WEE WISDOM

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

Vol. XI. DECEMBER, 1906. No. 5, KANSAS CITY, MO.

A BOY'S QUESTIONS.

BY EMMA HARRINGTON TEEL.

There are loss of things I'd like to know: When the light goes out, where does it go? For what are pine needles made to sew? And how do the trees know how to grow?

What makes us know my doggie says, "Please" With his ears and tail, as

everyone sees?
Who taught him that way
to beg and tease,

Whenever I'm eating bread and cheese?

Papa and aunty say they mistrust

I'm so full of "want-toknow" that I must

Ask lots of questions or I would just

Swell up and swell up until Id "bust;"



But mamma says that deep down inside The "know-hows" to all my queries hide That if I ask them they'll be my guide And all my questions rightly decide.



VOL. XI.

DECEMBER, 1906.

No. 5.

THE STORY OF STELLA-A STAR.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

CHAPTER IV.

THE JOURNEY TO THE OTHER STAR.



TELLA had left Anastasia's cottage. She now stood in the center of the shining pathway, looking off towards the gleaming white Temple where, not far distant, were grouped a concourse of people.

These were the young men and maidens Anastasia had spoken of, and all seemed engaged in animated conversation. Now and again, one heard a merry laugh ring out, and as they bent and rose repeatedly, one could see that they were busy at some happy task.

Stella ran toward them, for one of the young men had beckoned her.

"What is it?" Stella asked eagerly, as she neared his side and caught the extended hand.

He pointed at the many blossoms strewn at their feet, as he replied,

"We are creating a part of the tunnel's wall."

"Why, those are garlands," cried Stella in surprise.

"Yes, we carry them within a few miles of the earth, then we enclose thee and Anastasia within hem," said he smiling. "See all that's being done for thee, thou darling baby," exclaimed a little lady, running up to where they stood, and patting Stella's curls and kissing them. "Thou sunny one!"

"Thou art good, good!" and Stella caught the fair one's hand and kissed it.

At that moment Anastasia glided through the crowd.

"Stella, darling, dost thou still wish to go?"

"Yes, yes!" cried Stella eagerly, tossing her curls.

"Then, come! Everyone is present to speed our going. Give Anastasia thy hand."

At these words Stella obeyed, and lifting her little feet from the lighted world, Anastasia doing likewise, they were soon flying (without wings) through the bright spaces of the ether, their dear Star a shining light in the distance.

Down, down, down, they seemed to drop, shooting past revolving stars and small moons; then, as Anastasia waved a hand and pointed to the dark old Earth, still many miles distant, sweet faces clustered about, and lo! around them was wound in tunnel-shape a rope of golden blooms, and again were they speeding through the marvelous spaces of the stars, now no longer discernible to them.

(To be continued.)

Shining truth-star,
By thy light
Little thoughts
Are led aright.
Like the wise men
From afar,
Led me to Christ,
O shining star.



THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS.

BY ROYAL FILLMORE.

THE Christians were not the first to celebrate Christmas. Long years before Christ came to bless this world with precious Christianity, Christmas was observed, not as his birthday, of course, but as a time for rejoicing. Every nation on the earth, which is recorded in history, kept this day for feasting and praising their gods. But why especially this day—December 25th? Would not any day in the calendar do? No, this day they gave thanks, and had good cause, for on this day the sun started North to bless them with wealth and plenty again.

The Egyptians first observed this in their astronomical pursuits. They noticed that the sun went South, and drought and famine followed in its path, but on December 17th it stopped, and on the 25th started back again to smile once more upon the poor mortals, and give them rain, and flood the Nile, and make their borders produce an abundance of grain. So it was with good reason they that feasted and rejoiced on this day, and welcomed the sun back again.

In time all nations observed the action of the sun and rejoiced. The holiday went by different names. In Greece the people named the day "The Feast of Dionysia." Then when Rome rose from her barbarism, and put out her powerful hand and grasped the world, she called this happy time of the year, "Saturnalia," and gave thanks to their god of harvest, Saturn. When the warm sun went South intense cold descended on the poor inhabitants, and

killed many, for they had not learned to erect warm dwellings, so the Celts called this day, when the welcome sun started back to smile on them, the "Yuleitde," and the hardy Norseman called it the "Twelve Nights."

Thus it was when Christianity bloomed forth it found this pagan holiday being observed everywhere by feasting, drinking and devoutly thanking their gods: something like we celebrate Thanksgiving of

today.

