

Holiday Number

WEE WISDOM

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



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The Christ-Child rests
Upon the breast
Of holy motherhood ;
Who sees her Child,
Pure, undefiled,
Has understood.



VOL. XII.

DECEMBER, 1907.

No. 5

THE STORY OF LOVIE: OR, ESTABLISHING IDEALS.

MYRTLE FILLMORE

CHAPTER IV.

D A W N



N the glow of the early twilight, while yet "the morning stars sang together," the feathered orchestra of the little wood was a-tune and joining in. To the slender figure standing with bared head, facing the dawning splendor of the unrisen sun, it was as if heaven and earth were uniting in one grand symphony of welcome to the coming day. So full of the beauty and harmony of the morning was the soul of Ned Day that it burst from his lips in a song of praise:

"Oh, blessed Light! Oh, blessed Life!
There is no discord in thy earth or heaven;
Thou art the endless harmony that runs through all.
Thou art the Songster and the song,
Thou art the Giver and the gift,
Thou art the Lover and the loved,
Thou art the Glory and the glorified,
Thou art the Knower and the known.
Thou art the One in all, the all-in-one;
Thou art, and thou art God."

The morning held something more for Ned Day than the music of the spheres and the song of birds. He was about to be called to demonstrate the harmony and oneness his soul had realized, for out of the shad-

ows had filed three grotesque little images of humanity and planted themselves where his eyes must fall upon them when he took them from the skies. A moment later and Ned Day faced his problem. Could he, would he, reconcile these dirty little gamins with the divine beauty and harmony that were pulsating his soul? The question was quickly settled, for Ned Day no sooner beheld these little faces turned up to his than a smile of welcome broke over his countenance, and his voice took on the quality of comradeship as he called out cheerily, "Hello, fellows! You're out early." There came a chorus of "Hellos" in return, and then Pinkey, edging closer, touched Ned softly as if to make sure that he was really flesh and blood, and said, "Me an' Crutches an' Pigeontoe cummed on business, but them nifty words o' yourn landed us. They make such queerness here," and Pinkey's hand went somewhere between his heart and stomach, "And I feel I orter know sumthin'!"

There was a hungry, eager look in Pinkey's face quite new to it. Something had stirred in his soul—the awakening thrill of a new life had swept through his being. There was no half-way with Pinkey. Conviction and action went together with him. Ned realized this and felt the importance of the task before him. The sun was just lifting a golden disc above the horizon. He called the attention of the boys to it with the question:

"What is that great ball of light coming up from the East?"

There was prompt answer, "The sun."

"Where is it coming from?"

"Dunno."

"Were you expecting it?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"'Cause it allers comes round in the mornin'."

"Why does it always come in the morning?"

It was Crutches answered the question,

"God makes it come."

"Why does God make it come, Pinkey?"

"Search me," said Pinkey.

But Crutches swung a step forward and almost whispered to Ned :

"'Cause he loves us."

"And what do you think about it, Pigeontoe?" enquired Ned of that young worthy.

Now Pigeontoe, like many bigger folks, could re-iterate somebody else's opinion better than venture one of his own, and his answer was :

"My grandmar allers 'lowed God done all them things fer folks."

"Well, now," said Ned, "we know the sun does come every morning, and never fails us, and that there could be no warmth or light without it ; neither could there be any life or growth. So we are bound to believe the Power that made the sun and keeps it coming to us with the morning must mean good for us. And its name is Good, only people have shortened it to God.

Pinkey flashed down from the log he had perched on. Something new had dawned upon him, and to think was to act with him.

"Oh, Mr. Ned, haint nobody got no cinch on God then?"

"Why, no, my boy. Doesn't his sun shine on everybody alike?"

Pinkey cogitated a moment, and then answered a little sorrowfully :

"Yes, but them big sky scrapers and stone piles don't give no show here."

"Well, Pinkey, it's good to know it's shining anyway, and so it's good for our souls to feel that a great Life and Love belong to them, which outshine the sun and cannot be hidden by sky scrapers or stone walls."

"Be yer meanin' God, and war that what makes the queerness in here?" and Pinkey's hand again sought the region of his stomach.

"Yes, Pinkey, that's just what I mean. It is the everywhere GOOD—God—that gives us the life that dwells in our bodies, and the love that makes us kind to each other, and shines through us in good thoughts and deeds."

"But I haïnt good," burst in Pinkey.

"Yes he is, Mr. Ned," chimed in Crutches, "he never makes fun of anybody, and fights off the boys that bullies me and brings me up here among the birds and trees where I can have a chance. He's awful good when you know him."

"That's the Great Good shining through you, Pinkey. Be careful and don't shut it out with sky scrapers and stone piles. Just let it shine."

