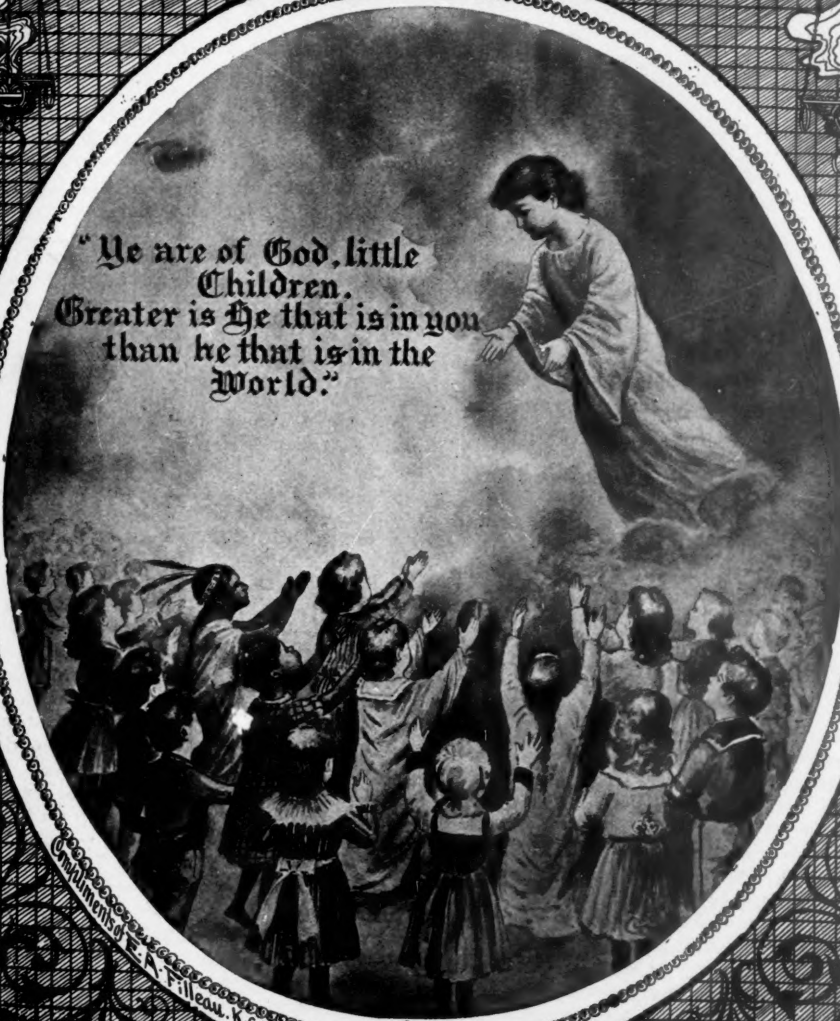


# WEE WISDOM.

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



Copyrighted by A. F. Filleau, K. C. Mo. 1901.

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

BY MARY BREWERTON DEWITT.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### AT THE SNOW FIRESIDE.

The family were all gathered in the parlor about the large open fire place, for it was cool in the evenings, and the fog was drifting down over the mountain and into the valley below.

Mr. Snow sat under the gas jets reading the evening paper, while Gertrude was seated on the other side of the table buried in a late magazine. Mrs. Snow was turning over the pages of UNITY.

"Come on, Gertrude, and pop some corn," cried Arthur rising from his stool by the blaze, "this is the best kind of a fire."

"Well, get the popper," replied Gertrude with her eyes still on the book. "I've nearly finished this story."

"What did you and Earl do today, Arthur, beside fishing?" enquired his mother, laying down the UNITY.

"We had sort of an adventure," and Arthur recited the day's doings, telling about the man they picked up on the road.

Mr. Snow looked up over his spectacles. "I know the man well," said he; "Maltern—that's his name—an old pioneer in the forties."

"He asked Earl and me to come and see him."

"Do so," replied Arthur's father. "He'll tell you some interesting tales of early times in California, about the gold days, etc."

"Mother!" Arthur spoke in an undertone, but not so low that Gertrude could not hear, "Mr. Maltern seemed pleased that Earl and I thought for him that God was his life, and said he'd remember that."

"Hurry and get your popper, Arthur—corn's in the pantry," interrupted his sister.

Gertrude looked up as her brother left the room and fumbled the pages of her magazine. "Mother, I think Arthur and Earl were pretty plucky to talk so plainly to that old gentleman. I couldn't have done it! I've been thinking I'll never make fun of them again in a mean way."

"I'm glad to hear that, Gertrude, dear."

"Do you suppose that they really helped that Mr. Maltern by saying those words?"

Mrs. Snow looked at her daughter. "Why, of course, Gertrude. You know it says, 'As your faith is so shall it be unto you.'"

"Well, I can't quite grasp it yet, but I'll try your religion, mother, it seems to make you and Arthur so happy," and Gertrude rose and kissed her mother's cheek timidly, for she was not very demonstrative as a rule.

"Here's the popper and the corn," said Arthur entering the room. "Now we'll have a feast. I'm hungry for some."

"Why, Arthur Snow, you just had your supper only an hour ago. I never saw such an appetite."

"Well, if you'd been fishing," replied Arthur grinning, "you'd be hungry, too."

Gertrude laughed. "And caught nothing—ridiculous!"

"That's all right. You know you don't care for fish."

"Father likes them."

"Hi! quick! hold the dish, corn's popped—my!" and Arthur shook his fingers, "that's hot!"

"Why don't you say it doesn't hurt, it can't burn." Gertrude's eyes twinkled.

"It doesn't. There, you cured it for me, Gert. Now get the butter and honey, and fix it up the way you do."

"You're a good natured brother," said Gertrude with a gentle slap on his shoulder. "I've been telling mother I think of studying your Truth."

"Good! you'll never regret it." Arthur carried the dish of honied popcorn to his mother, and after passing it to his father, who shook his head, not taking his eyes from the paper, Arthur reseated himself on the stool in front of the fire, and he and Gertrude finished the dish together.

[To be continued.]



THE "DELINEATOR'S" GREAT CHRISTMAS STORY.

A KIDNAPPED SANTA CLAUS.

