


WEE WISDOM.

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



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YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM

THE GREAT clock of this year turns its hands round to gift-time once more, and everybody is planning some loving surprise for everybody else. What a time it is to forget self! What a time to live in loving remembrance of others' pleasure and needs!

Some day we will all fall so into the habit of loving to remember others that it will be gift-day all the year 'round, and then there'll be Christmas trees growing all along the roadside, and everybody'll be welcome to pick just what they want every day in the year. What say you to that, my Wisdoms?

The more we keep seeing God's love and abundance everywhere, the more we grow Christmas joys. We must never give gifts because we think people are *poor*. We must never think of God's children in that way. *Poor* thoughts about people keep up the *seeming* of poverty. Give, but give because you love to show how bountiful God is. Don't ever call any one poor. *All that our Father hath* belongs to every child of His. Then let us talk about *plenty* 'till it is showered upon all, and keep giving, because it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Let us throw away all those words that describe poverty and sickness and sorrow, and in their place speak those words that shall bring to all a harvest of plenty, health, and joy, for the word is the seed and always brings forth of its kind. Little Seed Sowers, remember this.

There's such an interesting letter from the matron and little ones of the Children's Home at Petersburg, Ind. You will remember that they sent \$1.00 last month for WEE WISDOM's Free Subscription Fund. I wonder if we can't hunt 'round and find something nice for Christmas things to gladden and make still happier these blessed little hearts. We'll find room for their letter next time.

MR. FILLEAU'S GIFT TO WEE WISDOM FOR CHRISTMAS.

merry Christmas time for all! Here at WEE WISDOM's door is stationed the beautiful Christ-child welcoming the children of all countries and tribes and climes to come and find where their very *own Christ-child* dwells—where all that is beautiful, all that is good, all that is true, waits in each heart to shine out and transform each child into the image of this radiant child, that seems beckoning you all to come! Our good artist, Mr. Filleau, has designed this frontispiece, and presented it as his Christmas gift to WEE WISDOM, and *our* thanks are in order—and we are full of them.

And here's Della May's letter; it's genuine too. She was our guest for a week, and one night between 11 and 12 o'clock she came slipping down in her soft pink gown, curled herself up in a rocker before the open fire, took up her pencil, and informed Ye Editor she was going to write something for WEE WISDOM. It was a very important moment. The dimples came and went, the smiles and the "Oh's!" chased 'round, the little pink waves of her gown rose and fell as her knees went up and down in their attempt to play writing desk. At last there was a satisfied little chuckle, and this is what appeared on paper:

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE, DEAR WEE WISDOM—I like WEE WISDOM. I am so glad that I am so well, and know every one else is glad too. I am strong and well. Amen.

DELLA MAY SAUNDERS.

How glad we are to have Uncle John with us this month. Talk about Free Subscription Fund! Why, Uncle John is sending WEE WISDOM to all the crowned heads of Europe; to Rockefeller, Helen Gould, Vanderbilt, and all who *need* it. He's a blessed Uncle John!

Get your New Year's matter in early. Our manager says we ought to have everything ready a month ahead.



VOL. VI.

KANSAS CITY, MO., DECEMBER, 1901.

No. 5.

Pink Lill's Cookie-Man.

A Christmas Story.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

"MY own dear mamma, what you doin'?"

Pink Lill, for that is what her papa always called her, was standing on tip-toe at the kitchen table, watching her mother roll out dough.

"What do you think, my baby? Mamma's making something nice for tomorrow."

"Lill make somethin' nice," said the little one.

"What will my baby make?"

"Lill make one, two, free, six, 'leven cakes."

"Who will they be for, my precious?"

"One for my dea' mamma, one for papa, one for Santa Claus, and one for gran'ma, and one for Lill."

"Very well, dear, so you shall make some little cookies all yourself."

As she spoke Mrs. Burnet lifted Lill into her high chair, and giving her some dough and a small round tin showed her how to cut out the cookies.

Lill was only a baby, not much more than three years old, but she had learned about Christmas, and knew that tomorrow she was to have just what she wanted most. Her mamma had told her that every one must be filled with love on Christmas day, and think of every one, and give gifts, and make people happy, for Jesus, that dear little baby, came upon earth years ago to teach people to love, and Christmas was his birthday.

Lill had cut out the last little cookie and was trying to make a dough man as she had seen her mamma do. She was rolling the dough in her fat baby fingers and turning her sunny head this way and that like a little bird as she watched the dough take form. With a sigh of satisfaction she turned to her mother, "Mamma, see, Lill make nice bootiful man. I dive him to dood little dirl, my own se'f for Tristmus."

"Oh, Oh, Lillie, you must be generous and give your cookie-man to some little girl who has n't anything for Christmas."

"No, no," and Lill tossed her sunny curls as she shook her little head. "Pitty man for Pink Lill, dood Lill," and she commenced rocking back and forth and singing baby words to the cookie-man.

The next day our Lillie girl scrambled out of her crib quite early in the morning, and toddling across the room in little bare feet soon had her little red stocking clasped in her hand. She had hung it the night before at the fire-place in her mamma's room. Then running quickly back she climbed into bed beside her parents. She was very much excited for there were such fascinating things to come out of that stocking. Jack-in-the-Box with such a funny face, then a Jumping Jack that had most wonderful ways of using his arms and legs when you pulled a string; next a tiny china doll in a bath tub.

