

Wee Wisdom



Christmas

Mother Goose Rhymes

For Twentieth Century Boys and Girls.



MARGERY MAY

*"I'll pick my goose," said Margery May,
"And to all the world about,
From North to South, from East or West,
I'll toss the feathers out ;
And each shall carry a little thought
Of love and cheer and joy,
And leave the seed of a worthy deed
With every girl and boy."*

—L. H. H.



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THE WEE WISDOM CLUB

III MATERIALIZED THOUGHT

Bessie Evans Pettinger



The doll house made by the Wee Wisdom Club was finished and furnished and ready for occupancy, after four meetings of very hard work, and a prouder set of children it would be hard to find in the State of Oregon, or, indeed, any State, for that matter.

The chairs, table, bed, stove and set of shelves were made of stiff cardboard neatly cut, then colored and decorated with water colors. Each piece of furniture was strengthened and held together by book-mending tissue, courtplaster or glue, as the case required.

A tiny piece of white linen fringed at the edges served for table cover, while a pretty piece of dark, flowered French flannel covered the floor and looked as fine as a Royal Wilton. Tiny white Swiss curtains tacked upon the wall and tied back with narrow ribbon looked just like windows, while several small pictures added to the artistic effect of the rooms.

A doll, four inches tall, with her flaxen hair done up in a tight knot, stood beside the stove. Her plain gingham dress and white apron proclaiming her mistress of this small domicile, and if you looked at her intently you might almost have seen the little frown of perplexity upon her brow, as if she were debating what to have for dinner.

"Isn't it dear?" exclaimed Lois, gazing in rapture at the completed work of their own hands. "Margaret, how did you ever think of such a beautiful idea?"

"I didn't really think it would be as lovely as it is," answered Margaret. "My mother told me of a play house she had when she was a little girl, and I got to thinking about it and it popped into my head that maybe we could make one, but I never dreamed it would look as nice as this does. I just wish I was a doll myself!"

"If we tried, maybe we could do lots more things just as good. Ma says folks can do no end of work if they just think they can, and then get at it," said Nellie, adjusting the furniture, after which she added, "But ma says that's the trouble with folks 'at think of things, they won't get to work and do 'em, while the folks 'at would do the work don't think of 'em. I wish I could think of good things to do, and then get to work and do 'em." Nellie was so earnest in her wish that the others felt a like desire, and Sallie said:

"Well, Nellie, you know that is what the WEE WISDOM Magazine is for, to show us how to use our thoughts. Mother says everything in our life depends upon what we think about. So if this is to be a Wee Wisdom Club we must learn to think about the right things. Margaret thought of the doll house, and her thought grew and grew, until, instead of a thought, it's a real, true thing; I mean a thing that you can see and touch, because, of course, thoughts are 'real, true things,' only you can't see them."

"Why, Sallie, how silly that sounds!" laughed Robert. "Of course a thought isn't a real true thing, it's only a — well it's — I don't know what it is, but it isn't a real something."

"It is, too; everybody knows that much," said Lois, "A thought's just as real as, as — anything."

"'Taint, either," declared Robert. "A thought 'aint anything but just a thought."

"Well, if a thought's a thought then it is something," said Lois, sure of her statement but unequal to any argument, "Robert Wilson, just 'cause your father's a lawyer you needn't think you know everything."

"Well, you can't prove your case, so there, Miss Lois! if you say a thing you've got to prove it, and I 'aint going to believe nothing without proof," and Robert took a Patrick Henry attitude, and defied the world in general and Lois in particular.

Lois was crushed with this argument, but stoutly affirmed, "I don't care, it's true anyway."

"How do you know?" insisted the small barrister.

"I know, 'cause I know," and Lois made a face at Robert.

"Fine reason that is," said Robert with sarcasm. "If I couldn't do better than that I wouldn't try."

"It is true, Robert," said Sallie quietly, "and if Lois gets cross thoughts over it, she will have all the proof she wants. I have heard that cross, angry thoughts will turn into a cold and sometimes even worse. I don't understand how to put it in words, so you will see, but everything we have or do *must* begin with a thought, just like a seed must be planted before we have a flower. Everything in this room had to begin with a thought before it could be made; this chair and table and everything you look at."

"Yes," added Margaret, there was a lecturer at Chautauqua last summer, who said there was something like the X ray, only ever and ever so much stronger, and they could throw a ray of light into a person's brain and see the thoughts, real thoughts that looked just like waves of heat from a stove. I was awfully interested, but he began to use so many long words I couldn't understand any more of it. But, I'm sure, Robert, thoughts are real things, just like the air; we don't see it, but we breathe it all the time."

"The best thing about good thoughts," said mother, as she paused a moment in the doorway and overheard the last remark, is "that they are floating about everywhere, ready and anxious to be caught by anyone who wants them. All we have to do is to open our hearts and in fly the good thoughts as fast as ever they can until there is no room left for more; and then if our minds are ready and our hands energetic, good deeds and a useful life will follow."