Pinkey was silent and full of thought. Crutches told how he loved the little woods, and how it seemed like God was a lot closer here than anywhere, 'cepting where mother was.

Through careful questioning, Ned learned that Crutches had once had a nice home, but his father had gone away to the gold fields seeking his fortune, and had not been heard from for several years. And that after living up what he had left them his mother was struggling to support herself and crippled boy by working in a factory. It was plain that Crutches was

well born and had a refined and sensitive nature, as well as a bright mind, in his slender little body. When the matter of his lameness was referred to, Pinky was on the spot ready to explain the business proposition that had brought them out so early.

"Yer see, Mr. Ned, yer helpin' man war a-telling me and Pigeontoe that he knowed you onst when you's game just like Crutches, and yer cum out o' it all one night; so me an' him toted Crutches down here to find out how you done it."

Ned took in the situation, there was only one thing to be done, his mind and heart agreed upon that; but before he could carry out his plans, these dusty, hungry little beings must be washed and fed.

Jainey and Tom, the presiding geniuses of the bungalow, entered into the spirit of the occasion, and in one short hour wrought a wonderful transformation in these little urchins, turning them over to Ned again clean as a whistle, with shining faces and satisfied stomachs. It was as if they'd suddenly come upon heaven and the angels, Crutches explained afterwards.

Ned proposed to Pinky and Pigeontoe that they leave Crutches in his care for the day, coming for him in time to be home to meet his mother.

Pinky said, "It was a go." And so it came about that the boy listened to the story of Ned Day's healing, and carried away in his heart the germs of a living faith.

(To be continued.)

I dreamed one night that I tried to find

Why every one smiled so gay.

I found that their smiles were brought forth by mine;

I decided to smile away.

—BLANCHE.

GOOD NIGHT

Jessie Juliet Knox

I have said goodnight to my little one;
The prayer is over, the duties done,
Till tomorrow.

I have placed the little bronze-brown head
With scarlet lips, and cheeks so red,
On the pillow.

I know I am tired with physical pain;
And a dreary sound has the Winter rain,
When my own sleeps.

But my tired heart longs with a tender thrill
For the little one — so still — so still
When the wind creeps.

And life has nothing to lose or miss
With the rose-leaf warmth of baby's kiss,
On my fond lips:

And the dimpled arms which around me twine,
These — these — I love, for they are mine,
To the finger tips.

The mother-heart is a strange, strange thing,
But in life's mystical lilt and swing,
She thinks of this:

What matter how wearisome the task,
As long as baby's lips will ask
For a dear kiss?

Ah, strangely quiet the whole house seems,
When not a light with the burnished gleams
Of baby's hair;

And still — so still — when the little feet
Are warmly wrapped in slumber sweet,
Just up the stair.

O, happy thought, I have only to flee
Up the winding stair my own to see
On her pillow white;

And my fond heart thrills with maternal bliss,
And I whisper, as soft her lips I kiss:
"My own — goodnight."



SERIES IV

THE PRINCESS BEAUTIFUL

BESSIE EVANS PITTINGER

Christmas day was over and the little maids, tired but happy, curled up beside mother in the Morris chair.

Father was deep in a Christmas book and did not even hear the heavy splash and wash of rain as the wind drove it against the window pane.

"My, what a storm for Oregon!" said mother.

"What matter how the night behave,
What matter how the north wind rave,
Blow high! blow low! not all your snow,
Can quench our hearth fire's ruddy glow."

quoted Sally.

"You ought to say rain" said Lois "rain wouldn't rhyme with glow," and besides there isn't much difference between rain and snow except one's frozen," returned Sallie.

"It seems as if I've gotten every single thing I want, this Christmas. I don't believe I could think of anything I want and haven't got." said Lois who held a flaxen-haired doll in one arm, a picture in the other, an orange in one hand, while with the other she balanced herself on the arm of the chair. Her apron pocket was filled with candy and nuts and from

the top of her shoes showed a bristling array of colored crayons.

"O, I've gotten every present any one could give me," said Sallie, "but there are lots of things I'd like to have yet."

"What?" asked mother.

"O, I don't exactly know—I wish I always got a hundred in my spelling and I wish I knew my multiplication table, or didn't have to learn it, and then—well, there are lots of things people can't give, but I can't just explain what they are—something you want but just don't know what it is," and Sallie gazed into the big brick fireplace with such a sober little face that it sent a pain to mother's heart, for she knew what that, "weary longing and yearning, for the mystical, better things" meant, and how each human soul must search by himself for the "better things" without help or hindrance from others, and that these "longings and yearnings" are the only means by which we grow into the likeness of him whose birthday they were celebrating,

In silence they gazed into the big brick fireplace where the coals lay red and yellow and where the tiny blue flames played hide and seek among them.

"Tell us a story mother, before we go to bed; 'coaxed Lois.' Tell us about Christmas when you were a little girl in Dakota."