Lill's squeals of delight gave her papa and mamma great pleasure, for they knew

Wee Wisdom

that their darling was enjoying herself. At last everything had been looked at, and even the candy had been nibbled, the orange smelled, and the pretty red-cheeked lady apple kissed and patted.

After breakfast mamma handed her little daughter the cookies she had made the day before.

"These are for you to give away, Pink Lill," she said, and Lill ran across the room holding up her little dress.

"Papa," she called, "I dive you one dear cunnin' cake."

"Thank you, Pink Lill; who are the others for?" Mr. Burnet laid down his paper, and took one of the cookies Lill held up to him.

"One for mamma, one for Santa Claus, one for Robbie nex' door, and one for my sweet gran'ma," said Lillie.

"And who is going to have the dough, man? Is that for Robbie?"

"No, no, for my own self," and Lill looked quite distressed.

"Very well, Pink Lill, I thought you were a generous, unselfish girl on Christmas day." Papa said no more but disappeared behind his paper. No one said any more to Lill about her cake-man. She nibbled a little at one of his feet, then kissed and patted him, and whispered, "Nice pitty man, you live with Lill. Lill put you s'leepy in beddie."

A little later in the day Lill sat on the front steps with her new playthings all about her. Robbie came over bringing a little horse and cart, which he gave Lill. He did not stay very long.

Mrs. Burnet saw him running home, and the next moment Lill came toddling into the house, her fat little body swaying and bobbing from side to side. She soon reached her mother's knee.

"My baby, what is it?" asked Mrs. Burnet, seeing the big blue eyes swimming with tears.

"Oh!" cried Lill, "I dived him my boo-bootiful man — my cake. Oh, Oh!"

"Why, don't cry, my baby," and Mrs. Burnet lifted the little one upon her lap. My sweet, good baby, my precious."

"Lill dived it Robbie for Tristmus. Lill dood dirl."

"Of course you are a good girl. There, there, don't cry. You don't want it, do you, the cookie man you gave Robbie?"

"Yes, Lill do want poor pitty man. He want see Lill's Tristmus tree."

"Why did you give him away, my darling, if you wanted him so much?"

At these words Lill put up her little hands and pushed her curls back, at the same time rubbing the tears from her pretty eyes.

"Lill dive man for Tristmus present to dood Dod."

"You gave the cookie-man to God? Then, you sweet baby, it was a sacrifice indeed." Mrs. Burnet covered the child's face and eyes with kisses. "My precious baby," she whispered. Lill sat straight up on her mother's knee and laughed.

"It's dlad I dive Robbie my pitty man. Lill has pitty toys. Come," and sliding from her mother's knee and holding fast her hand, she pulled her towards the kitchen. "Come, dear mamma, make more pitty cakes."

Her mother led her to the pantry and let her peep into a dish that held most wonderful cookies. There were cows, horses, pigs, lambs, lions, and last of all a beautiful cake man with pink eyes and a smiling mouth.

"Oh," cried little Lill dancing up and down and laughing with delight. "I do love Tristmus, an' ever'body. Dood in my mamma made free, five, six, 'leven, twenty hund'ed cakes an' one pitty mans, an' Dood is dust ev'rywhere."

The father and his three children were to give a Christmas present to the mother, and the youngest was selected to make the address of presentation. She prepared it carefully, and delivered it thus: "Dear mamma, this gift is presented to you by your three children and your one husband."
— *Selected.*

Today obey,
And pray alway.

— M. W.

"ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES."

This is little Beatrice taking a walk
With the sunshine all around her;
If only she'd turn and give us a talk,
How glad we'd be that we'd found her.



Come! tell us about the "Little Red Hen,"
And your kindergarten funning,
How the boys and girls and all of you then
Play "Little Red Hen" so cunning.

Would you rather tell how Ralph and you
With your pretty Spitz dog and kitten
Find so much to do when lessons are through
That it could n't one-half be written?

A DAY WITH THE CHRIST-CHILD.

BLANCHE BELMONT LERCH.

MORNING.



T WAS morning in Nazareth. Mary, the mother of Jesus, was a beautiful woman of twenty-five. Her hair hung in heavy braids to her knees. Loving and true were her large, dark eyes.

Her first-born child looked like her. He was but ten years old, yet he had very deep thoughts.

They had wandered to a hillside, where they could be alone in the silence. Sheep were at pasture near them. For an hour they were quite, when Jesus said, "Mother, thou hast something to tell me; it is

about the white night when I was born. Tell me all."

With his head upon her bosom, she repeated the story of the first Christmas that we know so well. After she had finished, he was silent again, then he said, "Mother-love, thou wilt not hold me back now? I am sent from thee for a little while, but soon I will come back."

"Go, my dearest," she answered. "I will wait here for thee."

A group of children, four boys and a little girl, were standing near a tree. All in white, the Christ-child drew near, for something troubled the smallest one—tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"Go home now," said her brother; "why dost thou stand there and weep?"

"Promise me that thou wilt not hurt the poor bird, then I will go," she replied.

The boys paid no more attention to her pleading.

