

WEE WISDOM.

"Ye are of God, little
Children.
Greater is He that is in you
than he that is in the
World."



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SINGING FROM THE HEART.

"I love the merry sunshine,
It makes my heart so gay
To hear the sweet birds singing
On a summer's holiday —"

Sang a happy little maiden,
Trudging down a country way;
Carrying papa's dinner to him
Where he worked at making hay.

All the reapers stopped and listened,
For the sweetness of her voice
Stirred the air with glad vibrations,
Making every heart rejoice.

But our loving little Bessie,
Singing on her happy way,
Never guessed, with those tired reapers
She had shared her holiday.

— M. F.

SUNSHINE AT CHRISTMAS.

The sun shone outdoors, and the sun shone indoors, and sunshine was everywhere on that bright Thursday, the day before Christmas.

Two large heavy baskets stood waiting in a big room off of the kitchen. For whom did they wait? If you had peeped out of the door and looked down the broad road leading through the grounds up to the house, you would perhaps have guessed. There came a sweet-faced lady with brown hair and smiling eyes, a troop of little girls clustering about her. "Where are you going first, Miss Anna?" asked one.

Miss Anna thought a moment before replying. "The nearest place, dear. You may all wait for me on the bench under the ivy-covered oak, and I'll go for the basket."

Miss Anna met another lady in the house, and before long they joined the children, carrying the heavy basket between them. Aunt Mary's Sunshine Circle had helped fill that basket, and the Truth Sunday School had completed the good work. Then Miss Anna's little friends came with their gifts. Edna, the president, was there also. It was a happy little party that went forth on its errands of Christmas cheer.

The first family they visited was overjoyed, for it was a great surprise to them. The Sunshine party left here books, toys, a doll and clothes. At three other houses they left the same, and thus distributed gifts and sunshine for those that might have been very unhappy on Christmas.

Who was the happier, the one who received or the one who gave? It is hard to tell. But our Sunshiners declared they had never spent such a happy Christmas Eve — AUNT MARY.

"Let love's bright sunshine play upon your heart;
Come now unto your gladness, peace and rest.
Bid the dark shades of selfishness depart,
And now and evermore be truly blessed."



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One Summer in Pacific Grove, or What Faith Did.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

CHAPTER VII.

AN OLD FRIEND.

SOME days after the Point Lobos drive Evelyn went on the beach by herself, Harry having gone off earlier in the day, following the track toward Monterey, in hopes that he might prevail upon some good-natured fisherman to take him out in his boat salmon fishing.

Jack had a little boy to play with him in the woods near the house, and Mrs. Evans was alone in the house floating out some seaweed in a bowl and pressing it upon white cards. Evelyn had suggested this, and was successful in selling a number of cards to one of the curio stores in the Grove.

The little girl had been working hard all the week, gathering shells, seaweed, mussels and abalones; so she told her mother she thought she would take a holiday and play on the sand and wade. This her mother heartily approved of, for, as she said, Evelyn had done quite enough in the last week. But when Evelyn had disappeared down the path Mrs. Evans sat down with a sigh and buried her face in her hands.

"The poor child doesn't know," she murmured to herself, "that I haven't even enough money to buy railroad

tickets to get home. What shall we do? They eat so much, and their appetites seem to increase at every meal. But I can't cut down on the food—not yet. There!" And she



A little girl in a funny little boy's suit.

rose hastily, and turned again to the waiting seaweed. "I'll not be discouraged. I'll trust, as Evelyn says. The child tries to be cheerful. I'll not cloud either her or her brother's happi-

ness. Good is coming our way all the time. I'll ask Evelyn what that plan is of hers that she mentioned the other evening at the tea-table. She didn't tell me."

In the meantime Evelyn was down on the sand watching the bathers. She looked about for little Marjorie but neither she nor her aunt was there.

"I wish I knew someone here," sighed Evelyn.

At that moment she saw a tiny girl in a funny little boy's suit sitting alone near the edge of the water.

"You'll get wet," said Evelyn, going towards her. "Come up here and sit with me near the rocks, and we'll make a sand house."

The little one smiled, and giving Evelyn her hand, followed her up to the warm sand. For a long time Evelyn amused the little girl. After about an hour a distracted-looking mother came running toward them.

"Oh, Pussie! Pussie!" she cried, "mamma's been hunting everywhere for you."

"Good girl took care o' Puss!" The small individual pointed a chubby finger at Evelyn. "Not let water get Pussy. Good girl!"

"Yes, she is a good girl." The lady turned to Evelyn. "It was very kind of you to amuse my baby. She has such a naughty habit of running away from me. She loves the beach and the water so, I can't keep her away. I was baking cake, and I didn't know she was missing until a few minutes ago."

"Is the baby's name Puss?" asked Evelyn.

"No, her name is Gladys, but we sometimes call her Puss."

"You won't run away any more, will you, Baby?" said Evelyn sweetly. "Be mamma's good little Gladys."

"Good little G'adys," the child echoed.

"I wish she would be good. It worries me to have her running off in this way," said the mother.

"She'll be good now. You will, Gladys, won't you?" asked Evelyn confidently.

It was a noted fact that after that day Gladys no longer went off without leave, but made a special appeal to her mother to take her to play with that nice girl on the beach.

