WEE WISDOM CHRISTMAS 1000





Holy mother! Infant blessed; Nourished at pure woman's breast; Ray divine, by Love expressed; In a human garment Iressed; Manger'd in each child at birth, Comes the Christ again to earth.



VOL XV.

DECEMBER, 1909

No. 5



#### MORLEY DECIDES

BY BLANCHE

"Wait a minute Marjorie, I've thought of something," and Morty, otherwise Mortimer, ran toward the little girl who was fast disappearing into the house. Marjorie Jane hesitated. Morty was always thinking of "something" and she, Marjorie, was generally the only one who would listen respectfully to the productions of his fanciful brain.

Marjorie Jane hesitated only a moment for she saw her chance to drive a good bargain.

"If you'll promise to play with me, Ill listen."

"All right," Mortimer returned reckless in his enthusiasm, "come on out under the apple tree and sit down."

Marjorie Jane obeyed. First dexterously raising her stiffly-starched little skirts, she sat down with an abruptness that startled the chickens in the next yard.

"Well, hurry up," she said, and it must be confessed that she looked a trifle bored.

Mortimer's speculations were very often only entertaining to himself.

"You mustn't hurry me. It's very important," and after throwing his cap on the grass, and vainly trying to smooth his locks of red hair, he began.

"This morning at breakfast, Papa and Uncle Joe were talking about those men that said they went to the North Pole. Lierr names are Mr. Cook and Mr. Peary, or somethin' like that. Well, anyhow Pa said he bet five dollars Cook had been there and Uncle Joe said he was sure he didn't know."

Marjorie Jane yawned, and looked longingly toward her neglected family of dolls on the back porch.

"Now listen," he went on, "I do know." "I know that neither one of 'em got there," and the Booth attitude he struck was under the circumstances permissible.

Marjorie stared. This was different. "How do you know?" she questioned breathlessly.

"'Cause I can prove it. You know that big book I got last Christmas, with pictures all about Santy Claus? Well that there book is my proof."

"But," she protested, "that don't say anything about Mr.

Cook or-"



"Of course not," he interrupted disdainfully, "who said it did, I'd like to know? You're a stupid, Marjorie Jane," and her calm acceptance of the part was proof that she was conquered.

"Don't that book say, Santy Claus lives at the North Pole? Don't it show pictures of him, an' his workshop, an' the reindeers, an' snow, and ice, an',—don't it? Well if this here Mr.

Cook or Peary went up there wouldn't they seen him? An' wouldn't he a showed them his shop and his house, an' interduced 'em to Mrs. Santy Claus, an' maybe, had 'em to dinner, wouldn't he? Course he would, cause nobody else ever went there, an' he'd sent messages by 'em and they'd told about it the first thing. I ain't goin' to tell anybody but Papa an' maybe he'll take me to the President's house, an' we'll take that book right along an' show him, an' he'll have Mr. Peary and Mr. Cook arrested for sayn' they did, when they didn't, an' maybe he'll send Papa and me on a exposition to discover the North Pole, and we'll see Santy Claus, an' "—but Marjorie Jane could stand it no longer.

"Oh Morty, can-couldn't you take me?"

Mortimer hesitated. He oughtn't to. Maybe his father wouldn't like it, and yet, it would be awfully nice to have her see his triumph. "If you'd promise not to want to play dolls, or make a noise or get in the way."

"Oh, I won't, I'll be as good, but Morty, when are you going to tell your Papa?"

"Oh I guess I'll tell him in the morning, an' you mustn't tell a soul."

"Not even Mama?" and a look of dismay spread over her face.

"No not tonight. I guess you'll have to tell her tomorrow. She'd be worried if you went away without telling her, but you mustn't tell anybody else.

"An' will we wear fur coats and ride in sleighs with reindeers hitched to 'em?"

"Of course, na' we'll see lions and bears an' walruses."

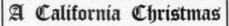
Afternoon waned. The setting sun sent his good-bye kiss through the trees and lightly touched two little heads bent close together, there owners in earnest conversation.

At last a door opened, and a voice called shrilly, "Marjorie Jane Anderson, come to your dinner this minute." The two rose reluctantly. She touched his arm. "It's our secret, isn't it Morty, all by ourselves?"

"Yep," he answered, "see you in the morning," and they parted.

That night the boy dreamed of encounters with strange animals, all of which he killed and took to Mr. Santy Claus at the North Pole, but the girl, woman like, dreamed of a knight with flaring hair, to whom she in adoration bowed her knee.

Meanwhile the long mooted question is settled.



By Mary Brewerton de Witt

Oh, Christmas clouds!
Oh, Christmas clouds!
That whisper Christmas rain;
Pray run away
For just one day,
And leave it clear again.

So laughing clouds!
Dear teasing clouds!
You will not-weep today;
For just in fun,
You chase or run,
To have a little play.