The Christian emperors tried to strike this holiday from the pagan calendar, but as it was impossible they wisely compromised, and adopted it as a day for celebrating the birth of Christ in 98 A. D., and as it did not make much difference to the pagan what he celebrated so he had a good time, he accepted the compromise. It is a well-known fact that Christ was not born on December 25th, because the Bible speaks of the shepherds tending their flocks out of doors, and at this time of year it was so rainy that it was impossible to herd sheep or stay out doors at all. Some argue that Christ was born in May, but the exact date does not matter. Though his coming has been mixed with the old pagan idea somewhat; it was the turning point of religion, for Christianity was born with Jesus Christ to enlighten the world. Figland denounced Christmas in 1647, and prohibited its celebration, because it said it was a pagan holiday, and to this day many Scotch do not recognize it.

But where did the idea of Santa Claus come from, and what was its origin? Santa Claus is the Dutch pet name for St. Nicholas whom it is said lived in Myra and was a great friend of the children. He had them hang up their stockings, and at night he would steal from house to house and give them little presents; but this old myth goes farther back than St. Nick. The Greeks had a jolly old satyr Silenus, the god of the drunkards who presided over their festival of Dionysia. The Romans had Saturn to preside over their Saturnalia, and the Germans their god Thor as the object of their festivals. All these

gods were represented to be old, and to symbolize

the dying year.

When we see Christmas trees all be-spangled with presents and candles, we might stop to wonder why it has become a custom, and that this delight of the little child is all borrowed from the ancient pagans.

Virgil mentions the Christmas tree in his works. Emperor Drusus brought the tree custom into Germany, and there it has its strongest hold today. The German claim that their ancestors brought the tree into their house to entice the gods of the forest to enter and leave some gifts. One thing is certain that they all used the fir and pine, because they represent eternal life and knowledge.

The Yule custom used in England to celebrate Christmas was originated by the Scandinavians, who had large bonfires at Yuletide to please the god of the sun and the wood sprites, and to represent

renewed life.

We can think of these things when we are having our Christmas revelries, and remember that all these happy customs had their beginning in the infancy of

mankind.

The Druids considered the oak a sacred tree, and as the mistletoe grew on it, and had berries which generally came in bunches of three representing the Trinity, and ripened in December, they considered the plant a symbol of their god of the sun, and hung it over their doors to entice the wood sprites to enter. If a friend met a friend under such a bunch of mistletoe it was a sign of eternal love and friend-ship, and Oden, father of Bolden, the sun god, took note of all their good wishes. The human race has become more and more affectionate, and today seals such friendship under the mistletoe with a kiss.

Thus we find all our holiday customs have their origin in the semi-civilized pagan of yesterday, and the old saying is revived, "There is nothing new

under the sun."

[&]quot;Kind hearts are more than coronets."

THE EVENING STAR.

(I inclose a little story for Wer Wisdom, if you think it appropriate. The thought of the Evening Star has robbed death of, its terrors, so far as our children are concerned, and it might help others who are mourning and missing a grandparent.—C. P. D.)

I want to tell the dear children who read Wee Wisdom a true story about four little children between the ages of two and one-half and eleven years, who live in a sweet home on the Hudson river, opposite the Palasades, where the sunsets are so beautiful. Nearly every evening their dear grandma would gather the little ones around her in the bay window, facing the West, and together they would watch the glorious sunsets, and for the first appearance of the Evening Star, and grandma would say, "Now, children, when God takes grandma away, I want you to watch for me every night in the Evening Star, for that is where grandma will surely be, and she will look down on you and smile."

"But," said her eldest grandson, "how can we see you when it is cloudy?"

"Why," said grandma, "I will be playing hideand-seek with you behind the clouds."

Many a night this sweet, dainty little grandma told the children about the Evening Star, by special request.

On the evening of November 3d, just at sunset, God summoned grandma home, after a day of happy usefulness. That night the Evening Star shone with rare brightness and splendor, and the children realized that grandma had gone to her heavenly home in the Evening Star with God. Even when the casket, laden with flowers, was about to leave the children's home, some kind friend asked the baby if he would not like to see dear grandma, and

he replied, "Dat is n't grandma, dats de Evening Tar," and the earthly face of grandma wore a look of perfect peace—"that peace which passeth all understanding," and many remarked on the beautiful sweet face, like a lily, framed in other flowers, and the next day, according to one of the little grandchildren's version, "A shooting star came to convey grandma to her new home with the Evening Star."

Now each evening these children, who loved their grandma so dearly, gather and watch the sunsets, and for the first appearance of the Evening Star.

[This is a beautiful story Papa Day has to'dus, but the true and wonderful part of it has not been told. Shall I tell it?

Well, when the dear, sweet grandmas body went to sleep, the part of her which loved and told stories and made these children happy, did not go to sleep—it staid awake and kept on loving and living. Do you suppose a grandma like this would go way off and live in a star, when the ones she loved and wanted to be with were here on this planet? She would be different from the real grandma to do that. God doesn't take people off to find His heaven. God is right here and His heaven is where we find our greatest love and happiness, and can do the most for each other.

There is no separation. Life lives on. Love loves on.