"How do we open our hearts to these thoughts?" asked Mildred. "Sometimes I try, but my heart just don't seem to know anything about it."

Well, dear, you must learn the way for yourself, but the best way I find for myself, is to go where it is quiet and repeat some word or sentence which at the

time seems good to me, such as "The Lord in the midst of me is mighty," or "Be still and expect," and presently my heart or mind opens and I feel the good thoughts crowd in. Just try it sometime, Mildred, and see if your heart doesn't know all about it."

"Where are these thoughts made?" asked Willie, very much interested.

"O, they aren't new," said mother, "they are as old as the world and have been used many times by many people. As soon as one person is through with a thought it flies away to some one else who is watching for it. But listen, now, we never return the thought exactly as it came to us; we either give it new power and strength by using it to good advantage, or we send it back weakened or less powerful than when it came to us. So don't you see how careful we must be, and how important it is that we use our thoughts aright? For the good of others as well as ourselves, we must send back our thoughts enriched and better than when they came to us; then the world will be better for us having lived in it. None of us would want to use up the power and force in these good thoughts and leave the world poorer than we found it, now would we?"

"Well, Margaret didn't sit down in a quiet place and say over words when she thought of this doll house," protested Robert.

"No, she caught it on the fly," laughed mother. "That's the way we catch most of our thoughts, I'm afraid, and they aren't all good ones either. Margaret's mind had a little vacant space in it when this doll-house-thought came along, and it crept in all unnoticed until she needed it. Now you children have enriched that thought by generously using it to make two little girls happy, and your unselfish desires have grown

into beauty beyond your first expectations — your reward has doubly increased, like the five talents we read of in the Bible for the doll house is twice as fine as you expected it to be."

Robert's legal instincts were alert and he asked, "If good thoughts are floating about, aren't the bad ones doing the same thing?"

"Yes, of course, but I never like to mention the bad ones, which are only mistaken thoughts after all. Forget about them and they will keep away from you. Watch out for the good ones, wait for them, listen for them and expect them, and then only the good ones will come to you."

Mother passed on into the sewing room with a smile upon her face as she said to herself, "I'm much obliged to that 'good thought' that sent me into the nursery a moment ago; I was afraid this club was going to be a great nuisance, but I'm inclined to regard it now as a blessing."

Soon after the club adjourned, and five umbrellas, like five big mushrooms, wound their way down the gravel path and out the gate and were lost in the gathering dusk and heavy downpour of warm rain, while Sallie and Lois shouted, "good-byes" from the porch and Max barked in pure good-fellowship.

* * * *

IV.

The Christmas Elves

It was Christmas eve. The air had grown suddenly cold and clear; the paper said there might be snow within twenty-four hours.

The stars were just beginning to show themselves, one by one, faint and far above, and an old black crow hurried across the sky to his home beyond the river.

A few lights peeped through the windows where the housewife was busy with the evening meal or putting the finishing touches to her next day's feast.

In the Sloan kitchen, Jennie and Katie were setting the table and getting supper ready for their father who always came home from work tired, and yet always so cheery and with a gentle, encouraging word for his motherless little girls.

"We've got the tree all up for him; surely he aint going to forget us," said Katie.

"I told you before, there aint no Santa Claus. Now, see here, Katie Sloan, don't you go and be disappointed, expectin' something what ain't going to happen."

"Well, can't we trim it ourselves, then?" asked little Katie, with something very like tears in her pretty, big blue eyes.

Jennie thought for a moment, "O yes, we'll make some paper rings and string some popcorn and make it look real nice. We'll get it fixed up somehow," she added cheerfully, "and don't you worry none either. Pa said he'd bring some cranberries and a can of real plum pudding for dinner. Just think, won't that be nice?"

Katie did think how nice it would be, and in another moment she was cheerfully helping her brave little sister get supper.

Just then the front gate opened quiet, oh, so quiet, and the Wee Wisdom Club lifted the doll house upon the porch, opposite the front door. Then back to the gate these seven elves ran, where Willie Monk's express wagon held several shapeless parcels.

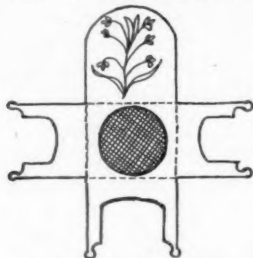
"What present did you bring them, Margaret?" whispered Sallie, "Lois and I brought a box of Christmas tree ornaments, and yards and yards of tinsel."

"Mother made each of the girls the dearest little white aprons you ever saw," answered Margaret.

"I got 'em some books," whispered Robert. "What did you get, Bill?"

"Mother made an extra plum pudding with some butter sauce, for Mildred and me to give 'em," answered Willie Monk."

"Won't they have a feed!" exclaimed Robert, with his nose close to the savory bag Nellie carried with great care. "What you got 'at smells so good?"