"No, I'll tell you about a little Princess, who lived long, long ago in a beautiful castle, in a country which was all her own.

Her name was Princess Beautiful and she was all that her name implies.

She had long golden curls which came nearly to the hem of her gown, and her face was fair and sweet; her eyes were a soft, dark brown, like the glossy side

of those chestnuts there, and her hands were long and slim like the hands of an artist. Her disposition was as fair and sweet as was her face, and no ill-humor ever clouded her brow and no cross or unkind words ever crossed her lips.

Now, I said that this large and beautiful country belonged to the little Princess. Sometime, when she was old enough, she would become queen and would then have entire control over this country and its people. To become a good queen, and rule with truth and justice, she must needs, even while yet a child, learn many, many things. With this in view she had many instructors who came nearly every day, and many hours the little Princess studied during the week until sometimes she grew discouraged and even shed tears when she thought of all the tasks before her. She learned the languages of the countries round about her that she might understand transacting business with them. She studied arithmetic that she might be better able to guard the finances of her domain. History and civil government, spelling and grammar, all these things she must learn, until her head grew dizzy at the very thoughts of them all.

It was Christmas evening in the castle, the yule-log burnt in the hall; the fair little Princess sat all alone before the fire enjoying the warmth and light, while the rest of the room lay in darkness, the heavy furniture casting queer shadows in the flickering light.

"What a lot of Christmas presents were given to me," thought the Princess Beautiful, "and how happy I should be; and yet I'm not. If I could only turn that beautiful French doll into a well-learned French lesson, or make that lovely writing set do my number work, I'd like them much better.

"Good Evening" — said a silent voice at her elbow.

"Ah, good evening," answered the Princess, not at all startled, for she was well acquainted with this little silent friend whose face she had never seen, — "Good evening and a merry Christmas to you, my dear God-father."

"I'm late," said the silent visitor, "but you had so many presents this morning that I thought you'd like mine better if I waited until this evening to present it to you."

"My dear friend," replied the Princess Beautiful, "you are very kind, but I do not care for another Christmas present. I have more now than I know what to do with, and tomorrow I am going to send a wagon load of them, mostly toys, to the Children's Home."

"Ah, what I have is something rare, and I know you will value it. It is so rare it has no price," and the silent voice laughed so low and sweet that the Princess Beautiful laughed too as she answered—

"The king of Northland sent me the most wonderful doll in the world, and the king of Eastland had printed for me the rarest books in the world, the Prince and Princess of Westland have presented me with the softest and finest silks ever woven, while my Uncle, the Southland king, has just departed leaving me a ship-load of the most select fruits ever grown; so you see, my dear God-father, there is nothing so rare that I may not have it, so give your gift to someone who will enjoy and use it."

"My gift you will value and use," insisted the silent visitor. "It is a word, to be used when needed, and I now present it."

The little Princess felt a sudden glow of happiness

sweep over her entire being, just like those soft, warm, salt waves that wash over one at the beach. It tingled in every nerve of her body and sent bright flashes of light dancing before her eyes. It lasted but a moment and then passed slowly away, leaving the Princess with a strange sensation of joy.

"What was it?" breathlessly asked the Princess, but there was no answer for the silent one was silent, and just then the maid entered with the lights.

So full of festivities was the week following Christmas that the Princess never once thought of her God-father and his present.

At the end of the holiday lessons were resumed and the poor little Princess Beautiful was sorely tried with her many tasks. She sat at her writing table trying to get the answer to a knotty problem and the tears were in her eyes. As she dried her tears there flashed before her closed eyes the word "understanding" in red letters upon a white background, and at the same instant a wave of joy passed through her being. "God-father's gift!" she exclaimed. "I'll use it on this lesson," and no sooner did she open her eyes and look at her problem, than the difficulty vanished as by magic and the example seemed so simple she wondered that it could have caused any trouble. Many times that day and the days following did she close her eyes and always she saw that word "understanding" in red letters on a white background and the trouble, whatever it was, always vanished, leaving behind it a feeling of joy.

And so the little Princess really had everything she wanted. Every year her God-father came on Christmas evening and gave her another word, and with these words she ruled her kingdom in wisdom and truth.

"What were the other words?" asked Lois.

"Well one was *Love*, and one was *Patience*; another was *Faith* and another *Strength*, and many more, until at last, when she was queen of her country, she was so rich in words that she had one for every occasion and was never at a loss to know just what to do or say."

The clock chimed nine and mother said, "Bed-time, girls, run along now," and then as the little maids lingered before the big brick fireplace she added, "One of the Princess' words was *Obedience*."

THE CHRISTMAS OF '96

BY EMMA F. ELLIOTT

This story was written when Emma Elliott was fifteen years old and won the first prize of the school she attended.



