



A REAL SUNSHINE BARREL.

It was a genuine barrel, made of hoops and staves, that "The Joyful Circle" put by the reading table in the South parlor at Unity Headquarters the week before Christmas. And it would have rejoiced Mrs. Alden's generous heart to have seen with what alacrity it was filled, filled to the very brim with the hoarded treasures of these boys and girls just entering their "teens." There was that precious doll of Martha's that had been the idol of her child-heart for eleven years. It had come to her just at the time Baby Ruth came to the White House and so she had named it Ruth, and it had been a loving dutiful doll-child to her all these years and was very dear yet to her heart -but Martha was in her teens and the High School this year, and so when the matter of making others happy was discussed by the Joyful Circle, Martha went to her trunk of cherished treasures and brought forth this idol of her heart and offered it up on this Altar of Love -The Sunshine Barrel. All the girls and boys went and did likewise, and it would fill a book to tell the eventful history of all those precious relics that went to fill the wonderful barrel. There were books and dolls and games galore, pretty outgrown clothes and everything that had and could make happy the childheart. Such giving as this has a value beyond calculation, for it has opened up the sunshine of great loving sympathies in these young hearts and they are finding out how much more joy there is in letting go of these outgrown treasures and sending them forth to bless and gladden other child-hearts as they had blessed and gladdened theirs, than to lock them up in the selfish love that would hold them useless keepsakes.

"If you have a pleasure known, Pass it on."

Keep your good things on the move. that's the way to be bright and happy. Air even grows unfit to breathe when you shut it up in a close dark room; water when it quits running breeds malaria. So minds and hearts that are not kept stirring with loving, useful thoughts grow selfish and unwholesome. Open up! Keep all your doors and windows open to the sunny side of life. Keep fresh and sweet! Don't grow stale by holding to old things! See that all your trunks and closets, and bookshelves are not cluttered up with unused goods that somebody needs. It's a good time to give away all you can spare, and commence clean and clear with the sweet new year. It's a sure cure for unhappiness and sorrow to empty out your old trunks and closets and give away all the old keepsakes that keep you remembering the past when you ought to be right on hand enjoying the Now. Now is the only time that really concerns you. If you're happy now why now goes right along with you -it's always Now. Do your best and be your happiest now, and you'll always be happy and always do your best.



Vol. IX.

KANSAS CITY, MO., JANUARY, 1905.

No. 6.

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

BY MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

CHAPTER V.

GETTING RETURNS.

It was a Saturday afternoon. Arthur threw down his racket as he and Gertrude finished a set of tennis, and running to the barn and pushing his wheel out into the path, was soon astride it and skimming the ground in the direction of Earl's house. Earl spied him coming and met him at the gate.

"Heard the news?" shouted Earl as

"About Henry? — was just coming over to tell you," was the reply.

Earl continued as though Arthur did not know: "He's perfectly well. Dr. Lightner told my father he could not understand it—that his heart was affected and it's sound now. Isn't it jolly?"

"I should say! But that isn't all, Earl. Henry's to have a party to celebrate — at night, you know — on their lawn."

"Yes, I know," interrupted Earl eagerly; "and there's to be dozens and dozens of Chinese lanterns hanging from the trees to light up the grounds."

"I suppose you're going?"

"Yes," replied Earl, "and you?"

"Yes, indeed; but come now and have a spin with me down the road."

"My wheel's out of order. I wish I could. You come in for a while instead, — mother's been baking cookies. I'll go around to the kitchen and see if we can't have some."

Earl soon returned bearing a dish.

"They're fine, piping hot—help yourself. Say, Arthur, mother wants me to do an errand. I've got to take a basket of apples down to that Mr. Maltern's wife. Mother says she knows them both quite well."

"Why, so does my father know Mr. Maltern. Isn't that strange? Yes, I'll go with you, Earl."

"Come on, then, but we'll have to walk."

"Oh, that's all right. I'll leave my wheel here."

When the boys arrived at the Maltern's they discovered the old gentleman digging in his vegetable garden.