"See! See! there it is again!" and one of the boys sent a stone flying through the leaves. Miriam stretched out her little hand to stop it, but in vain. The bird fell at her feet—dead.

"Run to thy mother, Miriam. Girls should abide in the house," said one of the boys, because he did not like to see her tear-stained face.

Miriam lifted the tiny, feathered thing tenderly, and was going to take it to the house, when she saw a young boy coming toward her. His face was very sweet and so calm you would feel sure that nothing ever could trouble him. A long white robe fell from his shoulders to the ground. He carried a spray of wild roses in his hand. As he paused he looked so much like a flower himself that all the children turned to gaze at him.

Miriam went to him holding the bird in her outstretched hand. Gently he took her other hand, and led her back to the group of boys under the tree.

At once the mate of the dead bird ceased her cries and came down from the tree, and Oh, wonder! it lighted on the Christ-child's hand. For a moment it staid there, then, with heart-breaking cries, it circled around Miriam's head, and again alighted on the

hand of the gentle boy. The other boys' faces were very serious now, and all wished heartily that the bird had not been killed.

One boy lovingly lifted the bird's pretty bruised head, but it fell to one side perfectly lifeless.

"If only I could make it live again!" he said softly.

"Do you believe that it can live again?" asked Jesus.

"No, I cannot believe that," he answered hopelessly.

But Miriam said earnestly, "I know that there is One who can do all things."

"Then why doesn't He?" asked her brother.

She clapped her hands. "He *will* do it. Somehow, I feel sure that He will!" She looked up smiling through tears of joy. One of them fell upon the poor dead bird. That tear thrilled it with life; instantly it lifted its little head and looked about it for a moment, then alighted near its mate on the hand of the Christ-child.

"Let us get a cage for the birds," said James. "They are so tame."

"What wouldst thou do with them, Miriam?" asked Jesus.

"Do let them finish their nest," she said.

All agreed. "Yes, let them go, and we will never harm them nor anything else again."

With grace Jesus raised his hand, and joyfully both birds spread their wings and flew to their nests overhead. Then the Christ-child placed a wild rose in Miriam's hair, and went away to his mother around the hillside.

NOON.

"We must hasten home," she said; "it is time for thy father's midday meal."

Through his work-room window they could see the aged form of Joseph, the carpenter. He was bending low in search of something among the shavings. Before Joseph was aware of his presence, Jesus stood beside him. "Here is thy block of wood, father," he said, as he laid the missing block in Joseph's hand.

"Dear child!" said the old man, "how didst thou know what I was seeking?"

"Our Father hath told me," was the reply. Then seeing that Joseph was weary, he said, "Let me drive the nails in the bench, father."

"No, no, I fear thou wouldst bruise thy hand."

"Try me," pleaded Jesus. "I will not drive a nail of my wisdom alone, yet my own hands shall do the work."

Quite happy, the young boy worked. He was not hasty, nor yet was he too slow. Not once did the hammer miss a nail, and before Mary's sweet voice called, the bench stood before them complete.

"Surely thou shalt be a master-builder one day," said the delighted Joseph.

After they had eaten, Jesus said to his mother, "I wish to go to the market place and to the grove today. Many people are to pass with their camels."

"Thou mayest go, my son, for I know that our Father protects thee."

In the market place, the Christ-child watched men busy with great baskets, mysterious bundles and ~~asks~~ ^{baskets}. Women were selling flowers or carrying baskets of fruit upon their heads. Down by the lake, fishermen, with long poles, were guiding their clumsy boats. Under a tree a mother was nursing her baby, and a little girl was fondling her doll. Jesus loved to look upon them, for he knew that love is the most wonderful thing in the world.

Near the balcony of a rich man's house he paused. Several young women, robed in silks of many colors, were lying on rich divans. They were listening to the jingle of a tambourine which a dancing girl swung above her head as she kept time to the music.

One, with a fine face, said, "A change has come over me; I am weary of this noise. Take your harp now, Maida, and play something sweet that shall soothe me to sleep."

An old man came through one of the arched doors of the marble wall to listen. "Thou dost play well today, Maida," he said, little thinking the Christ-child was without, or that he had willed that the music should be divine.

As Jesus turned to go he saw a lad

clothed in rags coming to beg at the beautiful house. "Come with me; I have a bed and food enough for us both." As the boy stopped to look at the beds of bright flowers, Jesus said, "Peter, thou wilt like the wild flowers better; let us find them in the woods," and there Peter learned many secrets, which can be learned nowhere but in God's gardens.

Outside the grove a group of merry children was dancing in a circle. When Jesus and Peter drew near, the circle opened to let them in, for Jesus was dearly loved by all the children who knew him. A red light from the setting sun touched the tops of the trees and the housetops until they looked like fire; the bluish gray of twilight hovered in the streets; sheep were being gathered into the fold.

NIGHT.

"Where is our good brother?" asked little Joses and Simon of Mary, their mother. Peering out of the window, she said, "I see him coming, and he hath another lad with him."

"Another lad in rags?" asked Joseph.

"Aye, but they must not hear thee," Mary replied, stepping outside to welcome them home.

"May he abide with us, mother? May he have bread? He is hungry."

"Beside thee, heart's dearest, he shall eat and sleep," was the answer.

