



VOL. IV.

KANSAS CITY, MO., JANUARY, 1900.

No. 6.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

GRACE HOLMES WHITE.

Comeh soon, with joyous cheer,
Comeh fast the bright New Year,
Down the past's mysterious aisle
Passeth the Old Year the while.
He hath scattered, day by day,
For Wee Wisdoms on his way,
Truth and love and joy and light,
Now he passeth out of sight,
Now upon him close the door,
For the New Year brings his store.

Welcome, then, O year so young!
For the song thou hast not sung,
For the tale thou hast not told,
For the scenes not yet unrolled,
For the glimmer and the gleam
Of the lights we have not seen,
For the undiscovered glory,
In the land of life's real story.
For unfoldments, rich and great,
Wait we, of thy high estate!
And we know all—God—is here,
Here with thee, thou glad New Year!

LEADING FORTH.

E. ADELINE WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER IV.

YOU CAN BE WHAT YOU WILL.

"You're behind time, Judy," said Mr. Matthews one morning, in a reproving tone of voice; "the breakfast bell rang a good five minutes ago."

"I know it," laughed Aunt Judith, sitting down in her own place at the table, "I know it. I've been taking myself to task for it, too, all the way down stairs."

"Thank you!" she interrupted herself to add, as Mr. Matthews passed her plate, on which lay an appetizing bit of milk toast, and alongside of it a tempting slice of the kind of cheese for which Aunt Judith had a great fondness.

"Judith Matthews Longman! I've been saying to myself all the way down stairs, 'you won't get the chance to be like your mother,'" continued Aunt Judith.

The children looked at her inquiringly.

"My mother—our mother," nodding to Mr. Matthews, "got the notion into her head, along towards the last part of her life, that she couldn't get up to breakfast; she needed to sleep mornings, so she believed."

"And somebody had to lug her breakfast upstairs regular as the morning came," added Mr. Matthews curtly, the remembrance of it seeming to produce an unpleasant state of feeling.

"Yes," said Aunt Judith with a long sigh; for Aunt Judith was then a young girl, and she it was who had her girlhood and young womanhood made altogether unlike the girlhood and womanhood her own nature asked for, because of these very notions that their mother got into her head, and which her children had to carry out. So it was not pleasant to think about.

"I hope you won't let yourself get into such notions, Judy," said her brother; he seemed very serious, too.

"I won't," declared Aunt Judith; "I vow I won't," trying to make her affirmation more positive.

Here were the family, sitting at breakfast, and Aunt Judith was talking about what she was going to allow herself to do, and what she was not.

"A funny idea," thought Robbie, and he wondered if the others noticed it.

"Why, how many of you are there, Aunt Judith?" he finally asked, unable longer to dwell upon this startling revelation. For if Aunt Judith could talk to herself on her way down stairs, there certainly must be another Aunt Judith concealed from their

sight; and Robbie wanted to know how nearly the other one resembled the one he was acquainted with.

"I thought of that, too," said Anne Bolles.

"So did I," said Bertha, "when Aunt Judith began talking. But she didn't mean she had two selves. It's just the way folks have of talking. They don't mean *just* what they say."

"Well, folks haven't any business to do that," said Robbie, "have they, father?" turning to look at his parent as he spoke.

"What do you think, Judy?" asked Mr. Matthews, appealing to his sister. He was apt to do so, if asked to give his opinion upon any subject not altogether familiar with his own thought. So you seldom got his opinion, after all, as he allowed his sister, when she was present, to form an opinion for him.

"Well," said Aunt Judith, "I've never had my attention called to this matter before. I know almost everybody you hear speak—yes, I guess everybody, in fact—will say the same thing, that is, 'I said to myself,' so and so."

"It makes two of you," persisted Robbie; "whether you mean it so or not—"

"Whether you're conscious of it or not," corrected Anne Bolles.

"It's confusing to say the least," remarked Aunt Judith; "and it's wrong too," she added, "just as Robbie says, for there isn't but one of us—no matter how you fix it."

"Didn't it *seem* as if you were two, Aunt Judith, when you were coming downstairs?" asked Bertha.

"Ye-es, ye-es," replied Aunt Judith loath to say just how it did *seem*, now she had her attention called to it.

"Then you can make the Aunt Judith you were talking to do just what you want her to," said Robbie.

"I ought to be able to," said Aunt Judith. "Of course you can be what you will," added Anne Bolles.

"I don't know what to say to that," said Mr. Matthews, rising. "I must go to the store now. What do you say to having Mr. and Mrs. Banks and the children over

here to tea this evening, and let us talk this thing over. I tell you, it's an important subject. The further we go, the deeper it becomes. There's a reason for speaking as if there were two of us, as sure as you live, and I should like to get at the bottom of it," kissing them "all around," as Robbie said before he went out of the room.

"I should like to have the Banks family here," said Aunt Judith. "You run right over, children, and invite them, before they make their plans for the day. But don't say what we're going to talk about."

(To be Continued.)

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

"Help one another," the snowflakes said,
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed;
"One of us here would quickly melt;
One of us here would not be felt;
But I'll help you and you'll help me,
And then what a big white drift we'll see."

"Help one another," the maple spray
Said to its fellow leaves one day;
"The sun would wither me here alone,
Long enough ere the day is gone;
But I'll help you and you'll help me,
And then what a splendid shade there'll be!"

"Help one another," the dew drop cried,
Seeing another drop close to its side;
"This warm south breeze would drive me
away,
And I should be gone ere noon to-day;
And I'll help you and help you me,
And we will make a brook and run to the
sea." — *Selected.*

The little girl had just been put to bed when a thunder shower came up.

"Don't be frightened, dearie," said her mother soothingly, coming into the room for a minute. "God is right up here with you."