Parlor chair of stiff cardboard, decorated with water colors. Fold on dotted lines, and strengthen with book mending tissue on under side.

"Mince pie and ginger cookies, shape of horses and cows, and they have clove eyes and pink icing on 'em. They are just as natural as life," said Nellie, with her own snub nose close to Robert's.

"O come on; stop your smelling and get things on the porch. It's getting awful dark," Lois whispered.

"Fraid cat! who's afraid if it is dark? I'm not," boasted Robert in an undertone.

"You are, too, you know you are," whispered back Lois. "I'm not afraid, but I'll bet you are."

"Ain't either," protested Robert.

The parcels were all bestowed at the side of the doll house, and the Wee Wisdom Christmas fairies would have stolen away unobserved and unheard had it not been for Nellie who tripped over one of her feet, and, with a thud, measured her length upon the porch.

The "elves" had time only to reach the protecting shadow of a big bush when the door was opened and the Sloan girls stood upon the porch, and with

amazement stared at what they saw; for the light streamed out of the door and fell directly upon the interior of the doll house.

For a moment they stood silenced with astonishment, then Katie cried, "There, I told you there was a Santa Claus, I told you there was!"

The "elves" behind the bush could scarcely control their joy at the successful climax of their plan, and if Margaret had not put her hand over Robert's mouth he surely would have shouted in his excitement.

Father Sloan arrived *via* the back door, and came to see what it was all about.

"Pa, did Santa Claus bring these things?" asked Jennie, "Katie says she is sure he did."

"Well, if he didn't, I don't know who did," answered her father, as he lifted the tiny house and the numerous bundles into the room and shut the door.

"Gee; wasn't it great!" said Willie, as the seven wee "elves" stole out of the gate.

"It's lots better than having a Christmas yourself," sighed Lois happily.

"Yes, but you are going to have one yourself, just the same," came from Robert.

Lois about to reply sharply, but Margaret interrupted her—"For goodness sake, can't you two stop quarrelling even on Christmas eve. It's supposed to be a day of peace."

Lois would have had her say anyway had not Robert spoken up, "O, we are all right, we just quarrel for fun, we don't mean it. Good night, every one, and a Merry Christmas to you."

Good nights were said, and the Wee Wisdom Christmas elves ran to their homes, where the joy and gladness of the Christ-Child's birthday awaited them.



A Merry Christmas to You!

*A merry Christmas I would bring,
A merry tongue that loves to sing,
A merry face that's always bright,
A merry heart that loves the right.*

* * *

*Christmas love and Christmas cheer
I would give to far and near;
A loving wish, a loving thought,
A loving kiss, no one forgot.*

* * *

*The little Christ-Child speaks to me
When I am still as still can be;
And when I'm loving, kind and good,
Then his words are understood.*

—B. A.

THE SUNBEAM'S STORY

BELLE BURT

III.

“Again we go into the little drops of water that go down deep into the rock and the mineral and help them to realize, that although their life seems so dark and obscure, still they are of great use to the world. Oh, we find so much to do, but we are so happy with it all, that if you will only listen, you may hear our joy bells ringing and our hymn of praise continually going up to that Great Being who is our light and our life. This is why we are here. We come

divinely commissioned to find the fullest expression for our own little lives and to help all things to find the same divine fruition."

With this, he retired to his own place amidst a burst of applause from all the shining little rays. As for myself, I was silent, lost in thoughts too deep for expression.

There was a long pause and deep stillness, as silence seemed to be the most fitting thing at this time. Soon the leader looked out over his little army, he seemed to be puzzled as to whom to select to answer the next question.

"Happy Heart! Happy Heart!" Came in a little shout from all the little beams. After a moment's thought, the leader seemed to be in perfect accord with their demand and at a wave of his golden wand, the sweetest, shining little beam stepped out before me, and with something almost like a mock seriousness in his tones, he said, "Why, lady, no one ever stays always in one place." Laying aside this manner he went on, "No, we do not always stay here, when we have fulfilled our mission, it may be in the life, the color of a flower, it may be to help give life to some insect, some animal, some little child, it may be to cheer some sad heart, to quicken to newness of life some weary body. It may be to aid, down deep in the mineral world; it may be to go with some little bird that wings its way through the upper deep, wherever it may be, however long it may continue, we are sure some time to hear the Father whisper, 'Come home little one and rest.'

"Others are sent to take our places as we slip away from whatever life we are sustaining. Again, we launch out into the waves of ether, and then, Oh then, we experience the joy of going home with the

Father's approval for work well done. We stay for a time in our beautiful sun home that we may become thoroughly infused and enthused with the life-giving elements there. Again, we are sent forth, perhaps to some other planet that gets its life and light from our sun. Oh, I could tell you so many wonderful things about other worlds, but I am bidden to remain silent only as it is given me to know that it is right for me to tell. Sometime, it will all be given to your world and you will have the blessed privilege of knowing your brothers and sisters on other planets."

