WEE WISDOM



Wishing You

A Merry Christmas

and

A Happy New Year.



VOL. II KANSAS CITY, MO., DECEMBER, 1894. NO. 4.

WEE WISDOM

STANDS FOR

The unwarped faith that believeth and hopeth all things.
"All things are possible to them that believe."

The freshness and purity that beholdeth Good always.
"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'

The joy and gladness that are fullness of life and health.
"In Thy presence is fullness of joy. . . . . .
. . . . . Thou wilt show me the path of life."

The truth that frees from the clutches of race heredity.
"One is your Father, even God."

The knowledge that *Jesus Christ* is the subjective spirit of every child.
"The kingdom of God is within you."

The understanding that our word is the builder of our environment.
"For without the Word was not anything made that was made."

Be ye therefore perfect, :: :: :: ::
Even as your Father in heaven is perfect.
—JESUS.

WEE WISDOM

"Little Children Love One Another." "Wisdom is Justified of her Children"

Volume 2. December, 1894. Number 4.

The Angel of Peace.

You remember about Charlie's Thanksgiving, don't you, children? Well, Christmas was near and all the boys and girls were thinking about good things to eat and pretty things to wear, and skates, and sleds and toboggans for fun on ice and snow: most all the boys and girls, I mean.

Charlie's mother had been wondering and wondering what she should buy for her Charlie boy. There wasn't any snow or ice in Boston, and Charlie did not care so *very* much what he ate, and he had plenty of clothes.

Charlie boy was thinking about Christmas after his own fashion.

It was a pretty cold night outside and he was sitting before the grate of glowing coals watching the yellow flashes of flame as they crept like living things, in and out among the coals.

"Charlie," said his mama, "where are your mittens? I want to knit the wrists longer."

"Oh, mama! I forgot to tell you 'bout it; Tom, that brings our paper, told me that his hands were 'orful cold,' and I gave him my mittens. He said 'would my mama let me?' I said 'yes, my mama always lets me do what I want to'"

"What will you do, my son; go without?"

"Oh, no," said Charlie, comfortably; "I'll have another pair; I only just have to tell God 'bout it; 'sides I don't have to sell papers."

Mama had no remarks to make so the silence fell upon them again. After a while Charlie grew sleepy keeping so still before the warm fire and he crept into his mama's arms and laid his curly head upon her bosom, saying, "Please, my ownie mamma, tell me a story."

This was the only remnant of Charlie's baby ways, and his mama was glad to have him call her so.

"What shall the story be about, my Charlie boy?"

"Something 'bout Christmas, please."

After a few moment's thought, mama began:

"Do you know what an angel is, Charlie?"

"I 'spect its a little boy with wings, flying up in the air just like a bird. Mama," sitting erect, and speaking very eagerly, "why don't all little boys have wings like those I saw in a picture? I b'lieve I'd like to fly."

"You do have wings, somewhere, dear."

Charlie looked at his mama in amazement and began to feel around his back to see if he could find them. His mama laughed and said "not on your back, my boy, but in your mind."

Charlie's eyes were very wide open by this time and he was just opening his mouth to ask questions when mama explained. "When I tell you what an angel is, Charlie, then you will understand me. Every good, pure thought is an angel in mind, and this angel has wings or power, Charlie, (for wings mean power), to fly just as far as you please to send it."

"Does it mean sure 'nough wings mama?"

"You know we do not see our thoughts, but just think them, so I cannot say I ever saw these thought angels, but since they can fly they must have wings, or power to fly, mustn't they?"

"'Course," said Charlie.

"So, Charlie, if you think a good, strong thought, that must be a strong angel, and if you think a loving thought, that must be a love angel, and if you think a very wise thought, that must be a wise angel, do you see?"

"Yes, mama, but how do I send 'em flying?"

"Well, dear, when you gave Tom your mittens, you sent an angel of comfort right into his mind with the thought of love and

kindness and comfort and peace, didn't you?"

"Why, yes, I 'spose I did; but that's a funny kind of an angel," said Charlie, laughing.

