



THEIR SUNSHINE BARREL.

Madge and Jim Lee were original in their notions about things. Madge had said to Jim one month before Christmas, "Let's do something different this year, let's have a - (here her voice dropped into a whisper) - instead of a Christmas Tree." "All right," was [im's answer, for he and Madge always agreed. So there was great planning and frequent trips made from barn to attic, and some queer demands made upon the family. But who dares ask questions anywhere near Christmas? Not the Lee family, for though they were curious to know what these youngsters were up to, yet it was a whole week before Big Sister and mamma were taken into confidence and let into the mystery of the attic.

And what do you s'pose these two busy little brains and warm little hearts and unskillful little hands had brought

forth?

Big Sister's merry laugh was punctuated by a kiss apiece on the serious faces of the two cherubs. "Isn't it a beauty, don't you think?" asked Jim of the dear mamma, whose smile was taken for admiration.

"Me and Madge did it all ourselfs."
"And what might its name be?"

asked Big Sister.

"Oh, it's a Sunshine Barrel."
"Don't you know a Sunshine Barrel when you see it? Why, we had the greatest time getting it here. Ben let it fall twice, and you know we had to get the lottest stuff out of it, and

then cause Sunshine's yellow, we had to paste all these yellow strips on it, didn't we Jim? And that's what Hannah was a-doing that day making the paste, when you called her. She and Ben's awful good, and she's going to make a bushel of fried cakes for it, too,"—and when Madge was out of breath lim began.

"And we didn't want any old Christmas Trees—we just wanted one of Mrs. Alden's Sunshine Barrel, and we're going to have the whole Town have

something."

"What have you got there?" asked mamma, as she fished out Madge's

prettiest dress.

"Oh, you see, mamma, I never wear that one only when I go to parties, and I decided not to go to parties this winter, 'cause Nelly Brown will look so pretty in these pink ribbons, she never had anything pretty in her life."

Mamma's eyes grew moist and sister's laugh ceased, as the contents of that Barrel were revealed, for those dear children had brought the dearest treasures of their little hearts for this Christmas offering, and yet the Barrel looked "only a little full," as Jim said, and so it came about that Mamma and Big Sister were called upon to help them out. And then it came about that the family of Lees, led by these little ones, did the most Christly thing for Christmas - opened their doors on Christmas Eve to all who needed more Sunshine in life, and gave fully and freely of the good things the dear Lord had so bountifully provided them with.



Vol. X.

KANSAS CITY, MO., DECEMBER, 1905.

No. 5.

Story About Pearl Drop.

BY M. ALICE SPRADLIN.

CHAPTER V.

THE LESSON OF LESSONS LEARNED.

OW bright and good it all seems," thought Pearl Drop; then remembering the preplexing problems of life, she turned to the

Sun, and began in her old impetuous manner, "Father, tell me why"—then she stopped short, and looking up with deep humility and love into her father's face she continued, "tell me something about life; anything that you see I should know. I am your child, teach me."

The Sun tenderly kissing her said, "My child, I am glad to hear those words. They show that you have learned a great lesson—the lesson that your late experiences were meant to teach you. Life is a vast problem, and it involves every atom for expression of the One Mind throughout the universe. Ah, it involves more, but for the present you are only concerned with the laws that govern your own plane, and known as gravitation, heat, light, electricity, magnetism, adhesion, cohesion, and

others. Heat coming from me expanded you as you lay on the surface of Mother Ocean, and you became lighter than the air and floated off into cloudland. When you and your companions rushed madly about in the storm you struck a cold stream of air which condensed you. and you became heavier than the air, and gravitation pulled you to the earth. Cohesion held you together as a drop of water while you fell. Adhesion held you to the skin of the worm. Gravitation and bouyancy floated you down the stream. Strength in a girl's arm overcame the force of gravitation, and you were carried in a bucket and poured out at the roots of the violets where my sunbeam found you and transformed you into mist again. So you see, my child, there has not been one instant of time through all your experiences that you have not been under the direct control and guidance of some great universal law."

"And the slime really helped me to come to you, father?"

"Yes, all things however lowly do this when your thoughts are right,"

responded the Sun.

"But, father, the worm could crawl up hill and down hill and go wherever he desired, but I cannot; why is this? It would be so easy for me to be contented and happy if I could do this."