The child's mother was greatly taken with Evelyn's pretty manners and cheery words, and wanted to know where she lived.

"I'm coming to see your mother," she announced heartily, "and tell her what a good little daughter she has." At these words Evelyn blushed with pleasure.

"Now you come with me," continued the lady, who had an abrupt way of speaking. "Gladys is so fond of ice cream, and I want you to have some with her. We'll go up to the candy store on the avenue." The lady paused — "does your mother let you eat it?"

"Yes — but Mrs. —"

"Mrs. Winn is my name."

"But I don't know whether I'd better go, Mrs. Winn."

"That's all right. I'll see your mother and tell her all about it."

Thus it was settled and Evelyn accompanied her new friends to the candy store. Mrs. Winn ordered strawberry and vanilla ice cream which was served to them in small glass saucers with a plate of lady fingers and macaroons. As they arose to go, Mrs. Winn, who was a generous soul, said, "I'm going to get you a box of candy to take home to your brothers you tell me of, for I expect you all have a sweet tooth."

Evelyn began to think she was living in a dream, for so many pleasant things had been coming her way of late. After

leaving Gladys at home with her auntie they started for the woods. When they reached the house they found Mrs. Evans sitting in the doorway darning the boys' stockings.

"Mother, I've brought a lady to see you," called Evelyn as they approached. "Her name is Mrs. Winn."

Mrs. Winn gave a quick little gasp. "If it isn't Carrie Brown!" she cried. "Don't you remember Susie Lister? Well, I'm Susie."

Mrs. Evans shook hands warmly with Mrs. Winn. "Why, of course, I remember you," said she. "We used to go to school together, and to parties as well. Evelyn," she continued, turn-

table to the side of the room near the window, and setting it with cups and saucers.

"You're very thoughtful, Evelyn, dear," said her mother with a grateful look.

"You have a daughter to be proud of," added Mrs. Winn; "and that's what I came up here today to tell you." Mrs. Winn took the cup from the blushing Evelyn's hand.

"Yes, Evelyn is a pretty good girl," said Mrs. Evans, who believed in encouraging her children with a little praise now and then. "She tries to do right, anyway."

"She took good care of my baby for me today, and kept her from walking into the water."

Evelyn had disappeared in the kitchen and was peeling potatoes for dinner while the ladies talked.

"I must go," said Mrs. Winn rising. "I want to ask a favor. Let me take Evelyn to Monterey with me tomorrow. Gladys has taken such a fancy to her. I'll come around for her at eleven o'clock. Now, don't forget, Mrs. Evans, you'll come and see me soon."

After the lady had gone Evelyn appeared and she and her mother talked over the odd circumstance of the meeting while they made ready the dinner.

"You certainly do draw the good to you, Evelyn," said Mrs. Evans.

"That's because I expect only good," replied Evelyn confidently.

[To be continued.]

"If you cannot have what you want, make the best of what you have."

Have courage and everything will make way for you.



Watching the bathers.

ing to her daughter, "this lady and I used to be great friends as children. And I had no idea of your whereabouts all these years," she added, turning again to Mrs. Winn.

The two friends found much to talk about—their marriage, their children, their homes, and so on. While they chatted Evelyn picked up the stockings and went on with the darning her mother had begun; then going into the house, she set to work to make some tea for Mrs. Winn and her mother.

Just as Mrs. Evans spoke of tea Evelyn appeared dragging a small

VOICES IN THE GARDEN.

BY M. ALICE SPRADLIN.



S the snows were being guarded on the Rocky Mountain peaks by the gentle herder, Spring, two small seeds, dropped from the same busy hand, fell so near together in a fresh furrow that they could hear each other shiver as they struck the cold, damp earth, and were covered over.

"How cold our bed is," said seed Number One, as a chill ran down her back.

"Yes," replied seed Number Two, "but we will soon get used to this cold, and when Father Sun sends the sunbeams to play on our top cover we will get warmth from their little hot feet."

With this thought, seed Number Two snuggled down in her new bed of earth, and pulled the tiny clods around her and shut her eyes to sleep. But seed Number One still shivered and complained, and wished that she were back in the paper package so loudly that all her companions in the furrow were disturbed, especially Number Two, who was lying so near.

"Aren't you feeling more comfortable?" asked Number Two.

"No, I am not. I am freezing, and these cold clods are mashing me. I wish I was back in the paper, though we were crowded on top of each other."

"But you could not grow there."

"No, but I could be more comfortable. If it takes these old black clods to make one grow, I don't know that I want to grow," and she gave a sniff to show her contempt.

"Stop! You don't realize what you are saying. You are near committing the unpardonable sin. Do you remember your promise to Mother Nature as she placed within your bosom the sacred germ of life—the promise which you gave to grow at the first opportunity, and to do all within your power to become strong and vigorous, producing seeds in which she could place like germs? Then have you forgotten your dying mother's request that you live up to this solemn promise?"

Seed Number One did not reply, but

gave a little rebellious grunt to show her state of feelings, and remained silent.

This was a great relief to the other seeds, who were enduring the discomforts of their new and chilly environment with as much fortitude as possible, hoping and believing that their new home would become more comfortable in the near future. Finally all became quiet, and they shut their eyes and waited and dreamed.

