

WEE WISDOM.

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



MRS. GREEN'S THANKSGIVING.

BY ELSIE LANE (12 years).

Mildred and Alice were two little girls whose parents were wealthy. As Thanksgiving day was drawing near they commenced to think what they would do on this glad day. They were out in the yard playing when Alice said, "Oh, I know what we can do. Old Mrs. Green that lives down the street is a very kind old lady, and she's very poor. Why not do something to make her happy as well as we?"

"That's just what we can do," said Mildred.

So they sat down and planned to take her a nice dinner. Then they went into the house and told mamma all they had planned. As Mrs. Colton was a very kind mother, she told them that that was the best thing they could do for Mrs. Green. So they went into the kitchen and told the cook to have a turkey all cooked and dressed, and a pumpkin pie, a pudding and some nice red apples ready for them on the night before Thanksgiving.

The longed-for night soon came, and Alice and Mildred went to the kitchen to get the things they had asked for. They were soon ready to start with their basket full of good things. As it was not far they soon came to the little house where Mrs. Green lived. They went quietly up the narrow walk to the door, where they put the basket down and walked slowly away. When they got home it was time for them to go to bed, so as they were tired from their play during the day they were soon fast asleep.

In the morning when Mrs. Green opened the door she was greatly surprised to see the basket. She carried it into the house and upon opening it found all the good things the children had taken to her, and her heart was full of thanksgiving to God and the ones who had so kindly remembered her. She called in an old friend whom she had long known, and they had a happy time together.

THE SONG OF THE SUNSHINE CLUB.*

SENT IN BY IDA E. SCHANZ,
Age 15 years.

"What shall I make this morning,"
The sunshine angel said;
"Canary birds and merry words,
And a yellow crocus bed?"

CHORUS:

The sunshine angel, dear to God,
Goes singing on his way
Across the hills of Goldenrod,
To make a happy day.

The wings of the sunshine angel,
They brushed the willow trees,
And goldfinch flocks and weather cocks,
And grumble, bumble bees.

"What shall I make this morning,"
The sunshine angel said
"A marigold swamp, a butterfly romp,
And the curls on a baby's head?"

The smile of the sunshine angel
Went into a barberry shrub,
A meadow lark's throat with its golden note,
And the heart of the Sunshine Club.

* Ida wants somebody to compose the music for her song.



VOL. X.

KANSAS CITY, MO., JANUARY, 1906.

No. 6.

Story About Pearl Drop.

BY M. ALICE SPRADLIN.

CHAPTER IV.

CONTENT TO DO AND BE.

LITTLE Pearl Drop continued to revolve with the earth. Though she was travelling through space at the rate of more than a thousand miles an hour, yet she was not conscious of this great speed, but floated in the air close to the earth, and thought of what Father Sun had said. And there stole over her a sense of peace and harmony which she had never before experienced, and she felt calm and rested. But presently she came in contact with a chilly wave of atmosphere arising from the earth, and the little particles of mist came rushing together, and clung trembling to the end of a grass blade. For the great change brought a sense of fear which Pearl Drop could not yet overcome. But she soon became calm, and looking around she found herself in a great crowd of dewdrops. Some were busy entering the little doorways on the grass, plants and trees, carrying life and health with them. Others were giving off freshness to the atmos-

phere, which made it most grateful to the animals and people as they breathed it.

"How delightful," said Pearl Drop to herself. "This is truly living! The joy of this world is worth all I have gone through. I wonder why I did not enjoy being a Water Drop that night of the storm?"

"Perhaps your thoughts were different," suggested the Grass Blade, bowing politely in the breeze.

"They were," admitted Pearl Drop, "For I was very angry, but the great storm made me angry just as the things around me here make me calm and peaceful."

"There, my little friend, you make a great mistake," said the Grass Blade, kindly. "Your thoughts created your environments in the storm just as they have created them on this calm evening. Our thoughts bring to us or carry us to the things that are in harmony with them."

"I wonder if this is why Father Sun, as he bade me good-by this evening,

told me to think quietly, earnestly and lovingly," Pearl Drop said more, to herself than to the Grass Blade.

They both remained silent, and as Pearl Drop thought over the circumstances of the storm she was more and more convinced that Grass Blade was right. And perhaps this was why Earth Worm and Mrs. Moss were so happy and contented, mused Pearl Drop. And there came to her a glimmering of something that seemed real and eternal, and as she tried to grasp it, for fear that it would leave her, it was gone, and the law of adhesion still held her clinging to the Grass Blade. And it was here the first morning sunbeam found her, and carried her away into the mist-world again.