I was so charmed with the grace and sweetness of this little beam, that as he was about to be seated, I begged that he might go on and answer the remaining questions. The dearest little smile made his face the loveliest of anything I had ever looked upon. Then in a voice sweeter than any joy-bells poets have ever written about, he repeated my question, "Why are we so happy, and are we always full of life and joy?" There, now, mingled with the happy light of his beautiful eyes a serious expression, I shall never forget however long I may live, and then he went on:

"May dear lady, this question has depths of meaning that no words can ever bring to the surface. A few words can answer it, so far as words can, but will you let them sink down deep, oh so deep, into your inner being, then you will realize the height and depth of all they mean. We are so happy, we are so full of life and joy, because our one great desire is to do the will of the Father, and we live out this great desire to the very fullest of all the capabilities in our little lives. We do the will of the Father at all times. The rhythm of our lives ever vibrates with the rhythm of his life, and we are conscious of his presence always.

"Was your home most beautiful from which you

came?' This has been quite fully answered by others and needs no further attention.

"But one question remains, and may I answer this by asking you one, lady?" he said, while the happy light illumined his face 'till there was nothing to compare with it.

"Can you repress the great sweet song that wells up in your heart when your life is full of joy to the uttermost? By this you may know the joyousness with which we start out upon our mission, when the voice of the Infinite calls us."

Again there was silence as he raised his little hands for a benediction upon my life and then passed to his mates and for a time such a holy peace rested upon us all.

How long we sat thus I know not. I was brought to myself by hearing the leader say, "Now child of earth, we think we have in a measure answered your questions, at least we have told you all that is best for you at present. We must tarry no longer, the voice within calls us to our work. As we go, we would leave this message with you. Go often into the silence, in his inner sanctuary you will feel the divine presence, you will hear the still small voice of your Father, your God. He will attune your soul to the grand symphony of the Universe, and you will become, as we, all radiant and shining with divine joy."

He waved his golden wand above his sunlit army, and as one, they arose and went on their mission of light and peace.

I sat for a long time in the stillness they seemed to have left with me, then came back to life and work with one great desire, to live the same sweet helpful life that they did, to have the same divine trust, to abide as they did in the consciousness of the Father's presence always.

THE LAND OF ALWAYS DAY

IMELDA OCTAVIA SHANKLIN



HE little girl in the garden lifted her eyes to to the western sky. The sun was dropping down to meet the elm trees that reached up long branches to catch him and draw him away from the garden. As the space between the sun and the trees lessened, she stretched out her hands and cried:

"O, stay! Do not leave me in darkness. O, stay, or take me with you to the land of Always Day."

But the sun did not stay. Slowly he continued to sink toward the trees, and the shadows grew long before the little girl. When the sun rested in the highest boughs of the elms, she cried again:

"Take me with you to the land of Always Day."

With hands outstretched toward the sun, she ran forward.

"O, stay," called the thrush in the garden. "O, stay! O, stay! Beyond, and forever, is the land of the Always Day."

She did not heed the bird. To the west she ran, calling the sun to take her with him. The sun did not wait, but continued to retreat back of the trees.

"O, stay," breathed the lilies of the garden, but their voices were so low and the little girl was so eager that she did not hear them.

When she reached the elm grove she found that the sun did not keep there his land of Always Day. Farther west he was meeting the earth, and the little girl saw she must hurry onward if she would go with him into the bright sunset land.

"Stay, stay," mewed a catbird. She made no answer, but ran faster and faster. Still, she lost in the

race. Beyond was another forest, and in it she believed the sun must keep his land of Always Day.

She urged her little feet to run the distance, and when the shade of the forest fell across her path and the twilight spread dark wings toward the eastern hills, she again entreated:

"O, stay! or take me with you to the land of Always Day."

"The world is wide and there is always day where hearts are glad said the evening wind, wrapping caressing arms about her.

She kept her eyes upon the sun. He was fading back of the trees, and she could not take time to answer the wind.

"Better stay, better stay; it is far to the land of the bright Always Day," called a whip-poor-will.

At the edge of the forest the little girl stumbled and fell. When she got to her feet again the sun was hidden and all her earth was in a shadow. Then she put her face in the grass and mold of the forest and slept.

The next morning, the sun shining from the East awoke the little girl and she played in the light. As the meridian passed and the shadows lengthened toward the garden, she implored the sun to stay or take her with him. The sun stayed not nor made reply, so she again set out on her journey westward. Again the sun outsped her, and that night she slept upon the open plain, the stars her chamber tapers, and the wind her cradle song. When the day returned she played with the flowers of the plain, but toward the evening she renewed her entreaties which the sun did not seem to hear. Again she followed until night came.

(Continued on page 20.)





THE LAND OF ALWAYS DAY

(Continued from page 17.)