BY FRANK L. BAUM.

Author of the "Wizard of Oz."

**S**ANTA Clause lives in the Laughing Valley, where stands the big, rambling castle in which his toys are manufactured. His workmen, selected from the ryls, knooks, pixies and fairies, live with him, and every one is as busy as can be from one year's end to another.

It is called the Laughing Valley because everything there is happy and gay. The brook chuckles to itself as it leaps rollicking between the green banks; the wind whistles merrily in the trees; the sunbeams dance lightly over the soft grass, and the violets and wild flowers look smilingly up from their green nests. To laugh one needs to be happy; to be happy one needs to be content. And throughout the Laughing Valley of Santa Claus contentment reigns supreme.

On one side is the mighty Forest of Burzee. At the other side stands the huge mountain that contains the Caves of the Daemons. And between them the Valley lies smiling and peaceful.

One would think that our good old Santa Claus, who devotes his days to making children happy, would have no

enemies on all the earth; and, as a matter of fact, for a long period of time he encountered nothing but love wherever he might go.

But the Daemons who live in the mountain caves grew to hate Santa Claus very much, and all for the simple reason that he made children happy.

The Caves of the Daemons are five in number. A broad pathway leads up to the first cave, which is a finely arched cavern at the foot of the mountain, the entrance being beautifully carved and decorated. In it resides the Daemon of Selfishness. Back of this is another cavern inhabited by the Daemon of Envy. The cave of the Daemon of Hatred is next in order, and through this one passes to the home of the Daemon of Malice—situated in a dark and fearful cave in the very heart of the mountain. I do not know what lies beyond this. Some say there are terrible pitfalls leading to death and destruction, and this may very well be true. However, from each of the four caves mentioned there is a small, narrow tunnel leading to the fifth cave—a cozy little room occupied by the Daemon of Repentance. And as the rocky floors of

these passages are well worn by the track of passing feet, I judge that many wanderers in the Caves of the Daemons have escaped through the tunnels to the abode of the Daemon of Repentance, who is said to be a pleasant sort of fellow who gladly opens for one a little door admitting you into fresh air and sunshine again.

Well, these Daemons of the Caves, thinking they had great cause to dislike old Santa Claus, held a meeting one day to discuss the matter.

"I'm really getting lonesome," said the Daemon of Selfishness. "For Santa Claus distributes so many pretty Christmas gifts to all the children that they become happy and generous, through his example, and keep away from my cave."

"I'm having the same trouble," rejoined the Daemon of Envy. "The little ones seem quite content with Santa Claus, and there are few, indeed, that I can coax to become envious."

"And that makes it bad for me!" declared the Daemon of Hatred. "For if no children pass through the caves of Selfishness and Envy, none can get to my cavern."

"Or to mine," added the Daemon of Malice.

"For my part," said the Daemon of Repentance, "it is easily seen that if children do not visit your caves they have no need to visit mine; so I am quite as neglected as you are."

"And all because of this person they call Santa Claus!" exclaimed the Daemon of Envy. "He is simply ruining our business, and something must be done at once."

To this they readily agreed; but what to do was another and more difficult matter to settle. They knew that Santa Claus worked all through the year at his castle in the Laughing Valley, preparing the gifts he was to distribute on Christmas Eve; and at first they resolved to try to tempt him into their caves, that they might lead him on to the

terrible pitfalls that ended in destruction.

So the very next day, while Santa Claus was busily at work, surrounded by his little band of assistants, the Daemons of Selfishness came to him and said:

"These toys are wonderfully bright and pretty. Why do you not keep them for yourself? It's a pity to give them to those noisy boys and fretful girls, who break and destroy them so quickly."

"Nonsense!" cried the old graybeard, his bright eyes twinkling merrily as he turned toward the tempting Daemon; "the boys and girls are never so noisy and fretful after receiving my presents, and if I can make them happy for one day in the year I am quite content."

So the Daemon went back to the others, who awaited him in their caves, and said:

"I have failed, for Santa Claus is not at all selfish."

The following day the Daemon of Envy visited Santa Claus. Said he: "The toy-shops are full of playthings quite as pretty as these you are making. What a shame it is that they should interfere with your business! They make toys by machinery much quicker than you can make them by hand; and they sell them for money, while you get nothing at all for your work."

But Santa Claus refused to be envious of the toy-shops.

"I can supply the little ones but once a year—on Christmas Eve," he answered; "for the children are many, and I am but one. And as my work is one of love and kindness I would be ashamed to receive money for my little gifts. But throughout all the year the children must be amused in some way, and so the toy-shops are able to bring much happiness to my little friends. I like the toy-shops, and am glad to see them prosper."

In spite of this second rebuff, the Daemon of Hatred thought he would try to influence Santa Claus. So the next day he entered the busy workshop and said:

"Good morning, Santa! I have bad news for you."

"Then run away, like a good fellow," answered Santa Claus. "Bad news is something that should be kept secret and never told."

"You cannot escape this, however," declared the Daemon; "for in the world are a good many who do not believe in Santa Claus, and these you are bound to hate bitterly, since they have so wronged you."

"Stuff and rubbish!" cried Santa.

"And there are others who resent your making children happy and who sneer at you and call you a foolish old rattlepate! You are quite right to hate such base slanderers, and you ought to be revenged upon them for their evil words."

"But I *don't* hate 'em!" exclaimed Santa Claus, positively. "Such people do me no real harm, but merely render themselves and their children unhappy. Poor things! I'd much rather help them any day than injure them."

Indeed, the Daemons could not tempt old Santa Claus in any way. On the contrary, he was shrewd enough to see that their object in visiting him was to make mischief and trouble, and his cheery laughter disconcerted the evil ones and showed to them the folly of such an undertaking. So they abandoned honeyed words and determined to use force.

It is well known that no harm can come to Santa Claus while he is in the Laughing Valley, for the fairies, and ryfs, and knooks all protect him. But on Christmas Eve he drives his reindeer out into the big world, carrying a sleigh-load of toys and pretty gifts to the children; and this was the time and the occasion when his enemies had the best chance to injure him. So the Daemons laid their plans and awaited the arrival of Christmas Eve.