When the sun rose again, Peter was clad in a white robe that belonged to Jesus. A bit of gold was taken from the box given by the wise men when the Christ-child was born. Peter was very happy. "I shall keep the gold always," he said, "unless a great need comes upon me."

"Better give it to one whose need is greater than thine. Hast thou not learned to trust God?" asked Joseph.

"I have much to learn," answered Peter. "Before I go I wish to tell thee my dream. Last night I dreamed that I was walking by a lake. A man whose clothing was as bright as the sun was walking upon the water. His face was radiantly happy. Twelve stars shone close about his head. A white light streamed before his feet. I

saw the water, the hillside and the trees that were behind him, for he seemed thin as air."

While Peter was telling his dream his great brown eyes were filled with awe. The face of the Christ-child showed no surprise. He said, "The vision is thyself. The stars are thy powers. The light before thy feet is the voice of God within thy soul. Follow it forevermore. Farewell."



DEAR WEE WISDOMS
DEAR AUNTIE MARY TELL
ME TO PRINT LETTER FOR
DEAR LITTLE PAPER HER
TAKE IT FOR ME MY DEAR
PAPA IS DEAD I IS ONLY
A WEE LITTLE BABY GIRL
MAMMA AND I BOARD IN
TOUNTRY I SEND YOU MY
PHOTO PLEASE SEND ME
MOTHER DOOSEIE TARD
YOUR LOVING LITTLE GIRL
FLOY N W GLASS
AKRON
OHIO

"Spell ferment and give its definition," requested the teacher.

"F-e-r-m-e-n-t, to work," responded a diminutive maiden.

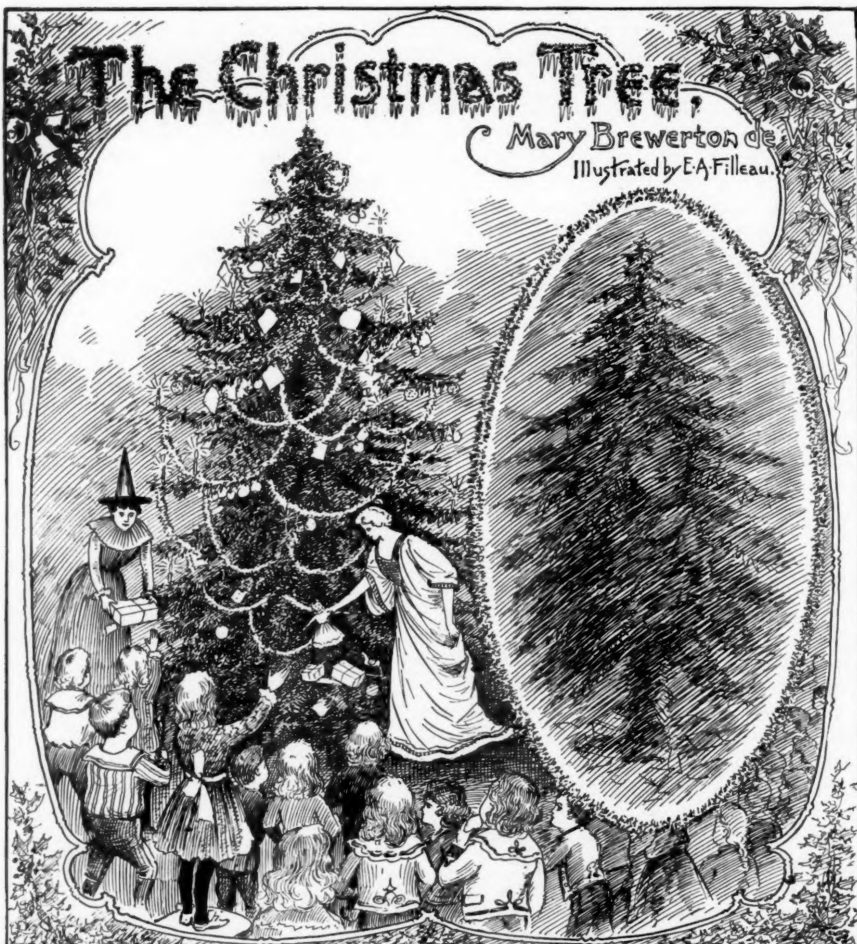
"Now place it in a sentence, so that I may be sure you understand its meaning," said the teacher.

"In the summer I would rather play out of doors than ferment in the schoolhouse," returned the small scholar with such doleful frankness and unconscious humor that the teacher found it hard to suppress a smile.—*Ex.*

The Christmas Tree.

Mary Brewerton de Witt.

Illustrated by E. A. Filleau.



"It's lit, it's lit," the children cry,
And loudly clap their hands.
They shout with glee
To view their tree,
For see how high it stands!

Our Christmas tree, dear noble tree,
You do your duty well;
A book for Nan;
And top for Dan.

And handsome doll for Nell!
The Christmas tree bears love for all
Upon its branches fair.
It waves a kiss
To each dear Miss
Or lad that may be there.

The Christmas tree is wise, so wise;
It never will complain,
Its gift it brings,
While each child sings,
"Oh Christmas come again."

The people gone, the lights are dim,
The Christmas tree still stands
To breathe a prayer
Upon the air,
Uplifts its tapered hands.