At last the cold dark night was over. The seeds in their little dark chambers could not see this, but they knew it was so when they felt the warm influence of the sunbeams as it crept stealthily down through the damp soil, and warmed their cold, wet wrappings. Oh, how it did revive them! They grew unconsciously larger as they tried to express their thankfulness.

The quickening power within pictured to them bright sunshine, refreshing showers and balmy, warm nights. But still they lay helpless in the dark waiting and dreaming and dimly feeling that —

"Instinct within that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above for light
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

But the greatest change of all was in seed Number One. She had spent the dark cold night in thinking of the promise she had given, and about which she had been reminded by seed Number Two. Gradually the angry, rebellious feelings passed away, and she began to realize how sinful such a spirit had been. And now that the warm sunshine had turned the cold, wet clods into a blessing, she most heartily felt ashamed of herself, and could get no rest until she gave some expression to this feeling. She began by snuggling closer down among the clods, and trying to make them feel that she was glad to be among them.

Then she whispered to them softly, "I am so sorry for the rude, impatient, angry words I spoke yesterday when I first came among you. Can you forgive me?"

"Certainly, we will," said the big clod that the seed had accused of mashing her. I know we are rough looking companions for a tiny seed, and oft

times we are forced by influences from without to act rudely. But Mother Nature knows our needs, and will send water to soften our natures, and men will lift and stir us about, so that we can do our very best work in helping you and other seeds to perform life's obligations."

"Yes," replied the seed, "I now remember how my mother used to praise you, and tell us children that the nice juicy food she brought for us to eat came from the soil surrounding her roots."

"I am glad you can remember us so kindly," responded the clod. "Though we are the lowest of God's creations, we are also the oldest, and He has most graciously used us as instruments in performing His higher work. We hold a very humble place, and are trodden upon by all of His creatures, yet we are happy in realizing that we, too, have a commission from Him, and a part to perform in the creation of the great living world above us. Our most extensive and immediate work is in helping Mother Nature to produce the vegetable kingdom, to which you belong, and we want you to feel," continued the clod, "that you are among friends who are waiting and anxious to serve you."

"Thank you," replied the seed, "you are very, very kind, and I am sure I shall learn to love you dearly." Saying this, she crept down closer into the warm little crevice, and the clod absorbing the water that had been turned into the furrow, melted around her and gave her protection, moisture and food.

The next night did not seem so cold to the seeds. They had become better acquainted with the soil, and, through the influence of the sun and water, were clasped more warmly and tenderly in his arms. There they lay and waited until the little germ within them began to stir and knock for egress. The kind soil by his own virtues softened their walls so that it was not difficult for the swelling germs to make an opening through which they stretched their tiny white hands and laid them lovingly into the strong ones of their benefactor. In these hand-clasps were pledged mutual co-operation, sympathy and love

throughout life, "useless each without the other."

No sooner had these little hands made sure of their hold upon the soil than there came an irrepressible longing in the heart-bud to reach up and know another world. In obedience to this desire, the little bud peeped out of its own hull, and crept softly through the soil up to the sunshine and air. There it untold two tiny leaves in thankfulness and praise to One who had made possible this new manifestation of life. As the fullness of the higher world was comprehended, other leaves were thrown out until the little plant became a whole of praise and gladness.

But at this juncture new difficulties arose. These little plants forgot their higher mission of love and praise, and began to crowd and push each other; each striving to grow tallest and command the greatest space. As seeds Number One and Number Two lay very near each other it was not long before their leaves came together in the air-world. They had been so busy growing that they had talked but little since the first night. Seed Number One had grown so happy, gentle and meek that she was fast gaining friends on all sides. Everyone regretted that they had so harshly condemned her. But now this new trial was a severe test to her genuine heart-goodness. At first she made some show of patience, for seed Number Two, her closest neighbor, was so unselfish and gentle in all that she did that there was little excuse to be otherwise. But no sooner did other leaves come into the space she considered her own than her leaves began to rustle, complain and say, "It is no use for me to try to grow crowded up like this. I wish I had been planted somewhere else, all by myself."

Then seed Number Two gently whispered: "He who took you from your mother's dead arms, kept you from freezing during the cold winter months, and then prepared for you this nice loose furrow in which to grow, had a right to plant you where He thinks best. As for growing room, there is likely to be plenty of it within a few days for all those who have the good fortune to be here."

At this there was a rustle of surprise among the bystanders, and they asked what she meant.

"I remember mother telling me about her early life," continued seed Number Two, "how at first she and her companions were so crowded together that some lost their beautiful green color and became white and sickly. But one day a girl with a bucket on her arm and a knife in her hand came and sat down near them. They all held their breath, not knowing what she intended to do. Then the girl took the knife, and catching a number of mother's companions by the leaves, cut them off just below their bud; this she continued to do until her basket was full. When she left there was plenty of room for those remaining to grow, but their hearts were sad and anxious. Each day the girl came back to some portion of the bed and acted in the same manner until the bunches were so scattered that the leaves did not touch each other. Each time mother expected that she would be one of the number to be cut off from the life she loved, and in which she was hoping to redeem her promise to Mother Nature, to bear seeds. Finally she and her companions began to notice that the girl always chose the largest and freshest bunches. Then some of them began to say, 'What is the use of us trying to grow strong and vigorous? That very state endangers our lives. Mother Nature surely did not understand these surroundings when she exacted that promise from us.' One bold, rebellious spirit said, 'I am going to have my roots stop their work, that my leaves may turn yellow and brown, and then I will have the wind to split them.' 'But,' said my mother, 'that will mean death.' 'Well, what does it matter? I would as lief die one way as another,' gruffly responded the bold speaker.