And that is what the Evening Star is saying to these little ones every night.— Ed. 7

DOROTHY'S LULLABY.

BY WALTER A. MATHEWS.

Mamma is rocking her baby to sleep.

Softly the shadows come creep-a-creep, creep.

Mamma looks down into dear eyes of blue,

And baby nods smiling with coo-a-coo, coo.

Swiftly the sandman enters the door.

Now he is bending to pour-a-pour, pour.

Dreamworld is opening as eyelids shut o'er,

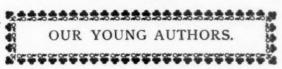
Baby on dream wings will soar-a-soar, soar.



Now, dreamland angels, come, enter the room, Weave for my darling on loom-a-loom, loom. Baby is wandering where mother can't go, Only sweet dreams must my baby know, know.

Out in the dreamland may joys her unfold; May she gain riches of silver and gold. Soon I'll have back my dear wanderer sweet, Bringing dream treasures to lay at my feet.

Soon my dear baby will come back to me; Into her blue eyes I'll see-a-see, see, Back of your eyelids my heaven lies deep; Mamma is watching you, sleep-a-sleep, sleep.



GOD'S WAY.

BY FLORENCE ANTOINETTE PEREMMER.

(I wrote every bit of this story myself. I was ten years old in October, and am in the B Fifth grade.)



NCE upon a time there lived in the big city of Boston, a little girl named Julia. WEE WISDOM came to her every month, and she had been cured of heart trouble, and so had her mother.

One day there came a letter for Miss Julia, telling her to come for a visit to the country. Of course Iulia was only too glad to go. So the next day she packed her little trunk, and started on her journey.

Her mind was full of thoughts on the way down there. She was thinking what a good time she would have helping Aunt Sarah churn the butter, and gather the eggs.

Pretty soon the train stopped, and there was Uncle John with his buggy. He helped her into it. and clucked to the horses, and away they went.

In a little while they saw a pretty white house, with a pretty garden and orchard. When they drew up to the house, Uncle John said, "Here is where we get off, my little lady." He lifted her out and took her into the house to see Aunt Sarah. A sweetfaced lady met them.

"Well, well," she said, "So this is little Julia. I'm real glad you came today, because our Sunday School is going to have a picnic tomorrow morning. We will start at 7 o'clock in the morning, and stay

till 7 at night."

"I'm sure I should be real glad to go," said Julia, "but I wonder if you have gathered the eggs today, or churned the butter?"

"Not yet, dear. Why?"

"Because if you haven't, I will."

"Why, you want to rest up a bit before you ever think of such a thing. You must be tired from your journey."

"Oh, I'm not tired," said Julia, and without

another word she was gone.

She found two eggs in each nest in the barn, and there were six nests. She found twelve eggs around in the grass, and that made two dozen. She brought them in and then ran out to churn the butter.

The next day she arose early on account of the picnic. Aunt Sarah found a big basket in the pantry, and she packed it full of goodies. Uncle John harnessed up Nelly, the mare, and away they went.

Soon they joined the rest of the people, and on

they went.

There were lots of swings and hammocks at the picnic grounds, and after trying both kinds, Julia went for a walk.

Soon she met a young girl who looked very sad. Julia asked her what was the matter, and she said, "I have been trying to find a way to get a doctor for mama and papa, but cannot because we are too poor. My mother is paralyzed, and my father is dying of heart trouble."

Julia said, "God can cure them, and He charges nothing."

"Oh," said the girl, "I know He could long ago, but He can't now."

"Didn't it say in the Bible, God is unchange. able?" said Julia.

"Yes," said the girl, "I believe it does. If He can cure. I wish He'd cure my parents."

"He will," said Julia. "By the way, please, what is your name? Mine's Julia, and yours —"

" Is Edith."

Julia whispered something in Edith's ear. Then Edith said,

"I will; I'll tell them right away. Good-bye, Julia," and she went. In a little while she came back.

"They said 'Yes,' and they want you to come up whenever you can," said she.

"I'll let Aunt Sarah know and go right up now," said Julia; and away they went to let Aunt Sarah know that Julia was going to treat Mr. and Mrs. Saxton. Aunt Sarah didn't know what that meant, but she let them go.

Edith led Julia along until they came to a poor little house by the roadside. They went in, and Mrs. Saxton greeted them.

"Take a seat," she said.

Julia did so, and said, "Dear Mrs. Saxton, will you please get up and tell Mr. Saxton that something can cure him?"

Mrs. Saxton said she couldn't, but Julia said,

"Yes, you can; you aren't sick."

"But I'm paralyzed," said Mrs. Saxton.

"No, you aren't," said Julia, and Mrs. Saxton got up and told her husband. Everybody was very

happy because she could walk.