God grant the day may come again
When I may spread my light;
When each child dear
Shall meet me here
On blessed Christmas Night."

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

GEORGIA NASON.

The Christmas time again is here!
We greet its coming with good cheer,
And scatter gifts
That make bright rifts
In sorrow's cloudy atmosphere.

CHORUS:

Let Christmas bells joyfully ring,
And happy voices sweetly sing,
Until the air
'Round everywhere
Is vibrant with the news they bring.

The news which first the angels brought,
And shepherds on the mountain caught;
How on the earth
Was given birth
The Savior whom they long had sought.

And as the centuries grow old
The same sweet story still is told,
While in each heart
Glad pulsings start
As its deep meanings do unfold.

As "Glory be to God" we shout,
That glory from the voice rings out,
And from each face
Its shining grace
Sheds glory gleams on all about.

Of "Peace on earth" once but a dream
And hidden now 'though it may seem
(As war clouds dun
Obscure its sun)
The eye of faith may catch a gleam.

Ring Christmas chimes a merry peal!
Sing carols with a heartfelt zeal!
"Good will to men"
Is assured when
Pure brother love toward all we feel.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

EDNA HICKOK.

10 years old.

ONCE there were twins, a girl and a boy,
Gladys and Tommy.

It was near Christmas, and the mother was not rich, and the twins would save their money, and go to the city and look at the toys, and think what they would like for Christmas.

The little girl wanted a doll, and the boy wanted a wagon. They went home and told their mother what they had seen, and what they would like for Christmas, but they didn't think they would get it. But one time the mother got some money, but she did not tell them.

When Christmas came Gladys got a

beautiful doll, but Tommy was to have his present later.

In the afternoon they went out to the park, and while there Gladys lost her doll, and she looked all over for it, but she could not find it, and then they went home and told their mother, and the mother was sorry, and said, "That is too bad."

Gladys cried a little, but it was no use. She went back to look for her doll the next day, but could not find it. Little Tommy was very sorry for his little sister, and he got his Christmas money and got a lovely doll for Gladys, and it made him so happy, and it made Gladys happy, too.

The mamma said he was so kind that she gave him some more money for himself, but he did not keep that. He spent it to buy something for his mother.

Now the mother did not have any more money to give Tommy, but Tommy was as happy as before, and did not care whether he got anything or not. He was always thinking how to help other people, and never thought of himself.

Oh, you do not know how many times Gladys thanked Tommy! She was so happy.

CHRISTMAS.

HALLIE LUCILE FAUCHER.

On Christmas, the happiest time of the year,
When the story of Christ the little ones hear,
For whose name that day was thus set apart,
And is honored and loved by each loyal heart,

We gather together with praises and song,
And forget all earthly sorrow and wrong,
And praise Him who keeps us as sheep in a fold,
While our hearts to that great One tenderly hold.

We think of the story, so old yet so dear,
Which we often have heard, and always will hear,
Of the Christ so meek and lowly in mind,
And to all so gentle and loving and kind.

And then for awhile all is peaceful and still,
And we seem each with love a great space to fill;
And we listen and hear, yes, as sure as can be,
The voice of the Christ within you and me.

And we know it is time then to give, with love,
In honor of that great, loving Spirit above,
To those who are helpless a kind word or thought,
And by giving it freely a great deed is wrought.



[These seed words are contributed from month to month by the Wee Wisdom Society of Merchantville, New Jersey, and are for the use of all WEE WISDOM'S Truth sowers.]

Class Word—THOU SHALT LOVE THE
LAW OF THE GOOD WITH ALL THY HEART,
AND WITH ALL THY SOUL AND WITH ALL
THY MIND.

Jewel Word—I AM GOOD.

Song Word—TRUTH IN SONG No. 12—
"INDWELLING."

Verse Word—

"O Holy Spirit, come to me,
Touch thou my feet that I may stand
Firm as the rock in Beulah Land,
Building no more on shifting sand."

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

UNCLE JOHN'S COLUMN.

A little sunshine thought came to me this morning. It was the image of a little talk that our Frances (eight years young) and I had early one morning about sunrise.

I heard a little noise in her room; I knew she was getting up. Then she sang out in a joyous tone of voice "Papa," (silence), "papa." Then she called out with much energy, "Papa dear, what's the word (Jewel thought) for this month? I want to button it into my clothes."

I replied "I am obedient." Then I could

hear her gently repeat quietly and reverently as she put on each garment of her clothes, "I am obedient, I am obedient, I am obedient," and after she had finished she came running into my room to get her morning kiss, and as I was the only one awake she asked me to button her up in the back. (She can't reach the back buttons and requires help for this.) As the sun reflects the glory of the morning, just so did our little Frances express the glory of joy. In truth, **UNCLE JOHN SLEATER,**
Merchantville, N. J.

And here is our "Jack in his Pulpit." I should say, "Our Uncle John in his column," and we have Marion to thank for it. She



writes: "I send two pictures of papa, which I promised you. It shows him sitting on a soap box. Papa's dear friend, Mr. Leshoff, who is an artist, posed him, and papa did the rest, that is, he had to develop and print his own pictures. The picture with the hat on is just about how he looks when he is spinning some fairy truth yarn. I like the one with the hat on best, too.