"Well, now my story begins. It is about an angel. Put your head down, my babie, and listen. In a country far away from here, on a beautiful night, not so cold as it is here, but not warm either, a man whose name was Obedience and a beautiful young girl whose name was Love, found a resting place under a great shining star. Obedience and Love were very wise and good. Now, Charlie, obedience, when joined to Love brings peace. It was the night before Christmas, very calm and still, and when the great shining star appeared, a little angel of peace came to Obedience and Love."

"Oh, mama! I know, I know, You funny mama that is just like you: It was the baby Jesus."

"How did you happen to guess it so quick, Charlie?"

"When you told 'bout the star, I 'membered 'bout Jesus and his mother Mary. But, mama, what makes you call Mary by the name of Love when her name is Mary? and wasn't the man's name Joseph?"

"Yes, dear, you are right about the names, but Joseph was obedient unto God and so I called him Obedience. And Mary was Love itself, and so I called her Love. I just wanted to see if you would guess, Charlie."

"You called Jesus an angel of peace, Mama."

"Yes, Charlie. You see the *thought-angel* of Obedience, and the *thought-angel* of Love must surely bring the thought-angel of Peace. And don't you remember what the angels sang when the Christmas baby came?"

"Yes, Mama, they sang 'Peace on earth, good will to men."

"Then was not the baby an angel of peace?"

"Yes, mama, I see."

Charlie wanted a number of Christmas presents, and mama told him to write on a paper all the things he wanted and then put it in some safe place where God would be sure to find it.

"But, mama, God isn't like you and me, is he?"

"No dear; that is, God is not a person as you and I appear to be."

"Then how can he read?"

"God knows everything, doesn't he Charlie?"

"Yes, mama, 'course he does, but *how* does he know?"

"Charlie boy, don't I know what you want even if you do not show me any paper?"

"Yes'm, I 'spect you do, but I don't see what that has to do about God knowing?"

"If God knows everything darling, cannot he understand your wants just as well as I can, and better?"

"Oh yes, 'course he can. Well, I'll write him a letter."

* * * * *

Charlie wrote the letter, which he never showed to his mama, but put it under the door-step. I know what he wrote, children, and Ill tell you.

This is the letter:

deer God.

i spect you know All my wants but i am Goin to tel You jest the same you See i giv tom my mitins so i hav not got Any. plese send me some red mitins and a bisikel —not a girls one, and a liv baby lik Jesus, an a dog lik toms an a White dove lik Jonny brouns.

your Deer little Charlie.

* * * * *

Christmas morning Charlie found a pair of red mittens right close to his nose when he opened his eyes.

"Hurrah! I knew they'd come," he shouted.

It did not take him long to dress, I can tell you. He ran down stairs, or half ran and half tumbled in his hurry. Into the breakfast room he rushed and with a hug and a shout saluted papa and mama, then saw a very curious affair occupying his place at the table. It was something big covered all over with flowers. He ran to examine it and behold it was his bicycle all dressed in flowers and evergreens. Well, Charlie hadn't time for breakfast you may be sure. There was no snow on the ground and papa took him out on the sidewalk for a ride on his new horse. On their way home they met a policeman whom papa

knew, with a little black dog in his arms. Mr. Howard, Charlie's papa, asked the policeman what he was doing with the dog, and he answered that it was sick and he was going to drown it, when Charlie begged that he might take it home and let his mama make it well. So the policeman gave the dog to Charlie, glad to be rid of it.

"It is just like Tom's, papa," he said, "and I'm just as thankful as I can be."

"Do you feel sure your mama can cure it, Charlie?"

"Oh yes. God is the little doggie's life, you know, papa."

"Yes, my boy, you are right."

Sure enough, the doggie got well right away, and Charlie was a very happy boy.

At three o'clock in the afternoon they all went to Newton to see grandma and there Charlie found his baby. Grandma wore an air of mystery when they came, and before Charlie got into the house he heard a baby cry. Charlie's Auntie, his mama's sister, had come to make grandma a visit with a little new baby. Charlie had not been told about the baby so as to give him a surprise. "It's my baby," he declared, "I asked God for it." Auntie promised that it should be called Charlie's baby. He couldn't keep his eyes off the new baby and forgot his beautiful bicycle and his little dog and everything else while he stood and regarded it thoughtfully, with his hands behind his back. "Mama," said he, "is this an angel of Peace, too?"