"Most of mother's companions nodded their assent, so she said nothing more until she had time to quietly think over the matter. That night mother stayed awake looking up at the stars, trying to know what was best to do. Finally, when the first whispers of morning could be heard, they brought her this message, 'Always and under all

circumstances, do your best. Live up to the highest and noblest within you, and leave the result to Him that knows the heart.' Then there came peace and courage to mother's mind, and she rose above the fear of death, and resolved that she would not relax one effort to grow and carry out in detail the promise she had made. She was convinced that Mother Nature wanted her best each day, rather than a mere existence in order that she might bear some puny seeds. With this thought in mind, mother grew erect, holding her broad green leaves up to the sun, while in the midst of them could be seen a young, vigorous seed-stalk crowned with the precious promises of the future. The contrast became greater and greater between mother and her companions. They were fast turning yellow and brown, while their whole attitude was dejected and forlorn. Many days went by and the girl did not appear. Finally, they heard voices, and they thought this must be the girl come to fill her bucket. All eyes were turned toward mother; they felt sure she would be the first one chosen, but mother was calm and self-possessed, rejoicing in the knowledge that she had lived up to her highest convictions, and therefore was better prepared to either be cut down or left standing, as fate would decide.

"As the voices came nearer they recognized the owner of the garden, and with her John, who had always been their good friend by pulling up the weeds and loosening the soil around their roots. The owner and John were soon standing beside the bed where mother grew, and the voice of the woman could be heard saying, 'John, this bed is doing no good. The season is about over, anyway, so you can spade it up and sow it to early turnips. But look!' and the woman stooped and touched mother's crisp leaves, 'isn't this a beautiful specimen of fine lettuce? John, you may leave this bunch for seed.' So it came about that mother only, of all her companions, was allowed to complete a natural life, and to realize the hope that we all have in common."

As seed Number Two finished this narrative they were all very thoughtful,

and felt more considerate for each other in their crowded condition. Sure enough, in a few days a woman with a pan and knife came down the row, and began to thin out their number. Seeds Number One and Number Two trembled as she passed them, but she did not stop to take either. That evening seed Number One whispered to her companion, "You were very fortunate to have had such a noble mother. I know now why it is so easy for you to be so patient and good."

"Ah, you do not know nor understand or you would not think it easy for me to be always patient and good. I love and honor the memory of my mother, but she does not possess the power to make me good. Mother Nature holds each of us responsible for our own acts, and judges us accordingly. We mould and shape our present fate and future destiny by our own thoughts."

After a long silence seed Number One said, "I am going to try to be good, and to grow strong and upright," and she stretched herself a little bit higher in her own effort to appear so.

A few days after this a small, tiny worm came creeping and shivering along the ground, and stopped first under the leaves of seed Number One and asked for a nibble.

"No," replied the seed, "my leaves must be kept whole and beautiful, for it is only in this way that I can be my best self, and thereby win Mother Nature's approval."

"But I'm starving," replied the worm; "I cannot find a morsel to eat anywhere. Please give me one of your under leaves that I may gain strength to crawl on and hunt for more food. I do not ask your life, but only a bit of your under leaves, which you can well spare."

"But it will spoil my appearance," said the seed, "and Mother Nature wanted me to be beautiful. And then I can't bear to have a nasty worm touch me," and she rustled her beautiful green leaves and drew them up to show her disgust.

"Very well," said the worm, "I will not take by force what you are not willing to give through mercy. Some

day you will know me better," and the worm crawled away.

He stopped at seed Number Two and made the same request. At first she hesitated, but, seeing how near starved the worm was and humbly and honestly he asked for the food, she relented.

"I know," said the seed, "you will spoil the appearance of my leaves and I shall look shabby among my companions, but knowing that you, too, are one of Mother Nature's children, I cannot believe that she would have me withhold life from you. Therefore I give you of my leaves as giving unto her, leaving the result with her."

The worm most heartily thanked the seed and began eating. He stayed a day or two, making several large holes through the under leaves, but at the end of that time he had become strong and vigorous, and, again thanking her, he crawled away.

Several days after the worm had departed and seeds Numbers One and Two had grown to be large bunches, the woman with her knife came down the row. She seemed to be in a great hurry and was gathering the largest bunches as she came along. When she reached the two companions she stooped and laid her knife at the root of Number Two, but noticing the holes in her leaves she quickly changed to Number One and the knife went home. Poor Number One fell over on her side and was gathered up and placed in the pan. The woman passed on and seed Number Two was left standing, but shaking with the emotions of fear, thankfulness and regret; for, after all, she loved seed Number One and was truly sorry that she had been taken.

All that afternoon seed Number Two remained very quiet and her companions knew why.

"How strange!" they murmured, "what we thought was her degradation and destruction has really been her salvation." And they looked upon her with awe and whispered:

"How strange! How strange!"

And a beautiful butterfly came and rested upon her leaves and communed with her.

Wee Misdrom

WEE WISDOM.