Your loving little friend,
MARION SLEATER."



THROCKMORTON, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I see so many sweet little letters in you from all over the world that I thought I would write to you again. I love to read the dear little letters very much. I would like to tell WEE WISDOM my papa is a well-driller, and he has taken a contract to drill wells away out here where few people live. Mamma and I and one of my sisters are camped out here. You just ought to be here and see the wolves. They are so thick they come around in bunches and howl at night to beat anything I ever heard. The antelopes are not very scarce out here, and they are so pretty it would do you good to see them. There are lots of pretty, fat cattle out here in these large pastures. I have my little pet cat out here with me. It is a little darling, and sleeps with me at night. I have my sweet little doll with me too. They are so much company for me, and I have so much fun playing with them. Well, I hope I will get to read this in print.

AGNES AUTREY.

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AUSTIN, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—Please find enclosed \$1.00. I send 50 cents for the subscription for the coming year, and 50 cents as a Christmas present for WEE WISDOM. It isn't much but if all the children would send that much it would be some reward to you for your work in the Good. My subscription expired with the September number. I have been very lonesome without WEE WISDOM, and I would like to have the back numbers if you have them. I have lots of pets; I have the dearest horse in the world, called Prince, and two rabbits, one big and one little one; and two dogs, one big and one little puppy that can't see yet. I also have a little kitten called Tommy. Well, I will close my letter for this time. With kindest regards, I am,

Your loving friend,

ALMA ANDERSON.

P. S.—I wish you a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Much joy and happiness for Christmas.

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HARRIS, KANS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I like WEE WISDOM very much. This is the first letter that I

have written to you. I am ten years old, and am in the fifth grade. I have two brothers and one sister who like WEE WISDOM very much. I have one of your books; the title is "Big Truths for Little People."

Yours in truth,
NELLIE PATTIE.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I have not finished my song quite yet, so I will send a Christmas poem that I wrote for last Christmas. I am happy to see "Mother Goose" growing so nicely under "Mother Truth's" care.

I am your loving friend,

HALLIE LUCILE FAUCHER.

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[Bert is away on a visit and here is a letter he wrote to his papa, who is our "Ye Mr. Editor." We begged it away from him for you to read.—Ed.]

DREXEL, MO.

DEAR PAPA—I received your welcome Dispatch. (His papa sent him a "Post-Dispatch.") Uncle John made me a trap to catch a rabbit; the first and second night I could not catch any, but the third night I caught one, a frying one, and I gave it a little supper on some turnips and some pepper grass and an apple for its supper. The next morning a quite a little crack was in the box, and it was sticking its head right by the crack for a little sunlight, and so I thought I would give it a little sunlight, so I took it out and took it to a large chicken coop, the kind that people carry their chickens to sell at town. So I put it in there and it looked like it was about 5 inches thick, but the fur made it look so big, and the rabbit popped right through the bars and a little ways off stop and look at me and then ran on. The other day I found a nest of twelve eggs and a few days after found a nest of thirteen eggs, and then grandma thought she would look for hen's nests, and she found a nest of fourteen eggs, and the hen was sitting on them, and they all looked shiny like eggs look when the hen wants to raise chickens and sits on them a long time, and I took them and showed Aunt Rosa two fresh eggs and she kept them and cracked one of the shiny ones and a little chicken was getting its feathers, and so she made me take them back to the nest, and the hen rose some chickens, and then grandma said she would give me five cents for every nest I found.

Love to all. Your loving friend, BERT.

All that the Father has is ours.



HARRIET H. RIX.

LESSON IX. DECEMBER I.

The Call of Moses. Exodus 3:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Certainly I will be with thee.*—Exodus 3:12.

Everybody in the world is called of God to do the work of the Good. Some people know this and some do not, and those who know it soon find out the work they are to do, and are taught how to do it.

Moses knew he was called to a great work—the work of freeing his people from the bondage of Egypt, and for forty years in the wilderness, which really means the silence, he was taught of God the wisest way to about it.

Now the burning bush that Moses saw was what we call a symbol, and a symbol is something like a picture, or an object that stands for something else, as, for example, a cross stands for faith, an anchor for hope, and a heart for love. Thus you see how a bush on fire can stand for God; for fire, you know, is very much like God, that is, they can be described in very much the same way. Fire is warm like God's love; it is light like His wisdom; it is beautiful, comforting, joyous like His goodness. It purifies and destroys darkness and error like the Good.

Now Moses saw this wonderful sight, a fire burning a bush and yet not destroying it. So he became thoughtful about it, just as you probably have, and wanted to know all about it. And now can you tell the reason the bush did not burn up? This is my reason: The bush stands for life, and the fire for love—God's life and God's love, and neither of these ever destroys the other. God's love is a living fire burning in each one of us, but our life is never hurt or harmed by it, because God's love (fire) only burns and destroys error, like selfishness, fear, etc.

When we know that God is Love, we, like Moses, will turn aside or away from things less important, and think a great deal about it. Taking off our shoes in its presence, which means that we will respect and honor it very much, because love is holy ground. When love grows very strong

in anyone, then he learns of a wonderful power within himself that can overcome all kinds of error.

