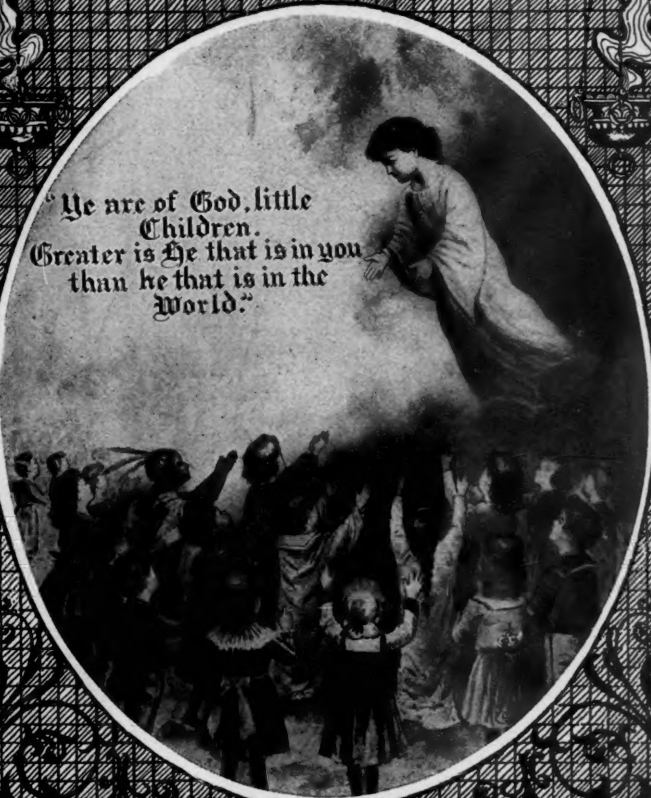


# WEE WISDOM

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



Vol. XI. JANUARY, 1907. No. 6,  
KANSAS CITY, MO.

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## HOW THE GREAT DIPPER GOT UP IN THE SKIES.

A dear little girl with eyes of blue  
And golden curls, said, "Tell me true"—  
And the question she asked, you will never surmise,  
Was, How the Great Dipper got up in the skies?

But how should I answer and tell her true,  
The dear little girl with the eyes of blue?  
Then I told her the legend I dearly prize  
That tells how the Dipper got up in the skies.

"One day, dear child, in the long ago,  
When the earth was young and the time went slow,  
The heavens withheld their supply of rain,  
And folks went mad with thirst and pain.

"But one little girl like you, my dear—  
She was so good that she knew no fear—  
Crept out to the woods at the close of day,  
Crept out all alone to the woods to pray.

"And as she prayed she began to weep;  
She prayed so long that she fell asleep,  
And dreamed the dipper that she had brought  
O'erflowed with the water in prayer she had sought.

"So when she awoke she could only stare;  
The dipper was full beside her there.  
She carried it home, but stopped to give  
Some sparkling drops that a dog might live.

"And while her bosom with pity burned,  
Her poor old dipper to silver turned;  
And instead of losing the precious load  
By her generous gift, it still o'erflowed.

"She brought her gift to her mother's bed,  
Who cried, 'My daughter, I'm almost dead,  
But take the water yourself and give  
A draught to each, that my maids may live.'

"The little one did as she was told,  
And the silver dipper turned to gold,  
And from gold it turned into diamonds seven  
That rose and fastened themselves in heaven."

God places the stars, dear child, you know.  
The legend I only told to show  
That loving service, if kindly given,  
May help us shine like the stars in heaven.

— E. H. Foss, in *Advocate and Guardian*.



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No. 6.

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## THE STORY OF STELLA—A STAR.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

### CHAPTER V.

#### STELLA'S WORK ON EARTH.

The journey ceased, the garlands fell away, and the forms about them grew less distinct. Stella and Anastasia lifted their eyes and beheld that they stood within a habitation upon that other Star.

"Funny house! funny house!" murmured Stella, and she laughed as she looked about her upon walls and pictures and let her glance fall upon the furniture and heavy draperies. "Funny house!" she repeated. "Where are the pretty flowers like ours, Auntie Taysie?"

"In that vase," replied Anastasia, pointing to a tall green glass on a table near by.

"Oh, but Auntie Taysie, those are not very many, and not at all like ours. See how they droop! Those in our home are always bright and beautiful, and we have such quantities."

"This is a different world, darling, where nothing lasts and where people speak of dying, so the roses and the violets do just as the people do."

"What funny people!" Stella laughed again. "Nobody dies, do they, Auntie?"

Auntie smiled. "Sometimes they think they do."

Stella looked about her again. "What is the pretty lady in the shaking chair doing, Auntie Taysie?"

"They call that a rocking chair, dear. She is reading a book."

"But the book is not like ours, Auntie Taysie. It has no glittering letters and it does not talk, it does not seem to live." Stella leaned against the chair of the one she had called "the pretty lady." "She does not see us, Auntie Taysie. Cannot she hear us, either? Why cannot she hear me? I am so close to her. See?"

"As yet her heart is not open enough to God, but maybe she can feel thee, dear."