Life now took on a new meaning for Pearl Drop. It could never be the same again. She was returned to the earth over and over again in the form of dew, rain, hail, frost, fog and snow. She was sent to do all kinds of work — washing out the street gutters, helping to make clean the windows, floors and kitchen sinks. Once she sunk deep, deep down into the dark earth, but only to come out again a pure, sparkling Water Drop, clinging to a moss covered bucket of a deep well. Again she was sent headlong into a burning house to be hissed at by the flames, and sent off into the air. And though there were dark days and lonely days, and days full of work — building up all kinds of plant and animal life, yet there were also bright days and beautiful days and days full of rest and calm, and through it all Pearl Drop learned more and more to think quietly, earnestly and lovingly of everything, of everybody and of every

form of work, till by and by there was no room for selfish and fear thoughts. Then all striving ceased, and all work became God's work, and as such it was all good and pure and noble. She now loved work for the love of working, realizing that her own happiness was somehow wound up in the happiness of everything around her. And there came to Pearl Drop such a sense of oneness with the Universe that she felt she was in a room of her own home wherever she was or whatever she was doing. Pearl Drop had learned the great secret of *contentment*, of *strength* and of *power*. And when she finally flowed down the Mississippi River out into the great Ocean, she found only a larger room filled to overflowing with *service*, *beauty*, and *love*.

(Concluded.)

A GOOD REASON.

"When I was at the party,"
Said Betty (age just four),
"A little girl fell off her chair
Right down upon the floor;
And all the other little girls
Began to laugh but me —
I did n't laugh a single bit,"
Said Betty, seriously.

"Why no," her mother asked her,
Full of delight to find
That Betty, bless her little heart,
Had been so sweet and kind,
Why did n't you laugh, Darling,
Or don't you like to tell?
"I did n't laugh," said Betty,
"Cause it was me that fell."

—Selected.

THE WATER FAIRIES.

A Fairy Story.

BY KATHLEEN M. H. BESLEY.

CHAPTER II.



THE girls, with Joy at their head, remained near the palace gate and carried the eggs to Wisehead as the boys brought them in. The boys went out to the reeds and caught the eggs as they descended. Some of the boys, with Jumper and Redhead to lead them, fought the fish, thus protecting the bands of workers.

Jumper recognized among the enemy the very minnow who had so nearly ended his own career, and he selected him as his especial opponent. As the minnow neared the fighters ready to pounce upon any one of them, Jumper gave a great bound and bit the fish, jumping away so quickly that he himself was not touched. This he repeated until his enemy was so badly bitten as to be willing to turn tail and swim away.

At last the long and dangerous task was done. Then Wisehead called those who had worked hardest and fought most bravely and said to them: "Now you are ready to take the long hard journey which shall lead you to the light and to the freedom of wings. Each must make the journey alone. I will lead you to the starting place and help you up the first step, more than that I cannot do for any. Mind you never turn back or all your hard work must be begun again, and your goal will seem harder than ever to reach."

Early the next morning Wisehead gathered together those who had earned the right to take this journey. Among

them were Jumper, Redhead and Joy.

They were led out to the reeds down which the eggs had slipped the day before, and each was given one reed to climb. Wisehead took a tender farewell of her dear little friends and wished them joy and happiness, but warned them again to cling to the reed whatever happened. She helped each up one step and then left them.

Then began the long and painful journey. Slowly, slowly, the pupæ raised themselves up. Each step seemed harder than the last. Jumper thought many times he must let go, but always the warning words of Wisehead rang in his ears and the shame of failure stared him in the face. Then he would look over at the reed just in front of him where he could see little Joy patiently, silently working her way up, looking neither to the right nor to the left, intent on the work in hand.

How could he let a little girl beat him! If he could but jump he might get on more rapidly. He gathered himself together and tried to take a jump upward, but to his dismay he fell nearly to the bottom, only saving himself from complete disgrace by a mighty effort and desperate clutch at the reed. He was dizzy and frightened for a moment, and somewhat disheartened, for he saw how much ground he had lost. But he gathered his scattered forces and began again to climb step by step, having found that to be the only way.

He did not again stop to rest, and hardly dared to look up and see how far Joy was ahead of him. With steady determination he raised himself higher and higher. As he neared the top each step grew more and more painful. His

back seemed as though it would break; but it was growing lighter around him, so that the hope that he was nearing his journey's end buoyed him up.

Now with each upward effort the light grew stronger, the water warmer, but also the pain in his back more severe. In spite of all his determination he was forced to rest a moment. His sight was blurred, the reed seemed to try to shake him off, he could no longer see and could hardly think. Knowing confusedly, however, that not much more suffering was in store for him, and that if he could only overcome this weakness, victory must be his, he made one more mighty effort, and lo! instead of water around him there was a something finer, a something less heavy.

He clung desperately to the reed, for with the unmitigated warmth of the sun upon him there came such a cracking in his back, such a confusion of voices about him that his life seemed about to leave him. One tremendous crash came and rent him from top to bottom, and with it he lost forever his dress of pupa which fell back into the water.

Instead of the two bumps on his back, which he had always loathed, he had now four gossamer wings. He stood out a thing of beauty. Iridescent colors played over his dainty wings; he was a part of the light, the air and sunshine.

The brightness all around him confused and dazzled him. The warmth was the most exquisite sensation he had ever imagined, and it thrilled his whole being. He saw confusedly other beings like himself up above him, and he longed to reach them. With the longing came the power. He spread out his glorious wings and rising gracefully, joined others who, like himself, were hasking in the ambient air.