You touched our rose, Our Christmas rose, With one pure drop of dew; A Christmas gift; From clouds that lift, To show the heavenly blue.

At Christmas time!
Glad Christmas time!
'Tis then in love we play,
For all is bright;
With pale sunlight,
Upon the dear Christmas day! .



#### THE WEE WISDOM CLUB

BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER.



#### HOW THE WEES TOOK IT

Up stairs, in the big room, the Wee Wisdom Club sat in a circle on the floor, stringing pop-corn. The Christmas gifts were all completed except the last few little finishing touches; a card of address needed here, a string to be tied in places there, and this package to be inclosed in that one. The pop-corn was to be for their own tree which the Club was getting up for their own celebration and enjoyment; for as Nellie reminded them, "Ma says some folks forgets their own home, and that is lots worser 'an forgetting somebody elses, 'cause if you don't have your own home pleasant you won't know how to make other folkes'es pleasant for them."

"Well there is no danger of this Club forgetting themselves entirely," Willie had answered with a laugh, while Mildred added, "I think we have been working for ourselves all the time, for I'm sure I've enjoyed the fun of getting these things ready lots mor'n I will enjoy any of the presents I'll get Christmas."

"You speak for yourself, I presume?" asked Robert, "for I tell you if you had had to dig all the potatoes I did, you would have wished the potato had never been discovered by friend Sir Walter."

What did you do it for then?" asked Lois.

" 'Cause I wanted to do my share toward Christmas," answered Bob.

"Then you really wanted to, wors'en you wanted not to, so you ought to be satisfied," said Lois.

"Well who said I was'nt satisfied, Missie?"

"You did," teased Lois with mischief in her eye.

"I did not. I said-"

"I fine you both two cents for quarreling," said Margaret very sternly, while Sally got out her book to mark it down. "Here, I've got a nickle," said Lois pulling that coin from her apron pocket, "I'll pay for both, and that will leave a penny for some 'nigger-babies'."

"No you don't, either, I will pay my own fine, and I might just as well pay yours too, 'cause I got this dime,

and I want it changed."

"Now I spoke first, and I'm going to do it. It's no fair Robert Wilson, and I'll be mad as hops if you don't stop having your own way about every thing, so there now."

"I don't want my own way half as much as you do,

Lois."

"I fine you both one cent more," said Margaret,

trying to look sober.

There upon things were adjusted so that Robert paid the six cents fine, and Lois added her nickle to Robert's change, and they bought candles for the Club tree.

Yes, the presents were all ready to send now, boxes of prunes for the orphan girls, apples for some old people of the neighborhood, a half cord of wood and a sack of potatoes for a poor family, several pretty aprons for the motherless Sloan girls and six glasses of clear quince jelly for the children's ward at the hospital, and now the Club turned it's attention to the business in hand.

As the usual custom was to read the Wee Wisdom magazine as part of the programme, it was an indication of undignified curiosity for any one to take a peep at the little paper until the whole Club was ready for the reading; now they were ready.

Sally ran a hair pin through the brown paper wrapping and turned first, as usual, to see if the Club had been reported correctly, but she stopped with a quick

breath, "It isn't here!"

Mother was summoned before a court of inquiry, but she insisted that an account had been sent for the November number, and that the story must have been lost in the mail. Great excitement and speculation followed, until Nellie discovered the notice in the back, to the effect that the "lost had been found," and let me tell

you that the heartiest laugh of the year was at the ex-

pense of "Ye Editor."

"That lets me out," said Mother, "and now the November story will do for December, and I'll get that much more time for my Christmas sewing, thanks to the hidden Ms., which by the way would be a good title to a story."

Sally must have thought so too, for her next composition at school was an account of the lost story, and

she headed it "The Hidden Manuscript."

I wonder if our honorary members would like to try their pen at the same subject; tell how they think it happened?

The Belated November Report.

#### MORE LOVE

Come to order," said Margaret, and the Club straightway settled itself, seven separate parts, in seven comfortable places in the hay and were ready for business.

They were in the loft of the big barn, where the clover filled every nook and cranny of the place, save in one end where the ladder sticks through the trap door; here the children have burrowed deep holes which serve for rooms, and here they play "house" whenever the weather is too wet to be out of doors, and too mild to be in the house; here Saturday finds two, three, six or a dozen children, with twice that number of dolls and toys, busily engaged in arranging the household affairs. Here Sally creeps away to write her verses or commit her recitations: here Lois and her favorite doll seek consolation when the game of "It" becomes too strenuous. Up in the big barn, where the hay is warm and soft and fragrant one always finds just what one is in search of, be it comfort or cheer, inspiration or pass-time, it is always there for the asking.

And how good the red-cheeked apples taste up there! if you climb away back, in one of the holes, or burrows, curl up in a heap like Max does when he is cold, and then dig your teeth in a cold Northern Spy apple, or a rich spicy winter Bartlett pear, you will never eat any other kind of fruit, and you will never eat

it in any other kind of way.