"Yes, I know, but you stay up here with God and let me go down stairs and stay with papa." — *Clipped.*

"Every morning on the way to school," said the little miss, "the boys catch me and kiss me."

"Why don't you run from them?" asked her father.

"Because," replied the small edition of Eve, "maybe they wouldn't chase me."

— *Chicago Post.*

WHY MALTY CHANGED HER HOME.

AIMEE M. WOOD.



WANT to tell the little readers of WEE WISDOM about a kitty whom I know well—a wise kitty whose name is Maltie (she was called this because her fur is such pretty gray), but by all her friends by whom she is well loved she is known as “the Maltie cat.”

Now a long time ago when the Maltie cat was a wee kitten she was taken to live in the family of a sea captain, and there she stayed well content. She scarcely ever went away from the door-yard, and for many years—more than seven—was petted and loved by everyone in the house.

But there came a day, alas! after all this time when one of the young ladies chanced to say:

“How old Maltie begins to look, and though she stays around the house so much she does not catch many mice.”

“Yes,” said another, “and I suppose there is no getting rid of her.”

“We shall have to get some one to drown her after a while,” said the other young lady.

This was very useless, and also thoughtless talk, for they all loved Maltie, and, as you will presently see, would not have wished to part with her, much less to have had her drowned.

The next morning a lady living in a pleasant home two blocks away was surprised to find a gray puss waiting on her porch as though asking to be let in. She opened the door wider and into the room came the Maltie cat—for it was no other than she, but the lady had never seen her before and thought her some strange kitty who had come to ask for her breakfast. After finishing a saucer of nice milk, Maltie looked her thanks at the lady and then sat contentedly down beside her as though perfectly at home. One of the neighbors happened in and knew the cat at once.

“Why, that is Captain Reed’s cat!” she said. “How came she here? They think the world of her!”

“She came in this morning,” said Mrs. C. “I will carry her over there, if she belongs there.”

So together they carried the struggling Maltie back to her home, but no sooner had Mrs. C. returned than there on her porch was the cat scratching to be let in. From that time she has been carried back over and over, but always rushes off to Mrs. C.’s home, where she has been determined to stay, and as Mrs. C. is fond of pets the cat indeed had chosen a very pleasant place.

But the Captain soon came back from his voyage, and when he asked about Maltie, who was a great pet with him, the family told him the story.

“I really believe she knew just the words I said,” his daughter told him, almost crying, “and I never meant them.”

“Bring her back! Bring her back!” said the Captain.

“Well, she won’t stay, dear,” said his wife. But they went that night after Puss and found her snugly asleep in a carpeted basket with four dear little kittens cuddled beside her.

“You carry the kittens and I’ll take the cat,” said Mrs. C., when told that the Captain must have his cat back. “She will surely stay if her kittens are there.”

So the young lady and Mrs. C. carried Maltie and her babies to her old home, and there after the Captain had gladly fondled them they were locked up in the cellar for the night.

Late in the evening a severe thunderstorm came up and just after a heavy clap Mrs. C. heard a faint “Miew” at her door. She hurried to open it and a flash of lightening revealed the Maltie cat wet, bedraggled and covered with mud, surrounded by her four babies all crying piteously and all as wet and mud-covered as the old mother herself. She was quite faint, having dragged them all one by one across the yards lying between the Captain’s house and Mrs. C.’s, but she got them at last into the house and then fell to washing them, stopping to lie down and rest every few moments.

The next morning Mrs. C. went over to talk with the Captain’s family, and it was

agreed to give up and let this wonderful cat have her own way, since she was determined to have it.

"But, for the world, how she ever got out of the cellar with those kittens I don't see," said Mrs. Reed. But it was found she had watched her chance and in some way taken the kittens out and hidden them in the yard, carrying them one by one back to Mrs. C.'s.

Now this is a true story, children, and I want to tell you, too, about the tricks of this wonderful puss. One is a way she has of teasing for anything she wants. No one can help getting it for her, for she sits up so cute like a rabbit, or a pet dog, with her two little front paws hanging down and such a pleading look in her eyes! When you ask her to "love" you she jumps up into your arms if you are standing up, or into your lap if you are sitting down, and puts her face close to yours purring loudly all the time. I have not space to tell you of many other wonderful things about this dear kitty, who is not only wise but so loving in her nature that she calls out the love of all who know her.

LITTLE BELL.

Original Story.

By GRACIA SAUNDERS, 10 years old.

Little Bell Gray was five years old, with showery curls of gold and bright brown eyes. She lived with her mamma and papa and two large brothers on a farm.

Bell loved all creatures and loved to play in the woods with the birds and squirrels.

One bright Spring morning little Bell took her dinner and Mary Ann, her doll, and she started to the woods. As she tripped lightly down the dell she saw a blackbird sitting on a beechwood spray.

She said, "Good morning, dear little birdie."

The Blackbird said, "Good morning, sweet little girl with showery curls of gold. Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"Oh, I am going to have a picnic! Won't you come with me, bonny Blackbird?"

Miss Dolly thought she must have Blackbird, so before Blackbird could answer she

says, "Why, Mr. Blackbird, don't you see my new picnic dress?"

"Oh, yes, I forgot; it is very pretty indeed. What is your name?"

"Oh, my name is Mary Ann; my mamma's name is Little Bell."

Little Bell sat down beneath the tree and put Mary Ann beside her, and said to Blackbird, "Sing Mary Ann and me your best song."

So Mr. Blackbird piped you never heard half so gay a song — full of quips and wilds, now so round and rich, now so soft and low — all for that sweet face below.

Little Bell was very happy, and bonny Blackbird could see in the bright brown eyes all the love and sweetness of her little heart. Down the dell and through the glade she tripped.

Mr. Squirrel peeped from the hazel shade. At last Bell sat down amid the ferns and said to Mr. Squirrel: "My little friend, won't you and bonny Blackbird come and have luncheon with Mary Ann and me?"