"Yes, dear, certainly; perhaps you had better explain to Auntie what you mean." So Charlie told Auntie the story, adding, "I shall call my baby 'Peace,'" and Peace was baby's name from that moment.

In the evening Johnnie, Charlie's little friend, you remember, children, came over to spend the evening with him. He brought something in his arms with a white handkerchief spread over it. Charlie was very curious about it, and when Johnnie said "It is for you, Charlie, you may take the handkerchief off," he very carefully pulled it away and there was Charlie's dove that he had asked God for. Pure white with pink feet and eyes and just as tame as he could be.

Charlie turned to his dearest counselor and friend, his mama, his eyes shining with a wonderful joy and said "Isn't God orful good, mama?"

"He certainly is, my Charlie boy."

"Johnny," said he, "I asked God to give me a pair of mittens and a bicycle, and a dog and a baby and a dove, and I've got 'em all. I think its 'markable, don't you?"

They all laughed at Charlie's way of putting it, but they echoed his sentiment. When he had his good night rock in mama's loving arms, he said, "Mama I've got everything I want in the world, and I've got you, my own mama, and papa and my little Peace-baby, and God."

My dear boys and girls, A Merry Christmas to you!—*S. E. G.*

The True Birthplace.

Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er their flocks by night,
Felt the holy angel presence,
Saw the glory of the light.

Wise men from the East were searching—
With no other light beside—
For the distant holy city,
One bright star alone their guide.

In a lowly place they found it,
Hidden from the great world's sight,
Shepherds led by angel voices,
Wise men guided by the light.

Still that tiny babe so wondrous
In a lowly place is born:
Every child-heart is the birthplace,
Every day a Christmas morn.

And the shepherds, ever watchful,
Listen for the angel voice,
And the wise ones know the birthplace,
Daily find it, and rejoice.

Every child-heart, meek and lowly,
Is the throne of God above,
And the cradle, pure and holy,
Of the new-born Christ of love.

W. S.

Oh, that thine heart the manger could be now;
God would become a child again below.
Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
Unless he's born in thee, thou wilt be all forlorn.—*Johannes Scheffler.*

Mrs. Coonie.

Dear Little Folks:

Coonie was so pleased that you wished to see my picture, but he quite forgot that the All Good takes my beautiful long fur away in hot weather, and that we must wait for it to grow again. It is not quite long enough yet, but mistress thinks it will do.



You can see my one white stocking and my white vest, but my long grey tail is quite out of sight. I wanted you to see that, for I am a little proud of it. It is a long grey plume, and when I walk I carry it over my back. Master says I am like a dog, because I talk with my tail. I guess Wag knows what he means.

Master brought home a little black coon kitten when he went to Maine last summer. He said I must love it, and be good to it. At first, I didn't and couldn't. He got in my chair at the table, lapped my cream, and seemed to think my tail was just made for him to play with. So I struck at him and spit hard as I could. But he would not believe that I did not love him. He would dash at me head over heels, as much as to say, "Here I am coming again, I love you so, do play with me."

I did not think I could, but the other day I caught a field mouse, and thinking he was too little to catch one for himself, I took it home and gave it to him. (Styx is his name.) When I saw how pleased he was and how glad I was to see it, then I knew I loved him.

If you *think* you don't love somebody, do something for them *quick*, and then see how the love gets born in you before you know it.

I would like to see R. F., Ridley, and little Ralph. Like to help blow those soap bubbles, too, and would like Wag, if he belongs to

WEE WISDOM'S children, for they would teach him not to chase cats. We are only cats, but that is all we know how to be now, and we have our tastes and pleasures just as you do. I hope if you like my picture, when you look at it and perhaps admire it, you will love and be kind to all cats and kittens, for Coonie's and my sake. MRS. COONIE.