Joy had waited for him, and together they flew up, up, ever up, nearer and nearer to that golden radiance that makes all things to live and move, and fills all things with delight.



HELEN AT PLAY.

*Such a thoughtful little face!
Every block must have its place,
Busy hands with skillful care
Pile them high into the air.*

*While within, her busy mind
Builds a castle grand and fine,
Without hands the walls arise,
Turrets touch the sunny skies.*

*Shining creatures at her will
All this fairy castle fill;
By what magic has she wrought?
'Tis the wonder work of thought.*

*Helen with her blocks at play,
Helen with her wondrous way,
Both it takes to make complete
Our wee maiden wise and sweet.*

THE WITCH IN THE CHURN.

BY EMMA HARRINGTON TEEL.

“**C**OME, daughter, you may churn for me this morning, and then we will have time to plant our sweet peas,” said Mrs. Warren, as she poured the rich yellow cream into the churn on the cool shady porch.

“All right!” promptly answered Ethel, as she came running in from her play, for she was always willing to lend her mamma a helping hand about the house-work.

She found that all the simple duties, even dishwashing and dusting, could be made pleasant by having her mind filled with happy thoughts and her heart full of love for useful work.

“Be sure you don’t let the dasher stop or a witch might get in the churn, and then it will take a long time for the butter ‘to come,’” said Mrs. Warren with a quizzical smile.

“Really and truly, mamma, would a witch get in the churn if I would stop?” queried Ethel, as she energetically worked away at the churn.

“Well, that is what my mother used to tell me when I was a little girl like you,” laughed Mrs. Warren.

“I’d be willing to churn a long time, mamma, if I thought I’d get to see the witch.”

“I fear you would not see the witch, as I have learned since I’ve grown older that your grandma’s witch was the witch of indolence which she didn’t want to get into me and then into the churn in the form of lack of energy and warmth, as it takes energy and warmth

to separate the butter from the milk.”

“I see,” laughed Ethel. “It was her funny way of keeping you at work.”

“Yes, and she said, if I’d keep the dasher going briskly little yellow pixies in the churn would help me by singing:

“Come, butter, come,
Come, butter, come,
Come butter, come butter,
Come, butter, come.”

“Just listen, I hear them singing that now, and here are the pixies,” pointing to the globules of butter around the dasher, “and — my butter has come.”

EDDIE’S TROUBLE.

“Eddie, dear, what ails you this afternoon?” I asked my little neighbor, as he stood on my veranda, wearing a most rueful face. “Are you sick?”

“No, ma’am,” he answered demurely.

“Did you lose your promotion when your class was examined?”

I skipped a class,” was the reply, with a smile, but the smile faded immediately. It was something to be proud of, this “skipping” of a class in Eddie’s school, and he knew I would be pleased to hear that he had done it.

“Tell Auntie your trouble, dear boy. Perhaps she can set it right,” I said coaxingly.

“No, Auntie Beth, It’s nothing anybody can help,” and Eddie gazed at me so mournfully, that I felt ready to cry in sympathy with him. “I’ve got on my Sunday clothes, and mamma says I must keep ‘em clean. So I can’t have any fun today.”—*Exchange.*

“A happy spirit makes an attractive face.”

Youth's Department.

CONDUCTED BY THE JOYFUL CIRCLE.

MUSIC AND MUSIC MAKERS.

SKETCHES BY HARRIET AYER SEYMOUR.

IV.

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN.

Haydn was born in Austria, and was the second of a family of seventeen. His father was a poor mechanic, but



FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN .

both parents were musical and sang, and little Franz soon learned their songs. Every home should have some

music in it, and you will notice a different atmosphere, I know, where people sing and play.

When Haydn was six years old a cousin took him away to give him a musical education, and he spent most of his time practicing singing and playing. Once when a drummer was needed Haydn, without fear, took the place; though he was too small to carry the drum himself.

Later Haydn went to Vienna and sang in the Cathedral, but was so mischievous that he was turned out at the age of seventeen, without money, without friends, but with music and hope. He hired an attic and a little piano (clavier) and studied and taught. A celebrated singing teacher took a fancy to him, and taught him composition, and in return Haydn blacked his boots, dressed his wig, and did anything he could to show his appreciation. Little by little Haydn's affairs improved, and his interest in composition led him to study and meditate on this above all subjects, and resulted in his writing his great symphonies. In his thirtieth year he was engaged by Prince Esterhazy

to direct the court orchestra, which meant a daily concert besides operas and plays. It was here that the famous "Farewell" symphony was first given.

Later Haydn went to England and was received with enthusiasm. For these concerts he composed his last and best symphonies. The "Surprise" symphony was first played here. Haydn noticed that many of the English ladies commenced to nod after the first movement, but instead of letting this trouble him or of showing some sign of disapproval, Haydn set to work to speak to them through the music. The "Surprise" symphony opens with a slow drowsy movement. The ladies' heads nod, they are dozing happily; when *bang, bang*, sounds in their ears. They sit up with a start, very wide awake, and on goes the quiet music. No better sermon was ever preached, nor more effective in results than this. Everyone loved Haydn, and how could they help it; he was the soul of amiability, and even smiled at his wife when she did her hair up in his manuscripts for curl papers to annoy him. He was universally known as "Papa Haydn." Haydn's good nature and gentleness sprang from his deep religious feeling. Every score was begun with, "*In Nomine Domini*," and he told someone that when he was composing the "Creation" he used to kneel down every day and pray God to strengthen him in his work.