"Then I'll kiss her and tell her I love her," and Stella leaned closer toward the lady and pressed a soft kiss upon her forehead. The lady brushed a jeweled hand across her brow, then went on with her reading.

"She felt me! she felt me!" cried Stella elated.

"Yes, dear, I think she did. See, thou hast comforted her. She has now lost that troubled look and is smiling."

"What does troubled mean, Auntie Taysie? Is it without joy?"

"Yes, dearie, it is that which has not joy."

"Then we will say joy to her and see her smile, will we not, Auntie Taysie? The dear people that seem to feel no joy—I love them! We will help them to know Love."

"Darling Stella," whispered Anastasia, "God's little messenger! There is much to be done, sweet, so let us not linger here," she added. "Come into the next room." Anastasia held out her hand, Stella clasping it, followed.

"Oh, Auntie Taysie!" exclaimed the little one as she entered. "Earth children! But what are they playing?" and here Stella cried out, "Oh, it makes me feel here!" and she pressed a hand upon



her heart. "Tell them not to, Auntie, dear! Oh! On!" and she covered her eyes with her little hands.

That which had startled Stella, was the distressing scene of two children, a boy and a girl, engaged in a quarrel over some toys that were strewn over the floor in every direction.

The boy had lifted a block and thrown it at his sister who was screaming at the top of her lungs and stamping up and down.

She started to rush toward the boy, but Anastasia laid a restraining hand upon her arm, thereupon she hesitated and stopped halfway.

The child's scream had brought the mother running from an adjoining room, and now Stella had recovered herself and was kneeling beside the scowling boy, while with an arm about his neck, she whispered, "Thou knowest only love for thy sister."

The mother, as though feeling an unseen presence, said, "Oh, children, what do you suppose the angels think? You are driving your own good away when you act thus."

The boy hung his head sheepishly, but the girl mumbled, "He hit me."

"I didn't hurt you," the boy growled back.

"Kiss her," whispered Stella, patting him soothingly.

"Be friends," added Anastasia.

"Try and think of the Spirit of Love that is always here," said the mother, sighing, as she left the room.

"Do they all do so?" asked Stella of Anastasia.

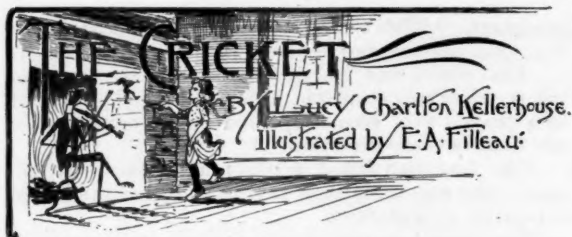
"No, darling, this is an extreme case. We have calmed the atmosphere somewhat. Now we will go elsewhere."

As they left, Stella turning saw the boy Edward spinning his top for his sister. She felt her words of love had taken root.

"I left them my roses, Auntie."

"Yes, darling, that was sweet of thee, and even if the children cannot see, they will feel thy heavenly blessing."

*(To be continued.)*



The old house had gone to sleep, and little Elsa sat in the chimney corner, watching the elfish red flames fall asleep, too, in their bed of gray ashes. But the wind was awake, rocking the house, shaking the windows and knocking upon the loose door like a night-overtaken visitor importuning shelter and rest. Little Elsa shivered and would not open the door, so he jumped through the broken window, pulled her hair, kissed her cheek, slapped the log and awoke the flames and set them to dancing. Then the cricket came with his fiddle, and the flames danced merrily to his tune.

"I, too, will dance," cried little Elsa, "it will keep me warm."

And upspringing from the ashes, like a little blue flame herself, she clattered her wooden shoes over the cold stone floor; and laughing and shaking her flying yellow hair, she caught up her ragged skirt and courtesied to her shadow.

"Play faster, Cricket," she cried; so the cricket fiddled faster, and around the room Elsa and her shadow whirled.

"Thank you, Cricket," said Elsa, out of breath, "but dancing with one's shadow is a little bit lonesome."

"Tomorrow night I will bring you a partner," replied the cricket.

"Thank you, Cricket, and good night," said Elsa; "tonight, as I sleep on my hard bed under the rafters, I will dream of a prince."

Then she crept up the stairs very softly, for fear



of waking Gretchen, who was old and cross and given to blows.

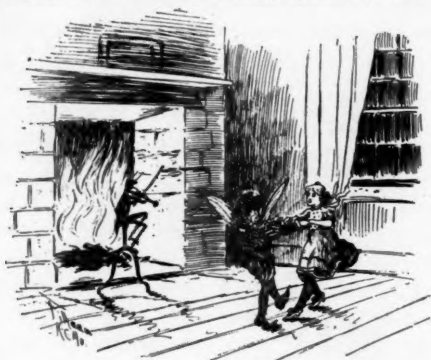
The next night, when the old house had closed its eyes, Elsa sat in the chimney corner; and as she listened to the wind laughing at her in the chimney, the cricket came with his fiddle.

"But where is my partner?" asked Elsa as the cricket tuned his fiddle.