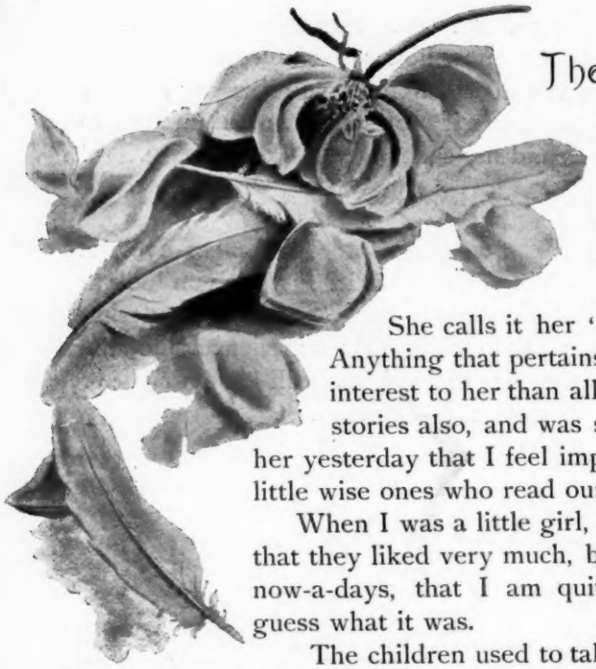
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Dear little Mrs. Coonie! When we look into her *human* eyes, it sets us to wondering about something. What is it? Well, you look at this picture carefully and see if you don't catch yourself wondering about it, too. Mrs. Coonie has had a marvelous experience since the above letter was written and I am sure our Wisdoms all have a right to hear it, so you shall turn over to page 12.—[EDITOR.

The Sunbeam.

Words and muiic by S. E. G.





The Archery of Thought.

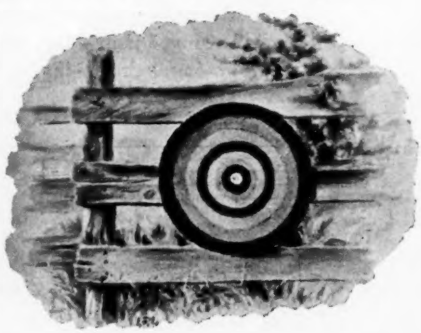
My little daughter Dorothy, three and a half years old, takes WEE WISDOM, and is not only proud to have a paper come in her own name, but is much interested in the stories. She calls it her "paper that tells about God." Anything that pertains to God is, I think, of greater interest to her than all things else. She loves other stories also, and was so much pleased with one told her yesterday that I feel impelled to repeat it to the many little wise ones who read our paper.

When I was a little girl, the young people had a sport that they liked very much, but which I hear so little about now-a-days, that I am quite sure you wee ones canno guess what it was.

The children used to take a round piece of board, and paint on it rings of different colors,—red, blue and black,—while right in the center they made a small round spot of white. That spot they called the "bull's-eye," and the painted board a "target." Then some boys, who knew how to hammer pretty well, either nailed the target to a fence, or fastened it to some other boards driven into the ground.

Now what do you think it was for? Why, to *shoot* at! Not with air guns, or real guns, or pistols; but with pretty wooden bows and arrows. Each boy and girl had a bow adorned with a bright colored ribbon, and a few arrows. One end of each arrow was pointed with hard steel, so as to make a dent where it struck the target. The other end was cut and a stiff feather thrust in, which helped make it go straight through the air.

Oh, how excited the little players got when an arrow went near the bull's-eye! and when one did really strike the white centre, what shouts arose! Then came the most exciting part of the play,—the giving of prizes to the ones who sent the greatest number of arrows into the bull's-eye. I can see now the sparkling eyes and happy faces of the little ones who received the prizes, as they hurried home to tell their mothers.



Although the game is seldom played in these days, something is going on which

is just as interesting. It has been a secret for a long time, but now I can tell it. It is this:—

Every boy and girl that I know, has a great number of lovely little arrows. They are not like the large ones with hard points and stiff feathers, neither are they made to shoot at a target. Just wait until I tell you what they are for and how they look.

They are wee, dainty things, each one a feather from a pure white dove; and the little points are soft and velvety, because they are covered with sweet rose petals.