"Oh, yes, of course we will, dear Bell," said Blackbird and Squirrel. Up the tree goes Squirrel and when he comes down again he has great ripe nuts which he drops one by one in the little lap below.

How Blackbird laughs to see the fun. "Ha, ha, ha! Happy Bell," laughs he.

Blackbird, Squirrel and Bell are now eating their dinner, Blackbird and Squirrel eating as heartily as Bell. When they are through Little Bell puts away the dinner, while Blackbird and Squirrel frisk about up in the tree.

Little Bell goes home tired, but happy.

* * * * *

It is now seven o'clock.

In the neat little bed-room by her little white cot kneels sweet Bell with folded palms to pray. In the corner of the room lays Mary Ann on her bed thinking of the happy day.

Out in the orchard croft Blackbird, too, is thinking of the happy day, and as he thinks he croons, "Happy, sweet, dear Bell."

In heaven an angel fair paused to hear the prayer. "What sweet child is this praying so lovingly, who loves all God's creatures? Dear little child, you shall be kept from harm forevermore."

Washing Dishes.

Original Poem by Flossie Hornbeck, 12 years old.

"Oh, how I hate to wash dishes,"
Said little Elsie Brown,
As upon her pretty face
There came a naughty frown.

"I get up in the morning,
And a pleasant breakfast enjoy;
And then — Oh, dear, the dishes!
How I wish I were a boy!

"For boys don't have to wash dishes,
But can play the livelong day,
And every time they want to
They can have their own way.

"I would rather help our maid
Make beds and dust and sweep
Than to keep on in this tiresome way
Washing dishes week by week."

This naughty wish was heard
By Grandma, who just came in.
Said she, "My little dear,
Don't you know that is a sin?

"You should do what is assigned you,
With a nature never known to shirk;
You should always be quite helpful
And neat about your work.

"But as you want to help the maid,
You can try for a few days,
And then if you are tired,
You can continue in your ways."

Next day she went to work
And swept her own room,
But because she was so small
She used her own little broom.

Then the most tiresome task
Of all she had to begin,
And when she was about half through
Her Grandma came in.

"My dear, this work I suppose
You enjoy," she began;
And then she had to go
Speak to the ice-man.

So Elsie worked all week.
When Grandma came for her wishes
She said she could help the maid
next week.
"No," said Elsie, "I would rather
wash dishes."

Elsie always does her best,
And never complains at all;
And her papa is going to give her
A great surprise next fall.

NATURAL LESSONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

CONDUCTED BY "PAPA HARRY."

II.

THE NOVEMBER WALK.

"Come, boys, get ready and we will go over on the bluffs and find those rocks you have been wanting, Orion," said Papa, as he laid down a paper upon which he had been drawing plans of the flower garden for next spring. Both boys jumped up from the table and forgot all about that they were making their pet chameleon lizard turn blue by putting it on a blue covered book. They had made it turn green and red by the same method but were having a slow time making it turn blue. It seems to enjoy turning different colors and is always ready to amuse them. Last summer the boys had a pair of tree toads (*Hyla versicolor*) that would perform the same way and were always hard to find, as they were red when on the brick wall, green when on the leaves, blue when on a piece of blue tin by the window and grey when on the glass.

Orion, Albert and Papa were soon started, and although a few flakes of snow were falling, the air seemed quite warm.

"I wish it would snow as deep as a house," said Orion.

"Why do you want such a deep snow?" asked Papa.

"'Cause Christmas will soon be here and we are going to get some new sleds, and we could do lots of sliding before it melts," answered Orion.

"What makes you think that you are going to get new sleds at Christmas?" asked Papa.

"'Cause we asked God to give them to us, so we will get them all right," replied Orion.

They went along to Burge Park and started through the park, when up jumped a rabbit which ran so fast that it was soon out of sight.

"I wish I had dat rabbitt," exclaimed Albert.

"Would you eat it?" asked Orion.

"No-o," answered Albert.

"Why not?" Orion persisted.

"'Cause dat little rabbit don't want to be eat," replied Albert.

"You certainly know how to apply the Golden Rule," said Papa.

"Here goes a squirrel—two of 'em," yelled Orion, as he ran down the hill through the trees, with the squirrels ahead of him. The squirrels soon came to a large tree, and started up, disappearing on the farther side, only to reappear higher up, where they scrambled into a hole. Albert wondered what they could eat out there with the trees all bare, and Orion explained to him how they store up nuts and other food when they know that winter is coming, so that they have a good supply, and eat Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year dinners with plenty on the table.

"What else besides squirrels and woodpeckers store up food to eat?" asked Orion.

"Oh, many creatures," answered Papa; "Cardinal Grosbeaks (red birds), quail, ants, and too many others to mention."

"Ants do all sorts of things, don't they, Papa?" asked Orion.

"Yes," said Papa, "they do many strange things, as you saw last summer. Darwin says, 'Ants certainly communicate information to each other, and several unite for the same works or for games of play. They recognize their fellow ants after months of absence, and feel sympathy for each other. They build great edifices, keep them clean, close the doors in the evening, and post sentries. They make roads as well as tunnels under rivers, and temporary bridges over them by clinging together. They collect food for the community, and when an object too large for entrance is brought to the nest, they enlarge the door, and afterwards build it up again. They store up seeds, of which they prevent the germination, and which, if damp, are brought up to the surface to dry. They keep aphides and other insects, as milch cows. They go out to battle in regular bands and freely sacrifice their lives for the common weal. They emigrate according to a preconcerted plan. They capture slaves. They move the eggs of their aphides, as well as

Wee Wisdom



MARIE PRATHER.



MORRIS FRANK SHAFER.



