living interpretations of the Scriptures? We think if anybody can make them alive, she can.