The moon shone big and white in the sky, and the snow lay crisp and sparkling on the ground as Santa Claus

cracked his whip and sped away out of the Valley into the great world beyond. The roomy sleigh was packed full with huge sacks of toys, and as the reindeer dashed onward our jolly old Santa laughed and whistled and sang for very joy. For in all his merry life this was the one day in the year when he was happiest—the day he lovingly bestowed the treasures of his workshop upon the little children.

It would be a busy night for him, he well knew. As he whistled and shouted and cracked his whip again, he reviewed in mind all the towns and cities and farm-houses where he was expected, and figured that he had just enough presents to go around and make every child happy. The reindeer knew exactly what was expected of them, and dashed along so swiftly that their feet scarcely seemed to touch the snow-covered ground.

Suddenly a strange thing happened: a rope shot through the moonlight and a big noose that was in the end of it settled over the arms and body of Santa Claus and drew tight. Before he could resist or even cry out he was jerked from the seat of the sleigh and tumbled head foremost into a snowbank, while the reindeer rushed onward with the load of toys and carried it quickly out of sight and sound.

Such a surprising experience confused old Santa for a moment, and when he had collected his senses he found that the wicked Daemons had pulled him from the snowdrift and bound him tightly with many coils of the stout rope. And then they carried the kidnapped Santa Claus away to their mountain, where they thrust the prisoner into a secret cave and chained him to the rocky wall so that he could not escape.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Daemons, rubbing their hands together with cruel glee. "What will the children do now? How they will cry and scold and storm when they find there are no



toys in their stockings and no gifts on their Christmas trees! And what a lot of punishment they will receive from their parents, and how they will flock to our caves of Selfishness, and Envy, and Hatred, and Malice! We have done a mighty clever thing, we Daemons of the Caves!"

Now it so chanced that on this Christmas Eve the good Santa Claus had taken with him in his sleigh Nuter the Ryl, Peter the Knook, Kilter the Pixie, and a small fairy named Wisk—his four favorite assistants. These little people he had often found very useful in helping him to distribute his gifts to the children, and when their master was so suddenly dragged from the sleigh they were all snugly tucked underneath the seat, where the sharp wind could not reach them.

The tiny immortals knew nothing of the capture of Santa Claus until some time after he had disappeared. But finally they missed his cheery voice, and as their master always sang or whistled on his journeys, the silence warned them that something was wrong.

Little Wisk stuck out his head from underneath the seat and found Santa Claus gone, and no one to direct the flight of the reindeer.

"Whoa!" he called out, and the deer obediently slackened speed and came to a halt.

Peter and Nuter and Kilter all jumped upon the seat and looked back over the track made by the sleigh. But Santa Claus had been left miles and miles behind.

"What shall we do?" asked Wisk, anxiously, all the mirth and mischief banished from his wee face by this great calamity.

"We must go back at once and find our master," said Nuter the Ryl, who thought and spoke with much deliberation.

"No, no!" exclaimed Peter the Knook, who, cross and crabbed though he was, might always be depended

upon in an emergency. "If we delay, or go back, there will not be time to get the toys to the children before morning; and that would grieve Santa Claus more than anything else."

"It is certain that some wicked creatures have captured him," added Kilter, thoughtfully; "and their object must be to make the children unhappy. So our first duty is to get the toys distributed as carefully as if Santa Claus were himself present. Afterward we can search for our master and easily secure his freedom."

This seemed such good and sensible advice that the others at once resolved to adopt it. So Peter the Knook called to the reindeer, and the faithful animals again sprang forward and dashed over hill and valley, through forest and plain, until they came to the houses wherein children lay sleeping and dreaming of the pretty gifts they would find on Christmas morning.

The little immortals had set themselves a difficult task; for although they had assisted Santa Claus on many of his journeys, their master had always directed and guided them and told them exactly what he wished them to do. But now they had to distribute the toys according to their own judgment, and they did not understand children as well as did old Santa. So it is no wonder they made some laughable errors.

Mamie Brown, who wanted a doll got a drum instead; and a drum is of no use to a girl who loves dolls. And Charlie Smith, who delights to romp and play out of doors, and who wanted some new rubber boots to keep his feet dry, received a sewing-box filled with colored worsteds and threads and needles, which made him so provoked that he thoughtlessly called our dear Santa Claus a fraud.

Had there been many such mistakes the Daemons would have accomplished their evil purpose and made the children unhappy. But the little friends of the absent Santa Claus labored faithfully

and intelligently to carry out their master's ideas, and they made fewer errors than might be expected under such unusual circumstances.

And, although they worked as swiftly as possible, day had begun to break before the toys and other presents were all distributed; so for the first time in many years the reindeer trotted into Laughing Valley, on their return, in broad daylight, with the brilliant sun peeping over the edge of the forest to prove they were far behind their accustomed hour.

Having put the deer in the stable, the little folk began to wonder how they might rescue their master; and they realized they must discover, first of all, what had happened to him and where he was.

So Wisk the Fairy transported himself to the bower of the Fairy Queen, which was located deep in the heart of the Forest of Burzee; and once there it did not take long to find out all about the naughty Daemons and how they had kidnapped the good Santa Claus to prevent his making children happy. The Fairy Queen also promised her assistance, and then, fortified by this powerful support, Wisk flew back to where Nuter and Peter and Kilter awaited him, and the four counselled together and laid plans to rescue their master from his enemies.

It is possible that Santa Claus was not as merry as usual during the night that succeeded his capture. For although he had faith in the judgment of his little friends he could not avoid a certain amount of worry, and an anxious look would creep at times into his kind old eyes as he thought of the disappointment that might await his dear little children. And the Daemons, who guarded him by turns, one after another, did not neglect to taunt him with contemptuous words in his helpless condition.

When Christmas Day dawned the Daemon of Malice was guarding the

prisoner, and his tongue was sharper than that of any of the others.

"The children are waking up, Santa!" he cried; "they are waking up to find their stockings empty! Ho, ho! How they will quarrel, and wail, and stamp their feet in anger! Our caves will be full today, old Santa! Our caves are sure to be full!"