SANTA CLAUS sat meditating in his private room in Fairyland. It was within a few months of Christmas and Santa Claus did not know whether he would go on with his work or not. The truth of it was that he was discouraged. The year before he had been through some trying experiences. In one house an electric light had been turned on and he was discovered by some little people who ought to have been asleep.

Again, as he was mounting a house top with his sleigh and reindeer, he had become entangled in the wires.

And so he was thinking seriously of not going to the world at all, and he had spoken to Mrs. Santa Claus about it. She, of course, spoke against this idea, and scolded Santa for thinking of such a thing, and now he was in a bad humor. "People do not appreciate me, and times are hard," he said at last,

"and if I should stay one year, perhaps they would think more of me."

As he was sitting alone that afternoon, he was wondering what he would say to the gnomes and other little people of Fairyland, who always worked for him.

He knew that they would try to reason with him and he would not know how to answer them.

Santa Claus walked around the room and there was a heavy cloud upon his brow.

Then he went to a window where he could look into his shops, and saw his little men busy getting things in working order, as they expected to begin making Christmas gifts.

Santa had so very many little men to work for him that they did not have to begin very early.

As he stood watching them he thought of the hard times, and how people could not afford to buy real expensive things, and that he was not able to pay his men as much as he had been doing.

Santa Claus then rang a bell, and told the dwarf who answered it that he wished to see his workmen in the main room of the shops, and that he would join them presently.

"Now," he said to himself, as he was getting ready to go to them, "If I cut their wages down, they will probably strike. Then, of course, no gifts can be made, and I will not have to go to the world."

When Santa Claus arrived at the workroom, he saw the queerest crowd that any one could imagine in a nightmare full of hobgoblins.

Some were sitting on little stools, others were standing around with their hands folded, trying to look as large as possible. When all was quiet Santa Claus began to speak.

"My friends and workmen—I have sent for you to speak to you on a question of great importance. As you know, times are very hard. It is soon to be decided whether the money standard of the United States is to be gold or silver.

"As I said before, the times are very hard, and I cannot afford to pay you as much as I have been doing. Your wages will be cut down twenty cents on the dollar. (Murmurs of discontent). If you agree to my terms, you may begin work soon, if not, you need not come here again, until you will submit to the price I have decided upon."

Santa Claus having said his say, now left the room.

After he had gone, consternation reigned for a moment, then one of them said, "I will never submit to those terms." "Nor I," said another.

Each one had to say something with regard to the matter, and then one got up and asked for quiet.

"I do not think it is right for Santa Claus to cut our wages down, when he always gets a good price for his things, but what will the children of the world say if they do not get any Christmas gifts, which, of course, they would not get if we did not work?"

After he had finished speaking, every one began to talk at once, and soon they selected one of their number to represent them.

This little elf was to go to Santa Claus and tell him that they would not work for the wages which he proposed to give. He found Santa Claus sitting in his easy chair and was told to sit down. This he did with little ceremony and opened the conversation by saying that he had been sent by the workmen to tell him that they would not work at reduced wages.

"Very well," said Santa Claus, "No gifts will be made this year."

After the elf had departed, Santa Claus chuckled: "Ha, ha, I will not have to go to the world and I will see what the people will do without me."

Santa Claus now went in search of Mrs. Santa and told her what he had done.

"I am not going to the world," he would say over and over.

Poor Mrs. Santa was horrified.

"Santa Claus, Santa Claus," she cried, "what will become of your reputation?"

In vain did she beg him to raise the wages, so that the men would work for him and the children and the world need not be disappointed about Christmas. But no; Santa Claus was firm. He would not yield to the entreaties of Mrs. Santa.

Several weeks passed, during which time the workmen had not appeared, and Santa Claus began to wonder what would happen.

It was now election time in the United States and news was sent to Fairyland, stating that McKinley was elected as president, and that the gold standard would reign for at least four years.

Then trade began to pick up and Santa Claus' desk was being piled up with orders, from over all the world, for Christmas gifts.

As things were going on just at present, Santa Claus knew that the orders could not be filled. And again, he did not wish to write to these merchants and say, that owing to his having cut down the wages of his workmen during the hard times, they had refused to work for him, and that no gifts had been made.

"No, no," said he, "my pride will never let me do that."

Santa Claus now felt that he had put himself in

a tight place, and he would have to help himself out. But soon something happened which quite stirred his generous heart, although at times it was covered with a thick coat of stubbornness.

One morning as he sat down at his desk to look over his letters, he saw one which was addressed to him in the handwriting of a child. He opened it hastily and read the following:

NEW YORK, Dec. 1, 1896.