There are not many things to play of Haydn, but if you can hear one of his symphonies, he will speak to you in tones so melodious, joyous and uplifting that you will then know him truly. I love him, indeed.

BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL.

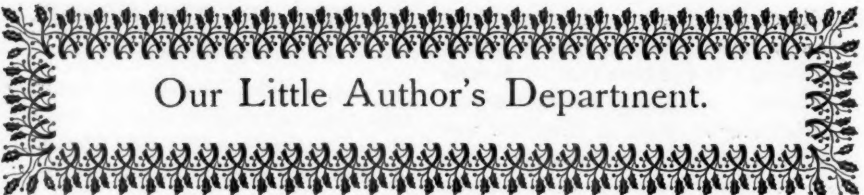
BY MARTHA TAYLOR.

Tonight from brush and bramble, highways and hedges, all over this land of ours, where steeples from thousands of churches point like fingers to the sky, I hear a plaintive little call, full of terror and fright. I listen, and again I hear it. Yes, it is my little brother Bob White. He is calling for the companions who were with him in sunny hours, when waving wheat and nodding corn bade him be happy, while they sang him to sleep with their gentle lullabies of peace and plenty, safety and love. They bade him welcome to feast on the abundance, which comes from the Father who notes even the fall of the sparrow.

Tonight our feathered little friend and brother, with heart throbbing fast with fear and anguish, is softly, tremulously, calling for wife and brother. There is no answering call, and he knows not where to go. There is a strange smell on the grass that was sweet and fresh and crisp with frost this morning, and the dear little fellow, so beautifully dressed in brown, is seeking a place of safety. He is fleeing from man. Yes, man, "made in the image and likeness of God."

Dear little Bob White, friend of the summer hour! God bless you and protect you until man learns the lesson that *all men must learn*, and that lesson is: All life comes from God, and all life is sacred. Then there will be no more killing for the satiation of carnal appetites. God hasten the day!

I am God's loving child.



Our Little Author's Department.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

BY ARTHUR SCHALLON (age twelve).

Little Helen was one of the youngest members of the Bible class, which could boast among its members not only young women, but married ones. The parents of Helen were at one time in good circumstances, but the money owing her father had not been paid at the time of this incident. Food was very dear, so it happened at that time the children seemed to be in want, and yet were remarkable for their blooming appearance. As the mother had a skillful hand, the children were always neatly dressed. Little did Helen's teacher or any of her friends think that the child often came hungry to Sunday School. One Sunday as the family were at dinner, Helen, who was the oldest, noticed that there was only a small piece of bread left for tea, so when her mother offered her a piece of it she refused it. On retiring to her bedroom she closed the door, and began to speak in the silence, "God is my shepherd, I shall not want. My God who loves me as much I love Him, for I am His. Now, O God, let the people pay my father what they owe him so we may have plenty to eat." After this prayer Helen went to Sunday School. She said to herself, "I wish someone would invite me to take tea with them; if so, I will go."

The Bible class was a cheering one, and the heart of the child was lifted above the things of time to the things of eternity. After an affectionate farewell to her teacher Helen was met at the door by one of the elder girls of the class who said rather confusedly, "I helped mother bake, so I thought of you, and baked a cake for you, and here it is," she added, tugging at something under her shawl, and producing a currant cake large enough for the whole family. Helen looked astonished, and the girl continued, "Once when you were at our house I heard you say you liked our currant cake, so that is why I made you this one." Leaving the parcel in Helen's hand the girl ran away with joy.

For a minute Helen stood at the door with the parcel in her hand, then she hurried home to fall on her knees to give thanks. The Lord leads people to do things for those who put their trust in Him. The next day a man paid her father what he owed, and in this she saw an additional answer to her prayer. Helen grew up to be a woman, and during all the years that have passed since that day she never remembers being in need of bread again. It would be well for us all if we would thus learn with the faith of a child to put our trust in the Lord, for He careth for us.



KNOX CITY, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am going to write to you. (I am in bed sick with heart trouble, and I want you all to treat me, both Editor and Wees. I was twelve years young the twelfth of last June. I hope to see this in print in the little paper. We were living down on the north side of town, but have swapped our place for one on the east side, and have just moved on to the Main street. We are just one mile from the center of town. I love the little Wees and WEE WISDOM very much. I have a cat, and I love him and he loves me, and he is black with white spots. Well, I will close with love to all.

Yours sincerely, AGNES AUTREY.

[Why, Agnes! whatever wrong thought has gotten into your little head to make you tell such bad stories about your beautiful, pure, loving heart! One of God's little girls talking about heart trouble! Why, do you know, it made Ye Editor laugh right out when she read such absurd stuff from one of her Wees. You must understand *you are God's beautiful, strong girl, and God's life flows through your happy little heart out to every blessed little center of your whole body.* Your heart is all right. You'd better be saying, *My heart is right and pure. I see God everywhere.* A good "jolly-ing" is all Agnes needs. She's all right.—Ed.]