BERT PRATHER

"A *Happy New Year*" to all our *Wee Wisdom* comrades! We slipped in here without the editor knowing anything about it, and when the paper comes back from the press and she picks up a copy to see how the printers have done their work she'll be surprised and say, "Well, how d'd these three little mischiefs get in here!" Then someone will have to explain how we—Marie, Morris and Bert—wanted to make one of those fashionable New Year's calls, where you are not invited by the lady of the house, and this is how we did it. "A *Happy New Year*" to you, Mrs. Editor!

their own eggs and cocoons, into warm parts of the nest, in order that they may be quickly hatched; and endless similar facts could be given.' But we will have to wait till next summer and then we can finish the investigations with the ants that you and Albert began last summer."

Now a small gray bird flew by, closely pursued by a larger gray bird. The little bird was uttering queer little squeaks and flew round the trees in such rapid turnings that the larger bird did not seem able to catch it.

"A Nuthatch," cried Orion, "but what's after it?"

"A Shrike," answered Papa, and they grabbed up sticks and began throwing at the Shrike, which frightened it away, and the little Nuthatch perched on the trunk of a tree, head downward, a few feet above the boys' heads, and twisting his comical little head around, looked at them and said, "Hawk! hawk! hawk!"

"Oh, he said it was a hawk," laughed Albert. But Papa explained that it was only the note of the Nuthatch.

"What was the Shrike going to do to 'im?" asked Orion.

"He was going to hang him up on a thorn tree, by running a thorn through

him," answered Papa; "then whenever he felt hungry he would have eaten a little steak out of him. It is the Shrike's way of storing up food. Sometimes he will have a whole tree just full of little birds, mice and other things, hanging on thorns."

They had now reached the top of the bluff and went down a little way and stopped to drink at a beautiful mossy spring, whose clear sparkling waters went dancing down the side of the bluffs, in and out among the trees and bushes, playing "leap frog" as they jumped over the rocks, giggling and laughing and trying to talk, but having too much fun to say anything. Then the boys and their papa followed a path down into a rock quarry and soon Orion and Papa were busy with hammer and chisel getting "specimens" while Albert busied himself rolling stones down the bluff and watching the railroad trains pass by so far below him that they looked quite small. Many pretty fossil shells were found and some good crinoid stems, besides pieces of coral and pretty distorted semi-crystallized ter-e-brat-n-læ.

"I wish I could find a trilobite," said Orion.

"So do I," answered Papa, "and do you know, Orion, that trilobites were the an-

cient grandfathers of the crawfish you catch in the creek by our home?"

"Are they? Isn't that funny," said Orion, "it all seems so funny that the ocean should have been all over up here. Was it all over Kansas City?"

"Yes, many times, and over nearly the whole country, too, and will be again some day," said Papa.

"What will we do if the ocean comes all over again," asked Orion.

"Oh," said Papa, laughing, "the old ocean won't be mean about it, and he'll give us plenty of notice, probably a few hundred thousand years or more, and by that time, we'll have Boreas' patent wings to fly with, and Neptune's adjustable diving suits to go into water with."

"What good does it do to have the ocean all over here?" asked Orion.

"It seems to me to do great good, as it makes all these fine rocks for people to build houses with and grind up and burn and make cement, lime, etc. If you will look at these rocks, you will find that they are made up entirely of little shells, coral, etc., which lived in the ocean and were deposited here," answered Papa.

"Oh," said Orion, "so we build our houses out of the old houses of the little shell fish."

"Exactly," said Papa. "Here is one of those shells that has the crystals in it we came after, I think," said Orion. Papa took it and broke the end and there came to view a mass of little crystals so clear and beautiful that Orion danced with great delight.

"I'm Sampson," exclaimed Orion, as he pried off a great mass of rock from high up to where he had climbed.

"Yes," said Papa, "but your name will be changed to Dennis, if you don't look out."

"Oh," called down Orion, "come up here and see the funny specimen I have found."

After getting up to where Orion was, Papa could see a peculiar formation on the rock high above, which stuck out six inches long. "Well," said Papa, "I never saw anything like that."

After climbing up by cutting steps in the solid rock with the cold chisel, he got to where he could just reach it with the

hammer. He hit a blow and it flew all to powder and worms and spiders rained down all over him. It was a mud wasp's nest stuck to the rock. The worms were the wasps as larvæ.

"What are the spiders doing in there," Orion wanted to know. "Don't you remember, Orion, my telling you about it; how the wasp stings a spider and puts it in the nest with the eggs, so that when the egg hatches out into a worm or larva, it has something to eat till it changes into a pupa or crýsalis. Then when the pupa hatches, it is the image or perfect wasp, and is strong enough to break through the mud cell and go about its work," answered Papa.

"But, Papa," said Orion, "I don't see why the spider don't all dry up, so he would be no good to eat when the baby wasp is hatched."

"Oh, the wasp provides for that," said Papa. "It does not kill the spider, but only stupefies it with the sting, so that the spider is in good shape for the baby wasp. Can you not remember one day some time ago, over east of here, how you saw a wasp get a spider?"

"Oh, yes," said Orion, "the wasp came along and flew at the spider, and the spider jumped around so fast, the wasp couldn't sting him, and the spider ran under a little rock, and the wasp lit on the rock and run all round it peeking under the edges and found a little hole, and under it dived and came out dragging the spider and flew away with it."

"I am snowed all over," cried Albert, "and I'se hungry."

"So they started home, and it became dark, and the snow stopped falling, and the stars came out."

"Papa," said Orion, "I can't find Jupiter."

"No," said Papa, "Jupiter has left us of evenings and will not come back for a long while. If you want to see him, you'll have to get up early in the morning. But there is Orion sailing along with Sirius right behind, and I would trade Jupiter for Sirius any time."

By this time they had arrived home and Mamma had supper all ready and two hungry little boys were soon too busy eating to talk any more.

The Wise Owl.

By Helen Van Anderson.