"Pearl Drop," replied Father Sun seriously, "I know there is a great difference between you and the worm. You belong to one division of creation and he to another. But if you were a worm, and could overcome and make use of the laws which now control you, you would still find that you would be governed by other and higher laws. Just where the laws that govern you leave off and the laws which govern the worm begin and end, the wisest of men have not yet found out. But you must remember the worm, or any other living thing, could not have a material body to live in if you and your companions did not help to make it. Your work is just as essential in the upbuilding and arranging the universe as the worm's work. But, tell me, would you rather be a worm than a Water Drop, if you knew you would have to go through more intense suffering than you have?"

Pearl Drop hesitated and looked serious, "No, I think I would not," she replied thoughtfully, as she remembered

the boy and the worm.

"Then you cannot, for the doors of evolution will only open to those who desire the higher expression of life for the love of Truth, and desire it at any cost to self. But there is yet much work for you to do on your own plane. There are yet many things for you to learn, but, first of all, learn to think. Think quietly, earnestly and lovingly. Good-by, my child," and with a farewell kiss the Sun was gone.

[To be continued.]

THE WATER FAIRIES.

A Fairy Story.

BY KATHLEEN W. H. BESLEY.



beautiful calm stream flows through the Valley of Delight. The soft, green grass on its banks makes dainty couches which invite repose. Near

the edges of the stream tall reeds show themselves, proud, erect, glorying in

their great stature.

Underneath the clear water, quite at the bottom, with fine white sand about it, stands the fairy castle. It is built of mother of pearl and dainty pink shells. The windows are made of diamonds and the lamps of rubies. Inside the palace are rooms all furnished with downy couches and soft moss carpets.

Here dwell the water fairies. Each fairy has his own task to perform, but the busiest of all are the nurse fairies under the direction of Wisehead. These fairies have charge of the dragon-fly eggs. The larvæ, and even the pupæ, are subject to them for all things, except for their lessons which the learned students and great thinkers of fairyland are deputed to give them. Wisehead and her band are busy workers. At times the eggs come down the reeds so fast it is hard to save them all from the naughty fish who like to gobble them up, and the fairies have to be constantly on the alert.

When the fairies see an egg coming down a reed they swim quickly and catch it even before it has reached the sand, then they carry it carefully into the palace where it is put on a soft couch to await its opening. Wisehead was especially interested in a batch of eggs which arrived at the palace one bright spring morning. Three of them especially were large and perfect. She watched them day by day, and at last they opened and the young larvæ made their appearance.

Two proved to be boys and one a girl. Wisehead called them respectively Jumper, Redhead and Joy. The names corresponded to a characteristic of each. Jumper could jump further than much older larvæ. Redhead had a pretty red spot on his head, and Joy was the delight of everyone she came near, radiating sunshine in every direction.

Jumper was proud of his strength and was never prudent. He even ventured near the minnows and made faces at them, jumping far as soon as one tried to reach him. Wisehead often told him he must learn prudence, but nothing ever seemed to make any impression upon him.

One day, however, he was teasing a big, ugly, vicious looking minnow, and though he escaped with his life, he received a wound that was most painful. Wisehead bound up the wound. She talked to him much about his recklessness, and told him he would not again be a perfect physical being until he lost his dress of larva and became a pupa. "And that," she said. "can only be when you have done some good and kindly act."

As soon as Jumper was able to swim again he darted around with the others but kept out of reach of the enemy. One day as he was coming out from the palace he saw Joy, whom he dearly loved, playing on the sand darting around catching dainty shells and tossing them about. So intent was she on her play that she did not notice one of the enemy staring at her and just

getting ready to seize her in his ugly jaws.

Jumper saw the danger and knew that the only means of saving his little friend was to jump between her and the fish. He knew that he himself would probably be the victim and furnish a meal for the minnow, but that did not deter him, and with one bound he landed between Joy and her enemy. Joy then saw the danger and called aloud for help.

As Jumper landed he felt a great pain in his back and was sure the fish had caught him, but he struggled and to his surprise was able to jump away, leaving his dress of larva behind, which was all Mr. Minnow had for his breakfast.

Swimming quickly back to the palace gate where Joy's screams had attracted Wisehead and her helpers, Jumper showed himself with pride, for he had changed into a great fine pupa. Wisehead smiled on him and said he had done well.

Shortly after this Redhead and Joy each had occasion to perform a kindly act, so they also received their dress of pupa. The three companions lived happily at the palace, having graduated to the highest of the fairy classes, in which they learned many useful things.

There came a time when there was such an influx of eggs that Wisehead was perplexed to know how to care for them all and catch them in time to forestall the greed of the fish.