Then the wind laughed in the chimney, and he laughed so hard that he blew a red spark from the log to Elsa's feet, and lo, the red spark was a little prince wearing a suit of scarlet velvet embroidered with gold. The prince doffed his red-plumed cap, and said, "Will you dance with me?" and, Elsa upspringing, caught up her ragged skirt and courtesied

low; and the wind laughed louder and the flames capered merrily, and the cricket fiddled as he had never fiddled before, while Elsa and the prince around the room went whirling.

At last, out of breath, they paused; the wind



with his airy fan cooled Elsa's red cheek, and the prince, with a bow, said, "Never have I danced with so graceful a partner."

"Thank you, Prince," replied Elsa, courtesying low, so low that she saw her two little wooden shoes, and blushing, she said, "You are easy to please, with a partner in wooden shoes."

"Tomorrow night I will bring you a pair of white satin slippers," said the prince. "If you dance so well in wooden shoes, in satin slippers you will dance like a fairy."

Kissing Elsa's little brown hand, he bade her good night, and thanking the courteous cricket, the prince went up the chimney like a red flame, while upstairs to her bed under the rafters Elsa crept softly, lest she wake old Gretchen, who was dreaming of birch rods that made children dance.

The following night, while the wind was rocking the old house to sleep, Elsa sat in the chimney corner, watching the red log turn gray, and waiting for the cricket to come with his fiddle; and when he had come and was tuning his fiddle, she asked for the prince. The wind overheard, and laughed down the chimney, and blew a red spark into her face. Elsa rubbed her eyes, and there stood the little prince, who, doffing his scarlet cap, presented Elsa with a pair of white satin slippers. Elsa's small feet crept from her wooden shoes as the prince knelt before her and tried on the white satin slippers, which fitted her well. Then the cricket fiddled, and the prince and Elsa danced until they were out of breath. The wind very gallantly fanned Elsa's warm cheeks, while the prince said, "Never have I danced with one who danced so well. 'Tis midnight now, but on the morrow night, if the cricket will kindly bring his fiddle, we will dance until we wear away the floor."

He kissed Elsa's little brown hand, bade her good night, thanked the good cricket, and up the chimney went like a red flame; while to her bed under the rafters Elsa crept softly, lest she wake old Gretchen, who was dreaming of a pair of white satin slippers worth a gold piece.

One night white satin slippers danced so fast through Gretchen's dreams that they awoke her. She called to Elsa who did not reply; so she arose and felt the bed under the rafters. The bed was so hard that she stumped her fingers, and a little mouse laughed at her as he ran away; and the wind called through the crannies, "Poor old Gretchen, why do you dream of white satin slippers? Do you think they are meant for you?" As he went whistling

away he seemed to whisper, "Elsa, Elsa, Elsa!"

"Yes, where is she?" said old Gretchen.

"Listen to the fiddling," said the mouse. "Elsa must be dancing in the white satin slippers."

Then old Gretchen heard the cricket fiddling, and she tiptoed down stairs. But the prince heard her sly footfall, and up the chimney sprang like a bright flame; while Elsa hid behind the door, where Gretchen finding her, boxed her little pink ears until they were red, and seized the pair of white satin slippers and hid them, ready to take to the fair and sell at holiday time. Weeping, poor little Elsa went to bed, where she dreamed she was a princess and danced in silver slippers.

(To be continued.)

### GOLDEN HAIR AND BLUE EYES.

BY FRANCES GRIFFITH (10 years.)



NCE there lived two little girls at the foot of a large hill. Their names were Golden Hair and Blue Eyes. These children were always ready to help someone. At the top of this hill was a very wise old dame's house. She could change people to anything. So one day they went to this old dame's house; they stopped and rested many times, for it was a long way; it was dark when they got there, but each of them had gathered flowers and picked apples for her. Golden Hair picked up a stick, for they were kind of timid about knocking. Blue Eyes asked her if she would change them into something that would make everyone happy. So she fed them, and put them to bed. No one ever saw them again, but what they did see was beautiful asters and golden rod all over the country.

# UNITY SCHOOL LIBRARY

WEE WISDOM.

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## HOW UNCLE DAVE MADE AN ENCYCLO- PEDIA.



“DO wish,” said Rob to Uncle Dave, “that we had an encyclopedia in the house! I so often want information on different subjects, and it is not always convenient to go to the Public Library.”

“Well, why don't you make one?” said Uncle Dave.

“Make one!” cried Rob; “you are joking, surely.”

“Not at all,” said the uncle, rising and going toward his desk. “Have you never seen mine?”

“No,” said Rob, with eyes full of wonder, and following him across the room.

Uncle Dave opened a drawer, and, taking out a good-sized book, laid it on the desk and invited Rob to examine it.

He opened it to the front and found a neat index, each letter of the alphabet having a full page. Some of these were filled with numerous subjects beginning with the same letter, while others had only a few. Under the letter A he found the words “Ants,” “Alphabet,” “Alligators,” “Apples,” etc.; under B, “Beetles,” “Buoys,” “Bees,” “Bears,” etc. He turned to the page devoted to ants and found scraps pasted in on the following subjects: “The Strength of an Ant,” “An Ant Fifteen Years Old,” “Work of White Ants,” “Did the Ant Talk?”