After treating Mr. Saxton awhile, Julia told him to get up and dress. He said he would, and she went into the other room. Pretty soon Mr. Seaton came in all well.

"What did it?" they asked.

"God," said Julia.

And that is how another family came to know about Practical Christianity.

INTO THE MAGIC LAND.

V.

BY EMMA HARRINGTON TEEL.

As Mrs. Warren, Margaret and Roger sat on the lawn talking, a messenger came up with a telegram.

"What is it, mamma?" queried Margie, with a note of fear in her voice.

"Why, daughter, do you think, like most people, that a telegram can contain nothing but bad news? This is good — that your cousin, Ralph, is to be with this winter and go to school."

"I do not know if that is good news. I think a boy around all the time will be a nuisance," doubtfully commented the young girl.

"Time for me to be going if that is the case," said Roger, with his head in the air.

"Now, don't be 'touchy' like other boys. You know I did't mean you."

I know I'm here most of the time," continued Roger, "but mamma says you've made a new boy of me. I used to be so thoughtless."

Not thougt-less, my dear, but less the kind of thought that amounts to something. We think all the time and if we waste our energy in idle or harmful thoughts, like fear and anger, the real will be so covered up with trash that is seems trash is all there is," said Mrs. Warren.

"Yes, and you 've taught me it is as easy to think thoughts that are worth while as trash."

"Oh, look here! This telegram is dated yesterday, so Ralph will soon be here. We must go at once to meet him. Will you not go with us, Roger?"

"Indeed, I'll be glad to go, Mrs. Warren. I'll just run tell mamma while you get your hats."

They arrived at the station just in time to see a

slender, overgrown boy alighting from the train, whom Mrs. Warren greeted as her nephew. Turning she said, "Ralph, this is your cousin, Margaret; and this is our neighbor, Master Roger Newton. I hope you'll be great friends."

"I'm sure we will," said the boys in chorus as they shook hands, as they intuitively recognized that quality in one another that draws like natures together.

"I suppose, aunt, you thought if I had a boy friend, I'd not get homesick?" queried Ralph.

"Margie and I'll see you don't imagine you're homesick; but, to tell the truth, she had to ask me along. I'm at their house nearly all the time. Your Aunty knows how to make boys enjoy themselves, and keeps me so interested in doing good things I don't have time for anything else.

"That must be a good way to keep from being bad. Hope she 'll show me how," laughed Ralph.

"Oh! she will. She can think of so many jolly things to do. Just now Margie and I are hunting."

"I can't imagine what kind of sport that would be, for there is surely no game, like rabbits and squirrels here in the city.

Roger laughed, "And if there was, do you suppose your kind hearted, loving aunty would set us to killing them. Killing things seems more like murder to me than sport."

"I never thought of it just that way," thoughtfully said Ralph.

No, we're hunting every day fairies. She gave us some pansy wands which she said represented our true thoughts, and these thoughts would open our eyes to see the fairies all about us. Margie tell Ralph about the raindrop fairy. Margaret told him how the raindrop fairy taught them Love was everywhere as attraction. Then Roger helped her tell of the air sprites whom Mrs. Warren said was everywhere as Life.

Reaching home, Ralph said, "You've turned inside out some of my ideas and have cleaned out the notion that killing things is sport.

Mrs. Warren laughed, "It's a good thing to have a mental wash day and hang some of our ideas out in Truth's pure sunlight.

SOME FLOWER NAMES.

Camelia was named from a missionary in the Orient, Kamel. On his return to France he brought with him some gorgeous specimens of a flower which he called the rose of Japan. His friends, however, gave it his name, Camelia.

Dahlias were brought from Peru by one Andre

Dahl.

Fuchsias were named for their discoverer, Leon- ard Fuchs.

Magnolias received the name of Prof. Magnol de Montpellier, who first brought the beautiful trees from Asia and America to France.

Anemone means to tremble with the wind.

Lavender, so called because the Romans put a spray of it in the water to perfume the hands. The Latin word to wash is lavare.—Selected.

Love the birds,
Love the bees,
Love the leaves among the trees.
Love everything kind and true,
And everything bears love for you.

—Our Dumb Animals.

Epistles.

SPOKANE, WASH.

DEAR WEES — Well, here I am again, after a long silence hoping you will allow me to enter the little Wee Circle. We all love WEE WISDOM for the beautiful ideas it gives forth to us children. We think it gives us some hard stunts, when we know we must love and forgive those who we think have hurt our feelings or injured us, but when we go back and study WEE WISDOM, we find that it is better to love and forgive our enemies. As I am past twelve, I begin to realize that this life isn't all there is of us; I know we have a beautiful future that God has in store for all of us. Your friend,

[We are glad Edith realizes that life is not confined to a few years, but goes on and on. There is "ALWAYS" to keep living in, and we needn't count the years or grow old with them. Just live and love and learn, on and on and on forever.—Ep.]