It seemed as though the eggs were sliding down every reed along the river bank Wisehead went to the king and asked for more helpers. The king gave orders that all the pupæ should leave their lessons and other tasks and report to Wisehead for orders. She marshalled them into companies and sent them to gather in the eggs.

[To be continued.]

Youth's Department.

CONDUCTED BY THE JOYFUL CIRCLE.

MUSIC AND MUSIC MAKERS. SKETCHES BY HARRIET AYER SEYMOUR.

III.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

George Frederick Handel together with Bach, represented the highest development of the musical art of his day. Their lives were very different. Bach lived in comparative seclusion, and is more famous today than he was during his earthly life. Handel lived in a great



GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

city, and was the friend of nobles, and therefore favored in his day. Handel's father, who was a surgeon, wanted to make a lawyer of him, and he objected o the idea of his being a mere musician,

which profession has only grown into honor with modern enlightenment. Handel was even kept out of school for fear that he might learn his notes there. His life is a good example of the power of thought, for before he learned to play Handel was thinking music day and night.

Somehow the boy managed to get hold of an old spinet, and hid it in the garret, and actually taught himself to play. The tiny tinkling tones of the spinet were not like those of our pianos, and little Handel worked in secret for a long time. What an example of determination and love. When he was seven his father started on a visit to a neighboring duke, refusing to let the little boy go with him. The child followed the carriage on foot, and finally his father was obliged to take him in. This was a turning point in his life. His playing attracted the attention of the duke, and through his interest the father was induced to allow Handel to study. After three years he went to Berlin, and was regarded as a prodigy. A little later his father's death compelled him to work for the support of his mother.

After composing a great many very

unsuccessful operas, Handel being fiftyfive years old, commenced to compose his famous and beautiful oratorios. In big cities the Messiah is part of every Christmas, and I wish you could all hear it—the story of the Christchild told in music. It was first given in Dublin, and the demand for tickets was so great that the ladies were requested to leave their hoops at home.

Handel was kind-hearted, liberal and charitable, and did much to encourage and help the struggling ones. He was the greatest choral composer the world has ever known.

If you play, play Handel's Larp. I you sing, sing "My Mother Bids Me Bind my Hair."

EMERSON.

BY ERNST KROHN, JR.



ALPH WALDO EMERSON stands foremost among the great writers and poets of this country. He was the greatest thinker and philosopher this

country has ever produced. His writings show a depth of thought which has never been equalled in our literature. His philosophy is fresh and original, his thoughts are cheerful and optimistic

Emerson in his works presents an ethical system which is practical. His essays are full of truths which would greatly benefit mankind if they were put into practice. He appeals to us to be cheerful, to look on the bright side of everything. He appeals to us to practice that great saying, "Love one another." Not only the love which man has for his small circle of friends and relatives, but that higher spiritual

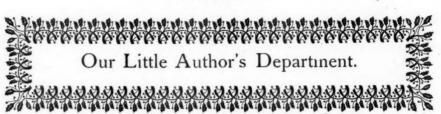
love in which man loves every body and is loved by everybody.

Emerson, in many of his essays, measures certain modern institutions by his ethical system. In his essay on Compensation, he remarks upon the fallacy of the principles of modern theology. Modern theology teaches us that the good must suffer, and the bad succeed and be happy in this world, while in the next the conditions will be reversed, the good will be happy and the bad miserable. Emerson shows us the absurdity of this doctrine. We are living this life for some purpose. We are not living, as modern theology would have it, for the purpose of suffering injustice and wrong in order to have happiness in the next life. We are living here in order to have happiness and success in this life now. We should strive to help every body have a happy life. We should strive every minute to manifest that Universal Soul in this life.

He appeals to us to assert our Not only freedom from freedom. political, social and physical bonds, but also from moral and spiritual bonds. In his great oration on the "American Scholar" he expressed the thought that American scholarship should free itself from its slave-like dependence on European scholarship. In his address before the Harvard Divinity Class, he expressed a similar thought but applied it to religion. He said that religion should be freed from its dependence on dogmas and creeds. Men should look within, and not without, for their religion.

He believed in independence in its widest sense. In his Divinity Class

(Concluded on page 11.)



THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY DORIS JENSEN (age eleven).

ARY was crying because her papa was very ill, and the doctor had told him that the only way to get well was to take a trip to California.

"But how is my papa going to get there without any money?" said Mary. "He is too sick to work, and how else is he to get money?" "Mary!" called Mrs. Carmy (that was Mary's mother) "come and

put on a clean dress, for Frances Murphy is going to take you to her Sunday School."