Intensely interested he turned to the letter S, and found the following subjects treated: “Ships,” “Stags,” “Swallow,” “Seals,” “Spinning-wheels,” “Spiders,” “Sponges,” etc. He turned to the page which referred to snails, and became interested in knowing that snails possess quite an affection for each other, and that large farms in Switzerland are devoted to the raising of these small



beings. He laughed outright when he read that if a snail lost his head and was put in a cool place a new one would very soon be grown.

"Why, Uncle Dave, I think this is just splendid! Do you think I could ever make one like it?"

"There is no reason why you should not, my boy. All you need do is to scan carefully every paper that passes through your hands. Much valuable information on every subject is too often consigned to the waste-basket or used to kindle the kitchen fire. I carry a small pair of scissors in my pocket, and whenever I come across an item suitable for my book, I clip it out immediately; for if a paper is once laid aside you may never think of it again."

"Then that is the reason," said Rob, with a sly look at his uncle, "why you are always so generous with your papers, and willing to let everyone else have the first reading of them."

"Certainly," said Uncle Dave, "for I know that an item clipped from a paper is much more interesting than all that remains — to some people, at least."

"Well," said Rob, closing the book and rising, "as it is a rainy day, and we cannot have our match ball game, I will go and look over the weekly accumulation of papers and make a beginning at once. Why, Uncle Dave, every item in your book makes it more valuable. We have to write a short paper on a different subject every week at school, and often we are allowed to choose our own subject, and I never know where to go for interesting information."

"Meantime," said Uncle Dave, "while you are making your book you can have free access to mine."

"Oh, thank you, Uncle Dave! I shall look forward to my weekly paper now with pleasure, instead of dread," said Rob, as he left the room with a happy look in his eyes.

"Nothing like giving a boy something to do and something to think about," said Uncle Dave, as he laid his precious book away in the drawer; "particularly when it is in keeping with his studies."

— JESSIE R. BALDWIN, in *Sunday-School Times*.



## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

SOMETHING NEW DOING IN THE JOYFUL  
CIRCLE.

[The Joyful Circle is giving expression to its joy and ability through the avenue of a little typewritten paper, which they call "*O Joy*." They were generous enough to invite their friends in to the reading of the first number, and it is brainy and good enough for anybody. We have asked for the editorial that all might see what these young folks are driving at.—Ed.]

"*O Joy*" is a magazine of Joy published by the Joyful Circle of Kansas City in the interest of its members and others.

The first few numbers will be published monthly, and only one copy each month will be printed. After a while the magazine will be published every three months, and will have a *subscription* list.

All who read it are invited to take an interest in it, and help it along.

It will be a chronicle of the main happenings in the social life of the Joyful Circle among other things. Its pages will be filled with the originality of its members. Who knows what is in us until it is brought out? Nobody knows what great things a backward boy or girl who says, "I can't" could do if he or she would say, "I can," and try. Nobody knows, no, they themselves do not know. How do we know? Oh, we saw the guide-post as we passed, and we know we are on the right track.

Each one has within himself the key that will unlock the door which leads into a vast storehouse of knowledge and ability. We can hardly

realize this until we try. You can do or be anything that you want to do or be, if you will but continue in that thought and put forth your efforts in that line, and believe that you will accomplish what you desire. It seems wonderful, but it is as true as sunshine, and is worth trying. Hold to the thought that you are guided by Divine Wisdom, and you will do wonders.

So what use for any member to say, "I can't write for *"O Joy."*" No member can afford to say such a thing. It is a privilege to write for *"O Joy,"* and you should take advantage of it. Others need your ideas, and you need to know your own ability.

Another thing: the editors of *"O Joy"* ask that all members of the Circle keep on the lookout for bits of wit and humor to add spice to this publication. Short recitals of interesting facts told in an original way will be as chili sauce, and help things along wonderfully. Above all, remember that the magazine is to educate, first of all, our members and teach them that they have no common ability concealed under their wigs, and next to show it to the world.

As regards personals, if the one who writes them is not ashamed of them we will try not to be.

Anybody desiring a copy of this month's issue can have it by paying a stenographer for copying it.

No patent medicine adds will be allowed in this magazine. Our chemist will analyze all adds before they are accepted, and should he find any lacking in the elements of love, justice and truth, he will recommend them to be sent to the daily papers.

If anybody has a kick, let him meet the editors in the gymnazium where all kickers are instructed to make the highest record.



The staff is always glad to receive suggestions from any interested person.



Strange to say, poems are especially desired, and will receive Christian forbearance at the hands of the editors. If the feet are too long, we will have our carpenter cut them off; if they are too short, our shoemaker will attend to them.



Christmas Eve found a big gathering in Unity Auditorium, to witness the program given by the children and young folk, and the unveiling of the Christmas tree. When the curtain rose, there was Mrs. Santa busy in her little snow-covered house, where was a telephone to help her keep track of Santa's movements. And the first phone she had from him announced he had broken down and would not be on hand as early as expected. Then to pass the time away, Mrs. Santa telephoned to Mother Goose Land, and Mother Goose and many of her noted goslings came and helped entertain while Santa was getting 'round. And when he came at last and the tree was set ablaze with electric lights, it was discovered to be the finest tree ever, with candy and gifts for everybody. There was joy and goodwill a-plenty. And the Christ-child found a manger in every heart.