BY HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

Some folks think a little tot
 Can't understand nor think at all
 About the things he hasn't got
 Right in his hands: but quite a lot
 Has come to me. I'm only three,
 But something in my mamma's eyes
 Tells of things I cannot see
 That make me feel so big and wise.
 I'm sure you'd be a mite surprised
 If I could tell you all I know,
 But that I can't—excepting this—
*All words are cold, just like the snow,
 Till Life and Love can make them show
 The shiney sparkles from God's Light
 That shines in hearts like mamma's—bright.*
 —Here comes my milk: and so, Good Night.

MY VALENTINE.

BY DOROTHY DAMBMAN.

It was a cold bleak morning in February and half a dozen little rag-a-muffins stood gazing in at a window full of bright valentines; among them stood a little girl not more than six years of age. She was a beautiful child with deep soft violet eyes and golden curls. She stood and gazed with the others, but after a while she turned away and walked down a narrow dirty street and up a rickety flight of stairs and into a poorly furnished room where her mother and father sat. "Papa, why was I called Valentine?"

"It is a long story," said her father slowly. "It was a long time ago, and on a very cold night that year your mother and I lay down to sleep in this very room; the fire was low and threw shadows on the wall, and one shadow was a little child, and I looked fondly at it and wished for one myself. Finally I fell asleep. In the morning I awakened and found a sweet little baby laid between us, and when all of a sudden something reminded me that it was Valentine day, and we named her

Valentine. Didn't we, Mary?" "Yes, indeed, and a beautiful little creature she was, too; and you looked so like me that I called you my Valentine." And as the story ended his eyes filled with tears.

GOOD CHEER.

BY RUTH L. STIMSON.

Age 12.

A little baby girl, five years of age, was roaming the streets of a large city. The child was weary, and the many bumps she had received tried her feelings and she cried as if her little heart would burst. An old man and a sweet young woman passing noticed the little one. Just then as they were crossing a street a man on a bicycle came riding at full speed; the child was knocked over and also knocked unconscious. The sweet young woman came running over and picked up the "Little Darling," (as she called her, and as she was). Then she ran back to her father, whom she had left, saying, "A doctor, father, quick! I'll take her home."

An hour later she was conscious, and the sweet lady had washed her, put a clean white muslin night dress on and laid her in a clean cool bed.

The doctor now came and left some medicine with the child. She soon got well as the fall did not prove serious.

I have gone so far without telling you her name, but I must tell you now. It was Jeanette, but her adopted mamma nicknamed her "Sunshine," for when she grew older she brightened many, many poor homes with her sunny disposition.

Now Jean's adopted mamma's name was Mrs. Richard Montford, and she had a sweet little daughter named Margaret. Margaret and Jean grew to love each other, and they were near the same age, Margaret a year older

than Jean. Jean called the dear old man "Grandpa."

One day Mrs. Montford took Jean and Margaret to an orphan asylum. At the side of a big window on the stairs hung these verses, written by Albert Biglow Paine:

We're little orphan girls and boys,
And have such heaps of fun;
We all live in a great big house,
Where we can play and run;
And from our window on the stair
We can see the morning sun.

In summer time they open it
To let us breathe the air,
And every morning when we're dressed
Our teacher takes us there;
It's much the nicest place of all,
Our window on the stair.

I wish all little girls and boys
Could have a lot of fun,
As little orphan children do;
I wish that they could run
To our big window on the stairs,
Where they could see the sun.

Jean said she pitied the poor little ones, not having any parents, but never said a word about herself. Though this mother nearly filled the real mother's place, she yearned for the mother she could not remember. I don't believe anyone can take our real mother's place, but Jean was of good cheer. She knew where her mother was (in heaven). She wrote a poem, "Good Cheer," and these verses have cheered many an unhappy home, and her own sweet self cured many an invalid. She and her adopted mother and sister have learned that love cures more often than medicine.

We shall hope (and we always know) that love, peace, patience and happiness will dwell in her home as the good cheer.

"Love God, fear nothing, live in truth, work, and be happy."



Class Word—"FROM EVERLASTING TO
EVERLASTING I AM FILLED WITH THE
LOVE OF GOD."

Jewel Word—GOD IS LOVE.

Verse Word—

Love suffereth long, and is kind;
Love envieth not.
Love vaunteth not itself,
Is not puffed up;
Doth not behave itself unseemly;
Seeketh not her own;
Is not provoked;
Taketh no account of evil;
Rejoiceth not in iniquity,
But rejoiceth in the truth;
Beareth all things,
Believeth all things,
Hopeth all things,
Endureth all things.

The next subject for stories will be, "Why I Like the Spring Time." Remember all the best stories are to be put into a little book, and each little author of same will receive one.



MT. IDA, ARK.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am eight years old. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Mrs. Griggs. I like to read WEE WISDOM, especially "One Summer in Pacific Grove, or What Faith Did." I have a pet dog. His name is Shaun. I will tell you how I got the first money to subscribe for WEE WISDOM. A friend gave me a goose egg and another little friend put it under the hen with another one for herself, and the hen hatched us two little goslings, and I brought it home and it was named Katherine for my first teacher; and when he got grown he would fight mamma's chickens and I sold him for fifty cents, and I did not know what to buy with the money. And about that time Hattie Tompkins sent me a copy of WEE WISDOM, and I liked it so well that I thought I would subscribe. I send 50 cents to renew my subscription. I will close.