Mary quickly dried her tears, for she had always wanted to ge to Frances' Sunday School. She put on a clean gingham dress, for that was the best she had, and went over for Frances.

Miss Brooks was the teacher, and she was very nice. Mary enjoyed herself very much. Just before they went they repeated a little prayer, and when Mary got home she repeated it to her father. After Mary had gone to help her mother prepare the dinner, Mr. Carmy could not help thinking of the little prayer:

"God is my health, I can't be sick; God is my strength, unfailing, quick."

When Mary came into the room with his lunch, he said he thought he could sit out on the porch awhile.

Mary was sitting all alone in her room thinking it was pretty near Christmas, and what was she going to give her father. "I wish I could give him a trip to California," she said to herself. Then all of a sudden a thought struck her. "I can give him a treatment, and perhaps by Christmas he will be all well." So she started right away and gave him a treatment every day. In a few days the doctor told Mr. Carmy that he was not going to come any more, for it was not any use, because he was all well except that he was rather weak.

The next day was Christmas, and Mary had a nice little card and on it was printed: "A merry Christmas to father, and remember, that God is your help in every need."

HELEN'S FAIRY STORY.

A little fairy came in and wandered about my bed, then he opened the bed. He wrote down with pen and ink a story, and the story put me to sleep; so I don't know what it was.

[Dictated to her mother by HELEN BESLEY, at age of four].

AUNT ALICE'S STORY.

BY VERA BROWN.

T was raining, oh, so hard. Rainy days always made Victoria cross, for on those kind of days something real pleasant was to have happened; then the old rain had to come and keep one in the poky old house.

"Bother it," she said, "now I can't go to visit Aunt Alice. The rain always spoils my pleasures, anyway!"

Aunt Alice had been visiting Aunt Florence, who lived in San Francisco. When Aunt Alice returned to her home at Atlas Peak, she had promised to stop

at Oakland for her niece and take her for a short visit.

"Hush, dear," said her mother, "what would Auntie think if she saw you acting that way. There now, please leave mother to trim your hat, so that you

acting that way. There now, please leave mother to trim your hat, so that you may have it to wear if you go. There is still a possibility of its stopping raining, you know."

"Now, how can it stop raining? I am positive it won't. It makes me feel disgusted, and that is all there is about it," sobbed Victoria.

"Victoria, I am afraid you will have to go into the other room until you can behave. When Auntie comes we will see what can be done about it. If she is going, why, of course, you will go with her. But please have patience until then, dear."

"Well, you know you wouldn't let me go in the rain, so what's the use waiting? Oh, the rain, the rain! Boo-hoo-hoo!"

" Victoria!"

"Yes, I am going."

A little later Aunt Alice arrived.

"Is Victoria ready?"

"Do you think it advisable to go in the rain?" asked her sister.

"Why, of course! But where is Victoria?"

"Oh, she's in the other room," and Mrs. B——explained. "But I think it best to leave her alone awhile," she added.

"Leave her alone? No such thing. I will go to her," replied the aunt.

Victoria was still in a very cross mood when her aunt entered the room. Going up to her niece as if nothing had happened, she greeted her lovingly.

"Now supposing I tell you a story about a little girl like you who didn't like the rain?"

Aunt Alice was just dimpling over with smiles, and a story was hard to resist, so Victoria climbed on her aunt's lap preparatory to listening.

"Begin it with Once-upon-a-time, Aunt, please do."

"Well, once-upon-a-time there lived a little girl by the name of Laura. This little girl always liked to have her own way in everything. One day it began to rain, and my! didn't this little girl cry, for as I told you she did not like rain. 'I wish there were fairies around to make it stop raining,' she screamed.