But to this, as to other like taunts, Santa Claus answered nothing. He was much grieved by his capture, it is true; but his courage did not forsake him. And, finding that the prisoner would not reply to his jeers, the Daemon of Malice presently went away, and sent the Daemon of Repentance to take his place.

This last personage was not so disagreeable as the others. He had gentle and refined features, and his voice was soft and pleasant in tone.

"My brother Daemons do not trust me overmuch," said he, as he entered the cavern; "but it is morning, now, and the mischief is done. You cannot visit the children again for another year."

"That is true," answered Santa Claus, almost cheerfully; "Christmas Eve is past, and for the first time in centuries I have not visited my children."

"The little ones will be greatly disappointed," murmured the Daemon of Repentance, almost regretfully; "but that cannot be helped now. Their grief is likely to make the children selfish and envious and hateful, and if they come to the Caves of the Daemons today I shall get a chance to lead some of them to my Cave of Repentance."

"Do you never repent, yourself?" asked Santa Claus, curiously.

"Oh, yes, indeed," answered the Daemon. "I am even now repenting that I assisted in your capture. Of course it is too late to remedy the evil that has been done; but repentance, you know, can come only after an evil thought or deed, for in the beginning there is nothing to repent of."

"So I understand," said Santa Claus. "Those who avoid evil need never visit your cave."

"As a rule, that is true," replied the Daemon; "yet you, who have done no evil, are about to visit my cave at once; for to prove that I sincerely regret my share in your capture I am going to permit you to escape."

This speech greatly surprised the prisoner, until he reflected that it was just what might be expected of the Daemon of Repentance. The fellow at once busied himself untying the knots that bound Santa Claus and unlocking the chains that fastened him to the wall. Then he led the way through a long tunnel until they both emerged in the Cave of Repentance.

"I hope you will forgive me," said the Daemon, pleadingly. "I am not really a bad person, you know; and I believe I accomplish a great deal of good in the world."

With this he opened a back door that let in a flood of sunshine, and Santa Claus sniffed the fresh air gratefully.

"I bear no malice," said he to the Daemon, in a gentle voice; "and I am sure the world would be a dreary place without you. So, good morning, and a Merry Christmas to you!"

With these words he stepped out to greet the bright morning, and a moment later he was trudging along, whistling softly to himself, on his way to his home in the Laughing Valley.

Marching over the snow toward the mountain was a vast army, made up of the most curious creatures imaginable. There were numberless Knooks from the forest, as rough and crooked in appearance as the gnarled branches of the trees they ministered to. And there were dainty Ryls from the fields, each one bearing the emblem of the flower or plant it guarded. Behind these were many ranks of Pixies, Gnomes and Nymphs, and in the rear a thousand beautiful fairies floated along in gorgeous array.

This wonderful army was led by Wisk, Peter, Nuter and Kilter, who had assembled it to rescue Santa Claus from captivity and to punish the Daemons who had dared to take him away from his beloved children.

And, although they looked so bright and peaceful, the little immortals were armed with powers that would be very terrible to those who had incurred their anger. Woe to the Daemons of the Caves if this mighty army of vengeance ever met them!

But lo! coming to meet his loyal friends appeared the imposing form of Santa Claus, his white beard floating in the breeze and his bright eyes sparkling with pleasure at this proof of the love and veneration he had inspired in the hearts of the most powerful creatures in existence.

And while they clustered around him and danced with glee at his safe return, he gave them earnest thanks for their support. But Wisk, and Nuter, and Peter, and Kilter, he embraced affectionately.

"It is useless to pursue the Daemons," said Santa Claus to the army. They have their place in the world, and can never be destroyed. But that is a great pity, nevertheless," he continued, musingly.

So the Fairies, and Knooks, and Pixies, and Ryls, all escorted the good man to his castle, and there left him to talk over the events of the night with his little assistants.

Wisk had already rendered himself invisible and flown through the big world to see how the children were getting along on this bright Christmas morning; and by the time he returned, Peter had finished telling Santa Claus of how they had distributed the toys.

"We really did very well," cried the Fairy, in a pleased voice; "for I found little unhappiness among the children this morning. Still, you must not get captured again, my dear master; for we might not be so fortunate another



time in carrying out your ideas."

He then related the mistakes that had been made, and which he had not discovered until his tour of inspection. And Santa Claus at once sent him with rubber boots for Charlie Smith, and a doll for Mamie Brown; so that even those two disappointed ones became happy.

As for the wicked Daemons of the Caves, they were filled with anger and chagrin when they found that their clever capture of Santa Claus had come to naught. Indeed, no one on that Christmas Day appeared to be at all selfish, or envious, or hateful. And, realizing that while the children's saint had so many powerful friends it was folly to oppose him, the Daemons never again attempted to interfere with his journeys on Christmas Eve.

— From *The Delineator*.

#### BEFORE AND AFTER.

Here's a little rhyme about a little maiden,  
Before her little mind with loving thoughts was laden.

##### BEFORE.

Once there was a maiden who wouldn't be polite;  
Wouldn't say "Good-morning," and wouldn't say  
"Good-night;"  
Felt it too much trouble to think of saying  
"Please;"  
Slammed the door behind her as if she'd been a  
breeze;  
Wouldn't ask her mother if she could take a run;  
Ran away and lost herself, because it was "such  
fun."

Merry little maiden! Isn't it too bad  
That, with all her laughter, sometimes she was  
sad?  
But the reason for it isn't hard to find,  
For this little maiden didn't like to mind;  
Wouldn't do the things she knew she really ought  
to do  
Who was she? Oh, never mind; I hope it wasn't  
you. — *Selected.*

Here's another little rhyme about the little maiden,  
After she'd found and brought WEE WISDOM to her aidin'.

##### AFTER.

There's a little maiden who is so polite,  
She loves to say "Good-morning," and she al-  
ways says "Good-night."  
For her it is a pleasure to "thank you" or say  
"please;"

The door behind her closes as soft as summer's  
breeze;  
She always asks her mamma whatever's to be  
done,  
So never gets in trouble, but always has such fun.