Margaret called the meeting to order. It was the day after Thanksgiving, and as there was no school the Club had met early, worked an hour on some scrap books they were making for the Baby's Home, for Christmas presents, and now were ready for a long discussion on Club affairs.

Each told of the many times they had been "It" in the last week, and sometimes the recital was so comic that the barn loft rang with their laughter, and poor Max whined below, because he couldn't climb the steep ladder and join them.

They had all played fair, each had found it a hard game, but had oh, such a good time, and "stacks of fun"! not at all like "being good because you have to be"

Robert, Lois and Nellie had more to tell than the rest of the Club, but that was because they were more fiery in their dispositions than the others, and got into trouble quicker. On the other hand Margaret, Sallie, Mildred and Willie had had more serious trouble, for as Robert said, "They are slow to anger, but when they once get mad, Gee! look out for the china!"

Yes, they played fair, which after all is the principal part of this game, for it's great virtue is to keep sweet when you want to be sour. Little people, (and big people too) are all "It" many times every day, and if we take our turn cheerfully, and willingly, we soon find the superiority of a smile over a frown, we find that no matter what mistake we made yesterday, there is always a new beginning; "Each day is the world made new," for those who do not recognize defeat, but bravely play the game of "It", and start in, all over again, just as soon as they regain their equilibrium; (you had better hunt that word 'equilibrum' up in your dictionary, it is a very useful word, especially to WEE WISDOM children.) So this Club had played "It", and had in every instance received their reward, the satisfaction of having won every game.

"Sallie, have you made up a constitution yet?" asked Mildred, "You know, now that we have honorary members, we must have something like laws to make them feel as if they belonged to a really truly Club."

"Yes," answered Sallie, "I have thought of a constitution, but I don't know whether you will like it or not, it's so short. Mother was telling Lois and me, the

other day, about the Shakers."

Then the Club wanted to know who and what the

"Shakers" are, so Sallie tried to explain.

"They are a religious people that used to live in the eastern states a long time ago, I don't know whether there are any more of them or not, but my great-grand-mother was a Shaker. They were very good and worked very hard, but they had awfully funny ideas about things! Just think, they did not believe that people should marry, and they did not think they could be good unless they went away from the world and lived in settlements by themselves, and that isn't right, you know, 'cause we are needed in the world and it is selfish to pen ourselves away from temptation, and the world's work. Mother says Emerson says that it is easy to 'keep sweet' when we are all by ourselves or with people that think the same as we do, but it is hard to be good when we live among people who oppose us."

"Is she talking Latin or Greek?" asked Robert,

solemnly.

"It sounds like the Chinaman who brings our wash, when he tries to explain to Ma how the tablecloth happened to be torn," said Nellie.

"It is because you are too young to understand,"

answered Margaret with a superior air.

"Ah! thank you ma'am, how good of you to make things clear; we hope we will grow up soon, then we will be able to understand you and our honored secretary," replied Robert with a profound bow.

"Go on Sallie, tell us about the Shakers; don't mind those disturbers," said Willie Monk, annoyed at the

foolish interruption.

"Well I can't tell you all about them, but if they had some queer ideas they had some good ones too, and

I thought that the words they said when they met each other, might do for our constitution, instead of saying 'Good Morning' when they met, they said 'More Love.' The more I thought of that the better I liked it, and don't you all think it would make a nice constitution for our Club?"

"A constitution!" exclaimed Margaret and Mildred in a breath, while Robert stoutly asserted, "Lawyers don't have no such constitution as that, theirs is pages long, and has all sorts of big words; they couldn't do

business on no such thing."

"I don't understand what it means," said Nellie, but then Ma says nobody 'aint supposed to know what a constitution means, so I guess that is the right kind, only it is so awful short, and as Robert says, it ought to have

some big words in it to make it sound right."

"Sally you have as many queer notions as the Shakers had," said Lois, "Who ever heard of a Club having such a short constitution, and it sounds silly! "More Love' isn't any laws, and our honorary members would laugh at us if we couldn't think of any thing better'n that."

"No they would'nt either, not if we explained it's meaning to them," insisted Sally, not at all daunted by the remarks of her companion, for if Sallie thinks she is right, she has the courage to stand by her opinions, in spite of opposition, unless, of course, she is convinced that she is wrong, then she has the courage to acknowl-

edge it.

Do you ever think what a lot of courage it does take to stand by your own opinions when every one else thinks you are wrong? and did you ever think how much more courage it takes to acknowledge you are wrong,

when you find out that you are?

"And," continued Sallie, "just because no one ever heard of such a short constitution before that is no reason there should'nt be one; and it does'nt sound silly to those who think about it. I heard a minister say that there was a life time of thought in the word 'Love' and if there is that much, surely it is long enough for us, and—"

"All right, all right, we'll take your word for it," interrupted Robert. "Go ahead and tell us what we are supposed to do with it, or maybe we are too young to

understand you?"