Now she learned that she must not stop to play in the morning hours, for she began to believe that the land of Always Day must be very far ahead. She traveled westward until she came to a high mountain wall. The gray cliffs rose against the sky, but she clapped her hands in triumph, for she knew the sun must rest back of the mountains, and that once over the steep ascent she would find her heart's longing satisfied in a day on which no night could fall.

Bravely she climbed. The sharp rocks cut her feet and the dry airs parched her lips. Many times she fell, and often dark ravines spread before her steps. For all these, she went onward until she gained the summit of the pass. The sun was shining from the West, and she shouted from happiness, for she knew now that although it would take time to make the descent, still it would be in the light of an unending day. Cheerily she started down the mountain, the sun gaining vastly upon her. The hours passed, but even as the sun approached the horizon she felt no fear. She laughed and sang, however hard her pathway. She stooped to trace an image in the sand; when she arose and looked again, the sun was flattening against the earth's rim, and she cast herself face downward upon the ground, weeping sorrowfully. It was not here, the satisfaction of her heart's longing.

The next day she started onward, believing that now she had come so far there could not be many days more between her and the sun-land. She journeyed until she came to the broad western sea, and when the sun settled into the waves she knew it was only beyond the sea that she must go to find that which she was seeking. The sea reached to the very end of

the earth, and the glory of the sun made a broad, inviting path across the waves. Once more she cried:

"O, stay, or take me with you to the land of Always Day."

The sun disappeared back of the sea, and the glory path faded from the water. Again she wept. Then there came to her a ship's captain.

"I will take you across the sea," he said, "but, little girl I cannot take you to the land of Always Day."

He held her hand, and joyfully she ran by his side. Now would she satisfy her heart's longing.

The Captain took her on the ship and the sailors made ready to carry her across the sea. While they hung out the sails and turned the prow westward, they sang

"O stay! little girl, O stay!
(Heave, my lads, heave ho.)
It is very far away
(Fair winds, safely blow
Good ship, quickly go)
To the land of Always Day."

Each evening as the sun made a shining channel for the ship, she said it would be only a few days more until she would be in the land of Always Day. One morning there stood out of the sea a beautiful green shore with feathery trees rising above. The captain told her they would soon be on land. Then she was very glad, for now her journeys were at an end. She could be deceived no more. Here, at her feet was the land she had long sought, the land of peace, where she could rest forever.

Bitter was her disappointment when at night the sun sank behind the distant hills. The captain and the sailors besought her to stay, but she would not.

So she traveled toward the ever receding West and ever setting sun. Hopefully she climbed mountains

only to find she must still fare forward. Courageously she crossed deserts and swamps to find the sun set still yonder. Whether she went by land or by sea, always her heart's longing went before her and the land of Always Day moved ceaselessly in advance.

Notwithstanding her disappointment she kept up hope, for she knew that somewhere she would find the place where it was forever day and where her heart would be satisfied. One evening she was following fast when a great weariness seized upon her. Her knees shook and her breath was choked. She sat upon a stone to rest a little.

"Surely I shall not fail after all these efforts, and surely I am near the end after all these days. I must go forward."

The sun was close to the earth line. She stood up, calling to the sun, but he would not stay. She could not see for tears, and she could go no farther. She staggered toward a gate that swung inward at her touch. The grass was soft and green, she stretched her body in the thick growth and spread out her hands to the cool verdure. She heard a thrush sing:

"O, stay! O, stay! O, stay! Beyond, and forever is the land of the Always Day."


Then soft voices said, "O, stay."

The unrest that had urged her over land and sea was parting from her like the fogs melt from the meadow at the sun's dawn. She raised her head and looked upon the place. She was in her own garden, and the evening wind put his gentle arms about her, whispering.

"Abide and rest. Though the feet roam the heart never forgets."

The girl stood up in the garden.

"They who go must return," she said. "Where the sun sets it will also rise. One place is even as another; it is the soul that fixes values. I will follow no more; I will let the day come to me."



Child-Gardening

CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY

GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY

THE LAW OF EXPRESSION

SERIES X.

GOD'S GIFT OF THE PLANTS

If we make friends with the plants, we shall receive from them many sweet messages.

"And the earth brought forth grass and herb, yielding seed after its kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after its kind. And God saw that it was good."

When the baby plant first peeps its little head above the earth it has roots, stems, leaves and all the organs that the oldest plant has.

Everything that comes into the world comes for some special purpose; comes with some special work to do. The work which the plants have been sent to do, is to take out of the earth and air that which animals cannot use, and change it into something which animals can use.

All food is made by the plants. Thoughtless people think of the plants as being only something that comes out of the ground, grows, blossoms, and bears fruit; losing leaves in the autumn and putting them on again in the spring. When we look at plants understandingly and through "seeing eyes," we find that their life is almost like the life of an animal, with this one exception: the plant is rooted to a single spot in



A FRIEND OF THE PLANTS

the earth, while the animal, most always, is free to walk and move about upon the earth.