"Dear me!" said an Owl
As he shook his wings,
"I've a cold in my jowl,
Can it be my sins?"

"For to-day I have heard
The queerest speech
From a sensible bird
I can't impeach.

"He says worry and fear
Are sins — that they cause
The ills that appear.
We must know the laws



"If health we would keep,
To me this is plain,
And before I sleep
I'll banish this pain.

"He said that good cheer
Sent forth in a song
Will dissipate fear
And whatever is wrong.

"So I think I'll begin
To make my mind right,
And fear is a sin
I'll get rid of to-night."



A Welcome to the Christ-Child.

(Written by a kindergarten mother on the birth of a little girl.)

Blessings on the holy mother,
On the little Christ-child too,
And on all the dear home circle,
As they seek the pure and true.

May they ever hear the message
Which the little Christ-child brings,
May they ever feel its leadings
As she walks and talks and sings.



*Kind words are wonderful little seeds
That blossom into beautiful deeds.
Kind deeds shine brighter than any star
That pierces the beautiful blue so far.
Both are more precious, little boy and
girl,
Than any diamond, ruby or pearl.
So with such seeds fill your garden fair
That lovely flowers may blossom there.*

—ANNIE E SKINNER
in "Child-Garden."

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

Epistles.

[A whole envelope of little letters from Alva, Oklahoma, were received early in October. Some folks might have called these queer little sheets "just scribblings," not seeing that every little crook and squirm of these precious marks spoke plainly enough of a dear little heart glowing with love for all Wee Wisdoms, and wanting, *ever so much*, a moss card.]

Not knowing just how many little folks had a part in these many-in-one letters, we sent several cards to the address given on the envelope.—Ed.]

HOME OF TRUTH, SAN DIEGO, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM AND MOTHER SPARR —
Here are some letters to you from a few of our Sunday School class. One little girl insisted upon sending you twenty cents for postage, so I enclose it as her little love-offering and a demonstration of her thoughtfulness. She writes one of the

letters, the one signed Pansie, and I think her letter good enough to publish, don't you? [Yes.—Ed.] It holds a lesson for all of us. We all say God bless you, dear WEE WISDOM, and Mother Sparr also.

Lovingly, HARRIET H. RIX.

PANSIE'S LETTER.

DEAR MOTHER SPARR — I am ten years old and in the fourth grade, and please send me one of those moss cards. Mamma teaches my sister and I to send out loving thoughts to every creature in the world every evening just as we are going to bed. Mamma's greatest sorrow is that she knew nothing about the Truth before we were born, because mamma says little children should have the knowledge of Love and Truth at the beginning of life and then all the world will be right. I love little kitties very much and love to read the "Cat Tales" in WEE WISDOM. I have a little turkey of my own and I pet it a great deal. Dear Mother Sparr, may you live many years to enjoy love and blessings from everyone you meet is my wish, and I wish you a very Merry Christmas. Yours in Love,

PANSIE WOLLAM.

Pansie's measure will always be full and running over, for that is the law of good. We thank her, ever so much, for this loving thoughtfulness, and what's left from paying "Uncle Sam" his part we'll be glad to turn over to our loving, faithful provider of these beautiful cards.

The seven letters enclosed with Miss Rix's are, with one or two exceptions, written by the little girls themselves, and are very sweet, and neatly written. As we have so many letters and a limited amount of room we will have to abbreviate them.

Pansie's sister Leone writes that she is eight years old, in the third grade, reads WEE WISDOM, wishes us a *Merry Christmas*, and wants a moss card.

Lysle R. McKinney writes that Miss Rix and Miss Beckham teach their Sunday School and that it is growing, and she would like a moss card very much.

Florence Parsons writes she gets WEE WISDOM at Sunday School, and reads about Mother Sparr, and thinks she must be very kind to make such nice moss cards for the children, and is sure all the children ought to love Mother Sparr very much.

Nellie and Grace Sturr are eleven and six years old; go to Sunday School; love WEE WISDOM and Mother Sparr, and want moss cards.

Adella Corine Vreeland, on a cute little

sheet of paper, says she is six years old; is in school, but mamma writes for her; enjoys her Sunday School very much, and wants a moss card.

Reynold turned his attention to pillow verses a few days ago, which I enclose.*

REYNOLD'S MAMMA.

[Here are a few letters left over from September We cannot afford to leave out one little writer.]

Miranda Bell, Little Rock, Ark., writes in a beautiful, clear hand and tells of her love for WEE WISDOM, that she is eleven years old, has two kittens and five dolls, and would love a moss card.

Gracie Clark, of Rosedale, Kan., writes her first letter, likes the little pillows, and wants a moss card.

Eurl and Edna May Sweaney, Rosedale, Kansas, are six and four years old, have a little white rabbit, and want a moss card.

[Here we are up to the October piles of letters.]

Jessie May Lapp, Poestenkill, N. Y., writes she is ten years old, likes WEE WISDOM and reads every one, and wants a moss card.

Myrtle Robertson, Ludlow, Mo., writes that she is thirteen years old, goes to school every day, has a cat named Topsy, lives in a small village, loves WEE WISDOM, wants a moss card, and sends two two-cent stamps, one to pay postage and one for Mother Sparr.

Mabel Jenkins Harrold, another little girl from Ludlow, Mo., writes that she thinks Grandma Sparr's moss cards are beautiful and she must be very good to make them for "us children." Mabel is eight years old, and loves the beautiful and good, and sends love to all Wee Wisdoms.

Gladys Cruikshank, Hannibal, Mo., writes as plain as print and says this is her first letter; was glad to see Mother Sparr's

picture, and sends love to her and all Wee Wisdoms.

Luella and Norman Hall, of Boulder, Colo., are too little to write, but they love the stories, and want a moss card; they have a pet rabbit; they send four cents in stamps.