A 36 36

SPOKANE, WASH.

DEAR EDITOR — I am very much interested in little WEE WISDOM and would like to let you know that I have not received the little paper for three months; I like it very much for the many bountiful lessons and stories in it, and I am very lonesome without it. If my time has expired I do wish you would not discontinue the little paper, for I will renew the subscription when my time has expired. Hoping to see my little paper soon, I remain,

Yours lovingly, BRENDA MITCHELL

[Your paper has been going to Hillyard instead of your present address. Your time is just out,—Ed.]

A 36 36

TONOPAH, NEV.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have read a few copies of the WEE WISDOM and I like it so well I want you to send me the magazine for a year. I think it has such nice stories in it, and I am anxious to become a Wee. I am eleven years old. I have two sisters

and one brother. There is a very nice school here, but the town is not very large. It is a mining town. I am in the seventh grade. My pets are two burros, a mother and baby. Inclosed find 50 cents for Wee Wisdom. Your loving friend,

PEARL MCLEAN.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - I am sending you a picture of little



ELSIE.

Elsie, theyoungest member of our family. She is my oldest brother's baby and was just fifteen months old when this was taken. She is a very happy baby and talks very plain and runs all around every place, and she just loves everybody and everything. When we go to Grandma's for our next Thanksgiving dinner. we hope to have her picture taken again with her papa and my mamma (and her grandma) and my grandma all together-that will make four generations. If they are good, I will send you one. I think you will like to see my

grandma, too. She writes books and belongs to lots of clubs, and has been to Egypt and Palestine. I mean to go there too, sometime. I am real well and strong again; and I am going to stay well. I don't intend to play with beliefs that conquer me in a bad way any more. I am boss now, and I am going to stay boss of my little body house. I am a very thankful boy.

Yours lovingly, Morton Robertson.

TONOPAH, NEVADA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I expect you think I have forgotten
you, but I haven't. I still want to be one of the Wees, and with

this letter you will find fifty cents for Wee Wisdom for a year. The other fifty cents is for my little chum, as she wants to be one of the little Wees, too. I go to school here and I am in the Seventh grade. My teacher's name is Miss Bradley. It is quite a distance from our house to the school, and in winter we take our lunch. We have a very nice school here—for out in the dessert. It is very dry and we are surrounded by mountains. I have climbed several of them. We have chickens, pigeons and two dogs. One of the dogs is a bull dog, and the other is part wolf and part bull. I have a little sister. Her name is Annabel. She is 23 months old; and I have a brother, too. Well I will close, hoping that this will find you all well and prospering.

Your true friend, HAZEL GARDINER.

(We thank Hazel, and welcome her friend. - ED.)

JE JE J

(A dear grandma sends us these two letters from two of her little grandchildren to whom she sends Wee Wisdom.—Ed.)

BANGOR, MAINE.

DEAR SWEETY—I would love to have Wee Wisdom for a year. It is so like you, it helps you to remember to do kind things. I am so glad that you and Grandpa can come down.

Many kisses, PRUDENCE.

ORONO, MAINE.

Dear Grandma — I guess you received my letter saying that I wanted Wee Wisdom more than three weeks. I just received my third one and there is the best continued story. It is about a little girl whose name is Stella. She tries to help people. I think she is in a star with some other happy people. I have got now where she has asked a lady she calls her aunt to let her go into another star where the people are sad. She thinks God wants her to go to brighten them up. It leaves off there, and in the next copy it will tell whether she goes to the other star. Hilda and I are going to Grandma's to dinner. I think it is time for me to go over now. Hugs and kisses to Grandpa, and keep half of them for yourself. Lovingly,

BARBARA T.

JE JE JE

ST. Louis. Mo.

My Dear Wees—I have not written to you for so long, I thought I would write. I will be ten years old in November, the eighteenth, and my little sister is seven years old. We go to Garfield school. My sister is in twenty and I am in eleven. I

like my teacher. Her name is Mrs. Bruce I like the WEE WISDOM. I think it is very interesting for the little children and the grown-up folks. I go to Mr. H. H. Schroeder's Sunday School. We learn about God and Good, and when we are sick we must hold a thought. Here it is:

"God is my health, I can't be sick;
God is my strength unfailing, quick;
God is my all, I know no fear,
Since God and Love and Truth are here."

I remain your little friend.

NELLA VOGEL.

JE JE JE

WALLACE, W. VA.

Dear Wee Wisdom and Editor — I am going to write to you as I have not written for a long time. I am going to school. My teacher's name is Miss Vesta Hannah. I have received the November number of Wee Wisdom. I have some poetry for the little paper. It's title is "Christmas." I guess I will close for this time. I send love for Wee Wisdom and her Editor.