You children ask sometimes, Why does the bird build high in the tree? Why do the squirrels gather nuts in the autumn? Why do the butterfly mothers lay their eggs on the cabbage plants? You might just as well ask, why do the pansy blossoms

grow larger and more beautiful when they are gathered each day? or, why do the clovers store their honey way down deep in their blossoms? The pansy and clover have just as much reason for all that they do as have the squirrels or birds.

One morning Billie Brighteyes went out to his garden and found that his baby beans were just beginning to show their heads. He stuck a nice straight pole near each one, and as soon as the plants were an inch or so high, each started right straight for the nearest pole. They grew perfectly straight until they reached the pole and then they commenced to twine.

Billie planted some beans in the house. Each plant spread its leaves toward the window. Billie turned the plants around, but they turned back again toward the light. Billie said, "I'll fool you yet, little plant." He planted some beans in a flower pot, which he placed upside down, so that the soil was up and the air down. In a few days he found the stem growing up into the darkness and the roots coming down into the air. Showing that the plant knows up from down.

By living close to Nature we find that the same wisdom that thinks in our own brains seems to be thinking in the little plant as well. This, little Grace in "Wee Wisdom's Way," calls "the little know."

Mr. Luther Burbank has found out about "the little know" in seeds and plants. He calls it "*the life force*," and he says, "The life force and the law of growth are the same in plant or man." Why, Mr. Burbank can even talk to his plants, and they answer him. One day he planted some cacti plants in his garden. He told "the little know" in the plants that they were living among friends; that there was nothing at all to be afraid of; that nothing would

harm them in any way, and that for these reasons they would have no use for any old spines. It was not very long until some of the plants began leaving off some of their spines, their babies would have still fewer spines each year, and now his cacti plants have *no spines at all*. On this account they make splendid food for animals, and besides that, they bear each year delicious fruit for people to eat. He has done many other wonderful things, some of which we will talk about in our study of flowers and trees.

Let us say all together, "God bless Mr. Burbank." He has shown us the real meaning of God's words, "Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of the earth; . . . have dominion over every living thing."

Froebel speaks of "the little know" as the life force, too. He says: "The seed of every plant has in it the form of its individual, enveloped in a case, which is burst by the life force from within. In like manner the infant soul is a life-force wrapped up in a case — the body."

On the earth there are thousands of plants and thousands of people, and all are made on the one great plan, and all grow according to the one great law. There are as many different plants in the world as there are different people. In many ways plants and people are alike. Plants are born into the world, they live, breathe, sleep and eat; They know exactly what conditions of life are best suited to their needs. Some plants have a wonderful sense of touch, many plants climb, others set traps for insects. The strawberry, sweet violet and many others walk, and also renew their youth. The ivy-leaved toad flax feels its way until it finds a suitable place to drop its seeds. The mimosa shrinks away from the human hand. Plants

defend themselves and their buds from animals. They keep their young wrapped up in thick overcoats, and prepare food in abundance for them. All of these things tell us that there in an intelligence hidden within the plants, which we need to know more about.

If we make friends of the plants, we shall receive from them many sweet messages.

Not long ago a little girl asked the pansies why it was that they grew larger and more beautiful when she gathered them each morning, and the pansies told her it was to show the people that they *get* by giving—giving not only *things*, but *love* and *kindness* and *smiles*. Yes, and the other day a lady was resting out in her grape arbor; everything was so quiet and still out there, and as she looked long and thoughtfully at the beautiful dark purple clusters nestled among the shiny green leaves, the vine seemed to talk to her, and this is what it said: “Yes, I, the vine, am like the Father of all. The branches are like the people—all a part of the one great whole, from which they draw life and health and strength and all that is good. My leaves, which always reach toward the light, are like the thoughts of the people. The good Book says, ‘The leaves are for the healing of the nations.’ So are the thoughts of God’s people. These luscious grapes are my fruit. Your acts and deeds are your fruit. My fruit first began as tiny buds, which were followed by blossoms. Later the green fruit was formed, and then after many days the perfect ripe fruit appeared.”

In the world there are many people. Some are like the tiny buds, others like the flowers, many have gotten as far as the green fruit stage, and a few are well on their way toward the perfect, ripened state. Only one as yet has reached the perfect state, and that one

is Jesus the Christ. Your acts and deeds tell in which stage you are.

"Now," the lady said, "you have told me all about everything except the tendrils."

"The tendril," said the vine, "reaches out ahead and guides the branches into safe directions, holding fast to every good support, in order to strengthen and uphold it. This is like your *intuition*, which is the still voice within you, and which every moment points your way into the shining path of God's love and truth."

"Oh, yes;" said the lady, "thank you. I see."