Harold Fike, Ashton, R. I., writes his first sweet little letter all by himself, and says he is six years old, loves to hear the letters to Mother Sparr and wants to know her.

Emma Kerr, Dayton, Ohio, writes her first letter, too, is seven years old, has two dolls and three brothers, and would like to see Mother Sparr.

Fanny Moury, Rocky Comfort, Ark., says she is the only child of a farmer; she has two pet calves and a pet colt, three cats and two dolls, and wants a moss card.

FOXCROFT, MAINE.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM—I read WEE WISDOM and like it very much. Mamma gave it to me last Christmas. I believe in Mental Science, and I have helped my family a great many times and I hope others when they have wrong beliefs. I mean to do a great deal of good when I am older. I am twelve years old. I have a brother and sister. My brother is away hunting, and my sister is in Boston teaching a little French boy English. Mamma gave me "Wee Wisdom's Way." I think it is very nice. I have loaned it to my little friends. I enjoy the letters from all the little friends, and also the Pillow Verses. I will send some little verses* which I composed. I would like very much to have one of Mother Sparr's moss cards. With love to Mother Sparr, I am your little friend,

HELEN PAINE.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I want to write you a letter and get one of your moss cards. My grandma lives in Kansas City. I go to school and I am studying hard so I will pass at Christmas. It is real cold now and makes me think of the time when snow will come. I will close.

FRANK A. BROOKS.

* See Pillows signed R. H. W.

* See Friday's and Saturday's Pillows.

JUVENILE BIBLE LESSONS.

The Birth of Jesus. Luke 2:1-16.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Thou shalt call him Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins.* Matt. 1:21.

(After the teacher has read what the Scripture has to tell of the birth of Jesus and has talked it over, questions like the following would be well):

Repeat the Golden Text.

Why was this babe to be called Jesus?

What is sin? *Wrong thinking.*

How then was Jesus to save the people? *By teaching them to think rightly (righteously).*

Why was the baby Jesus different from other babies? *Because his mother, Mary, thought the truth about him.*

And what was this truth? *That God was his real Father.*

If every mother knew and thought this truth about her babe, would it manifest like Jesus? *Yes!*

What then is the truth every mother should know and teach her children? *That God is the Father of all.*

What would this save from? *All evil thought.*

And if the world is saved from evil thought it will be saved from evil conditions.

"Blessed are the pure in heart (thought) for they shall see God."

The Child Jesus Visits Jerusalem.

Luke 2:41-52.

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

(After reading the lesson and getting the children's ideas.)

Supposing you had never been to school and some day should be in a big city, and should find yourself in a school room where all kinds of interesting lessons were going on, wouldn't you want to stay and hear more?

I think it must have been that way with the boy Jesus when he went up to Jerusalem with his parents. They were there

seven days, and it was really in school where they found him. There were no books then, and the Jewish Scriptures, which were really all the teaching the Jews ever received, were read and expounded by these learned doctors in the porches and chambers of the Temple, and Jesus must have spent most of his time listening to them.

How the wonderful truth his mother had taught him about himself must have shed light upon some of the strange passages the doctors were reading to their students! How he must have felt the need of all these people knowing God was their true Father! And how he must have astonished these old students of Scripture by the direct questions he put to them! No wonder he should have forgotten for a time what he seemed to be—just a little boy with a mother calling him to go home with her. The Father's work stood out so clearly, but he was obedient, and went home with his mother, growing in wisdom and stature all the time, always obedient to the true thought.

The Preaching of John the Baptist.

Luke 3:7-17.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Prepare ye the way of the Lord.* Luke 3:4.

Here was a man who believed in the good that was to come. He had spent years meditating upon how to get the world ready for the fullness of the good. He taught unselfishness and justice. He baptised with water and told the people they must *repent* of their sins. He preached all the time of a good to come and of the fulfillment of the Scriptures—of the One to come who should no longer baptize with water but with the Holy Ghost and with fire, which really means with the Spirit of love.

Baptism and Temptation of Jesus.

Matt. 3:13-4:11.

GOLDEN TEXT—*This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.* Matt. 3:17.

This lesson brings together one who

looks within and one who looks without for the Christ.

Which one does God call his beloved Son?

Did you ever see anyone baptised?

When I was a little girl I lived not far from a beautiful little stream where people were often baptized, and I used to wonder how it made people's hearts clean to dip their bodies into the water. And really I have n't found out yet. It means, perhaps, that you are willing to do whatever you can to make your heart clean and pure.

What did John say the baptism of the Christ would be?

And that means Spirit and love. As soon as love comes into the heart, hate and anger and all that is unclean is burned out. You see, water can keep the outside clean, but Spirit must do the cleaning within.

What is it to be tempted?

What was Jesus's first temptation?

What did he say to the tempter?

Paul says Jesus was tempted just as we are. If this be true, who was Jesus' first tempter but *appetite*? He was hungry, and in his long silence he had found out that he had "all power given unto him in heaven and in earth," and appetite wanted him to use that power to satisfy sense.

Did he? *No, indeed!* Many people seem to think that all one's powers are given to them for bread-winning. They had better learn Jesus' words to this tempter—"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

What was the second temptation? *To use his power to make people wonder and praise.*

What did he answer? *Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.*

What was the third temptation? Wealth and temporal power are temptations few resist. Jesus put the self that tempts right behind him with the words, "Get thee behind me, Satan." His kingdom was not of this outside world, yet all that the Father hath was his, and *ours*.

Heaven within is heaven above,
God is there and God is Love.

ELEANOR'S DIDN'TS AND DIDS.

ELEANOR KIRK.

Oh, where are my Crickets and Kates,
My Dids, my Didn'ts and Dids,
That kept me delighted each night,
Till slumber fell soft on my lids?
They're up in the beautiful trees
And down in the sweet, swaying grass,
While I sit in the parlor alone
And make believe read by the gas.