Mr. Maltern saw them approaching, and leaning on his hoe with one hand, and wiping his moist face with the other, called out cordially:

"Hello! hello, boys! how are you? Coming in?"

"Yes sir," replied Earl clicking the gate after them.

The old man had stepped into the path to greet them.

"Mighty glad to see you — thought you'd be around before long."

"Oh, Mr. Maltern," burst out Earl, "my mother knows you."

"Your mother?" The old man looked from one boy to the other.

"And my father," added Arthur.

"Your father?" echoed Mr. Maltern. "Well, well, now, that's good, so we're old friends?"

"You see," explained Earl, this is Mr. Snow's son, Arthur, and I'm Earl Tines."

"Bless my heart!" The old gentleman wiped his face vigorously. "Now that's a coincidence — Maria! Oh, Maria! You see," he nodded to the boys, "Maria's out in the chicken house, and I want her to meet you boys. Your mother's a good woman, Master Earl, and I'm not surprised that her son's a a thoughtful young fellow."

"Oh, I nearly forgot!" exclaimed Earl reddening, "mother sent these apples: the crop's fine this year."

"Now that's mighty kind. Here, Maria!" to a woman coming around the corner of the house, "here's a young Tines with some apples for us."

"Thank you; that's kind, I'm sure. Come in, boys, come in."

"Oh, we won't go in, thank you."

"But you'll rest a while. I'll put chairs on the porch. I know boys. You can't expect 'em to want to go in the house on a pretty day like this. For that matter, I enjoy it better outside myself."

Mrs. Maltern bustled about and brought out chairs, Earl and Arthur

insisting upon helping her.

After some talk Mr. Maltern said, tipping his chair back and resting his feet on the rails of the porch, "I've been telling my wife here about how you boys cheered me up the day you found me on the mountain. Why, I've been in good health ever since, able to work in my garden and do the chores. There's nothing like those good words of yours. 'God is my life,' that's true as gospel. I've been thinking about it 'most every day."

"That's right. That'll keep you well," advised Arthur.

"I've been thinking considerable, and it seems to me what's good for one is good for another. I've a friend—a far younger man than I—down the road a little piece, in the red cottage. You know him. He's a minister, here for his health. He's not preaching just now on that account. Couldn't you boys go to see him and show him a thing or two about religion that possibly hasn't crossed his mind? Now boys," Mr. Maltern laid a hand on Arthur's knee, "I'm not speaking disrespectfully. You just go to see him, and say old man Maltern sent you."

Earl and Arthur looked at each other. Arthur spoke slowly:

"We'll go if you want us to, Mr. Maltern."

"He might think we were presuming too much," observed Earl.

"Not if I sent you; so that settles it."

Wee Wisdom

Mr. Maltern leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes for a second or two. His wife returned at this point from the interior regions where she had disappeared while they were talking, bearing in her hands a tray on which were set glasses of lemonade.

After refreshing themselves with this cooling drink, the boys took their departure, promising to call upon Mr. Baker, the minister.

[To be continued.]

GOD'S WILL FOR YOU AND ME.

Just to be tender, just to be true,
Just to be glad the whole day through;
Just to be merciful, just to be mild,
Just to be trustful, like as a child;
Just to be gentle, kind and sweet,
Just to be helpful with willing feet;
Just to be cheery when things go wrong,
Just to drive sadness away with a song;
Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and the right;
Just to believe that God knows best,
Just in His promises ever to rest;
Just to let love be our daily key —
This is God's will for you and me.

- Selected.



Mrs. Coonie.



Auctioning off the Baby.



HAT am I offered for Baby? Dainty, dimpled and sweet, From the soft curls over his forehead To the beautiful rosy feet;

From the tips of the wee pink fingers To the light of the clear brown eve. What am I offered for Baby? Who'll buy? who'll buy? who'll buy?

What am I offered for Baby? "A shopful of sweets?" Ah, no! That's too much beneath his value. Who is sweetest of all below!

The naughty, beautiful darling! One kiss from his rosy mouth Is better than all the dainties Of North, East, West or South!

What am I offered for Baby? "A pile of gold?" Ah, dear, Your gold is too hard and heavy To purchase my brightness here.