DEAR MR. SANTA CLAUS:

My mamma has just told me that you are not coming to New York this Christmas, and I am so disappointed, I do want a doll so badly, because I have never had one. I hope you will change your mind and come here Christmas. If you come to New York, please bring me a baby doll. I live at 22½ M. street on the seventh floor.

With love to Mrs. Santa Claus and the reindeers,
I remain your little friend, A— B—.

As Santa Claus finished reading this letter, there was quite a dimness in his eyes, and soon some tears trickled down his nose, which made him sneeze.

"Well, well," said Santa, "to think that a child's letter should move me so. I must see what can be done."

He then touched a bell and told the elf who appeared, to summon all the workmen as he wished to speak with them.

They soon came in with very solemn faces, and ranged themselves around the walls of the room.

Santa Claus was quite humble now. "My friends— I have sent for you again, and under different circumstances, it is very near Christmas, and if you would like to work for me at a dollar a day, you may begin work tomorrow."

The next morning, bright and early, the little men

were at work in the shops. Santa Claus' sleigh was hauled and scrubbed and painted. The eight little reindeer had new shoes which were bright and sharp. The bells were polished and everything was gay.

Santa Claus was hurrying around, filling orders and his face wore a much more cheerful look than it had done for the last month.

Christmas eve came at last, and Santa Claus started out with his sleigh full of toys and everything for all the people.

It was several days after Christmas before he returned to Fairyland. His face was full of smiles and his heart was overflowing with good nature.

He had lingered in the world and peeped into different homes to see how the children were enjoying themselves. Afterward Santa Claus said to Mrs. Santa: "I have never had such a good time since I have been the Christmas giver to the children, and I will never again say that the people do not appreciate me."

The First Christmas Song

Glory to God in the highest ;

On earth peace, good-will to men.

Do you want to be happy this Christmas tide?

Then scatter your sunshine far and wide;

Let each little beam into some life glide,

And its bright little image there ever reside.

—BLANCHE.

LITTLE CARLOTTA'S DREAM

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT

The flowers of last year are gone, and the birds no longer sing and call unto their mates. The day is cold and dark and the wind blows free.

Who ventures out on such a day? One braves the cold — a little maid in cloak of gray; her song fills the air and takes the place of bird's note and sunshine; for joy rests in the maiden's heart, and all who come near feel the contact with joy and gladness. Where goes the little maid on such a day? She goes on duty bent, but of duty she has made a joy, not sorrow, or hard labor. On her arm a basket swings and in it are the good things prepared for a neighbor who has nothing of her own.

God feeds the hungry through the willing hands of friends sometimes, and thus it is in this case.

"Ah, my little Carlotta," says the good woman as she opens the door to her guest. "Are you not cold on such a day as this, and coming such a distance?"

"Ah no, Frau Brown, I did not feel the cold. I only felt joyous, for last night I had such a beautiful dream and it has been with me ever since, like an angel that hovers near, and is loth to say farewell."

"Tell me your dream, Little One."

"I dreamed I was walking through a great wood, and snow covered the ground, and I did not know my way, but one came and walked beside me, and though I could not see, but could only feel the presence, I knew it was one that God had sent to help me out of my difficulty. And I felt a soft warm hand take mine and One whispered: "I will lead you safely out; God's angels are ever watching over the children that hold love in their hearts." Then I was led on and

on, and as we neared the end of the wood I saw a great light about me, and then it vanished, and I knew the angel was gone and I was alone, but I felt the presence of the good God, the loving Spirit, and now I feel that God is ever with His children and there is nothing to fear anywhere. Ah, is it not so?

"Thus you see Frau Brown, the good God will care for you, and you need never fear for anything, for He will send you work and money to buy the things you need, and until the work is ready that He is preparing He will send you food and clothing by the hands of some of His children; so let us trust Him more and more every day, and know that He is good. All this the angels, His holy messengers, told me on my walk to you this day."

"Ah little Carlotta your words have done me good. I will trust the Good God for His goodness and love."

LOVING WITH ALL THE STRENGTH

A little boy had declared that he loved his mother "with all his strength," and was asked to explain what he meant by "with all his strength." After some little time spent in reflection, he said:

"Well, I'll tell you. You see, we live away up here on the fourth floor of this tenement, and there's no elevator, and the coal is kept way down in the basement. Mother's dreadfully busy all of the time, and she isn't very strong, and so I see to it that the coal hod is never empty. I lug all the coal up four flights of stairs all by myself, and it's a pretty big hod. It takes all my strength to get it up here. Now isn't that loving my mother with all my strength?"—*Selected.*



*Baby Ella Marvel
Comes for a Christmas call,
Full of health and sunshine,
With a loving "Coo" for all.*

THE GRACIETTA FAIRIES

WALTER S. WELLER

Did you ever hear of the Gracietta fairies? Their names are Kindness, Sympathy, Joy, Peace, Wisdom and Generosity; and the name of their queen is Love. You cannot see these fairies; but you can know when they whisper in your ears.