These dear little arrows are to be sent out to people; not only to those we love, but to anyone whom they will make glad. They go very rapidly, started by a bow called the Will; and the strange, lovely thing about them is, that as they go, they seem to get strength and life, and they begin to look like the little doves from whose feathers they were made; until, by the time they reach the persons to whom they were sent, they are dear little live doves, that nestle right in their hearts, and coo, and coo, the sweetest notes of love; staying there until they are bidden to comfort some one else with their gentle voices.

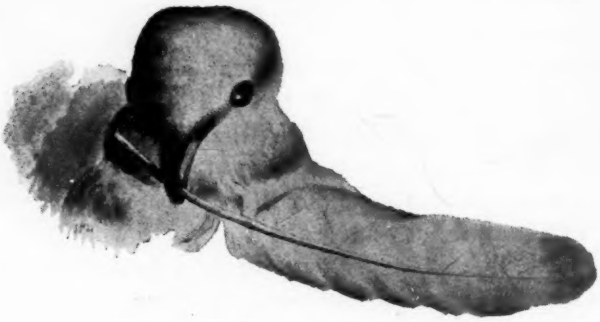
Some of these precious little arrows are called Good Thoughts; others are named Good Words. They are just alike, and look alike; only the little Good Thoughts go quietly on their way, while the Good Words sing as they go, and sing so sweetly that the waiting hearts hear, and reach out for their coming.

Now I have to tell you the most wonderful thing of all. There is a prize for every arrow that is sent out; for in each place that is left vacant there appears immediately ten or more new arrows; sometimes—just think of it, children—there are one hundred in place of one! How beautiful they look, so snowy white with the pink flush on their tips.

Send out the arrows, children, and see them get life as they go; and I want to tell you, that while you are busy with them, you will think of nothing else, and will be happy indeed. If you stop, or forget to send them, there may appear to you a little dark object that is shaped something like an arrow, but is not one,—it is only an ugly little sting. As you look, you may be tempted to send it out. If you do, it will go, and will leave a hurt in the heart of the person to whom you send it.

There are no arrows left in the place of this one, only a little dark shadow that you will, somehow, hate to look at; for as you look, it will grow larger and larger until you cannot bear it, for it will seem to hide from your sight all of your beautiful little arrows, and your heart will long for them. If all this has happened to you as the result of sending out the little false arrow called Wrong Thought, you must reach out for your Good Thoughts and Good Words, and look for the light of God where the darkness appeared, so that you can see them. Then you will

be happy again, for you may give, to the same person who received the Wrong Thought, a great number of your beautiful little arrows that carry with them life and love; and to every one near you, as well as to all who live afar off, you may send as many as you like; for God giveth the increase, and you will always have plenty in store. I P. L.



There's a little preacher in the *St. Nicholas* magazine, called Jack-in-the-Pulpit. His Christmas sermon to the little "Nicks" is good enough for Wee Wisdoms to listen to. Here it is:

As you all know right well, my friends, your Jack is not a summer Jack-in-the-Pulpit; neither does he belong to winter, autumn, or spring. He is an outdoor-loving, all-the-year Jack, at your service, thriving in the sunlight of young lives, and blooming best in the warmth and merriment of young hearts. Therefore is he specially alive in December, the last month of the twelve, and the cheeriest, for it sets the Christmas bells a-ringing and brings in the glow of Christmas-tide.

And this reminds me of a little song sent to this pulpit by Emilie Poulson, in the desire that you learn it by heart, in time for the coming day:

While stars of Christmas shine,
Lighting the skies,
Let only loving looks
Beam from your eys.

While bells of Christmas ring
Joyous and clear,
Speak only happy words,
All mirth and cheer.

Give only loving gifts,
And in love take;
Gladden the poor and sad
For love's dear sake.



I am God's child, made in his image and likeness; he has freely given me all things.

Perfect wisdom, perfect joy,
Perfect peace, without alloy;
Perfect goodness, perfect grace,
Perfect beauty of form and face;
Perfect freedom, eternal youth,
Perfect happiness, perfect truth;
Perfect purity, perfect health,
Perfect wholeness, abundant wealth;
Lasting friendship, enduring love,
Perfect light from God above.