Would the treasures of all the mountains. Far in the wonderful lands,

Be worth the clinging and clasping Of these dear little peach-bloom hands?

So, what am I offered for Baby? "A rope of diamonds?" Nay, If your brilliants were larger and brighter Than stars in the milky way,

Would they ever be half so precious As the light of those lustrous eves, Still full of the heavenly glory They brought from beyond the skies?

Then what am I offered for Baby? "A heart full of love and a kiss?" Well, if anything ever could tempt me, 'T would be such an offer as this."

But how can I know if your loving Is tender, and true, and divine Enough to repay what I'm giving In selling this sweetheart of mine?

So we will not sell the Baby! Your gold and your gems and your stuff.

Were they ever so rare and precious, Would never be half enough!

For what would we care, my dearies, What glory the world put on, If our beautiful darling were - going; If our beautiful darling were - gone.

- Selected.



Our Young Authors' Department.

LULU'S CHRISTMAS PARTY.

BY CLARA VEGA.

ULU and her mother stepped out of their carriage, which had stopped in front of a Santa Clause store. As they were entering the store Lulu noticed a little girl, who was standing before one of the show windows. Something in the little girl's face made Lulu stop to speak to her.

"Why are you standing in this cold wind?" she asked.

"Oh, I was looking at the pretty Christmas things, and wondering what Santa Claus is going to bring me," replied the little girl.

"What would you like?" asked Lulu.

"I'd like to have a nice Christmas tree. But mamma told us we must n't expect much from Santa Claus this year."

"What is your name, and where do you live?"

"My name is Dorothy Maybright, and I live on Washington Street."

"Dorothy Maybright! what a pretty name. But come, you must be cold; we will go into the store."

"I would like very much to go in with you, but I must hurry home to help mother."

"Well, if you must go, Dorothy, I'll not keep you any longer."

So wishing each other A Merry Christmas, the little girls parted. Dorothy hurried home, and Lulu went into the store where her mamma was.

On their way home Lulu told her mamma about little Dorothy.

"O mamma," she asked, "may I invite her to my Christmas tree?"

"Yes, dear," answered Mrs. Clifford, "I think you may. Would you like to go and tell her about it?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, that will be lovely."

A few days later Lulu and her mamma called upon Mrs. Maybright. How glad the Maybright children were when they heard of spending Christmas with Lulu. And dear Mrs. Maybright couldn't find words enough with which to thank Mrs. Clifford for her kindness. Their visit being ended, Lulu and her mother returned home, leaving a world of sunshine behind them.

Christmas afternoon found Dorothy, Irene and Bertie Maybright waiting for Lulu, who was soon with them.

"Merry Christmas!" cried the children all in one breath.

"Merry Christmas!" answered Lulu, stepping out of her carriage like a little

Christmas fairy. "Merry Christmas, Mrs. Maybright! Mamma says you may expect the children home about eight o'clock."

"Very well, little Fairy," answered Mrs. Maybright, with a smile.

The children were soon comfortably seated in the carriage. What a pleasant drive it was. And before they knew it they were wishing Mrs. Clifford "A Merry Christmas," who welcomed them kindly.

After dinner the children were taken to see the brilliantly-lighted Christmas tree. How beautiful it was, as it stood there in a corner of the room, glittering with gilded walnuts and tiny silver balloons, and wreathed with chains of tinted gold and silver and snowy popcorn.

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Dorothy and Bertie, their little faces beaming all over with smiles, while dear little Irene clapped her hands as she said, "Here comes Santa Claus!"

At the close of the program Lulu sang a Christmas song, after which Santa Claus distributed the presents, which were many, pretty and useful.

What a splendid time they had! A merry Christmas it was, indeed. Every one was happy and very thankful, from Mr. Clifford down to the cook, for dear little Lulu had been thoughtful of all.

At eight o'clock Mr. Clifford took the children home. Mrs. Maybright met them at the door, her face all aglow with love and delight. As Mr. Clifford drove back home he thought he had never seen so much happiness in the space of a few hours. And the Maybright children never forgot their Christmas at Lulu's home.