Your loving friend,

REA HOWELL.

LAFAYETTE, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the first time I have ever written to you. I am trying to get a little book and hope my story will please you. My Uncle Charlie sends me this book and I have enjoyed many an hour reading the pretty little stories in it. My favorite story is, "One Summer in Pacific Grove, or What Faith Did." I hope you will continue it for a long time. I like the "Sunshine Corner," too, and love to read the letters and stories the other Wees write. Remaining one of your devoted little Wees I close,

Lovingly,

RUTH L. STIMSON.

BIRMINGHAM, OHIO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I just received my paper yesterday. I like the story of "One Summer in Pacific Grove or, What Faith Did." As I was reading in my paper I noticed the prizes you give to them that send new subscriptions. I would like to earn the book on birds. So please write and tell me how to send money. I must close.

Your loving friend,

RAYMOND BRISTOL.

[Postal orders are a good way to send money but a bill is safe sent in a letter with a true word back of it.—Ed.]

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am very sorry that I did not write to you before, telling about the lovely time I had in Springfield, but I was so very busy in school, and they give so many hard lessons that it takes all my time, but I will tell you all I can now to make up for it. We were going to have a picnic in the woods and could not have chosen another day so perfect; the sky was a spotless blue and the trees a fresh green tinted with red and gold, and when we went among them they seemed as though they were fairies fanning our cheeks with their cool breath; the grass was a rich soft yellow green and winding in and out among trees and long grasses and weeds ran a clear bubbling little brook; it jumped and ran and skipped over stones, big and small. I stood and gazed at the beautiful sight that met my eyes. Never before had I realized how much we owe to nature. I stood as still as I could and listened to the sweet little birds' notes as they came fearlessly down from their high perches and batted their little wings in the cool water. As I stood and gazed and listened I thought, I will write this out for the dear little Wees, and so I have done it and hope to please them. I am writing a good long story for February and hope to have it printed. I remain one of you little Wees and true friends,

H. DOROTHY DAMBMAN.

BEATRICE, NEB.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write you a story about "Good Cheer." Once there was a little boy whose name was Good Cheer. One day this little boy was walking in the street. He saw a little boy whose name was Tommy. This little boy was very sad, so Good Cheer walked up to Tommy and asked him what was the matter. Tommy said that he had no father, but he had a mother and two sisters. He also said that they were very poor people and worked very hard to earn a living. Tommy said he sold newspapers but that day he had not been able to sell any, and the man for whom he sold papers was very angry because he had sold none and would not let him try to sell any more papers then. Good Cheer told him to cheer up, and said that he would give him some money and find him a place. So Good Cheer gave him five dollars, and found him a place where he got five dollars a week, and Tommy was very glad and thanked Good Cheer. Tommy kept the place that Good Cheer had found for him until he was a young man.

Your little friend,

AUGUSTA KILPATRICK.

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—You wish to hear something from children who live in the country, and have never seen snow unless it melts while it falls. I was born in Oakland, Calif., and am eleven years old, and have never seen snow on the ground. We have had beautiful weather this Christmas morning, the sun shining and warm enough to play outside all day. We picked a bowl of strawberries Saturday, and have all kinds of roses in bloom. I have a poem about Thought that I wrote:

Little children, you must seek
Rather to be good than wise;
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be
Cross and cruel and then look fair,
Let me show you how to see
You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass,
And some ugly thought contrive;
And my word will come to pass
Just as sure as you're alive.

And not only in the glass
Will your secrets come to pass;
All beholders as they pass,
Will perceive and know, alas!

Goodness shows in blushes bright,
Or in eyelids drooping down;
Like a violet from the light,
Badness in a sneer or frown.

Out of sight, my boys and girls,
Every root of beauty starts;
So think less about your curls,
More about your mind and heart.

Cherish what is good and true,
And drive evil thoughts and feelings far;
For as sure as you're alive,
They will show for what you are.

Your loving friend, GRACE GOSS.



OAKLAND, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—My paper came a few days ago. I love to hear Aunt Nell read the little stories and letters to me. I am six years old. I am learning to read and write at home. I have finished my primer and First Reader. When I learn to write I shall write you a letter all by myself. (Aunt Nell is writing this for me.) The 21st of September was my birthday. I got a pencil-box, some candy, a slate and a birthday cake with six candles on it. I like the little pillows, and can read them most all myself. I liked the story about the flowers, too. I am going to try to get a subscriber for WEE WISDOM.

Good-bye RALPH W. NICHOLSON.

FT. WORTH, TEX.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have long wanted to write to you. I was so glad to get the little paper again. I had one year's subscription, and I have all the papers yet. Mamma reads them over to me almost every month. I enjoy them, although they are three years old. Beautiful stories never get old. I am only seven years young and have never gone to school, but hope to soon. I have no little brothers or sisters or any pets. I saw my first snow last week. I was delighted; it was so pure and white. I have always lived on the coast where it is warm. I enjoy the letters in WEE WISDOM, and hope to be able to write one soon. With love to all the little Wees,

I am your loving friend,

FANNIE M. TUCKER.