I am filled with divine life and surrounded with divine love; nothing can be added to nor taken away from Spirit; Spirit is perfect, entire, wanting nothing.

—*Frances.*

[To be memorized.]

Wilmington, N. C., Dec. 4, 1894.

Dear Wee Wisdom:—I believe I think more and more of you. As you grow older I wait more eagerly than ever for your visits. I think Aunt Emma was real good to make and send those nice pillows and I thank her ever so much. I think Dr. Charlie is about right about a turkey's life being as much a part of the all Life as a person's life. I tried claiming knowledge and intelligence for some scholars in my room at school and ever since they have had good lessons. I miss the Day family very much. Little Grace helped me to see into a great many things. We have meetings every Thursday at 3 p. m. and a Sunday-school every Sunday at 2 p. m. at our house. I want to thank Aunt Seg for writing such nice stories and songs and Mother Goose for all she has done for you. I hope many others will write letters for I enjoy reading them so much. With love to everyone.

Gertie Watrous.

Dear Children of Wee Wisdom:—How much I love you all! because I know the truth about you and cannot help loving you. I know the wisdom, joy, obedience and sweetness of life that you do manifest when right thoughts are held for you, and how naturally you love and trust those who love and trust you. How happy and healthy you are when you live in the atmosphere of love! I have a little niece, Fanny, who often comes to stay a few days with us. She is four years old. She often says to me "I am willing to do whatever you tell me," and again she will say, "I am a good girl, aint I?" and I always tell her that she is, and then she loves to prove to me that she *is* good. She likes to help about the work and thinks that she is capable of doing many things and of doing them well. And by letting her try what she wishes to do, she sometimes surprises us by carrying out her plans so well. She says she likes to make sunshine. You all know what that means, do you not?

Aunt Cora.

Dear Wee Wisdom:—I see that some one has written to the editor, saying that when she looked at the group on the little page and saw the little colored child in the centre it went right to her heart. I have been showing the paper to many of my friends, and when I call their attention to the little Indian too, they all say, "how beautiful." And it is beautiful to see them all together reaching up their little hands to the angel above them. I wonder if it will not help many of those who read the paper to feel that our Father has given his angels charge to keep us in all our ways, and that they will bear us up in their hands lest we dash our feet against a stone. I can speak of what I know, for they bear me up so often and keep my family from accidents. It is so sweet to know that the angel of the Lord encamps round about our dwelling place to deliver us; and no evil will befall us, neither shall any plague come nigh our dwelling if we make the Lord our habita-

tion. I have thought so many times of the readers of WEE WISDOM, and want them to know of a little girl who is a member of the Sunbeam Society. During the past summer she spent seven weeks vacation at Mountain Meadows, and organized on the first week of her visit a branch circle of little Sunbeams that met weekly on Wednesday afternoons. The class numbered twenty-four, and with no exceptions, were children of the farmers living in the neighborhood. At each meeting they spoke a little piece, or sang a little song or gave a bit of experience and learned to look out for some kind act to be done, or prepare a nice recitation bearing on the subject of kindness to others and they did not forget that they were to be kind to animals. The time passed swiftly and the little girl returned home with a happy heart because she had been helping to hasten the time when the glory of the Lord will fill the earth. I wonder how many of WEE WISDOM's children want to be Sunbeams this winter and help make it a winter of joy. When some of the children have their Sunbeam meetings here and tell of how they have learned to be kind to others it fills my heart with such a tenderness and thankfulness to hear of it that I long for all the children to know of it. One dear little girl had found a kitten sick and wounded and she had nursed it tenderly, one little boy had seen a man whipping his horse and begged him to stop, and the man's heart was touched by his words. Dear children, have you read what Jesus said when he took one of them in his arms, and do you know how much you can do to set up the kingdom of God on earth? Perhaps you have read about Frances Willard working to organize the colored women in the South, and the dear sister who is doing so much among the Indians, and a great many of their children never saw a paper so nice as WEE WISDOM, or know anything about the good angels that are trying to help them. and you can save your money that so many spend foolishly to help the editor to send it to them that they may learn that one is our Father, even God, and that in His presence is fullness of joy.