"Oh, what a happy happy day this has been," said Lulu to her mamma. "I shall never forget Dorothy's pretty face when she saw the Christmas tree; nor Bertie's when he thanked me for his books; nor that darling little Irene when she saw Santa Claus. O mamma, it really is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Yes, dear, it has been a very happy day," answered Mrs. Clifford, getting Lulu into her nightgown. "But you must go to bed now, dear, you have done enough for one day."

"Good-night, mamma!"

"Good-night, darling, mamma's precious Christmas fairy, good-night."

There were many, many happy little girls that night, but there was n't one happier than Lulu.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

BY RUTH E. STEVENS.



WISH Christmas were here," said Carl one day to his sister Marion, who was playing with her doll in one corner of the nursery. "Won't you be glad?"

"Yes, Carl, I will be very glad, indeed."

"I am glad that I am not a poor boy who doesn't have nice toys and Christmas dinners."

"Yes, but we should give some of our nice things to those who have not."

"I would n't," said Carl.

Just then Mrs. Darling came in and said, "Carl, how would you like if you could not give or get presents this year?"

"Well, I don't think I would like it not to get presents, but would n't mind not giving any."

"Carl, you mus n't be selfish. I heard you and Marion talking about Christmas."

"Did you?" exclaimed the children at once.

"Don't you think that we should share our things with other children?" asked Marion.

"Yes, dear, I do, but when Carl is older, then he will go and understand the beautiful thoughts that they teach you at the Home of Truth Sunday School."

"Do you think that I could have Teddy Bee over Christmas for dinner, mamma?" asked Carl.

"I have said that you could have little Dorothy and Donald Brown over. You know that they will have no other Christmas."

"Yes, I know," replied Carl, "but I would rather have Teddy."

"That will do," said Mrs. Darling.

"Do you know your recitation, Carl?"

"No ma'am." Carl was to be in a Christmas entertainment, and was to speak the piece, "Just Before Christmas I Am as Good as I Can Be." Perhaps some of the Wee Wisdom readers know it. Now this was two nights before Christmas, and the next day the family were going out to ask the Brown children over. As the Brown children could not come, they had Charlie Cole instead. The Darlings had some friends living out in the country, in San Mateo, and they lived in San Francisco, but they always went to the country to get red berries. They were up early that morning so as to get back before eleven o'clock. When they returned they wrote a letter to Santa Claus. Carl asked for a pony and bridle and saddle; while Marion asked for a doll and a dear little baby sister. Well, it was seven o'clock in the evening when Carl and his papa came in from a walk. Marion had stayed at home getting presents ready for her papa and her mischievous little brother Carl. It was rather a cold night, and as soon as Carl got warm the children went to bed.

Well, the children woke up happy and bright the next morning before Christmas, and went across the Bay with their papa for the day. As they came back to the city they went to the "White House" and got something for their mamma. Mrs. Darling was waiting for them at home. After dinner the children went to their rooms and brought out their stockings and hung up one pair for Charlie Cole. The next thing that had to be done was to mail their letters to Santa Claus, and then they went to bed as happy as could be.

Well, Christmas morning came, and Oh, how glad the children were. They ran to their mamma's and papa's room, and cried, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" Then they dressed and went to the sitting room where their

Christmas tree stood. "Oh, how pretty!" exclaimed the children. Carl and Marion did not open their presents or empty their stockings until Charlie came. Carl told the coachman to hitch the horses to the carriage and then drive up to the house for Marion. When Marion was in they drove over for Charlie Cole. Charlie was waiting for them. Mrs. Darling was glad to see the children back, and gave Charlie a suit of clothes. Mr. Darling gave him a pair of shoes, Carl gave him a pair of stockings, and Marion gave him a suit of underwear. But the best of all was Marion's baby sister. It was the cutest little thing on earth. They named it Gertrude. Charlie had a good time, and when it came time for him to go Mrs. Darling asked if he wouldn't like to earn some money. And he said he would be very glad to; then Mrs. Darling told him that she was looking for some one to take care of her flowers.

"Oh, I'd love to do that, I am so fond of flowers," said Charlie.