BEATRICE, NEBR.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I like the little paper very much, and wish it would come every week instead of every month. I have taken it for two years, and will send 50 cents for another year. I wish all the little Wees a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I will write a little verse:

"Father, we thank thee for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light;
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the world so fair.
Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good
In all we do, in all we say,
To grow more loving every day."

Your loving friend, ANNIE KOCH.



CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I go to such a lovely Truth Sunday School, and I enjoy it so that I thought the little Wees would like to hear about

it. This is my first letter, but I hope not the last, as we all look forward for your coming. We have started a little library; we have fifteen books. And some folks are going to give us a Christmas present of some books, so we will have more. I am 12 years old, and am in the high sixth grade. We have a Saturday Truth class, and we model clay. Well, I will close with love to all the Wees, and wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Your little friend in Truth,

MILDRED A. BRIDGES.

[We shall like to know more about your Sunday School, Mildred. As you have not given us the location, Ye Editor assumes it must be where a bundle of WEE WISDOMS go every month to the address, "Church of the New Thought, 842 Fine Art Bldg., Chicago, Ill." There may be other Wees who will want to share your good Sunday School with you. So we are glad to give them a chance.—Ed.]



DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEES—I wrote you a letter and a short story last month, and so I thought I would try this month, too. My story's title is, "Sally's Christmas Present." Lovingly yours,

EDITH YOUNG.



HOBOKEN, N. J.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I should like to write you a letter. Mamma has asked you to come to me for a whole year, and I am very pleased, as I enjoy reading you very much. I study the Bible Lessons and learn the Pillow Verses, and then I send you to England to my cousins. I have no pets, but I am fond of playing at football with my friends. I go to the Hoboken Turn Verien and to the Manual Training School where I carve in wood. I love to sing, and I am a choir boy at Trinity Church. Last spring I was very sick and did not feel like doing anything, and wanted to lie down all the time. For three nights as I was going to sleep I was repeating, "Thou art the strength of my life, and I am not afraid," and I was soon well and strong again. I send my love to you all, and remain your loving friend,

JAMES SMITH.



DULZURA, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I began to take you at the age of four, which is seven years ago. I like the story about "The Water Fairies" very much. It is such a clear bright day. The first rain brought up the grass, and the sun warms the ground and makes the grass like a green carpet. The flowers in our garden are blossoming, and it is so pleasant to sit in the grass and write just like I am doing now, while the birds are singing merrily as they eat the figs in the orchard. With love to all,

DOROTHY CLARK.

[Dorothy's letter is dated December, but you'd never guess it from her description. December

Wee Wisdom

must be as pleasant as May in Dulzura. It makes us winter-bound folks feel like going right to California. Is there room, Dorothy?—Ed.]



DORCHESTER, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the first letter I have written to you. I have enjoyed reading your three numbers of the little paper. "The Christmas Gift" and "Aunt Alice's Story" are very nice, and I did enjoy reading them. I will close now with hearty Christmas wishes and a Happy New Year to all the Wees

Your loving friend, AMELIA A. RAUSCHAL.



DENVER, COLO.

DEAR EDITOR—Enclosed find 75-cent money order for which send WEE WISDOM one year and "Elsie's Little Brother Tom" as advertised in your pamphlets. We are having such fine weather here in Colorado now. The sun shines all day long. I was glad to see my "Happy Birthday" story in your Sunshine department, and I will thank you for putting it there. I am the oldest of our children, and I am in the sixth grade. My brothers have had turning-poles put up for Christmas, and they have great fun on them. My little sister goes to kindergarten, and she is learning a lot of Christmas songs. Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I will close.

BOTHILDA E. CURTZ.



FREEBURG, ILL.

DEAR EDITOR—I have a little spare time and thought I would write a few lines to you. I am well and enjoying this fine winter. We are having a nice winter all along, but I suppose we will have cold weather now. It started snowing here today, and is very cold. And today is Thanksgiving! I hope all the WEE WISDOM readers and all will have a fine time. I have not yet renewed my subscription but will later on. I have been receiving a great many papers of late of all kinds, and hardly get time to read them. But I will send you words of a song. If some one will kindly put music to them I think it will be a very nice song. Would you please tell all the readers of WEE WISDOM to write to me? We have a mail deliverer, and I look for a letter every day, so please write to me sometimes. I will start my song now. Hoping you will have a good Thanksgiving. Goodby to all.

IDA E. SCHANZ, Box 18, R.F.D. 1, Freeburg, Ill.



SAN JOSE, CALIF.

DEAR WEES—I have been going to write to you for a long time, and I have also written a story. I receive you at Sunday School at the Home of Truth in San Jose. I am twelve years old, and am in the high fifth grade. I like you

very much and enjoy reading you. My Thanksgiving will be too late for November, maybe will do in December. I hope to see my letter published. With much love to the little Wees I will close.

ELSIE LANE.



DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I like to read you. I am ten years old, and I have three sisters, two older than myself and one younger than I. I go to the Franklin school. My teacher's name is Miss Johnson. I will close with lots of love. Your friend,

MARTLE WILMORE.



ESCANABA, MICH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have written a little piece for you. I hope you will think it good enough to put in the paper. I like your papers ever so well. I have not written to you for a long time. I am eight years young. I go to school.

Truly yours, LETITIA HEWLETT.



LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the first time I ever wrote to you. I like you very much, and wish that you came more often. I am eleven years old. I am a native of California. I was born at a place called Redondo Beach near the beautiful Pacific Ocean. I lived there until I was eight years old, and now I live in Los Angeles where the roses and flowers bloom all the year. Well I must close my letter for this time.

Your loving friend, LENA BROWN.



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write you a letter to get in the circle with the rest. I and my two brothers go to the Home of Truth Sunday School every Sunday. I was healed so often by this Truth that I joined it altogether to tell others who are in trouble. I will write more next time. My brother Eddie wants to write a letter, too, so goodby. I will send you a story also.

ARTHUR SCHALLOM.



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I want to write you a letter. I like to go to Sunday School. Last Sunday we got your dear little paper. In it were such nice stories and pillow verses that on Thanksgiving day we recited the pillow verses in the public school, and the teacher read us the stories, too. My pillow verse is this:

"I am thankful
That my heart
From life and joy
Can never part."

Your loving EDDIE SCHALLOM.

RATON, N. M.

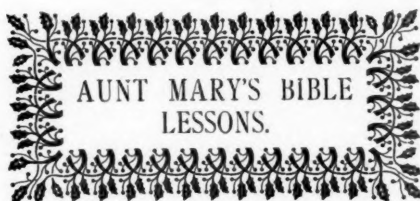
MY DEAR WEE WISDOM—How I long to see dear Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore again. I can never forget the time I was in Kansas City. I wished we lived there, although I do not like the climate, I do wish we lived nearer. I do hope you will come and see us in California, as we expect to have our home there before long. Well goodby, from your little subscriber. I will close wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

GLADYS TROY.

THE SNOW FLAKES.

BY LETITIA HEWLETT.

The snow flakes are falling through the air,
'Tis nineteen hundred five,
Snow flakes, children of the air,
They all are very fair.
And boys and girls alive,
Get out their sleds and have good times.
And sky and stars and all good things
Something happy to us brings,
For we love all living things
That give happy times.



LESSON I. JANUARY 7.

The Shepherds Find Jesus.—Luke 2:1-16.

GOLDEN TEXT—*For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.*—Luke 2:11.

In this lesson you read again the story that you all know so well, the story of the birth of Jesus, of how he was born in a manger, and how the shepherds left their flocks by night, and traveled so far in order to worship the young child.

In those days the people of the world were growing very tired of the many gods that they believed in, so Jesus came at a good time, for he knew the truth, and taught men to worship the one and only God—the Christ within.

Jesus was born in Bethlehem, and Bethlehem was called the City of David; so it was really a city for kings, for David had been king there many, many years before. The stable in those days was not a barn such as you see now of wood or brick, but was a cave or grotto in the rock and was used for the animals. What a strange

home for a tiny baby! But Jesus was very cosy in the arms of his mother, Mary, and the stable was warm, for the owners of the cattle took good care of their oxen.

The angel told the shepherds that they brought news of great joy. Do you not think it was a joy and happiness to have someone come to the earth to teach us all about love and peace?

But all these hundreds of years the people have forgotten many things that Jesus taught them, and are not following in his footsteps. Let us try this year to remember that he said, "Love your enemies and do good to them that hate you." Then if we live by that rule we will be keeping the law of Christ, and making our New Year a bright and joyous one, for doing right always brings joy to one.

LESSON II. JANUARY 14.

The Wise Men Find Jesus.—Matthew 2:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT—*My son, give me thine heart.*—Prov. 23:26.

Every one is the son of God, but does everyone give their heart to God? This is what we should do—feel that God fills the heart and leads and guides us into right doing.

Wise men came to see Jesus. If we also show wisdom we will draw wise thoughts to us from within and without. Wise teachers may be expressions of thoughts of wisdom. Each wise-man brought a gift to the young child. Every wise thought brings its gift or blessing.

Suppose your wise-man within says, "I am health," then will you grow well and strong. Suppose the second wise-man says, "I am peace," then will you be contented and happy all day long. And suppose the third wise-man says, "I am the child of a king," then will you show much wisdom, and will have love for every one. These are wise thoughts indeed!

Herod was the wrong thought that tried to destroy the good, but when one is sure of their good and has no fear at all, then will he be cared for. Mary knew that God would take care of her little baby, and it was so. The wise men knew where to find the child, for God led them. Then God guided them safely back to their own country.

LESSON III. JANUARY 21.

The Boy Jesus.—Luke 2:40-50.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.*—Luke 2:52.

When a little child tries to be God-like, that is, kind to all, and obedient to his parents, he will feel God's grace upon him, that is, God's love with him.