Your wish is granted,' said a voice in her ear. 'Your wish is granted. There are fairies about.' Laura looked around, but could see no one. 'It must be invisible,' she said. And indeed, it was. Laura stopped crying and looked out of the window. Though the moment before it had been raining as hard as it could rain, it had now suddenly stopped, and the sun burst suddenly through thec louds. People wondered at this sudden change of weather, for it was in the midst of winter. But they wondered still more when summer set in in earnest. The sun, of course, got hotter and hotter as the days went by. The people suffered greatly from the intense heat, and also from hunger and thirst. For there was little water left on the earth, and without water, as you know, nothing can grow. The sun grew hotter. People prayed and prayed for rain. Laura instead of being happy was now more miserable than ever. But one day she happened to think of the fairy. 'Why, why haven't I thought of the fairy who granted my selfish wish. I want to take it all back. I wish, oh, how I wish the seasons would come in their order again.' A clap of thunder smote the air, as if the old wish was being broken asunder and thrown far, far away. The air grew dark. Patter, patter went something against the window. Yes, it really was raining, and how good it seemed! The baked earth was moistened, and awakened the little plants that had patiently slept so long. Laura was so glad to see the rain, that she had thoughtlessly said that she wished it would keep on. 'What?' said the same mysterious voice that had given her her wish. 'Do you want it to rain forever?' 'No, no, 'said Laura rather frightened. 'I did not mean that. I - I want the seasons to come as they used to.' Very well, I think mortals have learned a lesson in contentment,' went on the voice. 'I was sent by our queen to see why mortals were always complaining about the weather. Old Father Sun and Mother Ocean and also King of Winds have been examined, and it was found that they were doing their duty. Then Queen Weather, resolving to teach mortals a lesson, sent me, Goddess of Spring and Winter, and also Goddess of Autumn to grant your wish. We did so, until you repented of it. Then I called to God Thunder, and he broke the old wish and destroyed it, so that rain might come and cool the earth. Goddess Autumn and I now return to Waatherland. I see the elfs have thrown our bridge abross the skies. We must cross over it quickly, so good-by, little Laura' Laura looked out of the window, as the voice stopped talking. It had stopped raining, and a beautiful rainbow arched the skies. 'Oh, how beautiful!' exclaimed Laura in ecstacy. 'I wonder if that is thebridge the voice talked about. Yes, I am sure mortals have learned a lesson, for I know I shall never be discontented again.' There, that is the end," said Aunt Alice. "Dear me, it is almost time to start. Run and get your things on, dear, for mamma said you could go if I took good care of you."

This new way of punishment made such an impression on the little girl's mind that she felt ashamed of herself. Just then the carriage came to the door. As Victoria kissed her mother good-by she whispered, "Mother, dear, I am sorry I was rude to you." The kiss that she received in reply meant a great deal to the little girl. Then waving a last good-by to mamma standing in the doorway,

Victoria and her aunt drove off to the station.

Emerson.

(Continued from page 7.)

address he said, "Let me admonish you first of all to go alone." Depend on yourself, on that spirit within you for everything. In one of his essays he wrote, "What has man to do with hope or fear? In himself is his might." We have the power within us to do There is a something in anything. everybody which determines everything. This spirit is somewhat similar in all men. It reached its highest and most perfect expression in the life of Jesus. Our only aim in life should be to manifest and express this spirit as lesus did. Every man has as much right and as much power to manifest this spirit in its highest form as Jesus had, if he would only use it. Jesus, the man, is dead, but the Christ, the Truth in him, still lives in every man.

The acceptance of this Truth within us is the first step toward expressing that inner spirit. And it is for the acceptance of this Truth that Emerson appeals to us.



GREAT FALLS, MONT.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I wrote a story for you. I hope you will accept and enjoy it. I wrote it partly on my own feelings. Although I didn't beg to come back to the city, I would love to go back to the little town where we live. I wish some of the Wee Wisdoms could come and see me and all the beauty of Barker. I like to go to school, so that's why I stay here, and every one is so good to me. It is near my bedtime now, dear Wee Wisdom, so I will close. With love to all,

Your loving friend, JOSEPHINE LILLY.

MADISONVILLE, OHIO,
DEAR WRE WISDOM — Enclosed you will find a
few of my Christmas gems. If acceptable, you
are welcome to them for the December WEE
WISDOM. Your affectionate friend and writer,

EDNA STRAUB.

VALMEYER, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — With much pleasure I will write you a letter, because I did not write for so long, and I thought I would write one. I like to read you very much, and the story



ANNIE.

about the "Pearl Drop" is a very nice one. I will send you one of my pictures which I had taken at Fountain. I will close with lots of love to the little Wees.

Lovingly yours, Annie Schellhardt.

2 36 36

KNOX CITY, TEXAS.

DEAR FRIEND — I thought I would write to you and send 50 cents to renew my subscription for Wee Wisdom I am so lonesome without it. I think it is a sweet little_paper. From a sincere friend,

AGNES AUTREY.