Merry little maiden! Always sweet and glad,  
Full of winsome laughter, no one could be sad.  
And the reason for it is not hard to find,  
For the little maiden *has a happy mind*.  
She always does the thing she knows she ought  
to do.  
Who is she? Look in the glass and see if  
'tisn't *you*. — M.

#### THE DAISY.

A certain prince went out into his vineyard to examine it, and he came to the peach tree and said, "What are you doing for me?"

And the tree said, "In the spring I give my blossoms and fill the air with fragrance, and on my boughs hang the fruit which presently men will gather and carry into the palace for you."

And the prince said, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

And he went down into the meadow, and said to the waving grass, "What are you doing?"

And the grass said, "We are giving our lives for others—for your sheep and cattle that they may be nourished."

And the prince said, "Well done, good and faithful servants, that give up your lives for others."

And then he came to a little daisy that was growing in the hedgerow, and said, "What are you doing?"

And the daisy said, "Nothing! nothing! I cannot make a nesting place for the birds, and I cannot give shelter to the cattle, and I cannot send fruit into the palace, and I cannot even furnish food for the sheep and cows; they do not want me in the meadow. All I can do is to be the best little daisy I can be."

And the prince bent down and kissed the daisy, and said, "There is none better than thou."

— DR. LYMAN ABBOTT.



*Class Word*—“GLORY TO GOD IN THE  
HIGHEST, ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD  
WILL TO MEN.”

*Jewel Word*—GOOD WILL.

*Song*—

THE CHRIST CHILD'S BIRTH.

BY EDITH AMY KING.

Tune, Darwall.

The Christ Child now is born  
Within my loving heart;  
Its gentle voice says unto me,  
“My child, *thou art!*”  
I hear its voice, obey its call,  
Its gladness fills me all in all.

The Christ Child now is born  
Within me, and I know  
Its words of wisdom lead  
And guide me, as I go  
On my life's way to bless and cheer,  
They help and brighten all my year.

Dear children, listen now,  
It is the Christ Child's voice,  
It speaks to us of love,  
It bids us all rejoice.  
Each day in us, the Christ child lives,  
Through us Its healing life It gives.



W. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR EDITOR—I have a pretty little gray and white kitten. She is almost eight months old, and we have had her ever since she was a very tiny kitten, and she has become a great pet in the family. We used to live in Lansdowne, but we moved about nine days ago. The kitten does not like it here at all, and would run away if we would let her. Yesterday I found her way up in a very high tree. At first she would not come down, but after a while I coaxed her and she came. I have a little snow white rabbit. Father bought him for me a year ago last Easter, and he has grown to be a very pretty and plump little Bun. I am your truthful little friend,

FRANCES HANINGTON.



EASTON, PA.

DEAR EDITOR—I would like to have “Elsie's Little Brother Tom.” Grandma said I must have two subscribers to get it. Please send *WEE WISDOM* to David T. Sausser, and Phylis M. Gregory, both of Easton, Penn. I enclose the dollar. I wish that *WEE WISDOM* came every week instead of every month. I caught a little squirrel, but I let him go. A black cat came one night while I was eating my supper. We took her in and gave her some milk.

Your loving friend, CHARLES E. LOTHROP.



LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

DEAR EDITOR—Here is a little song which came to me about three years ago for use in the Sunday School, and I enclose it to you thinking you might like to use it in *WEE WISDOM*'s pages. The tune Darwell, as perhaps you know, is a very old one and is found, as you might easily guess, in the “Ancient and Modern” collection. It is a bright tune, and the words go prettily with it I think. With all good wishes to you all,

Sincerely, MISS EDITH A. KING.



BATH, N. Y.

DEAR *WEE WISDOM*—As I have two more new subscribers to the little paper and a story to send also, that I wrote myself about “Horses,” I thought I would send them to you. I am a great lover of animals of all kinds, especially horses. My pets are: a horse, a dog, a cow, a hen and two cats. I go to school and like my teacher very much. I am in the sixth grade examinations.

Very truly yours, JENNIE C. SCHOFIELD.

## TABLE ROCK, NEBR.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I like the little song on the cover of my last paper very much, and I have learned some of the verses in it. I think *Tom Stories* are very nice. I would like to ride on a bicycle that you would not have to work, and I would like to ride in a boat that if you would whisper something to it, it would go. I would like to live in a country like Harmony. This is my first letter to WEE WISDOM, and I am eight years old. Good-bye. RONALD BOONE.



## WARREN, ARK.

DEAR EDITOR—Enclosed find fifty cents for which please send me some back numbers of WEE WISDOM. Papa is mail-carrier on a rural route, and he says there are so many children along the route who watch for him and he hates to disappoint them, and then WEE WISDOM would help them so much, for they all have beliefs in poverty and sickness. There is one little girl of thirteen who is crippled, cannot even sit up, and I know your blessed little paper would help her. We thank you for holding the thought of supply for us, and we can see the effects of it now. Papa has steady employment and I am clerking in a store, and we have not only received material aid but spiritual as well. Yours in Truth,

JESSIE SAVAGE.

[Blessing ye shall be blessed. Let us speak with Jessie the freeing word for this dear little maiden.—Ed.]



## FREEBURG, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write to you. I have not written for a long time. I am not going to school this year. I am 14 years old. Inclose find 25 cents for which send me WEE WISDOM one-half year. I would like to know if you have any little papers to spare; if so, please send them to a friend of mine. After my half year is around I suppose I will have another quarter. I save up my own money for the WEE WISDOM. I could not wait till I had 50 cents for the whole year. I have no time to read the paper in the day time, but the long winter nights are coming now, then I will like to read it. From a reader of WEE WISDOM,

IDA E. SCHANZ.

[I am sure you will get a great good out of what you have so justly earned all by your own efforts, and God prospers you.—Ed.]



## CRYSTAL SPRINGS, ARK.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will renew my subscription. This is a beautiful afternoon. Mrs. Mensch is visiting us. She is my aunt. I love WEE WISDOM very much. I hope to get a book as I think it would be very nice to read. Our school is closed. I will close the door between you and me. Yours, HATTIE L. TOMPKINS.