"I trust in the mercy of God for ever and ever."

## Epistles.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have taken the WEE WISDOM three months, and every time it comes I like it more and more and I cannot hardly wait till the next month's comes. When I am through with my WEE WISDOM I give it to a little friend that cannot take WEE WISDOM just now. Your loving subscriber,  
EVERETT VAN CAMP.



TYABB, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM AND YE EDITOR ROYAL— I am so glad that "New Diet" is in UNITY. I am a vegetarian and am trying to teach our cats to be vegetarians, but I find it a very hard task. One day a bee was drowning, and when I rescued it, it stung me. Another day I took a bird from between the cat's claws. She was just going to kill and eat it, and when I took the bird from her, she scratched me. This cat is the hardest one to teach to be a vegetarian. The bird flew to a scrub near by and sang its song of thanks. I rejoiced greatly over having rescued it. I intend to persevere, and as I read, "Love will conquer everything," I am sure to win at last. I feed our cats on baead and milk and oatmeal porridge. They are also fond of sweets, cake and things like that. I will close now with kind wishes and loving thoughts

MARY ELSIE M. FOLEY.



BONNEY, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM— Inclose 50c for WEE WISDOM another year. I tried to get some subscribers but I failed to get them. I think I can't get along without WEE WISDOM any more. I am a small girl for my age, but when I do grow I will grow fast. Yesterday was my birthday. I am going now. I like to go to school all the time. We have five pupils in our school. Just



OUR AUSTRALIAN WEES

about all the leaves here have fallen from the trees. We have had some pretty cold weather. Today is my little brother's birthday. He is four or five years old. Well, Christmas will soon be here, and I will be glad too. Well, I will close for this love and write more next time. Love to all the Wees.

NORA MEYER.



DADEVILLE, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have not written for so long I thought I would write to you. I go to school and am in the fifth grade. I like to go to school. My little sister is well now. She is no longer crippled. She has no more broken bones, and she is as cute as she can be. She was six months old the 14th of December. That is all I can think of now. I will close with much love to the Wees.

GRACE ORTLOFF.



CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write you a letter tonight, as I have never done so before. I should never have heard of this little book WEE WISDOM only for a blind lady down stairs. She lives in our building. I will write a little story on the other side for January. I am ten years old and go to the John Fiske school. Yours, I am,

FRANCES GRIFFITH.



### WHAT CHRISTMAS BRINGS.

Christmas has come again,  
And Mary is so glad, for  
She knows that good Old  
Santa loves her, and she  
Expects to find many pretty things.

And Mary is so happy.  
She knows not what to do. She  
Finds her stocking full of candies,  
Nuts, prizes, doll ribbons,  
And oh, so many pretty things.

"Mamma," said little Mary,  
"Will you make my dollie  
A new dress for Christmas?  
She wants to go to grandma's  
With me, if it is n't too cold."

"Yes," said mamma, "I'll  
Make it the sweetest shade  
Of blue, and she may  
Go to grandma's to spend  
A day with you."  
Love to all.

ALPHA ORR.

### THE NEW YEAR

BY BOTHILDA E. CURTZ

"Ring out the old,  
Ring in the new,  
Ring out the false,  
Ring in the true."

The glad New Year  
Should end our fear  
And bring us cheer,  
For Love is near.

But first we must  
Rise from the dust  
And place our trust  
In God, the just.

## PRETTY LEAVES.

*First Verse by LeRoy Moore.  
Second and third by M. F.*

*Melody by LeRoy Moore.  
Accompaniment by Jessie Sloan.*

*Very Slow.*

1. See, the leaves are fall-ing, fall-ing, Pret-ty leaves, pret- ty leaves;  
2. Hap-py chil-dren, sing-ing, sing-ing, Pret-ty leaves, pret- ty leaves;  
3. Hap-py fan-cies, com-ing, go-ing, Pret-ty leaves, pret- ty leaves;

The first system of music consists of a vocal melody line and two piano accompaniment lines. The melody is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

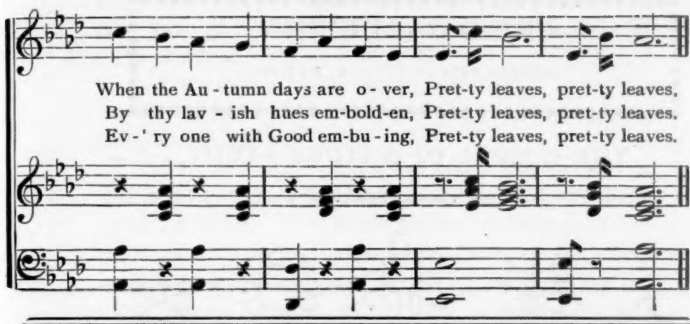
Hear the spar-rows call-ing, call-ing, From the trees, from the trees;  
In their arms rich treasures bringing From the trees, from the trees;  
Lit - tle hearts are full of know-ing, Pret-ty leaves, pret-ty leaves;

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano accompaniment includes some chords marked with an 'x'.