I am a child, helpless and small,
Just coming into the light
Like a wee plant, winsome and sweet,
Laughing at raindrops so bright.
Only a little child, active with life,
Playing in sunshine and glow;
Jesus is near, loving and dear,
Jesus will help me to grow.

*Sing a gleeful little jingle,
Like the Christmas bells a-tingle,
Making happy all you can,
With some merry Christmas plan.*

* * *

*I heard a secret the other day,
From a little snow bird by the way.
What did he tell me? Just guess, I pray.
"Christmas is coming," the bird did say.*

—B.



EPISTLES

VICTOR, COL.

DEAR WEES—Our dear friend Blanche wanted us all to write a letter for the Christmas number, and I for one will be glad to do so. This is my second letter to WEE WISDOM. We are all in God's care, and I know all will have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I like the truths WEE WISDOM teaches. If everyone obeyed them, how much happier we all would be. I hope there will be many Christmas letters. My brother Orman and I like to read them so much. "The Story of Lovie" is so sweet. Mother read it all to us. A loving Christmas thought to the Wees both large and small, from your little Wee,

ESTHER SNYDER.



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I have been taking WEE WISDOM and I was very interested in it. I started in taking it about January, 1903; then I stopped about the year 1907, and this year I started again. In October was my birthday, and mama subscribed again. I am so sorry to say the one for this month didn't come. Will you please see that it comes? Mama got me two other little Wee Wisdom books. One was "Little Trixie," and the other was three or four different stories. I hope you will send me my November book.

LUCILLE KOCH.

[Lucille shall have her missing paper,—Ed.]



VICTOR, COL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am five years old. I take WEE WISDOM, and my mother reads it to me. I have been out on our fruit ranch all summer and have had a good time gathering flowers, eating berries and apples, and watching the birds. I throw crumbs and wheat in the driveway, and the birdies hurry in the morning to get their breakfast; then they get up in the big trees and sing to me, while I sit in my swing. Now I am going up in the mountains for a while. You will hear from me again some day. I am always glad when WEE WISDOM comes.

MARY E. THAYER, (Per mama).



ALAMEDA, CAL.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM—I enjoy reading you very much indeed. I am nine and a half years young, and I have been going to the Home of Truth Sunday School since I was a tiny baby and

I love the Truth very much. I love Miss Rix, Mrs. Wiggins, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Harmon, and all the Truth people. I love to do good to everybody, and wish everybody had the Christ-Child in them. I am going to write you a Truth story. ROBERT McQUESTEN.



TYABB, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—You are welcome, indeed, to Australia. I rejoiced when you came to our school last week. What a long journey you make to come and tell me of the good things of your land of the brave and the free. You were just too late to see your country people in Melbourne, the American fleet. A lady connected with sisters' college invited me to her home during fleet week and I had a grand time of it. I wore the stars and stripes that week in honor of your country. I Christened their ships the "Universal Peacemakers of the World," and I hope they will like their names. It is now springtime and the plums, peaches, apricots and apples are all out in blossom and it resembles the Garden of Eden. My sisters have a lovely home in the college where they both live together. My sister Ellen has completed a lovely spring dress for herself, which she is going to get her photo taken in and I expect she will send you one. Love to the Editor and all the Wees. I remain your little Wee,

MARY ELSIE FOLEY (Age 11).



CLAYPOOL, IND.

DEAR WEES—I guess I will write you a few lines, and I hope you will not forget who was born on Christmas, so we must not forget to give him thanks for our lovely things that he gives us, and if it was not for him and God we would not have anything at all. So I think you all had better always think of him instead of wrong. In a little magazine I read a story where a little boy one day got mad at another little boy and said he was a bad boy, but when he found that he was not talking nice he went to a book that showed what good the boy had done for him. He asked God to forgive him for being a bad boy. I wish you would send a sample copy to Irene Loehr, for she is a nice little girl. Her address is just Claypool, Ind., and I guess I will close for this time. Your same Wee,

GEORGIA WORLEY.



FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.

I want to belong to Wee Wisdom Club. I am a little girl eleven years old. I am in the sixth grade at school. I enjoy going to Sunday School. I am a Christian and I want to know all the Truth, everything I should know about what the Lord wants me to know like mama understands. I want to be well and strong. Tell me what to do.

VIVIAN B. HOOKER.

[Who will tell Vivian how to be well and strong?]



Blanche's Bible Lessons

LESSON 10. DECEMBER 6.

Solomon Chooses Wisdom — I. Kings 3:4-15.

GOLDEN TEXT — *The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom — Prov. 9:10.*

The good king Solomon, who lived long ages before Jesus was born, felt about as we would feel if we were suddenly to inherit a kingdom, and be placed on a throne. He felt that perhaps he wasn't wise enough to be a king. We can understand that all right. It was a big thing for one man to rule so many people, and he would need to know a great deal. So when Solomon went to the tabernacle to pray — by the way, in those days people thought they must go to the temple to pray ever so often. We know that the very best way is to keep good thoughts in our hearts all the time, then we are praying constantly. Well, as I was saying when Solomon went to pray, Jehovah appeared to him and said, "What shall I give thee?" Did Solomon ask for riches or honor? No, he asked for an understanding heart; that is, for wisdom. Then God was so pleased that he not only made Solomon the wisest of men, but gave him riches and honor as well.