## DEHRA DUNE, INDIA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little Hindoo girl. We have with us an American lady who has several WEE WISDOMS sent to her, and we wish to have the paper so much. Please find enclosed an American one dollar our friend happened to have and kindly wishes me to use for this purpose. I am eleven years old. We have Kanya Pathshala (girls' school), but I learn more English from the American lady who lives with us. She knows many of the people who write to WEE WISDOM. If WEE WISDOM prints this letter, I will write again sometime and tell my little friends on the other side of the world something about India. Lovingly, SHRIMATI.

[We are so glad to have Shrimati with us, and we shall like to hear all she may have to tell us about her far away home. Her letter was so nicely written, we enjoyed it very much.—Ed.]



## RATON, N. M.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write a letter to let you know how I enjoyed that book, "WEE WISDOM'S WAY," and I thank you ever so much. I think that is the nicest book I ever had. I am so sorry I did not see Royal and the boys that night I was in Kansas City. I wanted to see you all. I could not live without this little paper. I have a horse to ride. His name is Jim, and he is very gentle. I can put the bridle and saddle on him. He is 26 years old. He is a cow horse, but he is so quick that some people cannot ride him. The people that ride him he turns the corners so quick they fall off. But I am used to it. Well, I guess I will close, hoping to see my letter in print soon. As ever, one of your Wees, GLADYS TROY.

[We were so glad of your little visit, Gladys, but it seems like a dream of the night, your coming and going was such a surprise.—Ed.]



## NORWOOD, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I failed to receive the October number. I missed it very much, for I love to read the stories in it. I am nine years old and am in the fifth grade at school. Please send the October number, and oblige,

LILLIAN HAKE.

[This is a nice little business letter, Lillian; write us a longer one next time and tell all about your good.—Ed.]



## GLENWOOD, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—We are living now at a little railroad station in the Santa Cruz mountains called Glenwood, right in the heart of the red woods. We walk a mile and a half down the railroad track to school. I was thirteen years old last October, and am in the seventh grade. This afternoon I went for a ride on horse back,

## Wee Wisdom

and I had such a nice time. We have a "Grammar box" at school, and when any one hears one of the scholars use bad grammar they write it down and put it in the grammar box. The teacher opens the box every week. We find it a great help. I like the poem in your last number called the "Little Maid's Amen," very much. With love, your friend, ELINOR E. ASHBROOK.



TABLE ROCK, NEBR.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I want you to send me the paper two years; one year is too short. I like the stories in WEE WISDOM. I wish there was some more of "What Faith Did," as I like that story. I wish all the dear children, and especially the dear Wees, had some apples.



Tom.

With love from,

THOMAS D. HOWE.

P. S. Enclosed find \$1.00 for WEE WISDOM.



VALMEYER, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—With much pleasure I will write a letter to you because I have not written for so long. I like you very much and I wish you would come every week instead of every month. I like to read the letters that the little Wees write. I have tried very hard to get some subscribers for WEE WISDOM and I have found one. My brothers like WEE WISDOM, too; they say it is a nice little paper. I must close; with lots of love to the little Wees. I will write a verse:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
And know the Lord my soul will keep;  
For I shall wake to see the light,  
For God is with me all the night.

Now I wake and see the light,  
For God was with me all the night;  
I'm filled with good, I'm God's own child,  
I'm just like Jesus, meek and mild."

Lovingly yours, ANNIE SCHELLHARDT.



CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have not written to you for a long time, but I hope that you will excuse me because I have been busy with my studies. I have written you a little story and I hope you will like it. I love to read the stories and the little letters from the Wees. Well, I must close. Your faithful reader,

NANCY SIMPSON.

[We are always glad of your stories, Nancy.—Ed.]

LYNNVILLE, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—My name is Roy Douglas Paterson. Seven years old. I am in the second reader. My sister, Helen, is five years old, and Emily is just ten months old today. She has eight teeth, and is so so fat and sweet. Cousin Clara Martin sent me WEE WISDOM for a Christmas gift. My papa is a doctor, and I take long drives with him. Our horses are named Jim and Harry. I had to laugh at Victor at the telephone. I like to listen to my mamma read your stories.

ROY PATERSON.



SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Enclosed please find fifty cents for one year's subscription. I dearly love to read the little paper. I go to the Home of Truth Sunday School. Mamma has a class of children every Wednesday after school. She is teaching them the New Thought. We are going to ask the class to subscribe for WEE WISDOM. With much love I remain, Yours sincerely,

EARL NELSON.



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little girl nine years old. My friend, Erle Moore, let me have her paper. I think it is very nice. I am the only child, and live at Dr. O. T. Upshaw's, 3422 Gravois Ave. I will write a poem:

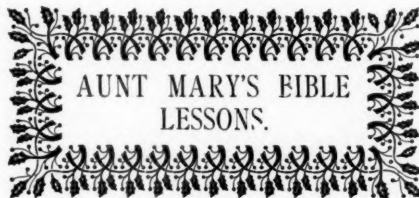
Hearts, like doors, can open with ease,

To very, very little keys;

And don't forget that two of these are,

"Thank you, sir," and "If you please."

Your friend, HALLIE J. UPSHAW.



AUNT MARY'S BIBLE  
LESSONS.

LESSON X. DECEMBER 4.

Hezekiah Reopened the Temple. II. Chron. 29:18-31.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Them that honor Me I will honor.*—I. Samuel 2:30.

Though we have remembered many times that the real temple of God is the body, yet we may still remind ourselves of this truth. By so doing we make a greater effort to keep it pure and clean and sweet as the abiding place of the Holy Spirit. The body must be healthy. To keep it healthy

we must think of health. The body must be pure. To keep it pure we must have pure thoughts. The body must be beautiful, and in order to have it beautiful we must think of beauty.

The first thing to do is to put out of our thoughts and away from us all idea of sickness as reality. Then we must give up sin, and forget all that is ugly. We should begin this good work early, right away, and put all our strength into serving God. On the altar of love we lay all our faults and mistakes, and allow them to be consumed or burned away. Then we give thanks, and work with all our might in order to know that we are one with God.

If we honor God and worship Him at all times, we will find that there is no room in us for sickness or evil. Instead, we are filled with health and happiness, and are ever conscious of God's blessing.