"The beauty about it is that it is so easy that even a baby, (like some people), can understand it," laughed Sallie, "but there isn't really any thing to explain, after all. You see 'More Love' would mean that we must have more love for our work and lessons, and for each other, and for every one else we know, and for people we don't know, too; we must have "more love" for people who make us cross and make us do things we don't want to do; we couldn't quarrel or say disagreeable things about people, if we had 'More Love' for them; and don't you see how easy it would make the game of "It" if we kept our constitution in our mind? When ever we meet people we will say to them "More Love" and it will be like the blessings they used to give in olden days.

"O yes! and our Club color will be PINK to match our constitution, 'cause pink is the color that stands for LOVE," exclaimed Mildred, carried away by the enthusiasm of that magic word, for LOVE is a magic word, didn't you know that! It works magic, just like the fairy's wand, it gives us every thing we need or want, and itbut I must'nt tell you about Love today or I'll never finish up about this Club meeting. I want to ramble away from my subject today, and you know your language teacher tells you that is a poor thing to do; so we'll get

back to the Club meeting at once."

"You think of the 'saintest' things to do, Sallie, but they most always work out fine," said Margaret in admiration, "and I think 'More Love' is the best constitution I ever heard of. I bet if mother's Club had one like it, it would do them all a lot of good, 'specially round

election time."

"I like the color and the words, and I like the game "It", and my only trouble will be in living up to them," said Mildred, who by the way was the only one of the seven who would have no trouble in "living up to them," for Mildred is a bit of a saint, although she doesn't know "Shall we have to go up to every one we know and say, 'More Love'? asked Nellie. "I wouldn't like to do that, and besides Ma says that it is 'too much goodness that makes the worst sinners,' so I try not to be too good."

Lois and Robert exploded at that, and went off into a gale of mirth at poor Nellie's endeavors not to be "too good." "Don't try so hard next time and maybe you will succeed better," Robert told her, but Nellie consoled herself with the thought, "I'm "It" this time, so I won't care if they do tease me."

"Bill, what would you do to me if I walked up to you in a crowd of boys and said 'More Love' to you, Brother Bill?" asked Robert, enjoying the imaginary

picture.

"I'll show you, if you ever try it," answered Willie, in his slow drawl, but with a clinching fist that showed

he meant business.

When the laughter had subsided, Sallie said, "Well people don't go around repeating their constitution aloud, they just remember the thought of it and obey it, and that is what we want to do. Mother says a silent word, or thought is much more powerful than any spoken word, and if we just say this silently to ourselves it will be better than if we said it aloud. I have been saying it ever since Mother told us about the Shakers, when I pass people on the street I say to them, (silently, of course)' 'More Love', and you don't know what a pleasant, happy feeling it gives you, and, really, sometimes people have looked up, just as if they had heard me, and they smile for all the world as if they were repeating the same words to me."

"I think it is a perfectly grand idea," said Nellie, "and I am going to say it to all the people I know, and

all the dogs and cats and, and, -everything."

"Good for you Nell, that's right, do the thing up 'brown' while you are at it," said Willie, adding soberly, "It is a good idea, and it will help us a lot when we are 'It.'"

Wee Wisdom members, where ever you may be, "MORE LOVE" is to be the constitution of this CLUB.

The members decided it up there in the loft of the big barn, amid the fragrant hay, while the warm, soft November rain fell so gently that they hardly heard it.

The club color is PINK,-Love's own shade.

The club game is "IT",—and to play fair you must "Laugh at all disaster, and with wave and whirl-wind wrestle," (figuratively).

The Club constitution is MORE LOVE,—that magic word that unlocks hearts, cheers the down-cast, and smooths the rough places for tired little feet, when they

tread the high-way of life.

So up in the hay loft, in the clover scented hay, while the rain fell to the music of that quaint old Shaker greeting, the children revived the memory and magic of those sacred words, "MORE LOVE."



#### CHILD GARDENING.

Conducted by LIDA H. HARDY.



## GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY THE LAW OF EXPRESSION.

SERIES XIX.

#### GOD'S GIFT OF THE BIRDS



How wonderful the God of Love
Made black the crow and white the dove!
And ever since the world began
There's been no change in this wise plan!
We know the Crow by his shrill "Caw!"
The Dove says, "Coo!" This is the Law.

And God said, "Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that

may fly above the earth, in the open firmament of heaven.

And God created \* \* every winged fowl after his kind:

And God saw that it was good."

In God's great lakes, oceans and rivers, there are many curious creatures, many that live in the water all the time, and many like the frog and turtle, that live part of the time in the water and part of the time on land.