God bless the children! says my heart,
And make them Sunbeams in this day,
That all nations may have a part
In the kingdom not far away.

MARY FRAME SELBY.

About Mrs. Coonie.

December 13, '94.

DEAR ———

I must tell you about Mrs. Coonie. For eight days she had eaten nothing, save as we forced her mouth open and poured sweet oil in. The doctor said it was paralysis of throat and tongue. I had kept her alive for over a week with artificial heat and a *constant* appeal to the One Life—in her, in me, in God—all *one* and all *Life*. I expected, if any result came from your treatment, to see it on Friday. (We received her letter Thursday, Dec. 6, at 11:30 a. m., requesting "the boys" to treat dear little Coonie-cat.—ED.) But Thursday, Dec. 6, at one o'clock (12 noon with you), she suddenly commenced to lick her face. (Poor cleanly little thing! her breast was all covered with oil.)

I could have shouted for joy. From that moment she has improved, and now we call her quite well. This is not the strangest part of it. From being the most "offish" cat, never allowing you to touch her, seeming to say, "I do not like to be caressed; don't touch me, I am not like other cats," she has become so affectionate that I never sit down that she does not at once jump into my lap. She sits and looks up into my face with those wonderful eyes, that I declare to you it gives me a wierd kind of feeling, she seems so human..... Tell the dear boys about this, that they may have faith and yet more faith. Thank them again and again for their spoken word.

COONIE'S MISTRESS.

What name to settle upon our dear S. E. G. is still an open question. All agree upon her relationship—*Aunt*, but Dr. Charlie sends in word *he* don't like her called Aunt Seg, "'cause it sounds too scratchy," and he thinks Aunt Sarah sounds more like her and wants to have us all adopt that name for her. Now the office force of WEE WISDOM and the *three boys* say they think there are lots of Aunt Sarahs, and that it is too common a name for S. E. G. It's their opinion that her aunt-ship to WEE WISDOM entitles her to an original name, such as "Aunt Seg" would be. "What if it is scratchy?" they say. "It only helps to scratch in the wisdom of her words." Now you have heard both sides and you are are all eligible as voters on this question. Let us hear from you. What shall we call S.E.G.?

Dorothy's Christmas Gift.

In two little rooms up stairs in a little frame house, Dorothy lived with her father. Every morning her father went to his work; and Dorothy, left alone, felt her way about their tiny home, doing her household tasks. *Felt* her way; yes, because Dorothy's big brown eyes could not see, and her little hands thrust out before her had to be both hands and eyes.

Dorothy was all that her father had left to him, and he loved her greatly. All the money that he had saved up, he spent in the hope that Dorothy's eyes might see; but the doctors at last said that she must always be blind. He was very bitter in his heart, and thought that God was not kind; and he would feel sad when little Dorothy would put her arms about his neck and say,

"Papa, don't feel bad; some day I'll see; I know I'll see."

When winter came, her father would take her with him when he went to work; for he feared to leave her alone with the fire to attend to, lest she might be burned.

"God is here. I am ever so sure He won't let me be burned," Dorothy would say.

But her father had not her faith; so she would put on her cloak and hood, and take their dinner basket, and go with him down town. He had a tall desk in the back of an office, and here he stood all day, working at bills that he took from big, cruel-looking hooks. It was dusty and dark in the corner where he worked, but he did not care, because his little daughter had to live always in a great Darkness.

Men passed in and out of the office, and that Dorothy might not be in the way,—for the place was small—he placed a little chair underneath his tall desk; and the little blind girl would creep in under and sit in her chair all day, knitting. But sometimes the work would fall from the small thin fingers and they would fold themselves together, and everything under the desk would be very still. Dorothy was not praying then, but she was thanking God because He was so good to her, and someday would let her see.

One day when winter began to come in earnest, a lady came into the office to speak through the telephone. Dorothy knew it was a lady because she could hear the soft rustle of her skirts; and then her voice was sweet and firm, like the voice of a strong, loving woman.