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little girl nine years old. I love to go to Sunday School and I love my teacher, too. Her name is Miss Helen Keter. Christmas I got a lovely doll, and I hope Santa was good to you all. When mamma is sick I love to stay at home and make her feel better. I would like to have a card. I hope these lines will reach your WEE WISDOM.

Yours truly, FRANCES GERBER.

[Cards are only being given now to those who bring in one or more new subscribers.—Ed.]



MT. IDA, ARK.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I could get some subscribers and I did. Please send WEE WISDOM to Ena Speer, Mt. Ida, Ark., and to Johnnie Freeman, Mt. Ida, Ark. I think I can get some more. Please find one dollar in stamps.

Your friend, REA HOWELL.



WESTFIELD, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I just love your little paper. The story I like best is "One Summer in Pacific Grove, or What Faith Did." I love them all. I am nine years old and am in the sixth grade. I go to school down street. I like my teacher very much. Will you please tell me how many times does WEE WISDOM come a year? I had some fun Saturday. Mamma made some meal and warmed it just a little. Then she put some crumbs in it and gave it to me for the birdies. They came around and sang sweet songs. They were so sweet I went to sleep. When I woke up they were eating merrily. So I was gay all the rest of the day. I have a brother eleven years old. He and I own a pony, and his name is Punky. He is kind and will not kick or bite. My father owns a big farm, and oh! he has such nice things. With love to all,

EDITH FOX.

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.



HERE'S a subject before the Sanctum this month that Ye Editor would like to have settled right away. Shall we have Bible Lessons in WEE WISDOM again, or shall we not?—"that is the question." A dear friend has promised that we shall be provided with good ones, if we desire them, and "Trixy," too, has hinted that she stands ready to report "Aunt Joy's" Bible Studies, if we want to hear them. Now *you* are the ones to say, and it shall be according to your *say* whether WEE WISDOM is to have Bible Lessons in the future or not. Let us hear from *you* on the subject. But what is the wonderful Bible we are talking about and who wrote it? Can *you* tell? They used to tell me it was the Word of God, and I used to think God had reached down out of heaven and had written it himself. But I have found out since that God wrote things then just as He does now—through the minds and hands of men. God is the Great Mind, and out of that Mind comes the beautiful flashes of thought and feeling that make poets and writers tell about the wonderful things that are in the soul of man, just as the Bible people did, and just as it brings to us emotions and joys, and sudden knowing, that we are unable to explain. Trying to tell about it some have described heaven and angels and places never seen. And others fairies and gnomes and creatures never looked upon. But what we are *gladdest* about is, God is always the same; there's no darkness to God. His living Scriptures are everywhere, for God is Life as well as Mind. It is a *living* gospel we are studying. What God has done,

God still does, and what is written down between the covers of the Bible about the wonderful Son of God, is written about this Spirit in us, which has been dreaming about itself, but which has never tried to *use* its powers. We are going to wake up *now* and *know* what it means to be the *living* child of the Living God—with all the boundlessness of Mind and Life at our command. Why, my dear Wisdoms, all—"all that the Father hath" is *ours*. Can we ever so far forget as to lose courage or complain again? Everywhere, every place, we will find and set in action the Good.



It has been a great joy to Ye Editor to feel the hearty co-operation of her Wisdoms this month. I really believe we are going to bring forth a set of writers whose genius will gladden the world. We all want to be Light-bearers and shine into all the dark corners where unhappy thoughts have found place. Why! it is for us to help make health and joy and plenty more catching in the world than all the diseases ever named. Why not? We have God on our side! We want to have the substance of Health and Joy and Plenty so interwoven with the fibre of WEE WISDOM that wherever it visits, disease and unhappiness and want shall be known no more, and its coming into the home shall mean the coming of a great good to all.



We thank all the little workers who have sent in new subscriptions, and Aunt Mary will send every one of you a card.



Everyone who writes a letter or a story gets an extra paper containing the same. See how original you can be in your letters.



50 cents per year.

5 cents per copy

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March, 1904.

MARCH!

*Some tell of your faults,
Some sing of your worth,
Some welcome you gladly,
Some sigh at your birth.*

*But March! Stirring March!
You can count upon Wees.
So roar, blow and frolic
As much as you please.
To wake up the flowers
And make the grass grow
Just turn yourself loose,
"And let 'er blow."*

Don't forget the new subscriber.

WEE WISDOM makes twelve visits a year, Edith.

Aunt Phebe has sent in Sam Cat's picture with some more accounts of his catship's doings. You will hear about it next month.

Geneve Shafer has given us her ideas of "Heaven on Earth," and they are very good. We will have to leave them over till next time.

Hazel visited us in picture last month, has stuffed our pillows for this, and written a story on "Good Cheer" for next month. WEE WISDOM likes attention of this kind.

Remember to watch the dates on your wrappers, and renew at once, so as not to lose a number of WEE WISDOM. WEE WISDOM is going to have something doing, and you are all going to help.

DEAR WEES-- Send us the names of all your little friends who might be interested in WEE WISDOM, and we will mail each and everyone of them a sample copy free. Send as many as you please.

Ernst Krohn Jr., announces that the young men of the Sunday School of Practical Christianity, St. Louis, Mo. have organized a society for mutual benefit, in which they discuss New Thought subjects, literature, history, etc. Would n't this be a good move for all our young boy Truth students? Ernst states he will be glad to tell us from time to time how the Society progresses. Ernst is the secretary, and his announcement shows care and correctness.