It was customary in those days for the older

people to go to a feast, called the Passover, held in Jerusalem. So, when Joseph and Mary attended the Passover they took their little boy with them.

Jesus was now twelve years old, and being a boy of wisdom, enjoyed listening to others, and talking with older people; thus he became so interested in the wise doctors and priests that he forgot all about going home, it is likely, and stayed in Jerusalem after his mother and Joseph had returned to their country. Jesus had felt that his mother would know where he was; but when she spoke to him he willingly and obediently returned with them. Jesus felt that by remaining in Jerusalem he had been doing something for his Father—God—the Father of all.

Remember this, that Jesus was no more God's son than you or I, but he knew his Father, and showed the way for us to know Him. Even as a little boy he was able to teach the wise men more of God and the meaning of their Scriptures. We can all be teachers if we are doers, but never try to teach or preach unless you are living truly, being gentle in speech, kind to your sisters and brothers and obedient to your parents.

Sometimes we hear little children dictating to others about the "truth," and how others should practice it, when they themselves are acting in a very rude and saucy manner. This is not the true way. Be gentle and tender yourselves, then your example will teach without any preaching from your lips. It is not a good plan for little ones to try and show parents, and persons older in experience, the right way to live, for persons in authority do not care for this sort of thing. Your teaching is the right sort when it is example by means of love.

LESSON IV. JANUARY 28.

The Baptism of Jesus.—Mark 1:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Prepare your hearts unto the Lord and serve him only*—I. Sam. 7:3.

John the Baptist came first telling of Jesus; but John did not know that he, too, had the Christ within him, and that he, as well, was the son of God. We must never forget that every one is the beloved son of God.

John cried in the wilderness, "Prepare the way of the Lord." He told the people to prepare their hearts in order to understand Christ's coming, but he did not seem to know that Christ, the Truth, must be born in every heart. He told the people to cease doing wrong, and that was good teaching, for it made the people ready to listen to Jesus when he should come.

John was a meek man, dressing plainly; but there is something better than this sort of meekness, and that is to put aside wrong doing and know yourself the son of a real King, to know and feel how strong is the beautiful soul that God has created within you.

We are all equal in the sight of God. He

loves us all just the same as He does Jesus. He makes His sun to shine and His rain to fall on all, good and bad alike, for all are good in the sight of God.

Jesus always showed the people that he was at-one with them; he showed them he was not proud, for he had John baptize him. Because Jesus believed in all that was beautiful and pure, the dove was seen descending upon him, and the voice from heaven was heard. But, remember, every one is the beloved son, and the pure thought is over all, and if we had open eyes for visions we, too, might see the white dove descend on every child of God who is eager to please and serve the Good. God loves all of His children alike.

YE EDITOR'S SANGTUM.



Happy New Year to you all!
Everybody is saying to every body else, "I wish you a Happy New Year!" And "every body else" is smiling back with "A Happy New Year to you." I wonder why it wouldn't be a good plan to greet each other every day with "*A-happy*" of some kind. We might say, "I wish you a happy day." We need to get the idea of happiness into more general, every day circulation. Why! if people could once find out, it's just as easy to form a habit of happiness as any other kind of a habit, don't you s'pose they'd all be willing to do it?

It looks to me as if we ought to, and they'd find it very easy if they'd keep watch of their words a while and weed out the complaining ones, and keep thinking how many good things there were to make happiness. But you who have no settled habits of mind yet, will find it "a cinch" (that's what Royal calls easy) to form good habits. A wise man has said that "A good habit is the best friend." So you better be forming such friendships. * * *

I wonder why no one gives us Sunshine items. We need more matter for our Sunshine page.



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January, 1906.

OUR NEW YEAR SONG.

*Sing a song of New Year,
Sing it good and strong.
Sing of all the blessings
It has brought along.*

*Sing of Health and Plenty,
Sing of Love and Peace.
Sing so loud and full and strong,
Complaining tongues will cease.*

*Sing a song of kindness,
Sing of happiness.
Sing of helpful hands reached out
Everywhere to bless.*

*Sing of untold Bounties,
Sing of wealth untitled.
Sing till empty hearts and hands
Are satisfied and filled.*

How do you like the Youth's Department of WEE WISDOM? It gives our growing ones a chance to express the expanding ideas that come to them. The essay on *Emerson*, by Ernst Krohn, Jr., in the December number, shows appreciation and ability. We have a contribution before us, from another lad of sixteen, "The Origin of Christmas," which is rich in thought and originality, and had it come a little earlier we should have given it precedent of other

matter. You would all enjoy it I know. Perhaps we'll keep it for next Christmas.

When contributing to WEE WISDOM remember, "*Only the Good is true*," and we have no place in these columns for anything but the good and true. Make your stories and letters just as interesting as you can, and records that will help other lives to grow brighter and better.

Don't forget to extend WEE WISDOM's visiting list. Helen's mother sent in four new subscriptions for a Christmas present, and Mrs. Suda a gift of several dollars to keep up expenses. WEE WISDOM goes to many homes that have not yet learned the good gospel of plenty, but they will with her teaching.