After Charlie had been there a few weeks, Carl came to his mamma and said, "O mamma, Charley taught me not to be selfish, and I hope I can stay that way."

Then Mrs. Darling took Carl on her lap and gave him a big kiss, and said,

"If you want the good to grow, Watch the little seeds you sow."

HORSES.

A COMPOSITION BY JENNIE C. SCHOFIELD.

Horses are animals used for working and racing. They are used for farm work. Some run away, and sometimes hurt their master. In some countries the flesh is used for food. The hides are used for leather, and the mane and tail are used for upholstering. The mane is situated upon the neck. They have forty teeth, and their age is known by marks in the mouth and the looks of the nostrils. The hoof is hard, but requires to be shod with iron. The average weight is from ten to twelve hundred pounds. They shed their hair in the spring and the fall. Horses, though vastly heavier than men, are relatively not so strong.

VIOLET AND THE RAINBOW.

BY JOSEPHINE LILLY.

Little Violet Hanton stood looking out of the window. It was a sunny, warm day. The perfume of the roses in the garden was all through the house, and so many other flowers were blooming, and all of the trees were in bloom. The robins were singing so sweetly, and the squirrels were chattering among themselves. But none of these things did Violet see nor hear—she was looking at the sky in all directions.

Suddenly Violet jumped and shouted, "Oh, how glad I am that it will rain!"

"How do you know that it will rain?" asked her mother.

"I am not sure, mother, but I think it will, because the sky is becoming clouded," replied Violet.

"But why do you wish it to rain, dear?" asked her mother.

"You know, mamma, that there is a rainbow sometimes when it rains, and I would like to get the pot of gold at the end of it, that Aunt Lucile talked about."

"O my child, you must not go, you will get lost in the thick woods."

"Oh, I do want to go so bad," wailed Violet.

"Aunt Lucile will take you sometime, dear," said her mother fondly.

It soon began to rain, but it did not rain very long. The clouds soon began to part, the sun shone, and as Violet looked Westward there appeared a beautiful rainbow. Now Violet did not mind her mother, but started to find the pot of gold. She kept on running until she came to the thick forest, but she wanted the gold, and said as she ran on climbing log after log, "I am not afraid, for God is always with me." When she stopped for breath the rainbow had vanished, and not far off was a big black animal. She screamed her loudest, and it ran away. Violet looked around her, but could not find her way home. She began to cry.

"Do not cry," said a tiny voice, "I will take you home."

Violet became still more frightened at hearing a voice in the thick forest.

"I am Fairy Goldenwings," continued the voice. "Queen Sunshine sent me to take you home."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," cried Violet.

Goldenwings took Violet to her front gate, and then smiling a farewell she departed.

Violet met her mother at the door, who was ready to come and look for her. Violet told her mother of her adventures, adding, "Goldenwings was sent by Queen Sunshine to bring me home, but I know God told Queen Sunshine to send Goldenwings, for God is always with me."

Mrs. Hanton was so glad of Violet's safety that she did not scold her.

"Never have a fear, For God is always near."

MOTHER NATURE'S WASH-DAY AND BOYS.

BY DAISY ROBERTSON.

I wonder why Mother Nature is called "she," when so many things she does seems loud and noisy like a rough boy? Now most boys I know, when they have to get their neck and ears washed, cut up just like a thunder-storm. Their faces are clouded with dirt. If they happen to be upstairs in a room without a carpet on the floor, they make noise with their feet that sounds most like thunder, and then you hear a yell of "Ouch!" that flashes out quick like lightning, and then they break loose and disappear like lightning; their eyes lower with the weight of tears, their faces are dark with frowns. Most always you can hear them grumbling and growling like distant thunder as soon as some one says, "It's time for you to get washed up now," and then the raindrops fall down their little faces. But after it is all over, how fresh and nice and sweet they look and feel, just like the earth does after Mother Nature has finished with one of her wash-days.

THE HORSE AND THE DOG.

BY NANCY SIMPSON.

A horse and a dog one day got into a discussion as to which was of the most use in the world. The horse said he was and the dog said he was.