When we read the story of David we decided to keep love in our hearts always. Now let us put wisdom there also, because if we are wise, we will always keep true thoughts in our minds, and then we will be healthy and happy. We may have wisdom the same as Solomon had, if we only claim it, and the way to get it is to say over and over, "I am guided by Infinite Love and Wisdom."

LESSON 11. DECEMBER 13.

Solomon Dedicates the Temple — I. Kings 8.

GOLDEN TEXT — *I was glad when they said unto me, let us go unto the house of the Lord.* — Psalms. 122:1.

First, please read the Golden Text. Now what do you suppose the "house of the Lord" is? Why, it is these bodies of ours. To go into the house of the Lord, means to look within and listen to the still small voice of Spirit. Pay attention to what is going on in your mind and heart. The title of the lesson is, "Solomon Dedicates the Temple." To dedicate a thing means to decide to use it for a certain purpose always. If we are wise, as Solomon

was, we will dedicate our temples or bodies to the Truth. We will never allow anything but true, good thoughts to enter into the "house of the Lord." Then we will always be able to hear the voice within speaking to us, and we will be glad because it will lead us in pleasant ways.

LESSON 12. DECEMBER 20.

Christmas Lesson — Luke 2:8-20.

GOLDEN TEXT — *For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.*— Luke 2:11.

Our beautiful Christmas story! How our voices get round and full and soft, how they thrill with the very essence of pure joy as we tell it. We will none of us ever forget the story of how, one crisp, cold night, in the hill country around Bethlehem, a little group of men, shepherds they were, lay before a bonfire sleeping, while one of their number kept watch over the sheep. Suddenly the watchman, who had been pacing up and down to keep warm, noticed that it was getting very light. He looked up and saw that the sky was all ablaze with a bright light. He cried to his comrades to awake, and as they gathered close together, somewhat afraid, an angel appeared in the center of the light and spoke to them. "Fear not," said the voice, and it was clear and sweet, "for I bring you good tidings, which shall be unto all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord, and this shall be a sign unto you; you shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." Suddenly as the messenger stopped speaking, voices, as of an angel chorus, sang in mellow tones, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men."

The song grew fainter, and at last the angel disappeared, and the voices faded away. But into the hearts of the shepherds had come a light, which could never die out. It shines today in your heart and in mine. It is the light of the Spirit, and we must remember to let it shine; and the song the angel chorus sang that night, is echoing today in the hearts of all God's children — "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men."

LESSON 13. DECEMBER 27.

Review

GOLDEN TEXT — *Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.*— Prov. 4:23.

The lessons of the last quarter have been about David and his son Solomon. Now what did we learn that David meant? And Solomon?

Well during this quarter, then, we have learned this, first, to keep love in our hearts for ever and ever; and, second, to add to love, wisdom, for the two go hand in hand, and "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Blanche's Corner.



Christmas time again! How the good pours in upon us. Last month we were talking about how thankful we should be, and here comes Christmas to prove it to us. Aren't you just bubbling over with joy and love for everybody? I am.

The holly with its little berries and pretty green leaves means life and growth. We are all full of life, and we are all growing this happy Christmas-tide. We are growing in our bodies and in our minds; we're growing more healthy, loving and kind every day.

I once read a story of a dear old lady, who, when a friend asked her how she managed to keep so young, said that whenever anything pleasant had happened in her life, she had tucked the memory of it away in her mind. She soon had a great many of these happy thoughts, and she called them her "necklace of perfect joy." Whenever things seemed to be going crooked, she shut her eyes and counted the jewels in her necklace.

Suppose each of us start such a necklace. It would be more valuable than any we could buy. We would never have any more sorry days, because our necklace would always keep us bright and cheery. It would be better than an Indian luck-piece, or a rabbit's foot, because it would bring us happiness and contentment. Let's make this Christmas so full of loving deeds that it will add a diamond, with the whiteness of purity, and little surprise pearls of the pink of love and the blue of truth, to our necklace of perfect joy.

Each day to your necklace of perfect joy,
Add a gem of beauty rare,
Then you'll never see in this dear old world
An atom of pain or care.



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Devoted to
Practical Christianity

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and all her paths are peace."

MYRTLE FILLMORE, *Editor.*

BLANCHE SAGE, *Associate Editor*

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*In the cool and crisp December,
Every face is bright with glee,
For all of us remember
It will bring the Christmas tree,
With its tinsel and its glitter ;
It means more than merry din.
Christmas festivals mean always
An awakening within.*

— BLANCHE.

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