Once upon a time there were two little girls named Alice and Eva. They believed in these Gracietta fairies; and they were very sweet and attractive children. They would always give "a kiss for a blow," showing the influence of the fairy queen, Love. They had a pretty little Maltese kitten, which they loved very dearly. They petted it, and were very kind to it; they were very obedient to the advice of the fairy Kindness. And when any of their little friends were in trouble, the fairy Sympathy would tell them to love and kiss them. Then Joy and Peace would come, and the children would feel, O, so glad.

I hope you will all of you keep the memory of these lovely fairies fresh in your little hearts all the time. For if your lives are full of love, there will be no room for any of the bad elves who would make you unhappy and wretched. The good fairy, Love, will drive them all away.

WEE WISDOM is greatly encouraged at the number of subscriptions that are pouring in from all directions. She loves to make friends. If you will get three of your little friends to each give you 50c. for traveling money, so that WEE WISDOM can visit them for a year, and send the \$1.50 to us with their names and addresses plainly written, and ask us for the pretty story entitled, "Elsie's Little Brother Tom," we will send it to you free of charge.



EPISTLES

KANSAS CITY, Mo.

DEAR WISDOMS:—As you seem to have forgotten to write your usual amount of good Christmas letters to WEE WISDOM, WEE WISDOM will write you one. She will not begin by telling you how many pets she has nor about her brothers and sisters, for she claims you all as a part of her family, and as for her pets, every living creature has a place in her heart. The homeless dog and cat are just as dear to her as your cozy corner pet.

It seems at Christmas time, when the Christ-child is counted the greatest gift earth ever had, as if everybody comes closer together in love and sympathy, and the little child and Gift-Giving keep the heart open and warm.

Wouldn't it be glorious to have it this way the whole year 'round, everybody busy with thinking how they could make everybody else glad and happy?

Do you know that is just what WEE WISDOM is trying to help bring about? And *you* are her helpers. *You* are her *Wisdoms*: she must depend upon you to carry out into every day life the joy and lovingness of the Christ-child thought. *You can do it.*

Begin every morning when you first wake up with remembering you are the real manger of the little Christ-child life, then say to yourself:

The Christ-child is born in my heart, and it
is Christ-day for me.

I will not forget all day that it is the Christ-
life that speaks through my tongue and acts
through my hands and feet.

I will be loving and thoughtful toward every-
body and everything.

God loves me, for I am His child.

Think what a few thousand of you *Wisdoms* could do by beginning every day with thoughts like these and carrying them out into your lives!

It would not be long before your homes would be turned into heavens, for sorrow and sickness and want can never stay where the Christ-child has its manger. Angels will fill your home full with glad singing, and the "Shepherds" will bring peace and the wise men plenty to your home. When you, like the child Jesus, understand that you, too, are the Christ-child of God. What say you, *Wisdoms*, to our calling ourselves

The Christmas Circle,

and starting right in to making every day full of Christmas cheer and good-giving?

We will keep a list of those who will help WEE WISDOM in this Joy Crusade.

Write and tell us if you want to help it along, and the success you have.

Here is a Merry Christmas to all our Wisdoms, from

WEE WISDOM AND YE EDITOR.



BROCKTON, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little girl seven years old. I have a dear little kitten named Paul. I have a sister thirteen years old and a brother eleven years old. I go to school. I like to read. I like my teacher quite well. Love to all.



MARION L. FILTON.

CASHLAND, MO.

DEAR MISS BLANCH—I received the WEE WISDOM. Uncle Frank made me a present of it. My school has only one room in it. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. I am getting stronger since I came out here. I like it very much. Your loving little friend,

EARL MILLER.

[Earl had a very serious sickness in the summer and the doctors said he must die, but he stuck to the Truth and came out all right.—(Ed.)



PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MY DEAR LITTLE WEES—Here is our "Sunshine Ella" come to visit you, see, she is glad to be among you at this joyful season. Always smiling and happy, as you see her before you, she sends to all Christmas greetings and love. (See page 22.)

When she grows into a realization of the consciousness which is now hers, she will visit you again with some of her experiences.

MAMA MARVEL.



[Here are two letters received not more than two weeks apart which will show how quickly the true word acts. When the one came we took the case up in Wisdom S. S. class and the children all give their attention and one of the boys wrote a letter to the child. The second letter shows the result.—(Ed.)

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

MY DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—In our neighborhood lies a little girl who lived the Christ-life, I don't know whether she ever heard of Christ science or not, but she was a model child, sweet and loving always. She now has consumption and typhoid fever and doomed to die by those who attended her. Could you send a word of cheer, of comfort, of hope, soon, very soon? Her mother is a widow and if any Wee Wisdom could send her a love-gift as well as good wishes and prayers, it would be well. Whatever is done must be done quickly. Write something to her, please; she would be so grateful.