"For," said the horse, "do I not carry my master on my back, and save him many miles of walking?"

"Yes," said the dog, "but do I not watch my master, and see that no harm comes to him?"

They discussed for a long time, until finally the horse said, "We serve our master the best we can, and as long as he is pleased we will always be happy."



Mrs. Divine Burtis, Jr., encloses an extra fifty cents in an order and says, "Please give WEE WISDOM to some dear child this coming year for me; some child who wants it and cannot command the money." Who is this "dear child" to be? If you know of such a one, send us the name.—ED.



BARKER, MONT.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - This is my first letter to you. I do not take WEE WISDOM myself, but a friend gives it to me. She lives about six miles from here on a ranch. One of my brothers and I walked over to see her the other day. We have a ranch one mile above hers. Mamma, papa and three of my brothers are at the ranch now. My two youngest brothers are home with me. We expect them back tomorrow. I have been reading a number of WEE WISDOMS, and they interest me so that I thought I would write. I love to read the letters from the other Wees and the stories, especially the one entitled, "Love's Roses," in the June number, 1904, Thelma was so sweet, good and kind to every one. She well deserved the queen's crown. I will tell you of my pets. I have two chickens; their names are Rosebud and Squirrel. (You might think Squirrel is a queer name, but she looked just like a squirrel when she was a little chick,) Then there's Buttercup and Brighteyes, Mouser and Fanny, two kittens and two old cats. But best of all are my colt, (I haven't named her yet) and Nancy my cow. Jack and Sport are two dogs, but they don't belong entirely to me, although I ilke them better than any of my pets. Here are my brothers' names: John, Robert, Peter, Charley and Bryan. He is the baby. He is eight years old. My sister is married, and lives about seventy or eighty miles from here. I wish she lived nearer. She has the sweetest little baby. The baby's name is Katherine Lilly Emma Bollman. My brother likes Wee Wisdom, I must close, for my two brothers have fallen asleep by the stove. From your loving friend,

JOSEPHINE LILLY. (13 years young.)
P. S. Here is a story about "Violet and the Rainbow." I will try and have the next one better.—J. L. My mail address is Monarch, Mont.

[We shall hope to hear often from you, Josephine — Ep.]

-56

ROULETTE, PA.

Dear Mamma Myrtle—I am sending you a little piece I thought would do for Wee Wisdom. I am as interested as ever, though I have not written for some time. Perhaps I shall have a story ready for next time. I will be so glad when I receive my book of little stories. It must be so unique and pretty. Yours with love, Hazel L. Baird.

[Hazel, dear, your "little piece" in its construction is all right, but in sentiment it makes a sad little picture in the mind. In all God's great world of love there is no such a creature as "Nobody's Darling." Try it again. We want all the patterns of poverty and misery wiped out. They are lies about the ever present Goodness of God—ED 1

St St St

CUPERTINO, CAL.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — A Merry Christmas to you and all the little Wees. I've received my little paper and also the little Truth card, for which I thank Aunt Mary very much. Enclosed please find a Christmas story which I have written for Wee Wisdom. Yours with love,

CLARA VEGA.

 ${
m Dear}$ Wees — I want to tell you about the birds. I will have to go to California in my mind to get them, as there are none here at this time of the year. In California the birds and flowers are continuous all the year round. The birds are always thick there, and are all kinds and colors. The mocking bird is so sweet. In the night one will call out as though it were trying to make a dog "get out," or will whistle so it sounds like I have heard men call dogs. The little quails there are so tame they will come and feed with the chickens. The rooster quail has a little curl on the top of his head, and all through the day one can hear them calling out to one another One will say, "Walk right in," and the other will answer, "Sit right there, sit right there," so beautifully. The meadow lark will get on top of the house in the middle of the night and sing his sweetest notes, sometimes right along for several nights at a time. AUNT PHEBE.

A 16 16

BLACK HAWK, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - Our little five-year-old Robin thinks the story of Peace and Leo is the sweetest of all, and every night at bed time asks his mamma to read it to him so he can "sleep sweetly in peace and harmony." When he has a hard task to do he thinks of Leo and the pile of

cobs, and I think he is becoming more patient than he used to be. We hope to get some subscribers for you after a time, and are your true ROBIN BURRUS AND HIS MAMMA.