N N N

MARION, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am nine years old and in the fifth B grade. I have been spending my evenings reading your stories in the little Wee WISDOM. I have two sisters, and their names are Vera and Mable Biyan. I hope to hear from the little Wees soon again. I will now put in a little quotation: "He who believes in the truth and love of this great nation, has within him true virtues of happiness and contentment."

Yours in kindness, MASTER HORAGE BRYAN.

EASTON, PA.

Dear Wee Wisdom—It has been a long time since I wrote to you. Grandma has the money with her P.O. order for my Wee Wisdom. Grandma always calls me a good boy, and I think that all children like to be called good. Most children around here get whipped, but I never had a blow struck on me in my life, and I am ten years young. I have a kitty and a little dog that like to follow me everywhere I go. This week is institute week. I have been making pumpkin lanterns. I am reading a good book; its title is, "It Is Possible." I take books from the Easton public library. I am always glad to have Wee Wisdom come, and have taken some to school, and so far the boys and girls have not given me one name. I must close now. Your loving little friend, Charles Edgar Lathrop.

JE 'JE JE

MARION, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is a delightful morning. The sun is shining on the sparkling dew. Everything seems to be contented. I am eleven years old and in the sixth B grade. I love your little papers and enjoy reading them. This is the first time I have written you. I have many things to say but cannot in this letter. I have the book of "Elsie's Little Brother Tom."

I have read it the second time and am going to read it again. I would like to see my letter in the next paper. I guess this is all for this time. Lovingly yours, Vera Gertrude Bryan.

4. 4. 4.

HOLTON, KAN. DEAR WEES - This is my first letter. I have enjoyed the visits of our dear little paper in silence for almost two years, now you are going to hear from me. The first year dear Mrs. Fillmore gave it to me for a Christmas present, the second year our dear editor sent it to me free of charge, but now, thanks to the Truth, I am rich enough to pay for my own paper, and mamma says if you have a good thing pass it on, and I am going to pass it on to a little cousin in Indiana; so accept money for two new subscriptions for Christmas. I am ten years young. I am in the third grade, and my teacher's name is Miss Elright. And they are building a new high school right close to our house. We have such a lovely little home all our own, that God gave us since we came into the Truth. Good-by dear Wees. I will have to close now. With love BENNIE PURDUM. to everyone,

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEES—I wrote you a story instead of a poem this time, and I hope you will print it. I like to read "Pearl Drop" and Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons, and I think "The Selfish Little Muff" and the little Japanese story in the November number were very good. I hope the Wees will have a nice Christmas. Your friend, Doris Jensen.

TONOPAH, NEV.

My Dear Wees—This is my first letter to you. My mamma is holding my hand. I am three years young, and have enjoyed you since I was two. I love to have my mamma or papa read the little stories and letters from the Wees. They are my chums, 'cause I have no brothers or sisters. Every day when I take my nap my mamma reads to me. Then I go to sleep and have ''feet deems' bout my Wees.'' I love you all so much. There are lots of Indians around here, and they have the cutest little babies that ride in a basket strapped on their mamma's



DONALD.

back. One day my mamma gave the Indians some clothes, and I played with their cute little brown babies. I have a blue-jay for a pet. He is so tame he eats out of my hand and sits on my arm. He is glad to have a good home, because there isn't much on a desert for birds to eat. We don't see many wild birds out here. I enclose 50 cents for you to please come and visit me another year. Love to you and all the Wees everywhere. Lovingly,

DONALD VALENTINE STRANDBERG.
(Here follow some marks. Donald says, "These are kisses for Mrs. Fillmore, Wee 'Wisman's'

mamma.")

OAKLAND, CALIF.

DEAR EDITOR — I have sent a story for the Wees and hope that you will enjoy it. I get WEE WISDOM from the Home of Truth Sunday School in Alameda, and enjoy it. If any of the Wees ever visit Alameda, they ought to visit the Sunday School. There are many nice boys and girls there, and teachers, too. I must close now, with love to all the Wees.

Lovingly your friend, VERA BROWN.



LESSON X. DECEMBER 3.

Nehemiah Rebuilds the Walls of Jerusalem. - Neh. 4:7-20.

GOLDEN TEXT - Watch and Pray. - Matt. 26:41.

Jesus told us to "Watch and pray." We must follow this advice, for every day we are tempted in one way or another. To watch means to watch our thoughts; see that they are pure and sweet, see that they are kind and gentle, see that they are faithful and true, loving God and desiring to serve Him.

If we watch our thoughts we are not so apt to be led away from our good into sin. Then, no naughty thought can creep in to pull down our wall of good. Our wall is a strong wall, for it is God's protection. It is made of all our strong, trusting, faithful thoughts.