In our next three lessons we will see how this love working in Moses' heart delivered his loved ones from the bondage of Egypt into the promised land.

LESSON X. DECEMBER 8.

Moses and Pharaoh. Exodus 11:1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The angel of his presence saved them.*—Isa. 63:9.

Now in order for Moses to set his people free, it was necessary for him to become very strong, stronger than their masters, and very great, greater even than Pharaoh was, and this all came to him by listening to God and obeying whatever he was told to do.

Wonderful power came to him as he uncovered God's presence in his heart. He learned among other things to carry and use a magic rod that gave him power to do things that no one could do without this rod, and each one of you little Truth students ought to be able to tell at once the Christ name for this rod. Is it not the word of God? Moses learned that whoever used it could work miracles, could heal the sick, and set people free from bondage. Would you like to know how to use this magic rod? Why, this little paper WEE WISDOM is teaching how to do it, and all you have to do is to put in practice what it tells you.

Now before all your children of Israel (good thoughts) can be set free into a life of peace and harmony, all the error thoughts must die. The first-born of error is the action that comes forth from a naughty thought, as when one has a selfish thought the first thing he knows he does some selfish thing to someone else. Now that selfish deed must be given up, or die before it gets any stronger; stop it before it can really get away from you. Then when you have mastered it, go into your mind and cast out the selfish thought that gave it birth.

Now the children of Israel (loving, kind thoughts) will be perfectly free to work. The word or rod that destroys these false hearts, children, is called denial, and the rod that makes the children of Israel stand strong and win is called affirmation.

LESSON XI. DECEMBER 15.

The Passover. Exodus 12:1-17.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Christ our passover is sacrificed for us. I. Cor. 5:7.*

Today we have the story of the Passover, and if you have read the verses you already know what it meant to the children of Israel. The time for their deliverance was very near, and God showed them how they might help it on through obedience.

They were told to kill a lamb, sprinkle its blood on the two door posts; cook it, and all the family were to sit down to the table together and eat it. Then in the night, when they were all in bed, the destroying angel was to come and kill all the first-born of Egypt, but the blood on the door posts would protect the children of Israel from all harm.

Now this is the story as it is given in Exodus, but as it is really a picture book of our own souls, let us see what it really means for us. Now you have probably heard, children, that the Christ is sometimes called the Passover Lamb, and this is because he gave his life to his loved ones, that is, he lived to make men free, happy, whole. The little lamb represents this innocent, childlike, sweet life that does not fight or resist, but is the peacemaker.

Christ is also called the Passover Lamb because he once said, "Eat my flesh and drink my blood," and the way we obey this is by eating his own words, saying them over and over again, loving them and placing our faith in them as though they belonged to us; and drinking his blood is trying to be loving and kind in spirit and mind, as he was. This is the same as eating the passover lamb.

You know, children, that blood stands for life. So to strike the two posts of the door of your mind with the true life is to protect yourself against every evil, for where God's life is there can be no trouble, sickness or inharmony. This is a better protection than the strongest thing in the world could give you, for no destruction or harm can possibly get through such a strong door. You can get behind this door of Divine Life and rest in peace and safety.

LESSON XII. DECEMBER 22.

The Passage of the Red Sea.

Exodus. 14:13-27.

GOLDEN TEXT—*I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously. Exodus 15:1.*

After many years of hardship in the land of Egypt the day at last dawned for the children of Israel when they were set free.

Moses had worked for this many, many years, but all this time Pharaoh had refused to let them go free, until now, when he was obliged to; and no sooner did he give the word than they started on their long journey.

They had hardly got started, however, before Pharaoh, who was not ruled by the Good, but by fear, changed his mind, for when the Israelites went away there was no one left to make bricks and do the work of the Egyptians, so he called together about six hundred chariots and a great many men, and then went after them to bring them back to slavery. Now here is where our lesson opens. You can imagine how frightened at first the Israelites were when they saw Pharaoh's host behind them, and the Red Sea before them. It must have seemed impossible to go ahead and like death to go back, but Moses encouraged them, and the angel of God sometimes went ahead to show them the way, and sometimes went behind to protect them, and all God was working for them.

Now when there seemed no way of escape Moses remembered that wonderful rod of his, so he quickly took it in his hand, stretched it over the Red Sea, and a dry path was made for those two million people to pass through.

When the Egyptians tried to go through, the sea came together again and prevented them. Is it any wonder then that the children of Israel began to praise God and to show their joy at their deliverance by singing and shouting, "I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously." Was it not like the song the angels sang at the birth of the little child, Jesus, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to all mankind," and is not this whole story of the passage of the Red Sea a regular Christmas story, because it is like the birth of Christ?

Children, until you know the Christ within, you are in bondage and slavery to the Egyptians (the senses, selfishness), but you cannot stay there always, so one day you begin the journey toward freedom. Now, the road is not always an easy one if you have believed a long time in the reality of evil, and so you sometimes seem to have the old past thoughts that you have once served, chasing you, and the Red Sea before you, which represents the new difficulties that beset you, but do not be discouraged, there is always a way through every Red Sea and be sure to remember your rod, your word of truth, for by its power success is sure. Remember, you have a guiding and protecting angel, the star of Bethlehem, the light ever before you, and all you have

to do is to follow it in childlike obedience. Then will there be a Christmas Day in your soul, when the Christ-child is born, and that is the greatest victory any one can ever know.