II quite agree with Robin about the "Tom Stories" and as Tom's dear Aunt Myrta is in the Country of Voiceless Harmony now, I wonder if his sweet mamma won't tell us of some of her stories to Tom .- ED.]

A & & &

CUPERTINO, CAL. DEAR WEE WISDOM - I enclose fifty cents from Irene Montoya for one year's subscription for

Wee WISDOM; also twenty-five cents for "Droppings From Wee Pens." I wish Wee Wisdom a very Merry Christmas. With love, Ruth Stevens. I wish WEE WISDOM a

A 36 36

BELFAST, ME.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - I always like to have you come. I wish you could come every week. like the continued story very much and also "A Kidnapped Santa Claus." I have five cats and kittens. I just sold a beautiful Maltese shag today. I have two other shags with white noses and white feet. One of my cats is very fond of raisins. We have had zero weather for the last three days. I enclose fifty ceuts for which send me WEE WISDOM for another year. Hoping all of the Wees will have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I will close. From your loving BARBARA CROCKETT.

IOWA FALLS, IA.

DEAR EDITOR - I will write you a few lines to let you know I received my book, Summer Sotries, which I thank you ever so much for. I like to read the stories in WEE WISDOM very much. The Scientists meet at Iowa Falls once a week on Fr day afternoons. Mrs. Morgan is the teacher. Papa and mamma attend nearly After thanking Ye Editor again every meeting. for my beautiful book, I will close. Yours sincerely, KATIE MEYER. A 36 36

WATERFORD, MICH.

DEAR LITTLE WEES - As you have not heard from me for a long time I thought you would like to hear from me. I go to school and am in the seventh grade. My teacher's name is Mr. Dent. I go to school and am in the I have a dog and two cats. The dog is yellow and white, and his name is Nero. One of the cats is black and white, and its name is Boots; the other is white, black and yellow, and its name is Puss. Please excuse my writing because my pen don't write good and the ink isn't good. Hoping you can read this, I will close. lovingly, MARJORIE CRANE.

[Your letter is all right, Marjorie, excepting the excuses; never spend time making excuses, it don't pay. It isn't the pen and ink that does the writing, it's the little girl behind them, and she's

good we know .- ED.]

A 36 36

GRAND FORKS, 'B. C. DEAR WEE WISDOM - I have got another subscription for the dear little paper, and her address is, Mrs. T. Waldon, to commence with December number. Well, WEE WISDOM, I enjoy my papers very much, and am going to try to get some more subscribers for it, and I am sure they will like it also. I am going to tell you about my kitty. She is a pretty little kitty and is a great pet. Her real home is on the sofa, and is very happy when she gets to sleep there. She's about six months old, but was left an orphan when she was little. I will write you a couple of verses on the snowflakes of this country:

> Merry little snowflakes, Dancing thro' the street, Kissing all the faces Of the children sweet. Joyous little snowflakes, "Winter's wild white bees," Cov'ring up the flowers, Powd'ring all the trees. Happy little snowflakes. Flying thro' the sky, Keeping time to music In the stars so high. Darling little snowflakes, We would be like you: Help us to be loving. Clean, and pure, and true.

> > ALMA SLOPER

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

UR crop of home-grown Christmas stories did not get in last month till WEE WISDOM was ready for press, and so we'll have them now. It was nice of Clara and Ruth to remember our You have all done Christmas needs. well this month in contributing, and I am sure it makes you as happy to give as to get. We want always to do our happiest and best if we would get the best results in return. You know when you plant your seeds you expect everyone to bring forth of its kind, and it's just that way with the thoughts you think and the words you say. A good loving thought and word will always bring forth satisfactory results. see, we must learn this law, and be just as careful of our word-sowing as we are of our seed-sowing. We must put away out of our speech all the words that describe conditions we do not wish to Never repeat anything that leaves an unpleasant memory, and forget as soon as possible unhappy occurrences. Don't talk about people being sick, for "the tongue of the wise is health." Don't talk about being poor, when all the Father hath is yours. Did you ever think what a wonderful thing it is to talk? Why, the same sweet air you draw into your lungs to quicken and gladden the life flow of your body, obedient to your thought, plays upon the voice-reeds in your throat-pipes and sets to vibrating all the little organs of speech, and immediately your word goes forth and sets the universe of air a-leaping with joy and gladness, if it be a happy word. You have thrown pebbles into a stream and watched the little wave-circles widen and widen till they touched the shore? Well, that's the vibration of the water. You can see