Here is a brick for faith, here a brick for steadfastness, there is one for courage, another for strength, and so on. If you think an enemy is near, then do you need to put in more good thoughts to make your wall stronger, then must you be more in earnest and pray oftener, or, if you have been careless and the old wall is broken, and old rubbishy ideas of carelessness, discontent, crossness and hate have blocked the way, then must you first clear all these out; call on God and set up your watchmen, faith and love, to watch for you. Then build your wall, knowing God is ever present with you. He it is who fights all your battles for you. It is He alone who makes it easy for you, and your enemies are put to flight, not by unkindness and cruelty, but by words of truth, which are words of love.

LESSON XI. DECEMBER 10.

Reading and Obeying the Law. Neh. 8:8-18.

GOLDEN TEXT — Blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it.— Luke 11:28.

When you read the Bible it is a good plan to call on the One Great Knowledge, that is, God-knowledge within yourself, to make it all plain to you, so that you may easily understand it. You may do this with your school lessons also, and you will see how easily you will then

Sunday is God's day, and so is Monday God's day, and all the other days. Everything is God's, for, everything belongs to the Good, and

we must remember to keep all things good, even the days of the week, blessing them and doing our best at all times. If we do this we will not weep, but rejoice and be cheerful and happy, making sunshine for all whom we meet.

God is a God of joy and love, and wishes us to be happy and glad at all times. It is written in our lesson (verse 10), "For the joy of the Lord is your strength." We cannot feel strong when we weep, and God's joy is truly our strength, for we feel and know when we are happy, what great and good things we can do.

The people in this celebration, as told in the lesson, made merry and rejoiced. It is our right to be glad and happy every day, for we are all children of a King.

Do you know how you may show that you are children of a King? By being cheerful at all times. Rise in the morning with a smile. Don't say the breakfast is not as you like it, but find everything good; praise things. Give your mother a kiss when you go off to school, and notice what a sweet, dear mother she is. or if sister is the one to see you off, then think of what a fine sister she is, and observe what a sweet smile she has for you as she reminds you to "be a good child." This is the way to make a glad day and to show that you remember you are God's child.

LESSON XII. DECEMBER 17.

Preparation for the Messlah.—Malachi 3:1-12.

Golden Text—I will send my messenger and he shall prepare the way before me.— Mal.

Do you know it is the good within you that drives out all the naughty thoughts? That good is God. If you begin by looking after your thoughts you will surely be able to speak kind words and do good deeds.

We cannot make an offering unto God of ourselves while we are filled with wrong desires and ugly cross feelings. We must be purged, or cleansed, so that the good thoughts may have room to act; then will we know that the good is with us, for then we will know ourselves as God's children, and our hearts will then be ready to bear the teachings of God, which teachings are truth. God is always the same truth. God is Love, not a person, but Love, and Love is Spirit, No one ever saw Spirit, so no one ever saw God. We seem to steal from our Good or from God when we will not listen to the God-thoughts within us

When we think of God and give Him thanks we find that our blessings are many—home, friends, health and strength, and so on, all are ours to enjoy, if we think of the Good. Those people who forget God do not enjoy their blessings so well as those who remember Him.

When we think of our own blessings then are we able to bless others. Just feel rich and see how others will brighten and feel rich in your presence. Feel healthy and happy, and all who come your way will feel the same. People will be glad, so glad to have you near, for you will make them feel good, and they will forget pains and aches when they see your happy smile.

LESSON XIII. DECEMBER 24.

The Character of the Messiah.—Isa. 9:1-7.

Golden Text—Thou shalt call His uame Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins.—Matt, 1:21.

The great light is the light of Truth. The whole lesson is a prophecy of the coming of Jesus. Now, everyone may be a Christ if he will to do so; but when these words of your lesson were written, people looked outside of themselves for their God, and did not know that He dwelt within the heart of each and all. Jesus had to come and teach this. Isaiah foresaw that such an one would come, so he spoke of his coming to the people.

To-morrow is your Christmas day. Are you going to celebrate the coming of the Christ within your heart by some pure, sweet, unselfish act? Or, are you just going to think of yourself all day, what gifts you will receive, and the big dinner you will eat, and the festival you will attend? That, surely, is not the only way to keep Christmas; nor is it to think that you will give such an one a present because he will give you one. No, that is not following Jesus.