And what is a book to a bug,
A dear little sociable thing
That plays me a tune in the dark
On a fiddle under its wing?
And what is an acre of books
To a band of bug violins—
The Crickets and Didn'ts and Dids,
Speaking peace to our troubles and sins?

And what is the gas to the moon,
And what is a couch to a bed
That swings 'neath the tall locust trees,
While the stars keep watch overhead?
And what is a big city house
Compared with a cot in the hills,
With the Dids, the Didn'ts, and Dids,
The Locusts and sweet Whip-poor-wills?

I did not forsake you, my bugs,
Because I had heard you so long,
But because I had to get back
Before you could finish your song.
My heart is in bonds to your wiles,
And when slumber touches my lids,
My last sweetest thought there will be
For my Crickets, my Didn'ts, and Dids.

—In Eleanor Kirk's Idea.

Of one of our little contributors his mamma writes:

"R— has had no more inspirations of a poetical nature. He *had* decided to be a great poet, and tells me 'it is the easiest thing to write, because all you have to think of is the *last* words and then the music.' 'Poetry is really music with the song left out,' he sagely remarked. Unfortunately he has turned his attention to sculpture and is busily engaged in modeling the gods and goddesses of old Greece. I find them in all sorts of odd corners and have to move about with great caution, since I accidentally 'sat down on' the Goddess of Wisdom and knocked off Plato's head."

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

A Happy New Year to all!

A gift of 365 bran new days of a bran new century is ours.

What shall we do with it? Fill every moment of every day full of sweet, loving thoughts, and so we will leave on every day-leaf as we fold it back a beautiful picture of happy, useful life.

Eighteen hundred (1800) has been with us a long time. It will seem new and strange to us to write 1900 at the top of our letters now. I wonder if we won't forget sometimes and go back to the old date?

Ye editor had hoped to get all the dear letters in this number, but do you know it would take all the sixteen pages of our little paper to hold them now? I don't know that the space could be filled in a more interesting way. Maybe as next month is February and everybody will be looking for *Valentines* we might fill the demand by publishing all these dear little love letters. What do *you* think?

All who have written letters during Holiday time have received the Christmas moss cards tied with a little bow of ribbon.

Christmas has come and gone, and such a happy time as we have all had, because we know the *True Birthplace*. Little fingers have been busy and lots of pretty little things have been brought to pass for Christmas.

Do you all want to know what Unity Sunday School had? It was the idea of one of the boys. He found a plan of a fireplace and chimney in the December *Ladies' Home Journal* and went to work and worked it out for a surprise to the little folks, who were expecting a Christmas tree. It was fine and natural, and "Prince Chubby" made an ideal "Santa" and needed no stuffin.' Some little girls sang an original song.

Here is one boy's description of our Christmas Eve at Headquarters. He was present and ought to know. We put it in

just as he reported it, but we hadn't time to get a plate made of his illustration of the fireplace and chimney:

A REAL CHRISTMAS TIME.

The Christmas entertainment at Unity rooms was short but sweet. It lasted about an hour, but in that hour I am sure everybody enjoyed themselves.

The people gathered in one room, while another was kept dark and it was supposed there was a Christmas tree coming. The children sang some songs and waited for the Christmas tree, but it did not come.

After awhile we were invited into the other room, which was still dark, and after we were all seated the gas was turned up and we saw before us an old fashioned fireplace, with the stockings hanging up ready for Santa Claus. Pretty soon there was heard sleigh-bells outside, and then a scraping on the roof! Santa Claus was really coming! Then the gas was turned down, and the children made up their minds to catch him. Pretty soon he was heard coming down the chimney, and then was heard some grunting, and then a brick and some oranges fell down the chimney. It seemed that Santa was caught. He soon got loose and came singing down the chimney. He came out and commenced filling the stockings. Then the gas was turned up, and Santa was caught! When he saw he was in a room full of people he started back up the chimney, but soon the little girls coaxed him back. After he saw he was caught he passed around candy, popcorn, nuts and presents to all. When he had given away all his presents he wished them all a Merry Christmas and went back up the chimney.

The people laughed and talked and had a good time. After awhile a boy came in the room, who looked like Santa Claus with his white beard shaved off and his hair cut and dyed red and dressed in boy's clothes. He look so much like Santa Claus that one little boy cried out, "I know who Santa Claus is now. He is Mrs Fillmore's little boy!"

"He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast."



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MYRTLE FILLMORE, EDITOR.

January!
1900!

A Happy New Year!
Let us fill it, my dear,
With thoughts full of love,
With hearts full of cheer.

'Tis the streamlets, we know,
Feed the great river's flow;
So each kind little thought
Helps the Great Good to grow.

Flossie Hornbeck, a dear little girl, has written us a poem on "Washing Dishes," and Gracia Saunders a story about "Little Bell."

We have received a copy of the latest edition of "The Story of Teddy," by Helen Van Anderson. Two new chapters have lately been added to this already charming book for children. Every boy and girl in the land should read it. Send your order to us. Price, 65 cents.

"Eleanor's Didn'ts and Dids" is the title we have given a dear little poem we found in *Eleanor Kirk's Idea* and written by Eleanor herself. She had called it "Dropped Notes." Well, when she dropped 'em, we picked 'em up, 'cause they belong to just such mid-summer spots as our Wisdom's hearts. We know "Eleanor" won't care because she has discovered to us in this poem that she, too, has a place where summer goes on spite of all the demands of the big literary world—"For what is a book to a bug?"

BOOKS THAT CHILDREN NEED.

How Edith Found Fairyland.....\$0.75

By Nina Lillian Morgan. We are sure all who read it will bear us out in the assertion that it is the very best book ever written for children.

Springwood Tales..... 1.00

By Helen Augusta Fussell. A book of stories and verses as fresh, fragrant and acceptable as "The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra, la."