Lit-tle snowflakes soon will cov - er All the leaf-lets and the clo-ver,  
Glad with col - or bright and golden, Glows the earth so brown and old-en,  
'Tis the love and joy of do-ing Fills the earth with one glad woo-ing,

The third system concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment features a final chord marked with an 'x'.





Goosie, Goosie Gander, where do you wander?  
 In right paths and bright paths I always meander.  
 — L. H.

Some of our little friends have been very untiring in their efforts to enlarge WEE WISDOM's visiting list, and some are making it smaller by forgetting to send in their renewal.

Tessie made a nice match scratcher after the suggestion of Mrs. Hardy, and sent in.

## CHILD-GARDENING.

CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY.

## THE GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY.

## LAW OF EXPRESSION.

*My Dear Wee Ones:*

I wonder if Prof. Moore knows how we thank him — little Wees and big Wees — for his beautiful song:

" See the leaves are falling, falling,  
Pretty leaves, pretty leaves.  
Hear the swallows calling, calling  
Grom the trees, from ees.  
Little snowflakes soon will cover  
All the leaflets and the clover  
When the autumn days are over,  
Pretty leaves, pretty leaves."

Let us all say together, "Prof. Moore, we thank you."

The dear and loving Father knows that we would not like to have things the same all the time, so He sends the beautiful changing scenes, each in its own time and season and all according to His own beautiful law.

What a happy time we did have gathering and pressing the many colored autumn leaves. Now we enjoy the beautiful snowflakes. We watch them as

they fall, and we again think of God's wonderful law that governs all things, even each little tiny flake of snow.

Let us follow little fairy waterdrop from the bosom of the river on her journey to snowland and back to us again.

Above our earth there are countless sunwaves, which make the air light by pressing apart the little particles of air. It is these sun waves that start our little water drop on its journey. After the sun waves have kissed the surface of the river, little water drop has changed into vapor, a kind of mist, very thin and light—so light that we cannot see our little friend in the form of a drop any more. The sun waves just shine down on little water drop, making it hotter and hotter, till the little particles of which it is composed, fly apart and rise upward as thin vapor. The winds help too by carrying the vapor way up into cloudland.

When the vapor reaches the colder air above, its particles are drawn together again into a tiny drop of water or "water dust." The clouds that we see floating above our heads are made of this same kind of "water dust."

We have never seen the sunbeam fairies carrying any water from our earth up into cloudland, but we know perfectly well that it goes there, for it comes back to us again in the form of rain and snow. So it must go up there without our seeing it. All the time whenever the sun kisses lake or pond or river, or even the snow and ice, our little water fairies are being carried all over the world, and it is all being done according to God's law and order, and without a bit of noise or fuss of any kind. As our little friend rises upward, the particles of which she is

composed, begin to separate, and in doing so, uses up some of the heat which she brought from the earth. This makes the air colder and she again forms herself into a tiny drop. When we look up into the sky and see a lot of them hanging together, we call them "clouds." Sometimes these clouds are as far as ten miles from the earth. And sometimes they are as near as one mile. When they are near they are made of big heavy drops.

If a cold wind should pass through these clouds, it would fill them full of water and when the particles are cold it makes them huddle more closely together until they are heavier than the air. Of course then they can float no longer, so down they come in a shower of rain.

Sometimes our little water drop meets with such cold temperature as to bring it to the freezing point. If it has already formed into a drop before it meets this cold blast, then it will freeze into a hail stone. Sometimes you know even in summer we are surprised by a severe hailstorm. This is because the drops have met with a freezing wind on their way earthward.

If it should reach the freezing wind before it has formed into a drop, then the particles are crystallized into beautiful white flakes, and the people cry, "Oh, see the snow!" And the kindergarten children laugh and clap their hands. Then they sing:

"This is the way the snow comes down,  
Softly, softly falling;  
So He sendeth His snow like wool,  
Fair and white and beautiful,  
This is the way the snow comes down,  
Softly, softly falling."

By catching the flakes on a dark piece of cloth in cold weather, and looking at them through a magnifying glass, the beautiful crystals may be readily seen. A thousand different forms of snow crystals have been found.

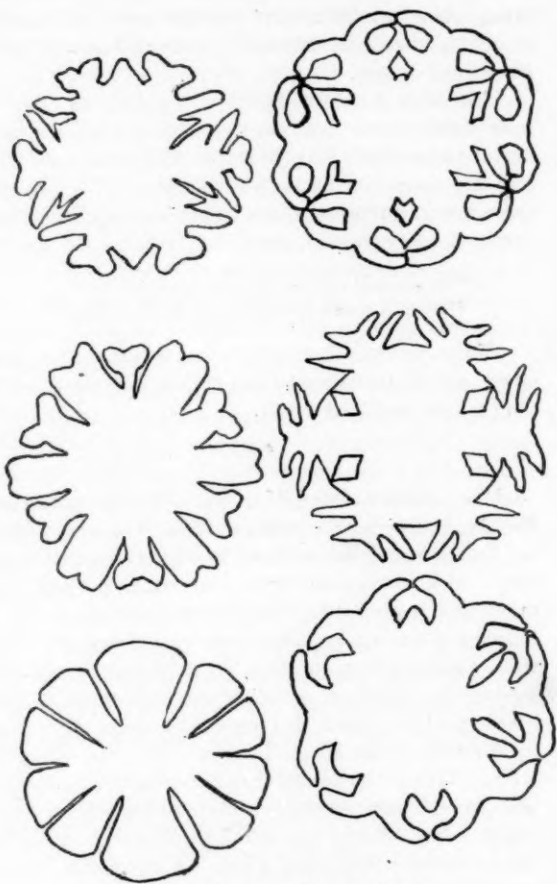
The snow star flowers are lovely and we love to look upon them, because they tell us of God's wonderful and orderly Law of Expression which we may find for ourselves in each little flake. We find this same law in ourselves—we find it in every little blossom and every pebble, even.