MRS. SMITH.

Letter received two weeks later:

Please thank all the dear Wees for their loving kindness in the case of the little girl. I know that they will rejoice in knowing that she is well and happy again. With love to you and the Wees,

LYDA MAY SMITH.

or herself and Lora Fay, aged 12, who wishes she were in Mrs. Fillmore's S. S. class.

Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

LESSON IX.

DECEMBER I.

The Death of Samson. — Judges 16: 21-31.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.* — Eph. 6: 10.

We must be strong in the Lord, but we must not be strong in doing evil to others. To use strength wrongfully is to make ourself weak. If one has a strong ugly, temper that will throw things, or slam doors, or say unkind words, that one will grow weak after displaying such a temper. Samson used his strength in a wrong way, so really it was his own strength that seemed to kill him.

Samson was revengeful toward his enemies. Instead of forgiving them he did wrong to them, he pulled down the house upon them, and thus was killed himself. Anyone who destroys another or attempts to, will seem to destroy himself. Since Samson's time, Jesus has said, "Forgive your enemies," and this we must truly do, by returning to them good for evil, by always being kind. If we do so our enemies will turn about and love us and try to do good to us. Have a kind word or a smile for everyone. Make life cheerful wherever you are. Do not forget anyone, be kind to all alike.

Samson showed mere physical strength, but the true strength, the strength of the Spirit, brings with it peace and joy and many good friends. If you are strong in the Lord you will be healthy and well, and will show forth a strong, pure body.

If you show forth the strength and might of God, you can overcome faults and be patient in all ways and loving to all.

LESSON X. DECEMBER 8.

Ruth's Wise Choice. — Ruth 1: 14-22.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.* — Ruth 1: 16.

You will read here the beautiful story of Ruth and her mother-in-law, Naomi. It is a pretty story showing the love Ruth had for that mother. Ruth left her own people, who did not know the One God, but had many gods, and Ruth went with Naomi, who loved the One God.

We must all love the One God (the Good) and that Good is in everything we see, no matter what it is. We can find the good

if we will. If we have more than one God then are we believing in evil, for we cannot have many gods. These are the names of some of the gods people worship, Worry, Sickness, Sin, Poverty, Sorrow, and there are many others. But we know God to be not only the Good, but God is also Peace, Health, Love, Joy and Prosperity, and yet God is "One God and besides Him there is no other." Ruth loved God better than the many gods of the Moabites. Ruth also loved and pitied her mother-in-law, Naomi, who had neither husband nor sons, so she stayed with her to take care of her.

It is one way to serve God to wait on and serve those who have white hair and are believing in age. By our very love and serving of them, can we make them feel young and happy, and thus bring sunshine into their lives. Never criticise or condemn anyone who seems old and feeble, for that would not be serving God nor loving Him. It does not matter whether they are living Truth just as we think it should be lived or not, for if they are loving God in their hearts then are they serving God truly, and we can well watch them and learn a lesson from them.

LESSON XI. DECEMBER 15.

The Boy Samuel. — 1 Samuel III ; 1-21.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.*

— 1 Samuel 3; 9.

If we are very, very still and think of God very lovingly in prayer, and are grateful to Him, then will a day come when we will hear God speak to us, right to the heart. Some little children hear God speak often to them. You know Samuel first heard God speak to him when he was a little boy serving Eli, the priest. After that Samuel heard God often speak to him, telling him what to do and what to tell others. But to hear God speak, one must be pure in heart, and willing to hear, willing to hear anything God has to say to us. If a boy or girl is willing to hear God speak to him, he is also willing to listen to mother and father and to obey them. If he is not willing his mother and father to listen and obey, then would he be unwilling to hear God. You remember Samuel was obedient to Eli, and always served him well. Samuel grew up loving God. We can all hear the voice of God if we will constantly try to do good and see good in others.

We should so love to hear the voice of God within, that we can always hear it. That voice will tell you when to go out and when to go in; it will so lead and guide you that you can never lose your way. It will show you how to learn at school, and will teach you anything you wish to know, that is good. The voice of God will always lead you in true ways. The voice of God is ever kind and loving. It not only speaks in your own heart, but through mother and father and every living soul. God's voice is the voice of Love Divine.

LESSON XII. DECEMBER 22.

Samuel The Upright Judge:— I Samuel 1: 1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve Him only.* — I Samuel 1:3.