Big Truths for Little People..... .50

By Alice E. Cramer. This book is a collection of excellent little stories and truth talks published in *Harmony*, and are very instructive.

A Gap in the Fence..... 1.25

By Harriet Louise Jerome. A sweet, pure, delightful story.

The Story of Teddy..... .65

By Helen Van Anderson. This is a most entertaining story of a boy of ten years and just the kind of a book the boys will enjoy. We highly recommend it.

Aunt Seg's Catechism..... .25

By Sarah Elizabeth Griswold. Six simple truth lessons for children. Splendid for Sabbath Schools.

The Cup Bearer..... 1.00

By Helen Van Anderson. This book is filled with verses, sketches, stories and pictures that is said will entertain a whole family of boys and girls for a year.

Wee Wisdom's Way..... .25

By Myrtle Fillmore. A booklet of twelve chapters telling a sweet story of how the Day family were healed. All who have read it have only words of praise.

The Wonderful Wishers of Wising Well.

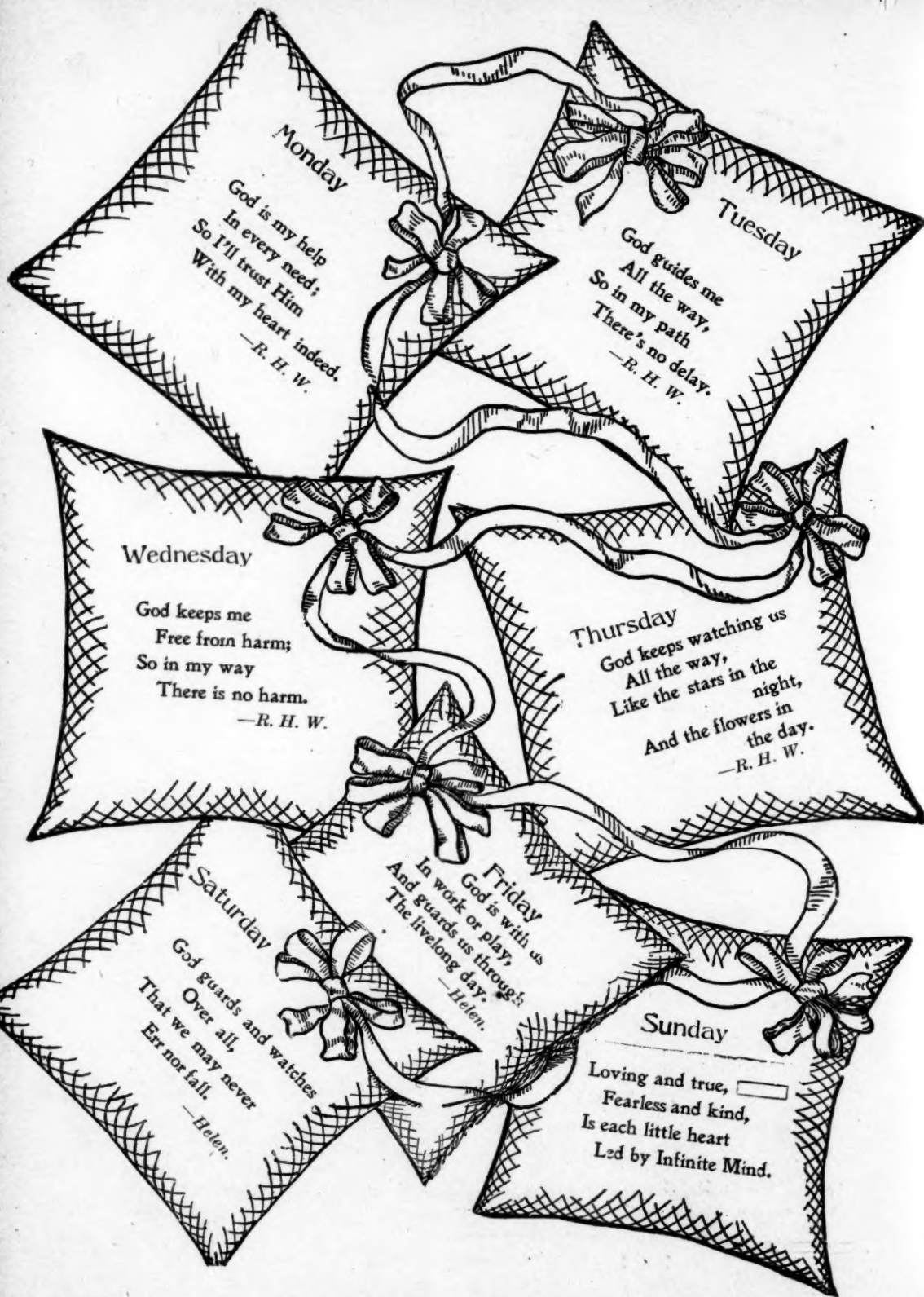
By Annie Rix Militz. A charming fairy tale warranted to help little folks get their wishers all straightened out. Price, 15 cents.

All the above books and booklets for sale by

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

UNITY and WEE WISDOM for a year \$1.50.

Sample copies of WEE WISDOM and UNITY are sent free.



Monday

God is my help
In every need;
So I'll trust Him
With my heart indeed.
—R. H. W.

Tuesday

God guides me
All the way,
So in my path
There's no delay.
—R. H. W.

Wednesday

God keeps me
Free from harm;
So in my way
There is no harm.
—R. H. W.

Thursday

God keeps watching us
All the way,
Like the stars in the night,
And the flowers in the day.
—R. H. W.

Friday

God is with us
In work or play,
And guards us through
The livelong day.
—Helen.

Saturday

God guards and watches
Over all,
That we may never
Err nor fall.
—Helen.

Sunday

Loving and true, ☐
Fearless and kind,
Is each little heart
Led by Infinite Mind.