In our last lesson, we talked about the "flying fish" and the hopping frog. Do you think of any creature that can both hop and fly? Yes, the robin. Now do you think of any birds that can swim? Why yes, ducks, geese. Yes, and swans. Here is a picture of some geese



swimming. They looked so graceful and pretty, that I wanted you to see them, so I took their picture just on purpose for you.

In Central Park, Topeka, there live a father and mother Swan who are very kind and loving to each other. There are people in the park most all the time watching them and yet not one person has ever yet seen in either of them, a single unkind act. They will hunt food for each other and are always gentle and quiet. Here is a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Swan.

Now besides flying and swimming birds, there are climbing, perching, wading, scratching, and running birds. We are well acquainted with many of each of



these classes. Name a climbing bird? Woodpecker—Right. Name a perching bird. Yes, Sparrow. A scratching bird? Right again—Dove.

Last summer, a lady at Forest Lake, told me the sweetest Dove story. She said that a friend of hers had given her a pair of doves. Soon the mother disappeared and the father for a long time seemed very lonely, day after day, and cooed long and mournfully. Finally one day he made up his mind to go to Edwardsville, a mile or so away. After that he enjoyed life much better and made his regular trips each week to Edwardsville. One day he brought back with him to his pretty bird home a lovely snowy white bride to whom he showed every attention. He just couldn't do enough, it seemed, for her happiness! Early in the mornings before the sun was hot, he would show her all the beautiful places around the Lake, often bringing her nice things to eat and in every way possible, filling her life with joy and gladness.

O, the birds! The birds! How much joy they bring to us and what sweet lessons they teach us, in kindness, love, industry, praising and thanksgiving.



And what busy little home makers they are! You've watched them in their nest building, I know. How skillfully made is the Oriole's nest, as it swings to and fro in the breezes! And the humming birds tiny resting place! Isn't it dear! The tailor bird sews together long living leaves and there, builds its nest of cotton inside.

Did you ever catch sight of the first robin in the Spring time? What joy and cheer the blue jay brings us! And say! I must tell you that a mocking bird, a few months ago, came for a long time every moning to sing for us. His resting place was the chimney of our next door neighbors. In New Zealand there is a very queer bird called Apterzx, which has a long bill, eyes like a rat and no wings at all. It really looks more like a hedge-hog than it does a bird.

This reminds us of that queer creature in Australia called the Duckbill, which is covered with brown fur and which has a long flat muzzle, like a duck's bill and has webbed feet. It seems hard to tell whether it is bird or

animal.

The Bible says: "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."—
Jeremiah VIII-7.

This sounds as though birds know more than people do! Really they have a wonderful intelligence! Why they know what the weather is going to be and tell us about it. I heard a farmer say: "I must get my potatoes in right away because the birds told me it is going to be cold."

We love the birds as we love our friends. They are our "friends in feathers."

Some of them have come from way across the great sea, but most of them have lived here a long time.



Thoughtless people take the life of the most beautiful birds. We can't understand how they can but they do. They kill them because they can sell them for money. One million bob-o-links were killed near Philadelphia in one month, that ladies and little girls might wear the dead birds bodies on hats and bonnets. One feather dealer in London alone received at a single time thirty-two thousand dead humming birds. If this is not stopped all our lovely song birds will be gone. Even the nightingales are being all killed in Italy.

Now the way to stop it is for ladies and little girls to stop wearing dead birds and wings on their hats and bonnets.

When ladies and little girls no longer want to wear dead birds, there will be no one to pay money for them and the men will stop taking bird life. We know that the place for a bird is in the blue sky and in the tree tops and not in show cases or on hats. There are beautiful flowers and ribbons to trim hats with. We do

need and want their sweet songs. Oriole and Bobolink fill the world with joy and cheer, and Vesper sparrow, Thrush and Whip-poor-will show us how to be grateful. The birds know that we are their friends. That's the



reason they come to drink the water and eat the food we have set out for them.

In many states, laws have been made to protect birds. Why even back in the time of Moses there were laws to protect birds. One law reads: "If a bird nest chance to be before thee in the way in any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young ones, or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young."—Deuteronomy XXII-6.

Man made laws are all right for those who need them. Our law is the Law of Love. We love and care for our little brothers and sisters, the birds, because we know that they are a part of the One Great Life, of which we are another expression.

A little bit of holly,
And a bunch of mistletoe,
A little joy and kindness,
A loving deed—and lo!
A Christmas day is molded,
Happy lives are made just so.



#### EPISTLES



KANSAS CITY, Mo.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I have taken great pleasure in reading Wee Wisdom for the last six months. It is beautiful. I am a little girl 8 years old and have a little sister, Gladys, 6 years old. I am in the third grade at school. My papa prints Wee Wisdom and I like for him to work at Unity. It is near Christmas time, and as you are going to get Blanche a piano for Christmas I, and sister Gladys, will send you something to help it along. I have a very pretty black cat and I love him so much. He is so nice and clean and playful. This being my first letter, I will make it short, so wishing "Ye Editor" and all the little Wees a happy Christmas, I am sincerely,

Adaline Whitworth.