Suppose this year you try and think of some one who will not be apt to make a gift to you. Find some one who receives few or no presents, and make that one some nice little surprise. Then, don't look for something back, for that is not the true spirit of giving. We give because God first gave us truth, light and knowledge. He gave us all our good. Then, let us share the knowledge of that good with those who do not know it so well, and also with those who do.

Christ is not only in the heart of Jesus. but in your heart and my heart and in the heart of every one. Let us spread our love all about us, looking down on none, for we are no better than the humblest of God's children. Put away pride at Christmas time and fill your hearts with love.

CHRISTMAS.

BY BDNA STRAUB.

Once a long time ago
A beautiful star shone down on the snow,
And showed some wise men where to go,

And the wise men followed the star
Until they were away from their homes so far.
By and by they came to a barn filled with hay—
There the promised Christ-child lay;

Cattle were lowing, loud horns were blowing; Bells of joy were ringing,

Little children were singing, For the Christ-child was born.

YE EDITOR'S SANGTUM.



HE Holidays are at hand. The Christ-thought is stirring every heart with the impulse of doing something for some-

body. And our thoughts are full of joy and expectation. It is as if we had let the best in us come out and sun itself. If it makes us so happy to do this once a year, why shall we not do it 365 days in the year, and so keep the best of ourselves perpetually in the sunshine? What a growth of bud and blossom it would make of our good purposes! We'd be doing the Santa. Clusa act every day, and somebody would be made happy all the time, and we'd never know what had become of the selfish self, it would be so forgotten. Don't you think it would be glorious to have a perpetual Christmas Tree, and see somebody giving and taking from it all the time?

It's the sure way to keep happy, and to keep passing our good on, and it's the sure way to open for more, for, like a stream that is flowing, more and more comes to take the place of what flows on. That's why we like the Christmas time, the good is all astir, one thinking of another, and so keeping up the flow of generous, loving thought and action.

Wanda said she was going to give away, oh, so many of the nice things she had outgrown, and she danced round like a little sunbeam, because it made her feel so good, and it will make some other little folk feel good, for Wanda wears sweet, pretty clothes, and those she gives away are just as nice as those she wears. Then, too, Wanda is happy because she knows the Christ is a sure enough, living Thought in her mind. The whooping-cough came, and when she found out she could make a

play-fellow of it, she just turned in and had a good time, and let it bring good, strong breath into her lungs, and so it quit making her nose bleed, and really brought her strength and pleasure, for when she quit fearing it and called it her "play-fellow," and coughing her "physical exercise," do you know, she stopped coughing. Wanda finds it is best to make friends with whatever comes, and so you may turn what seems evil, right side out and find a blessing was meant for you.

Little children, let us love each other, and everything Love will transform everything into Good. This is the Christ thought dwelling in us and saving us

from evil.

We had WEE WISDOM for three months, and my boy likes it very much, especially the Pillow Verses. He wishes me to ask you to be sure and keep them in every number.— J. S. G.

(Subscription enclosed.)

My little niece, Louise Wells, four and one-half years old, said, "Aunty, God has my bank and good things in heaven. When you want anything, write a note to God in heaven, and He will give you as much as you please to want."—W. E. B., Houston, Texas.

There was a little picture of Baby Clarabelle sent in, but it was too dim and blurred to use for halftone. Can't we have another and better one of her?

"Write on your doors
The saying wise and old:
'Be bold! Be bold!'
And everywhere be bold.
Be not too bold!
Yet better the excess
Than the defect;
Better the more than less.
Better like Hector on the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly."

-Annie's selection.



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EDNA'S CHRIST-CHILD LAY.

(With a little fixing.)

Oh, my little children, listen! Read this Christmas lay. Hearken to these words of wisdom; Hear what Wisdom has to say.

Long, long years ago it happened, Before you came to earth, The beloved wife of Joseph To a baby boy gave birth.

Such a joy he brought the people That lived in his day, When they heard about his wisdom, And his kind and gentle way.

Now they called him, "King of Heaven,"
Say, his kingdom is within,
That his love will heal and save us
From disease and sin.

[This is Edna Straub's Christmas contribution to Wee Wisdom. She wanted to tell the Christmas story to you in verse. She made the mistake of telling us, "He died for thee," and so we left out that verse, for we know Christ lives for us and in us, all the time. Though we helped her a little with her "poetic feet," yet the sentiment is hers, and we appreciate her effort.

"There is beauty in the sunshine,
There is good we all can do;
There is joy in that we promise
To be good and kind and true."
—Selected by Vera.