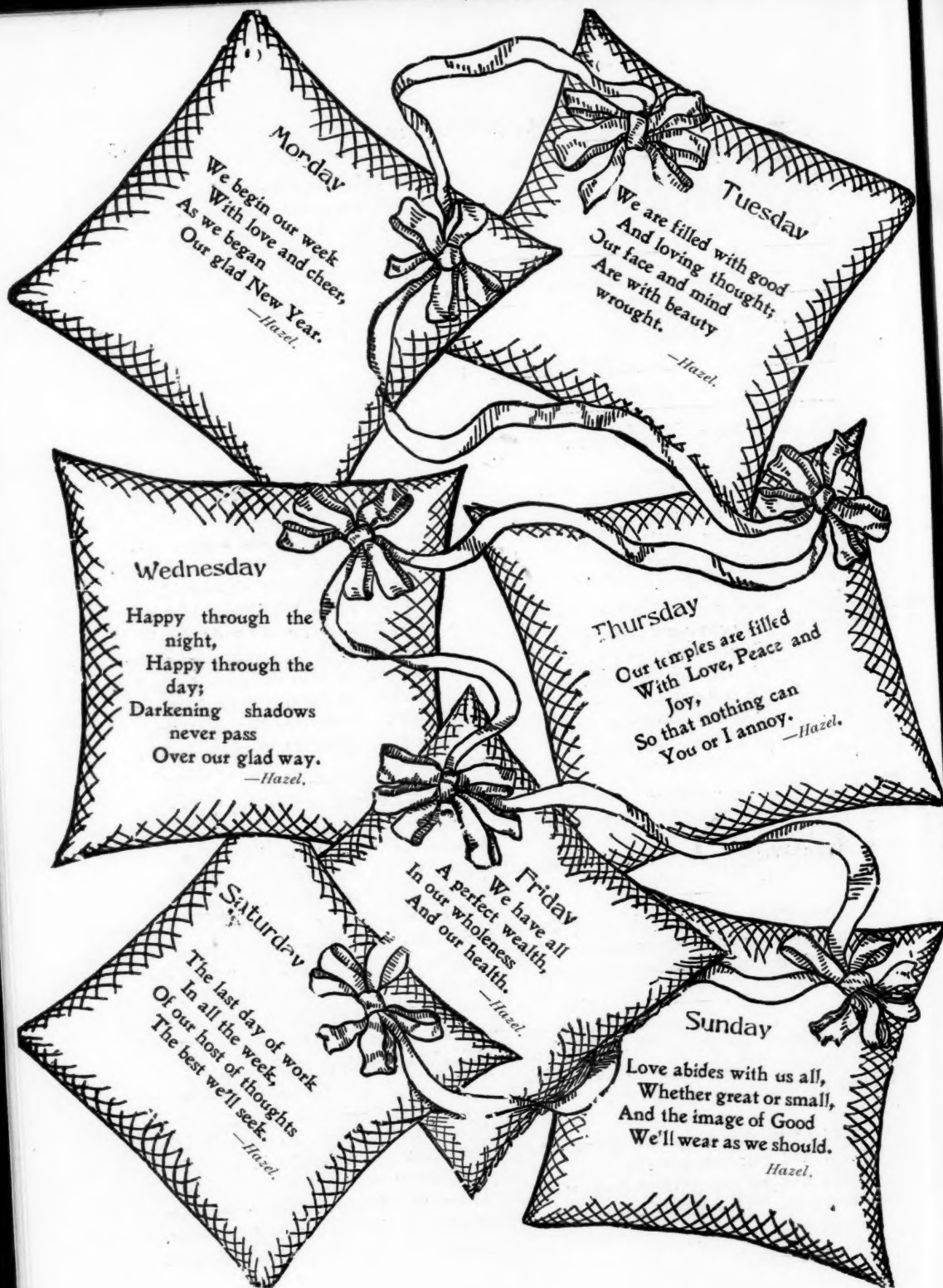
TO THE WEE WISDOMS.

Aunt Mary deWitt will give a dressed doll to the little girl who sends in the largest number of subscriptions to WEE WISDOM and to the little boy who secures 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.

WEE WISDOM will be furnished in quantities to Sunday Schools at the following rates:

10 to 24 copies, 40 cts. each per year.
25 to 49 copies, 35 cts. each per year.
50 to 100 copies, 25 cts. each per year.



Monday

We begin our week
With love and cheer,
As we began
Our glad New Year.
—Hazel.

Tuesday

We are filled with good
And loving thought;
Our face and mind
Are with beauty
wrought.
—Hazel.

Wednesday

Happy through the
night,
Happy through the
day;
Darkening shadows
never pass
Over our glad way.
—Hazel.

Thursday

Our temples are filled
With Love, Peace and
Joy,
So that nothing can
You or I annoy.
—Hazel.

Friday

We have all
A perfect wealth,
In our wholeness
And our health.
—Hazel.

Saturday

The last day of work
In all the week,
Of our host of thoughts
The best we'll seek.
—Hazel.

Sunday

Love abides with us all,
Whether great or small,
And the image of Good
We'll wear as we should.
Hazel.