HARDY, NEB.

Dear Mrs. Fillmore—This is my first letter. I am 7 years old and am in the second grade. My mamma takes Unity. For a pet I have a little rat dog, her name is Pansey. My Grandma gave Wee Wisdom to me and I love dear Blanche's corner and I am going to send a love offering for Blanche's present. Well I must close. Lots of love from your little Wee.

Maricia Bayes.

P. S. I wish you all a merry Xmas.

HOME OF TRUTH- GLENDALE, CALIF.

Such a strong, vigorous unexpected Sunday School has grown up among us within the past six weeks and we want Wee Wisdom to know about it. The grown children organized a class and a library and as we had to have a proper place we secured a lovely California Bungalow, set among flowers and a grove of orange trees, and there established a Home of Truth. Last Sabbath we held our first Sunday School, and there were nearly forty present, big and little. We organized three classes with the help of Mrs. Anna Moore of Los Angeles, and our librarian and dear healer, Mrs. Zora Maxson Pringey.

We have primary, intermediate, and Bible classes, and what do you little Wee Wisdom's think? The grown children (the mammas and papas) want to enter the primary class! One member has a Truth baby who attended the Sunday School when he was a week old. We placed him in a class all by himself. Though he was the very littlest, his contribution was one of the biggest. Little children in the Sunday School in the Los Angeles Home sent cards, leaflets and their contribution of the previous Sunday. We are going to grow and grow here, among the orange blossoms and happy song-birds, and ask you to send us a strong thought of love and success.

BERNICE COLBURN WILLIAMS, Supt. of S. S.

FAIRVILLE, PA.

Dear Mrs. Fillmore—I think it was so nice to think of getting Blanche a present. I know how much Blanche loves us and I am glad to help. I would suggest we buy her a beautiful picture of "Christ blessing the little children" for a Christmas present and when ever she looks at it, it will remind her of the love which exists between her and us "Wee's". With love.

Shirley T. Swayne.

VALMEYER, ILL.

Dean Wee Wisdom—I will write you a few lines to tell you that I am well and know you are the same. I like to read Wee Wisdom, there are so many nice stories in it. My birthday was on the first of November, 1909. I was ten years old. Our school started on the first of September. I like to go to school. We have a man teacher. His name is Alvin Cramer. We will have an entertainment on Christmas and have nice speeches. I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! This is all I know for this time.

"I tried to pen a greeting,

To pledge a friendship true;
But the violet is more eloquent,

Let it confide my thoughts to you."

Your little Wee.

FRIEDA SCHELLHARDT.

Dear Wee Wisdom—We wish to thank you for your continued visit. This letter was intended to go with Wee Wisdom's traveling expenses, but was delayed. Mamma sent for

Love's Roses and we are all happy. We will spend many pleasant hours reading it I know. We will soon be going to start for school. Soon our romps in the woods will cease, and we will get down to work. Love to Mrs. Fillmore and all the Wees. From your little Wees.

CLARA, VERGIE AND ARTHUR WAGER.

CASEYVILLE, ILL.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I am enjoying very much reading your lovely and interesting stories and I love you best of any of the magazines I have read. I am too late for the November number, so I will write for the December number. Enclosed please find ten cents for any Christmas present you may choose for Blanche. I will send a Christmas Carol, "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing."

I will close with love to you and all of the Wees.

ANNA STOLLE.

Los Angeles, Calif.

My Dear Wee Wisdom—Grandma gave me Wee Wisdom for Christmas. I like to read the letters very much. I am eight years old. I have been in California with Grandma since last October. We all went to the beach the 4th of July. I am going to the country to live on a farm. I have one little sister, Ruth. From

CAMDEN, ARK.

Dear Editor—Enclosed you will find twenty cents for Blanche. I hope that we can raise enough to get her a piano, if she has none. I take Wee Wisdom and I love it very much. I am ten years of age and am in the fifth grade at school. I am lovingly, a Wee.

Mildred Reeves.

VALMEYER, ILL.

DEER WEES AND ALL—Merry Christmas to all, I will drop a few lines to let you know I am well and know the same of you, for you are all truth children and have no room for any sickness which is only an evil thought, for I found out by myself. I was always thinking I had heart trouble, but as I changed my mind and wrote a letter to Mr. H. H. Schroeder, and asked God for help it soon disappeared and now I am feeling strong and well, so you must never think of feeling

ill for if you always think of the little verse, "God is my health, I can't be sick," you will see that you are mistaken. I have got acquainted with a boy in Washington, through this little paper, and am exchanging postal cards with him. I think I will have to close for fear of crowding some one else out. Wishing all a merry Christmas, I will remain your friend.

The world is filled with flowers,
The flowers are filled with dew,
My heart is filled with love,
For you, and you, and you.