Samuel led the people wisely, reminding them ever that they must turn to God for all their good. All good comes from God. We can not get any good without God, for God is Good. If we make idols to ourselves then do we lose sight of our good. Balaam and Ashtaroth were the idols that the children of Israel put away. So must we put away our idols of loving self better than God, and the idol of deceitfulness which is hiding that which is true, and the idol of loving money better than our spiritual good, and the idol of worry, which is not trusting in God, and the idol of vanity, which forgets that every one is the beautiful child of God. Put all of these idols away and remember to serve and love God only. In so doing you will have all good. You will have love, joy, strength, health, peace, prosperity, wisdom and all the things that you need in this life, upon the earth, or, life anywhere. "Prepare your hearts." By this is meant, put away from the heart every naughty, unkind, untrue thought, and fill the heart with pure and holy, loving thoughts. In doing so, you will be "serving God only."

LESSON XIII. DECEMBER 29.

Review. — Read Psalm 98.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Thou crownest the year with thy goodness.* — Psalm 65: 11.

God crowns all our years. Do we often think how good He is to us? If we did we would be continually singing joy and love songs to Him — songs of thanksgiving! It is a good time to begin now to thank God in song. Such singing will make any voice sweeter and more harmonious. Once there was a young woman who thanked God in her heart with such devotion that she grew to have a beautiful singing voice that gave happiness to those who listened to it, whereas before she could not sing.

God crowns the year! That is, He crowns all our days with joy, with love, with peace and health, for He is the giver of all good gifts.

Let us all try and love Him truly all through the years and know that from Him cometh every good gift.

God gave us the Christ and Jesus gave us the Truth—himself—and taught us that we have that same Christ—Truth—within our selves.

Let us then make our Christmas day a glad time, giving our gifts with a great and loving blessing attached so that every one may feel the Christ-love, which is the real Truth.

Blanche's Corner.



Don't you think that the little snowbirds twitter more merrily at Christmas time? Or is it the warmth and love in our hearts that makes it seem so?

As I was walking along the other morning, thinking about what I could tell you that would be interesting this month, it occurred to me that you might enjoy a puzzle. The snowbirds gave me an idea, so I set to work on it, and here it is:

CHEERFULNESS

At Christmas time the snowbirds
Twitter a merry lay.
Have they caught the joy of the season
So to brighten their snowy way?

Is it meet that the snowbird only,
Should vibrate love from its heart?
My dearies, let's make the world cheery,
Right now, by just doing our part.

Now listen and I will tell you how to work it.

Take the first letter in each line, including the first letter in the title. That will make nine letters, which properly arranged, will form a word. It is a word with which you are all very familiar. When you have found the word, write a nice little letter, and tell me what you think it is. We will print in the next WEE WISDOM every letter containing the right word, that is, if the letter is interesting and original. Put in your letter things which you think will interest the other Wees, and have it full of brightness and joy.

And make every day of your life as happy, as I know this Christmas day will be, by thinking only thoughts of the good and true.

SANTA CLAUS LAND

EMMA HARRINGTON TEEL

I have been on a trip to Santa Claus land—
Have seen him at work with his strange little band,
A-making of lollipops, sweetmeats and toys,
And everything nice for good girls and boys,
The road to this land's through a long silent tunnel,
Through which our love flows like oil through a funnel,
And fills up the caves where Santa's at work,
While 'round in the corners many queer elfins lurk.
They need lots of love, I tell you they do;
So believe what I tell you, for I know it's true.
That Love is material, workmen and tools—
Hatchets, jack-knives, saws, gimlets and rules—
With which Santa and band make all their toys
Which fill little children with so many joys.
And Santa, himself, is just everyone's love,
From East, West, North and South, below and above.
The place where he lives? Well now can't you guess?
Did you say in the caves of our hearts?
Well, yes.



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BLANCHE SAGE, *Associate Editor.*

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An Old English Carol

BE YOU GLAD, GOOD PEOPLE!

*As Joseph was a-waukin'
He heerd an angel sing,*

*"This night shall be the birthnight
Of Christ our heavenly King.*

*"His birthbed shall be neither
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in the oxen's stall.*

*"He neither shall be rocked
In silver nor in gold,
But in the wooden manger
That lieth in the mould.*

*"He neither shall be washen
With white wine nor with red,
But with the fair spring water
That on you shall be shed.*

*"He neither shall be clothed
In purple nor in pall,
But in the fair white linen
That usen babies all."*

*As Joseph was a-waukin'
Thus did the angel sing,
And Mary's Son at midnight
Was born to be our King.*

*Then be you glad, good people,
At this time of the year;
And light you up your candles,
For His star it shineth clear.*

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These books would make excellent Christmas gifts, which, while interesting the children, will at the same time teach them the truth.

IF THERE IS A BLUE MARK at the end of this notice it is because you have forgotten to invite WEE WISDOM to continue her visits to you. You must not miss her this year, for she has planned many new treats for her readers, great and small.

"I, Wisdom, cause those that love me to inherit substance, and I will fill their treasure."