"The smallest dust which floats upon the wind  
Bears this strong impress of the Eternal Mind."

When we watch the little snowflakes, "as they cover all the leaflets and the clover," let us think of God's Law and look for it.

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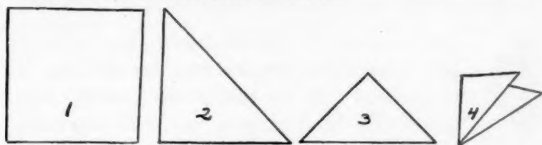
Mrs. Hardy's sister, Mrs. June Chapman, teaches the Tennesseetown kindergarten in Topeka. Here we find a room full of little black brothers and sisters. Mrs. Chapman loves her little people very much and is giving her life to this beautiful work of helping them to be useful men and women. She was so glad to find on *WEE WISDOM* frontis picture, among the children of other nations, a dear little black brother lifting his eyes and reaching up his little hands to the blessed Christ-child who loves all alike. When the snowflakes fall, these little people like to cut the snowflake star flowers from white paper. Mrs. Hardy has asked them to cut some for *WEE WISDOM* boys and girls. A hundred or more were sent, but there is space for only a few. These little people are between the ages of 3 and 6 years.



SNOW FLOWERS TO CUT.

THE WAY TO CUT THE SNOW STAR FLOWERS.

(1) Take a four-inch white paper square. (2) Fold it from corner to corner like a shawl. (3) Fold it once more into a smaller shawl. (4) Next, instead of folding it clear over to the edge, simply fold only one-half of the way. Always fold from the center. With sharp scissors now cut from the outer edge toward the center, any pattern desired.



Little Miss Muffet,  
sat on a tuffet,  
Eating sweet corn  
on the ear;  
There came a big  
spider which sat  
down beside her,  
But Miss Muffet saw  
nothing to fear.

— L. H.

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.


— COWPER.

We have two belated Christmas stories from  
Grace and Florence, which will have to wait over  
till next Christmas.

If I want a happy day  
I can make it just that way.

— *The Light.*





### MORNING.

CHATENA'S TALK WITH LITTLE SUNSHINERS.



am asked to say something to the children, and that is an inspiration, for nothing in the world can set the pulse beating and send the life-thoughts dancing through the mind like the company of children.

So I bow to you, and would take off my hat to you, only that would not be proper for me to do.

*You* are my teachers, every one of you, and while I think of you a great tide of thoughts come tumbling over each other to be said.

It is six o'clock in the morning with *you*, the sun is just rising, and it comes up through a great red and golden bank, and sends its rays quivering out in life-giving touch to leaf and twig and branch and blossom, bounding and joyous and free! It will be just as great when it is noon with you or evening with you, but now we must get the Morning Lesson, and then the other lessons will come on in their own glory. Do you know what I mean? Yes, you know it, think a minute, and you will know; but Morning is not going to think much. It has so much joy in it that it must put forth; it must shine and be glad in its own shining.

A cross child is a deformity. If your leg were broken, you would get it mended, and so with crossness — get it mended. Morning is a good time to mend things, and not to adopt strange, deformed creatures to live in our house. Keep them out. There are a lot of things, like weeds, that try to plant themselves in the morning sunshine. We all know

what "meanness" is. We are not good to ourselves when we are mean to another. Thus habit is sometimes in the form of carelessness, then it says, "I didn't think." What an empty room that is in our house! Another one of these habits is self-conceit, thinking we are "it." Better hide our heads in the ash barrel than think we are "Mr." or "Miss Superior."

If a lie comes your way, and sticks to your tongue and leaves a bad taste in your mouth, wash it off. Go and tell mother, and let the thing that does n't belong to you fall down and wriggle and die. Get a clean atmosphere for "Morning" to shine in. Yes, go this minute and do it; tell the whole thing; put your foot on it, and lift your face into the light.

Do you blame someone else for the unpleasant things that come to you? Then stop it. Tell the one that you blame, and have it out, and trust to the blessed Lord for forgiveness.

It is the business of Morning to shine and be glorious, and these ugly habits of meanness and carelessness and fault-finding, etc., are like bats that are left over from the night. We have to work to not let them have lodging in our house. Sometimes they begin in the morning, and by noon they are horrid giants that rule in the place of the king who was the prince of Morning sunshine. May it not be so with any of us, but may the Morning sunshine shine in clear and pure through the whole house. "How will it do it?" Why, by shining! and that means keep doing. Ask yourself, "What helpful thing am I doing?" Then keep on. Do not stop to count the things done; just keep on shining; do some more. Shine in all places, and for all people. And that is just what you Morning ones will do. The Morning sun does n't stop because of a cesspool. It is n't the cesspool. It will keep on shining, and the cesspool will dry up. We may help each other to carry the Morning shine right into the noon, and then the path will be a Pathway of Light up to the glory of the perfect Good.