that with your eyes. Now, the vibration of the air when you throw your voice into it, circles the very same way in little waves of sound, which you can hear instead of see. But there's still another vibration goes out from the words you speak which can neither be seen nor heard, but which can be telt, and this is why you should be so careful of your words. The same kind of thought and word-waves you send out return to you again, and you feel them make you sad or glad just according as you have sent out your own vibration of thought. It is because of these thought-waves circling out and out that we are able to "hold true words," and drop them, pebble-like, into mind and see the circle of their vibration widen and widen, carrying life and health and joy and plenty to the stores of every heart they touch. A little girl saw two boys quarreling, and dropped the word "Peace" into the air about her. The boys never knew why they so suddenly felt like being friends, but it was the peace-wave touching their hearts and vibrating them with love. Everything you touch feels I know a little your thought-wave. boy who used to scold and complain of his clothes till they "scratched and pricked" him, when he put them on. Afterward he found out they were only sending the wave-circle of his sharp thoughts back to him; then he learned to praise them, and they grew soft and nestling to his form.

You've heard of the boy who grew very angry because he thought his echo was some bad boy mocking him? It was only his own words thrown back at him again. So it always is with our thought-waves and word-waves; they are thrown back to us again, and we are blessed or cursed, as we send out blessings or the opposite. "Blessing ye shall be blessed." Let us always send out the true word, and then we shall be doubly blessed in both giving and

receiving.



50 cents a year. 5 cents a copy.
Foreign Subscription, 3 shillings a year.

Published monthly by

UNITY TRACT SOCIETY, 1315 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.

Entered at postoffice as second-class matter.

January, 1905.

Here's a happy New Year to you!

A HAPPY IDEA.

What do they do with all the old years?"

Oueried wee Ned.

"Do they melt 'em up over And run 'em anew, Like Johnnie's lead?"

Wise little man you have given the clue.
Why waste the years?
We'll melt'em all over
And run'em anew,

And leave out the sorrows and fears.

—M. F.

We are still lacking the addresses of Grace Goss and Margery Moore. They are entitled to a little new book apiece.

The little books by our little authors are meeting with hearty appreciation. Everybody should have them.

Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons have not yet put in their appearance. We are sorry to miss them.

REMEMBER.

Remember to watch the date on your WEE WISDOM wrapper, and renew promptly. Unless you notify us it will be stopped at expiration of year.

Remember each little contributor to WEE WISDOM will get an extra copy containing the story or letter he or she has written.

Remember to always give your full address in every letter you write us.

Remember WEE WISDOM'S address is 1315 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo., and always direct your letters good and plain.

Remember that for three 50-cent subscriptions you can have Elsie's Little Brother Tom; or Wee Wisdom's Way; or Drops From Wee Pens, or Summer Stories; or any one number of Wee Wisdom's Library; or an extra subscription to Wee Wisdom.

Remember WEE WISDOM always wants her little Truth lovers to send in their best and happiest thoughts, tell about their demonstrations, and help others to find the way to be well and happy.

Remember every new subscriber you get and every home you put WEE WISDOM in, you are sowing the seeds of harmony, health, happiness.

LITTLE ALMOND BLOSSOMS.

BY JESSIE JULIET KNOX.

We are pleased to make mention of this charming book, which is a collection of entertaining stories of the Chinese "Wees" who live in Chinatown, San Francisco. It is beautifully illustrated from photographs and is sure to please the "Melican" Wees. The author often writes for Wee Wisdom. Cloth, \$1.50. Order from Unity Tract Society.—J. H. C.