CHRISTMAS.

Little bells are ringing,
'Tis Christmas eve;
Beautiful presents
Our "Santa" will leave.

Awake in the morning,
Our stockings we'll see
Filled with dollies and goodies,
Oh, joyous are we!

The sleds and the hobbies, The boys will all own. Such a day of rejoicing We never have known.

Very lovingly,

. st . st .

BLANCHE DUDLEY.
COLUMBUS. OHIO.

DEAR EDITOR OF WEE WISDOM—I want to tell you how much I like WEE WISDOM, and want to get acquairted with some of its young readers. I wish a few of them would write to me. I live in a suburb near Columbus, O., where I have some pets—a kitten named Beauty, a dog named Teddy, a duck I call Doodle, and some little chickens My mail address is in care of Carrier 55, main post office, Columbus, O. With best wishes,

LORA FAE SMITH.

LINDSAY, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will tell you about a time I spent with my cousin in the Kaweah mountains. My cousin had a nice little pony that I rode for twenty miles. My three cousins and my brother and I went blackberrying and had a nice time. I am eight years old. I like your paper very much. I will write you a letter of God's love:

I am God's child.
I have God's thoughts:
I love God with all my heart
And will never forget Him,
For He is my Father,
The kindest Father that is,
And loves every child.
He has their pleasant
Thoughts in His heart,
And when I'm bad
He whispers in my ear, "Be good!"
No child that likes God
Ever means to be bad."

Your little member,

LAURA D. HOPPING.

or or or

LEEDS, N. D.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I thought I would write to you and let you know that I am well and hope you are the same. I am in the Fourth grade and I am 9 years old.

"Kind hearts are the gardens, Kind thoughts are the roots; Kind words are the flowers, Kind deeds are the fruits."

Goodbye, from

GRACE FREDER.

38 38

LEEDS, N.D.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I thought I would write to you. We are all well and hope you are the same. I am 9 years old and I am in the Fourth grade. I will send you a little verse.

"A merry, merry Christmas,
The little people say;
We wish you all a happy time
Upon this Christmas day.
Just try to help each other,
Do all you can for mother;
Then Christmas will be merry
And your hearts be light and gay."

Goodbye, from

LILY WEIERMULLER.

CINCINNATI, O.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have not written to you for a long time. I have three new subscribers for you. Dr. Gates' little girl's birthday will be the 22d of this month, and they want WEE WISDOM for her bifthday gift, so please send her a November copy as soon as possible. The others can begin with the Christmas number. I would like a copy of "Elsie's Little Brother Tom," and I very much want anorher copy of the little book containing the story of "Love's Roses." I think it was in Vol. 4 of "Wee Wisdom's Library," but I am not sure. I hope to send some more subscriptions next week. They have been promised me. I send some flower names which I think the Wees would like.

Lovingly, Daisy Robertson.

(We thank Daisy, and welcome her friends.)

CHILD-GARDENING.

CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY.

PRETTY THINGS FOR BUSY FINGERS.

My dear Wee Ones:—A merry, merry Christmas is for each and all of us. Let us help ourselves, and thank the kind and loving Father for it all. This is the season when we try to make our friends and loved ones happy by presenting them with pleasing gifts. Something that will make them happy. Have you ever thought why Christmas time should be a time for getting and sending gifts? It is because it is Jesus the Christ's birthday, and He was a gift of Love to the world. He pleased not himself. He went about doing good, always helping others through "loving and giving," and he came into the world to show us "how to help and how to love." This is the reason that his birthday is the "gladest of birthdays in all the year,"

Mrs. Hardy thought WEE WISDOM children might like a few suggestions for gift-making at this Christmas season.

To make a blotter: Cut the blotting paper any size desired.



Then cut a piece of water color paper just a size smaller. Fasten the two together with baby ribbon. Draw and color any pretty picture on the left end; using at the right of the picture the words, "Blot out all but Sweet Memories."

A very appropriate and useful gift is a calendar, the flaps of which may be purchased at any book store. Purchase at book store or send for the half-penny picture of Hoffman's Christ head. Cut out the picture leaving a little margin, which may be gilded if desired, as well as a border around the card. Cut a piece of cardboard 6x4 inches; paste the picture near the top of the card; paste the calendar flap on the lower end of the card. Below the picture print the words:

"May Jesus Christ whose face you see In all things your example be."

A pretty way of making a match scratcher: Cut from cardboard or heavy paper any sized card desired. Paste a piece of sand paper on the lower half of the card. Then draw and color a candle and candlestick above the sandpaper. Below the candle print or paint the words, "Send Out Thy Light." Punch holes for baby ribbon hanger.

Here is a cute book mark: On a piece of water color paper draw and color a brownie holding a book, upon which print the



words, "I'll Keep Your Place;" tack this on a piece of ribbon a little wider than the drawing and enough longer to allow fringed ends.