Edith and Lily's stories will have to wait over. They are in type but crowded out. It looks as if Ye Editor's Sanctum would meet the same fate.

REMEMBER.

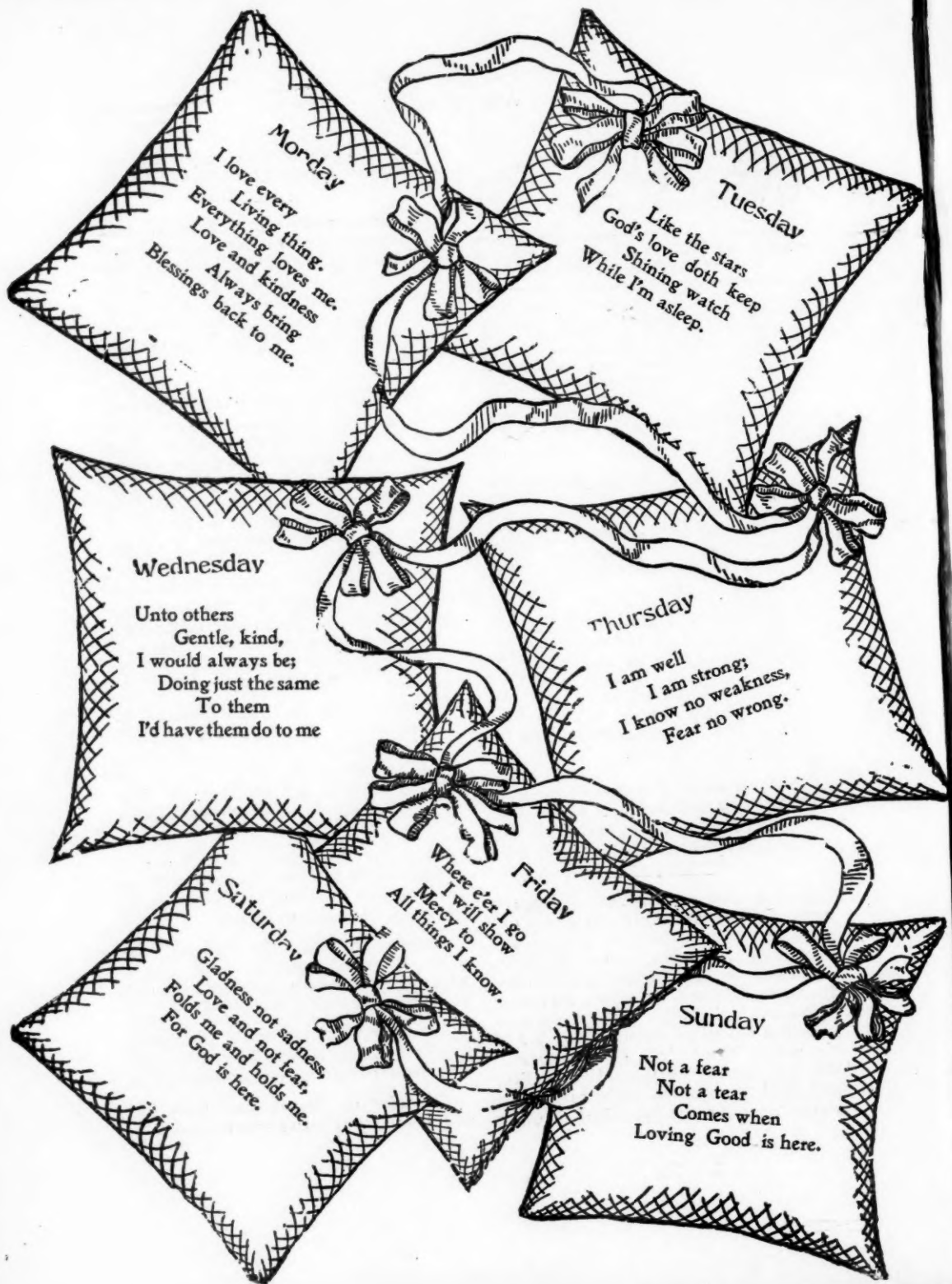
Remember that for three 50-cent subscriptions you can have *Elsie's Little Brother Tom*; or *Wee Wisdom's Way*, or *Drops From Wee Pens*, or *Summer Stories*; or any one number of *Wee Wisdom's Library*, or an extra subscription to WEE WISDOM.

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

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 WEE WISDOM's address is 913 Tracy Ave., Kansas City, Mo., and always direct your letters good and plain.

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



Monday

I love every
Living thing.
Everything loves me.
Love and kindness
Always bring
Blessings back to me.

Tuesday

Like the stars
God's love doth keep
Shining watch
While I'm asleep.

Wednesday

Unto others
Gentle, kind,
I would always be;
Doing just the same
To them
I'd have them do to me

Thursday

I am well
I am strong;
I know no weakness,
Fear no wrong.

Friday

Where'er I go
I will show
Mercy to
All things I know.

Saturday

Gladness not sadness,
Love and not fear,
Folds me and holds me.
For God is here.

Sunday

Not a fear
Not a tear
Comes when
Loving Good is here.