LESSON XIII. DECEMBER 29.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT—*If God be for us, who can be against us?*—Romans 8:31.

* * *

October 6.—Joseph Sold into Egypt. Genesis 37:12-36.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The patriarchs, moved with envy sold Joseph into Egypt: but God was with him.*—Acts 7:9.

I am always in the presence of God, therefore I have nothing to fear from any evil, for it is unreal.

* * *

October 13.—Joseph in Prison. Genesis 39:20-40:15.

GOLDEN TEXT—*But the Lord was with Joseph, and showed him mercy.*—Genesis 39:21.

God is Love. I will trust that Love every moment of my life.

* * *

October 20.—Joseph Exalted. Genesis 41:38-49.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Them that honor me I will honor.*—I. Sam. 2:30.

I will honor the Christ self, and serve my Good faithfully.

* * *

Joseph and his Brethern. Genesis 45:1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.*—Romans 12:21.

My Good cannot be overcome by evil; it is the real power, and overcomes all evil, the unreal.

* * *

Death of Joseph. Genesis 50:15-26.

GOLDEN TEXT—*So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.*—Psalms 90:12.

Like Joseph, I will always remember the presence of God, and this will make me wise and good.

* * *

November 10.—Israel Oppressed in Egypt. Exodus 1:1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT—*God heard their groanings, and God remembered his covenant.*—Exodus 2:24.

If things go wrong with me, I will go into the silence where I can hear the voice of peace and thus come forth strong.

* * *

November 17.—The Childhood of Moses. Exodus 2:1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it.*—Proverbs 22:6.

I will train every one of my thoughts to serve the Good, and then they will serve me Good.

* * *

November 24.—World's Temperance Lesson. Isaiah 5:8-30.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Hold fast that which is good.*—I. Thes. 5:21.

My work in this world is to show forth God's temperance. I can do this by loving the Good all the time.

* * *

December 1.—The Call of Moses. Exodus 3:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Certainly I will be with thee.*—Exodus 3:12.

Love is always with me. Truth is always with me. Joy is always with me.

* * *

December 8.—Moses and Pharaoh. Exodus 11:1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The angel of his presence saved them.*—Isa 63:9.

Angels are good pure thoughts. These will save me pain and trouble.

* * *

December 15.—The Passover. Exodus 12:1-17.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.*—I. Cor. 5:7.

I have passed over from evil to good; from fear to peace through Christ, my life.

* * *

December 22.—The Passage of the Red Sea. Exodus 14:13-27.

GOLDEN TEXT—*I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.*—Exodus 15:1.

I am always happy, free, and gay, because Christ is in my heart.



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*December!**Merry Christmas to All!**Christmas Eve.*

Drowsy little Sleepy-head,
Downy little pillow,
Make a voyage far away
Through the night so still, Oh!

Far away where Christmas Babe
Lies on manger-pillow,
Where the wise men's perfume sweet
All the air does fill, Oh!

Hear the choir of heaven sing —
"Peace on earth, good will," Oh!
See the Christ-babe smile on them,
Sleepy-head and pillow.

Hasten home, O voyager!
Through the night so still, Oh!
Find the Christ-child in thy heart,
Sleepy-head on pillow.

The Christmas stories have crowded
sweet little "Caroline, a Mourning Dove,"
out of this number, but she will be on
hands for the New Year.

Alma Anderson, of Austin, Texas, adds
50 cents to the subscription fund for other
children, which will make some little heart
glad for a whole year and more.

A member of the Alameda (Cal.) Home
of Truth Sunday School (whose name was
not given) also pays for a year's subscrip-
tion for another of the dear children.

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Now, since you will want to give your
dear friends something nice during the
holidays, we will give a list of books and
booklets suitable for the occasion, and we
believe nothing will be better appreciated:

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L. Morgan; cloth, 75 cents.

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Anderson; cloth, 50 cents.

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35 cents.

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more; paper, 25 cents.

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"Wee Wisdom's Library, Vol. 2;" paper,
25 cents.

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Garden, the Gate, and the Key;" paper, 25
cents.

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well," by Annie Rix Militz; paper, 15 cents.

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E. Cramer; cloth, 50 cents.

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Griswold; paper, 25 cents.

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accompanied by a letter stating that the
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the paper to some dear friend who will
appreciate it.

Notice the date on the label with your
name. It shows what month your paper
stops if you do not renew it promptly. We
hope you all love WEE WISDOM so that you
will always read it.

Monday

Thy love, dear Father,
Over all
Like sweet night
Doth softly fall.

Tuesday

Happy, happy
Is my heart,
Loving thoughts I send
To everyone
In every land,
I am your loving
friend.

Wednesday

When love shines
'Tis Christmas
morn —
In the heart
The Christ-child's
born.

Thursday

The Giver of all good
Gives full and free
Sweet health and
strength
To you and me.

Friday

Now I lay me
Down to rest;
Every thought
With love is blessed.

Saturday

When we live to bless,
Every word makes
Someone happy —
Every thought's
A sweet caress.

Sunday

Gentleness and kindness
Are good com-pa-ny
I like to have them
Spend the day
And stay till after tea.