Now, dear Wee Ones, be sure and put love into all your work. Papa and mamma will be so pleased with the presents the children make. Think about papa and mamma and loved ones while you work, and try to do your work as nicely as ever you can. That is what "putting love in" means.

"Little gifts are precious
If a loving heart
Help the busy fingers
As they do their part."

A WELCOME TO THE CHRIST-CHILD.

[Written by a kindergarten mother on the birth of a little girl.]



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

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

> The Prince of Peace I gladly own, And give my heart To be his throne.

Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE W.TT.

LESSON 9. DECEMBER 2.

Jesus Before Pilate.-Luke 23:13-25.

Golden Text — Then said Pilate, I find no fault in this man.—Luke 23:4.

One who is just and honest will not find any evil in a true and upright person. It is those who are hunting for trouble who usually find it. The people did not love Jesus, nor did they want him amongst them, for they feared him, therefore they found fault with him, and desired to have him crucified.

When people, big or little, are afraid of being found out in wrong doing, they do not want anyone in their midst who will show them their sins. The people could not hide their hearts from Jesus, for he knew their thought, therefore they were all the more anxious to have him killed. Barabbas, being like themselves, ready for wrong doing, they were not afraid of, so they asked for his release in the place of Jesus.

When people are ready to give up doing wrong and to turn to their God, they will listen to one in their midst, who, like Jesus, will show them their mistakes and point the right way.

Jesus said, "Love your enemies," but the people did not want to hear that; they wanted to punish their enemies, so there were only a very few ready to listen to the teachings of Jesus, or to follow his way.

Pilate tried to rule justly, but he allowed fear of opinion and ridicule to rule him. Pilate told the people more than once that he found no fault with Jesus, and Herod also found no fault with him, but the people would not hear of his release, and cried all the louder, "Crucify him, crucify him."

Let us try to be tender-hearted and loving, and never desire evil for anyone, for if we want anyone hurt, that hurt will surely fall upon us in the end.

You remember the Jews lost their beautiful city of Jerusalem; and today their descendants are wanderers, not having a country of their own. But let us not condemn them, but always see the Christ in the soul of each and all alike.

LESSON IO. DECEMBER Q.

Jesus On the Cross.—Luke 23:33-46.

GOLDEN TEXT - Father forgive them, for they know not what they do. - Luke 23:44.

If we remember these words of Jesus, we will be very careful to try and forgive those who are unkind to us, and with God's help it will be made easy for us to do so.

Remembering that the soul of each is God and does only good, it will be easier for us to forgive. The soul is always true and good, but the souls of some persons are embedded in such ignorance that they know very little of good, but we who know must hunt for the soul, and thus help to bring them out of this darkness.

How can we find the soul? By thinking and speaking of what little good we may see expressed in a person and by praising and encouraging that one, then will he show forth his "best side," to us, and gradually grow away from selfishness.

This is our forgiveness - a giving good for evil.

Jesus found good in the thieves on the cross. His gentle patience touched the heart of one of them, who asked to be remembered: And Jesus replied that, that day would he be with him in paradise. That meant happiness; in the presence of Jesus, possibly, listening and learning from him in some other world; for God has many worlds. As Jesus said, "In my Father's house are many mansions."

The soul always lives somewhere. It never dies.

LESSON II. DECEMBER 16.

Jesus Risen From the Dead .- Matt. 28:1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT - He is risen even as he said .- Matt. 28:6.

Think what a great power is given us if we choose to use it! Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead and he raised himself from the tomb where he had been laid after the crucifixion. This proves to us that we do not have to die. We can live as long as we please on this earth, but we must remember that we are always living somewhere for there is no real death; therefore there is no death to the soul. The God of us lives ever.

Jesus had such beautiful thoughts that a very powerful and beautiful angel could come and roll away the stone for him.

The women were awed at this glorious presence, but the angel said, "Fear not ye." Then the angel made it all clear to them, what had happened. When we are ready to listen, our beautiful angel thought will make things plain and clear to us and tell us what to do and where to go. The women were obedient and thus they met the Lord on the way.

We must ever listen to and follow the truth, then will we meet our greatest blessing the more quickly.

LESSON 12. DECEMBER 23.

Jesus Ascends Into Heaven.-Luke 24:36-53.

Golden Text — While he blessed them he was parted from them, and was received up into heaven.—Luke 24:51. From the text you might suppose heaven to be a far away place, but this was simply Luke's way of saying, that Jesus ascended, or rose, disappearing from view in the clouds.

Heaven is anywhere we please to make it, for Jesus dis-

tinctly said, "Heaven is within man."

Jesus often said, "Peace be unto you," This word "peace" is a powerful little word and will still our fears, heal and bless us in many ways, if we will use it often and learn to know its power.