#### LESSON XI. DECEMBER II.

Captivity of the Ten Tribes.—II, Kings 17:6-18.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The face of the Lord is against them that do evil.*—I, Peter 3:12.

There are people, who, when everything is made smooth and easy about them, will forget God and go back to their old ways of thinking and doing. This is an untrue way of living and is apt to bring trouble. No one can live without God, for, "God is the health of his people." God is our Life. God is Spirit. God is Love.

We must know God in order to be happy, and to know God is to serve Him and follow the Christ, or the Truth. Your Golden Text says that the face of the Lord is against them that do evil, that is, the face of the Lord is against this evil.

There is no real evil, for evil is darkness, or out of the light. God cannot look at darkness, for God is light itself, therefore He is against or opposite to the evil. God is at-one with goodness. "In Him is no darkness at all," we read. God does not punish evil, for good can only be good. Nor can good even know the wrong. God is love always. It is we who punish ourselves. It is we who wrap ourselves in darkness, and hide away from the knowledge of God. God is Light. Let us then wrap ourselves in light, and turn our faces to the light, and be happy.

#### LESSON XII. DECEMBER 18.

##### Review.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve.*—Luke 4:8.

This is one of the commandments. Think what it means to serve God only. God is Love. Is it not really easy to serve Love only? Is it not easy to obey Love, to do as Love says, and to love?

Suppose when you wake tomorrow morning you say to yourself, "This day I will serve Love. I will obey." The first thing that occurs is mother calls, "Get up, right away, and dress." You wish to lie in bed and rest longer. Now is your time to serve Love. If you do so, you will arise at once and dress quickly without dawdling.

At school you may want to play and whisper during study hour. Now is your chance to serve Love. Be diligent and study your lessons and know that God helps you learn them, and you will not want to whisper. At recess you see a little child who has forgotten to bring any lunch. It is too far for him to go home to get some. You have some bread and jam and pie in your basket. You want it all yourself. You are hungry, too. The Christ within, the voice of Love, whispers, "You can spare some, share it." You make up your mind you can give some of the bread and jam, but not the pie. Listen to the still small voice. You listen to the voice, and soon you are seated by the little boy, and he is wiping away his tears and laughing, for you have given him, not only some of your bread and jam, but half of your slice of pie.

This is the way to worship God only, for you are doing all that the Christ child tells you, and so your heart is filled with love.

#### LESSON XIII. DECEMBER 25.

The Prince of Peace.—Isaiah 9:1-7.


GOLDEN TEXT—*For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.*—Isaiah 9:6.

This chapter is a prophecy of the coming of the Savior—God's gift to the world. But every one may be a savior, for every child is God's gift.

When Christmas comes this year remember that you, too, are the Christ child, and be thankful. If every one remembers that he (or she) is the Christ child, what a joyous, peaceful Christmas this would be. There would then be no quarreling over toys. There would be no disappointment, no sickness, no lack of good things, and no trouble of any sort.

Try and make this Christmas a joyous day in more ways than one. It does not stand for presents alone. The day should mean much to us. Remember the Prince of Peace, and give happiness to others in every way possible. Fill your hearts with love and kindness. Let this day be a day of good cheer! Make it a blessed day, and forget no one in your tenderest thoughts. Let this be your motto: *The Christ child reigns.*




 YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

This is the "Merry Christmas" time and may the joy and gladness of it go with you the whole year through. I don't know why, really, we are expected to have times and seasons of good will and good feelings, when the Giver of all our Good is with us always pouring out the riches of unlimited joy and plenty continually. Why! do you know, Life itself is a Christmas Tree, and Love a Santa Claus. Did you ever think how you reach out and take, every moment, some wonderful gift from the great Christmas tree of Life? Well, think about it now if you never have before, and remember, too, it is always there, and don't let anybody blow the lights on it out, lest you fail to see that it holds everything you want, every day in the year and every hour in the day. *Everything* did I say? Well, that's what I mean for you to understand. *Everything* that any boy or girl, man, woman or living creature wants or needs, is hung on this great Christmas Tree of Life. And the supply *never* gives out. You needn't fear taking too much, so bountiful is this Tree. Some folks are afraid to take much, and only reach out and take a little of its joy and health now and then. Do you s'pose they're afraid of making God poor? It looks like it when they're so skimpy about taking. Why! the lights on this wonderful Tree shine out brighter and reveal more clearly its wealth of gifts every time we help ourselves freely.

Then keep helping yourself for there's *plenty, plenty, plenty*, and then plenty more for everybody else. *Ours—theirs* for the taking. And this the year round, Praise God! Don't ever call anybody poor or sick then, don't ever call anybody loveless or deserted, when here stands this great Christmas Tree

the year round, waiting for whosoever will to take freely for every need. If the lights have been blown out, then light it up again. Keep your lights burning that all may *see*. That's it, we must *see*; see the gits that hang on this great Life-Christmas-Tree for us and for everybody else. Praise keeps the lights a-burning—blame and complaint blow them out; remember this and then we will keep our Christmas trees aglow the whole year round.

A life of Merry Christmas to you all!

Our Christmas story has taken up so much room I can't tell you all I want to of the lovely time Ye Editor enjoyed on the last Sabbath evening of October in the little Church of Practical Christianity on Pestalozzi street in St. Louis. It was one of the times of her life. Why! the Wees there gave a regular festival of song. I wish everybody could have been there and seen for themselves. There were some larger Wisdoms in it, too, but all were of Mr. Schroeder's Sunday School. Our Ernst Krohn, whom you all know through his sweet songs in WEE WISDOM, was the organator of all the music and most of the cantatas. It was to his loving pains the evening owed its great success. Such music! such voices! such bright loving faces! such atmosphere of love and good will! oh! we know our Brother Schroeder is radiating a power for good from that dear little church center that shall tell for the saving of St. Louis. And since Ye Editor could only look on as *you* went through your part of the program so beautifully, she would like now to thank you and bless you individually, for the pleasure and joy you all gave her that blessed evening of song. Every month when you of St. Louis receive WEE WISDOM remember Ye Editor's heart goes with it to visit *you* in loving remembrance of our evening together, and because she loves you.

---

What do *you* get out of this Christmas story, tell us?



50 cents a year.