Anna Schellhardt.

CLAYPOOL, IND.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I thought I would write you a letter. I am going to send you a verse. I would like to write to some of the Wee's. I am going to write to Faun Williams, she said she would like one of my cards. Well I will close. I still remain your wee.

# HE DIDN'T



The mouse that didn't think.

Once a trap was baited With a piece of cheese, It tickled so a little mouse, It almost made him sneeze, An old rat said "There's danger, Be careful where you go!" "Nonsense!" said the other "I don't think you know." So he walked in boldly, Nobody in sight, First he took a nibble, Then he took a bite; Close the trap together, Snapped as quick as wink, Catching mousie fast, 'Cause he didn't think.

GEORGIA WORLEY.



CLIFTON, ARIZ.

Dear Wee Wisdom—Enclosed please find ten cents for Blanche. I hope all the Wee's will send some, so we can get her something real nice. I think that was a good joke, about the "Wee Wisdom Club," but I hope we will see the November and December "Wee Wisdom Club" in the December number of Wee Wisdom. This is my first letter to you and I hope to see it in print. With love to all the Wee's, I remain your loving reader.

Alice Knight.

#### CUYAMACA MTS., CALIF.

Dear Mrs. Fillmore—When I noticed the little note in the corner of "Wee Wisdom" from "Ye Editor" I took down my bank and am sending a little money to help get Blanche something. (She sends 50 cents.) I really cannot think of anything for her new home, but I know that "Ye Editor" must be a fine judge, so will leave my part to her. I am going to write Wee Wisdom soon and tell about my vacation up in the Cuyamaca Mountains, it is such a beautiful country and so many things to tell about. Well I will close with lots of love and best wishes for "Ye Editor", "Blanche" and "Wee Wisdom." Ever your little friend. Isabel F. McLeod.

#### DECATUR, GA.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I am eleven years old and am in the sixth grade. It skipped the fifth grade. On my last report card I got excellent in every thing but one. We have seven studies. Mamma told me that I could take Wee Wisdom or St. Nicholas, and I chose Wee Wisdom. My aunt gave me Wee Wisdom for a Christmas present, but my subscription ran out last November and I did not renew it. But I am about to forget what I am writing to you for. I want to take Wee Wisdom another year, beginning with the November number. I am enclosing 50 cents to pay for her traveling expenses. I go to Sunday School and "The Sunbeams." I expect my letter is getting too long now, and so I must close. With love to all the Wee's, I am your loving Wee. Mamie Powers.

#### St. PAUL, MINN.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I asked, last month in a letter, for a blank in which I could write the names of some friends. I think they would be interested in Wee Wisdom if you sent them a word or two, and you sent me an order blank instead. Please send me one. I have no more time for writing now, so goodbye. With much love to all the little Wees, Ida W. Goldsmith.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM CLUB—I wish to renew my subscription for your monthly magazine. I will enclose the fifty cents by money order. I enjoy reading your magazine very much, especially Blanche's Bible Lessons, and her Corner. Yours sincerely from your dear little Wee. HASTINGS HALL.



#### YE EDITOR'S CORNER



Here's just a little corner left for Ye Editor to squeeze in and whisper to her Wees (so's Blanche won't hear) that the Christmas fund is growing so slowly that unless we hurry up, we won't be able to buy even a leg of the piano, some of you have suggested for Blanche's Christmas present. To give more time, we'll make it a New Year's gift and that will leave you another month to send in your offerings. Send them as before stated, directed to Ye Editor, 913 Tracy Avenue, Kansas City, Mo. Whether it be a penny, dime or dollar, send it along. Some of the good things have been crowded out, but they'll get in next time. What do you think of "Rick's" idea in this pretty Christmas cover? Please write what it means to you.



#### BLANCHE'S BIBLE LESSONS.



LESSON X.—DECEMBER 5, 1909.

Paul On the Grace of Giving .- 2 Cor 8:1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." —Acts 20:35.

This week we have a lesson about giving. We have been learning a lot about receiving, we have been told how to receive health and joy and all good things, but now we are to talk about giving. There must be giving, you know, or there never would be any receiving.

Now giving doesn't mean just money. There are so many

other things to give. We can give people joy and love, without giving them a cent of money.

Suppose you knew a someone who needed joy, couldn't you give it to them by speaking kind words, and couldn't you teach them how to keep it by telling them about the truth? Of course you could. But sometimes we like to give money and we give all we can, freely and gladly because we know that the more freely we give the more we shall receive. Then too, we want to give our whole hearts to the truth. We never want to forget to listen to the voice within. If we do that, just think how bountifully we will receive. We will be filled with health and love and joy until we are fairly running over.

Wees all over the world are learning this wonderful truth. Let us give some of our knowledge to others who are unwilling

to listen.