## WEE WISDOM. GOD'S TEMPLE.

A LITTLE LESSON IN TRUTH BY EDNA.

**D**O you know that you live in a temple? You have heard of the great temple of Solomon and all its glories, but the temple that you dwell in is far more wonderful yet than Solomon's.

You live in God's true temple. Your body is the temple of God. He dwells within you, and fills you with His perfect, abundant life, and His love and wisdom and strength and power.

That you may remember this great Truth about God being within you, say over and over, many times to yourself, quietly and silently, "My body is the temple of the living God." You repeat the multiplication tables and the rules in grammar over, again and again, until you know them so well that you can think of them easily and quickly when you have need of them. The great Truths about God should be learned just as thoroughly.

It will mean much to you to know of this loving Presence within you. God is wise and good, and you will learn to look to Him for all your help. He loves you and cares for you, for you are His child. He will heal you when you need healing, if you ask Him, and He will keep you well, and strong, and happy if you trust Him, and are obedient to Him.

He has all wisdom and knowledge, and will help you to have a wise and understanding heart so that you can learn your lessons well at school.

It is good to know that God is our Father, and is not away in the sky some place, but dwells always in His temple, right with His children where He can hear their every prayer for help, and their every word of praise and thanksgiving. Even though the prayer or praise be a silent thought, He is right within where the thought is, and He hears.

Whenever you repeat the prayer Jesus gave, beginning, "Our Father," remember that the Father is within you, and that heaven is within you, too.

WEE WISDOM'S WAY OF  
HEALING.

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

If you want to be wel and happy, keep Truth-thoughts in your mind.

GOD IS LIFE.

This is Truth, and when you keep thinking —

*I am filled with God's happy Life —*

Your whole body will feel the glow of happy Life and Health.

GOD IS LOVE.

This is Truth, and no fear or harm can come to you when you are thinking —

*I am folded in God's Love.*

GOD IS INTELLIGENCE.

This is Truth, and you will understand things, and get your lessons well when you keep the thought in your mind —

*God is my Intelligence.*

Josephine understands this, and she is helping others to find the way of Health-thinking. Here is a letter she brought in the other day:

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am seven years old. I believe "God is Health," and I help my friends find it, when they think they are sick. One of my little friend's mother was hurt in a railroad accident, and expected to go to the hospital to be operated on. She asked me to treat her so she would n't have to go. I held for her that she was all right, and there was nothing to fear, and she did n't have to go. I treated her a week, and then went to see her, and she said she felt better than she had for a long time. She is improving every day, and will not have to go to the hospital at all. I love to demonstrate the Truth.

JOSEPHINE LYTTLE, Kansas City, Mo.

## Ye Editor's Sanctum.



APPY New Year to one and all! Have you noticed how much Nineteen-hundred-and-seven looks like his brother, "Nineteen-six?" There's such a strong resemblance between all the family of Years, you hardly feel the difference when one slips out and another slips in. But this YEAR we are going to call a little better than any of his 1906 brothers (what a big family!) because it is to bring us more wisdom, more love, more trust and more joy in doing and being what this MIND (which is God) stirs us to do and be. Why! do you know this MIND was before the Years were born or given name? It is out of this wonderful MIND that the worlds and everything are builded, and do you know, my Wisdoms, it is out of this MIND we are making our bodies and keeping them growing and going every day? We could not think thoughts without It. We could not move around without It. It is swift and glad to serve us, when we let It, through loving and trusting It. Everyone of us is given a little germ-mind which, like the little seed, bears the image and likeness of the Parent-Mind. If we would let this mind grow in us unhindered, like Jesus did, our bodies would always be beautiful and strong and whole, and we would never be afraid of anything, because we would always feel the great, loving Father-MIND folding us about. We could never lack anything, for there would be the shining MIND-stuff waiting our uses. We could never feel sick or tired, get old or sad, for there is Life unending and Love unfailing in this MIND.



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## New Year, 1907.

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*HAPPY! HAPPY!*

*Mamie.*

*Happy is the year that's gone,  
Happy is the year that's come,  
Happy, happy, everyone.*

*Happy is the heart that's right,  
Happy in the day or night,  
Happy, happy, free and bright.*

*Happy thoughts are like a ring,  
There's no end to what they bring,  
Happy, happy, everything.*

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Our Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons are missing this month, because we did not get the new Lesson book to her in time to write them for January.

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Don't let your time run out for WEE WISDOM.  
She will teach you to be well and happy.

## A New Year's Pillow.



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## Be Sure to Read This.

Do you like WEE WISDOM?

Do you want her to keep on visiting you?

Well, you keep a watch on this notice, and when there's a blue mark across it be sure to send 50 cents to Unity Tract Society, Kansas City, Mo., to pay for WEE WISDOM's monthly visits or she will be out of traveling money, and cannot come to see you any more.