5 cents a copy.

Foreign Subscription, 3 shillings a year.

Published monthly by

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

Entered at postoffice as second-class matter.

*December, 1904.*

*A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!*

*Sing a song of Christmas!*

*Sing it all the year.*

*Sing your blessings into sight,*

*Sing away all fear.*

*Sing of Love unfailing,*

*Sing of Joy complete,*

*Sing of Health a-plenty.*

*Sing to all you meet.*

**Drops From Wee Pens.**

The little book by our little authors is at last out of press. Are n't we glad? But, do you know, there were so many of those precious "Drops From Wee Pens," that we had to make another little book to put them in, and that, too, will come out right away. Our young artist has designed a swell cover for it in clouds and colors, and named it *Summer Stories*. It will contain the Raindrop Stories, and those about Springtime and May. Little Authors may look for their gift-copy right away. Some addresses are not known to us. We will make a list of them as soon as possible.

We would like the address of Grace Goss.

"Drops from Wee Pens" and "Summer Stories" are 25 cents each. They will prove acceptable Christmas gifts.

Our little letter writers have done a good work this month, and made us very happy and themselves, too. Several little stories have come in which will be published next month. Keep on writing.

The most lasting Christmas present for that little friend is a year's subscription to WEE WISDOM. It will be like getting twelve presents off the Christmas tree, with a little time to rest between; then these twelve presents may be bound in a book and kept and read year after year. Isn't this a lot of Christmas for 50 cents?

WEE WISDOM will be furnished in quantities to Sunday Schools at the following rates:

10 to 24 copies, 40 cts. each per year.

25 to 49 copies, 35 cts. each per year.

50 to 100 copies, 25 cts. each per year.

**ELSIE'S LITTLE BROTHER TOM.**

This is a beautifully bound book of 168 pages, written by Alwyn M. Thurber. It advances the truths of the Science of Being in a clever and most interesting manner, but not in any way obtrusive. It is the one child's story that has been sought so long by parents who love the Truth.

The story opens with a charming Christmas scene in Elsie's home, after which the youthful mind is carried through the other holidays of the year with interest redoubling in every chapter.

Published in boards only, 75 cents. With WEE WISDOM one year, 75 cents.

# Holiday Books

## For the Children.

Below we give a list of the best New Thought books published for children and young people. They will make very appropriate holiday remembrance gifts to your friends. Orders should be sent us at once, and we will mail them just in time to reach the recipient on Christmas. Send all orders to

Unity Tract Society, 1315 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.

## Wee Wisdom Library.

Illustrated Story Books for Children.  
64 Pages. Price, 25 cents per copy.

### Volume I.

Contents: Poem—"Three in One," by Lydia Gardiner Worth; "The Red Caps," by Florence Harvey; Poem—"Ye Must be Born Again," by C. B. Reynolds; Music—"Pillow Verse," by Warren W. Reed; "Harry's Mission," by Aunt Seg; "Thoughts With Wings," by Lucy C. Kellerhouse; Poem—"The True Birth Place," by Wilhelmine Smith; "The Real Santa Claus," by Florence Harvey; "Thanksgiving Proclamation," Poem—"What are Little Folks Made Of?" by Helen Augusta Fussell; "Phil," by Aunt Seg; Poem—"How to be Happy."

### Volume II.

Contents: "How Marjorie Blossomed," by Nina Lillian Morgan; Poem—"Wee Wee-est and the Shadows," by Emma Harrington Teel; "A Crocus and Crutches," by Lucy C. Kellerhouse; Poem—"Four-Leaf Clover," by Mary Brewerton de Witt; "While Hazel Waited," by Harriet Louise Jerome; Poem—"My Valentine," by Myrtle Fillmore; "The New Shoes," by Florence Harvey; "Whatsoever," by N. M. A.; Poem—"Song of the Flowers," by S. E. G.; "How Tulips Were Made," by Theresa B. H. Brown; "How Froggy Formed a Band of Mercy," by Aunt Emma; Poem—"In Society," by Helen Augusta Fussell; Poem—"Glad Tidings," by Mary Connor and her Mamma.

### Volume III.

A beautiful story by Mary Brewerton de Witt, entitled "The Garden, the Gate, and the Key." This charming story will captivate the little folks, and please "children of a larger growth" as well. It contains a beautiful half-tone picture of Rose, the small heroine, and shows how sunshine and prosperity were brought into the lives of a family by the practice of Truth in a most practical way.  
48 pages.

For December only, any one of these books sent free for only two subscriptions to WEE WISDOM.

### Volume IV.

Contents: "Dorothy's Christmas," by Lucy C. Kellerhouse; "A Christmas Story," by Aunt Seg; "Old Rink's Cherry Tree," by Florence Harvey; "Love's Roses," by Lucy C. Kellerhouse; "Lady Chrysanthemum," by Harriet Louise Jerome; "George's Gospel," by Aunt Seg; Poem—"Song of the Flowers," by Mary Brewerton de Witt; "The Five Sisters," by Aunt Seg.

### Volume V. and IV.

Are unique booklets of choice stories written by the children themselves. They are all original and exceedingly interesting, and every Truth student will want a copy. Among the subjects are: The Raindrop stories; "The Good Thought and the Naughty Thought" stories, etc. Illustrated with photo engravings. (These booklets are not included in the combined cloth-bound volume.)

## Wee Wisdom's Way.

By Myrtle Fillmore

### General Comments.

One reader wrote: "I prefer it to any full set of lessons I ever read."

"WEE WISDOM'S WAY and WEE WISDOM'S LIBRARY are precious booklets for the dear wee tots. They have taken their name after that splendid little paper which is published each month for children. They are the sort of books that makes the little ones 'leaders of men.' I think I never heard so great a compliment for a book of any sort as was given to WEE WISDOM'S WAY the other day by a little boy who had been reading it. 'I wish I could be like that,' he said, then after a moment's thought he added, 'I will be.'—MRS. W. C. FOSTER.

"I have read about everything printed, but always go back to the simplicity of the Truth as taught by this inspired book. It is *perfect* as a pioneer in leading souls into a knowledge of this God-life which is good life."—ESTHER CHAPMAN.