The word was used, you remember, on that first Christmas day by the angels, when they sang, "Peace on earth, goodwill to

man.".

Let us make this Christmas—a day of peace and joy and goodwill. Let us be kind to everyone whom we meet, and feel a glow of warmth and love in the heart for each and all. This feeling spreads peace and calm about, wherever we go,

To keep Christmas day is not just to give gifts, but it is to give our love, as Jesus gave his love to the world, when he was willing to teach it by example, the path of life and the way to walk. He even allowed himself to be crucified to show us the nothingness of death and that all things unpleasant may be overcome by us. As he was a master so may we become masters over all our foolish wayward thoughts, that would have us unhappy. We may be powers for good as Jesus was. We may heal and bless, wherever we go, as he did.

God did not punish Jesus in our place. That is nonsense, for God is love, and does not punish or condemn. Jesus came of his own free will to earth. He came from God to teach us how to be free from sin and suffering; and the way to be free is

to know God as Love.

LESSON 13. DECEMBER 30. Riview.

GOLDEN TEXT — His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.—Isa, 9:6.

God has many names. Here are some of them, beside those given in the text: Love, Wisdom, Joy, Peace, Life, etc. Can you answer these questions? Your teacher will help

Can you answer these questions? Your teacher will help you to find the answers.

Where was Jesus born?

What did he teach?

How old was he when he first began to preach?

What was his mother's name?

Name some of his texts containing the word peace.

Name some with the word joy.

Name some with the word love.

What trade did he learn?

Who prepared the way before him?

How many apostles did he choose?

Name some of his parables.

Give some instances of healing.

What prayer did he give to the people?

WEE WISDOM'S WAY OF HEALING.

"GOD IS MY HEALTH, I CAN'T BE SICK."

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

Do you know anybody who thinks he is sick and wants to get well? If you do, get him to saying the little verse given above. Repeating a truth is like planting a seed—it will bring forth of its kind if it finds any soil to grow in.

Keep planting your good thought-seeds and the harvest of health and plenty will come by and by. Here is our thought-seed for the month:

I AM LOVING AND KIND. HEALTH AND PLENTY ARE MINE.

Let us help Helen Long to walk on her own good two feet — as God intended.

A mother writes: "My little girl, just 10 years old, is understanding and loves the lessons she gets from the little Wee Wisdom. It is wonderful how she tries to help herself."—Mrs. H.

Ye Editor's Sanctum.

A Happy Christmas to all my Wisdoms! I can hear the angels of happy thought singing everywhere, "On earth peace, good will to men!" And this is the same song we want to keep on singing all through the year, and then the Christ-child will never have to go off in Egypt into be saved from the Herod of selfishness.

We want to be happy and loving and well all the year 'round, and so we want the Christ-child Spirit to stay with us and grow up with us that we may become strong and beautiful men and women, and do the works of our Father, just like Jesus did.



Our good friend, Mrs. Hardy, has told you some things your little hands can do to help express the Christ love that glows in your little hearts. Your thoughts can be busy too, sending out love messages to the whole world. If you feel you would like everybody to have a happy Christmas, send out this thought and prayer:

THE LORD-CHRIST IS WITH YOU TODAY.

THE CHRIST-GIFT IS YOURS.

YOUR HEART IS THE MANGER OF THE CHRIST-CHILD.

HIS LOVE IS YOUR CHRISTMAS TREE.

The Loving Giver Gives through me; Sweet love and health I give to thee.



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MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ONE AND ALL!

Our hearts are glad, Christmas is here! The glad, glad time Of all the year. With gifts to give, And gifts to get, The dear Lord Christ We'l! not forget.

Sweet love and joy
Could never be,
Were not the Christ-child
Found in me.

- MAMIE.

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> 10 to 24 copies, 40 cents each per year. 25 to 49 copies, 35 cents each per year. 50 to 100 copies, 25 eents each per year.

OUR OWN CHRISTMAS SONG.

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Tune - " CAPTA N JINKS."

Our Christmas comes once every year!
It is a time of glad, glad cheer!
We welcome all our friends so dear
With joyful, happy greeting.
One Christmas eve, long, long ago,
Some shepherds watching sheep below,
Saw all the skies above aglow
As if 't were coming morning.

CHORUS -

And angels sang, and sang again—
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men;"
Joy, joy and peace forever reign,
For Christ is born in a manger.

And so we sing, and love to sing
Of Truth and Good and everything
That makes our happy voices ring
With praise and loving kindness.
And so with gift and Giver near,
The angels sang no better cheer
Than we who know our Christ is here,
And our happy hearts His manger.

CHORUS -

And so we sing and sing again —

Of "peace on earth, good will to men,"

Of joy that ever must remain

In our happy hearts, His manger.

-WEE WISDOM, 1900.