Let us give freely of our good and we shall learn for ourselves that truly "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

#### LESSON XI.-DECEMBER 12, 1909.

"Paul's Last Words."2 Tim. 4:1-18.

GOLDEN TEXT—"For me to live is Christ and to die is gain."—Phil. 1:31.

We have been studying about Paul for a good many Sundays. Today we are told about his last words. His missionary journeys are over. He has been preaching the gospel for years and now he tells Timothy to continue to teach the people about Jesus. Paul says, "I have kept the faith" and we know that he did. Even though he made mistakes, he always had faith in the Spirit and knew he would come out all right. Lo, now at the last he still has faith. He is not afraid for he knows that all is good, and that there is nothing but joy and peace in store for him.

We know that there is nothing but joy in store for us and for all God's children.

We have faith in the Spirit within, just as Paul had, and we know that only the good is true. But we also know that Paul's troubles came because sometimes he did not follow the voice within, and that we need never have any troubles if we always remember that the Spirit within us is greater than anything, and that only the good, pure and beautiful are real.

#### LESSON XII.-DECEMBER 19, 1909.

GOLDEN TEXT—"I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."—2 Tim. 4:7.

Our lessons about Paul are over, and today we will go over them, and see what we have learned. We found that Paul was fearless and that he never lost faith in the Spirit.

When he made mistakes he never gave up, but through faith in the truth, got back on the right track again.

Now the question is, what good have these stories done us? Have they taught us something that will help us all our lives? Think it all out for yourselves, and pick out what will help you every day.

#### LESSON XIII.—DECEMBER 26, 1909.

"The Birth of Christ."-Matt. 2:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT—"And thou shalt call this name Jesus for He shall save His people from their sins."—Matt. 1:21.

We have all heard the beautiful story of how one starry night in Bethlehem of Judea, long years ago, a tiny babe was born in a manger and how three wise men, led by a star, came to find it.

The whole wonderful story has been told and retold and grows more beautiful with every telling. When we read Bible stories, we always like to find out what they men to us, for we know that every story in the Great Book has some thought for us to remember and use.

Now this most beautiful story of all, must be very important. Don't you think so? Do you know that the Christ is born in every one of us? Not only at Christmas time but every day. When we know absolutely that only the good is true—when we feel perfectly sure, way-down in our hearts, that we are God's children—when we listen to the voice within, and begin to follow it, then like the wise men, we are led to the birth place of the Christ within. Then we understand the story of the Babe born in the manger and we know the same Spirit is in us that was in him. When we read the wonderful things done by Jesus, we are to remember that we too, if we listen to the Christ voice within, and follow it as he did, may do the same things, "and greater," Jesus said.

Knowing this, the story is more precious, because it means something for us all the year round.



#### BLANCHE'S CHRISTMAS CORNER



Christmas time again! Oh how hard it is for us to hang up our stockings and go to bed. If we could have just one peep at Santa Claus, just to see if he really has long white whiskers and looks as jolly as his pictures.

But we all do go to bed, nevertheless, and fall asleep, wondering what will be in our stockings when we awake. In the morning we crawl out before it is light and run to see our presents. They are always lovely and just what we wanted most. We go shivering back to our warm beds, perhaps with our most precious gift held close in our arms, to wait for morning light to examine things more closely.

But Christmas with its joy and cheer comes and goes and still we have not caught a glimpse of our dear Santa.

Now I am going to tell you a secret, I can't show Santa Claus to you, nor can I tell you whether or not he has white whiskers. That depends—anyway I don't imagine he would look the same to all of us. But I can tell you one thing. I can tell you what he is made of. Now don't laugh, because I really and truly can. I can't explain how I found out. You'll understand when you grow up, but listen: Our Santa Claus is made of love, just pure love, with a lot of faith mixed in. Isn't that a fine secret?

Love you know is the greatest thing in the world, and it's a comfort, isn't it, to know that our Santa Claus is made of the very best material.

So remember, that even if we have never seen him, we at least know what he is made of, and that is something.



# Young folk's Magazine Devoted to Practical Christianity

Wisdom's ways are w ays of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor.
BLANCHE SAGE HASELTINE, Associate Editor.

50 cents a year.

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Foreign Subscription, 3 shillings a year

5 cents a copy

Published on the first of each month by

## UNITY TRACT SOCIETY. 913 Tracy Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Entered as second class matter, August 8th, 1898, at the postoffice at Kansas City, Missouri, under the act of March 3d. 1879.

### December, 1909

#### ΛΛ

I bring the wind and cold and snow,

But you all love me, that I know.
You welcome me with joy and cheer,

I bring the best day of the year-

That's Christmas.

Ah! it's Christmas day

And the world is new.

The above is of a deeper blue,

There's love for me,

And there's love for you,

This Christmas day in the morning.

-BLANCHE.

IF THREE IS A BLUE MARK at the end of this notice, it is because you have forgotten to invite Wer Wisnom 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 treasuries."

# MODERN