Dorothy felt drawn toward her, and she put out her hand and softly touched the lady's dress.

"Why, what dear little mouse have we here, hiding in this dusky nook?" said the lady, stooping and patting Dorothy's cheek.

"It's just me," replied Dorothy.

"Knitting too. How industrious the little mouse is to be making these pretty brown stockings," said the lady, taking the busy little hands in both her own.

"Brown? Is brown a pretty color?" asked Dorothy. "I do not know. I cannot see, I am blind."

"Dear child, dear child," said the lady, caressingly. "Little one, you shall see."

"I know I will, some day," said Dorothy, softly. "I used to ask God if I mightn't see, some day, and He seemed to answer yes, though I never heard anything; I just felt the yes. So now I never ask Him if I mayn't see someday, because He has told me I should. I just thank Him 'cause I am going to see."

"Dear child, dear child," said the lady again; and she took Dorothy's face between her hands and kissed her lips, and then the lids of the sightless eyes.

Then she arose from the dusty floor, and spoke to Dorothy's father; and she told him that she was a relative of his manager, that she lived in another city and that she wanted to take his little daughter home with her for awhile. He thought how lonely he would be without his little girl when he went home at night; then he looked at Dorothy's white face and thin little hands, and he said:

"Dorothy, do you want to go?"

"Can't you come, too, papa?" she asked.

"No, dear."

"Then who'd talk to you when you ate your supper? Who'd you read the paper to at night? And I'd like to know who'd stick knitting needles into your knee when you won't talk to me."

And Dorothy laughed through her tears; for this is the way she attracted her father's attention to the little blind mouse beneath his desk.

But it was settled that Dorothy was to go home with the sweet-voiced lady for a visit until the New Year; and that night she and her father packed up her little bundle of clothes and he led her down to the office, and then the lady came and after Dorothy had cried with her arms about her father's neck, and he had kissed the little face again and again, the lady took her away; and Dorothy's father turned to his desk and brushed away a tear.

It was very lonely, working there all day with no sweet, mischievous, little daughter beneath the desk; and it was lonlier still, going home at night with no Dorothy to chatter to him, and flit about with her quick little hands before her, doing so many little things that children with wide, bright eyes never thought of doing. Yes, it was lonely without Dorothy.

And thus Christmas drew near, and one white, beautiful morning, the big, golden sun told people to wake up, because it was Christmas Day.

How her father missed Dorothy. The woman down stairs sent him up his breakfast on a tray, and he ate it, then wished it was not Christmas Day, so he could go to work, and forget how lonely he was. He sat down before the fire with his newspaper, but he could not read. He always read better when he had Dorothy to read to.

Was that a knock? Why there was somebody opening the door, for the cold air blew in. He turned, and Dorothy bounded to meet him; and he stooped and took her into his arms.

"My dear, dear papa," she cried.

"Oh, how beautiful you look to me, so kind and good, my own dear papa!"

"What—Dorothy!"

"Yes, papa, I see, I see! God gave me a new pair of eyes for a Christmas gift. Oh, I always knew He would. Dear papa, aren't you glad?"

For answer he went down upon his knees and thanked his heavenly Father. He was crying for great joy.

"You see," Dorothy said as she nestled in his arms, "the beautiful, good Christ is still here, healing; though so few know it, and ask God to be healed. If we just ask, and believe it will be, why, it will be. It's ever so easy. And everyday the dear lady and I would sit, oh, so quiet, and thank God 'cause it was going to be, 'cause *it was*. For I kept seeing and seeing; and by and by I could see her beautiful, kind face; and I could see the sky and the white snow, and at night the stars. Papa, aren't they pretty? Just to think," she added, "a brand new pair of eyes for a Christmas gift."

"Was that how my little girl's sight came?" There was no doctor, no medicine no operation?" asked her father, scarce believing.

"There was nothing—only God," replied Dorothy, softly.

They were very happy all that beautiful Christmas Day in their little home; and when evening came, her father took Dorothy in his arms and said,

"Dear little one, God *is* good. I, too, have a brand new pair of eyes for a Christmas gift."—*Lucy C. Kellerhouse.*

What Johnny Said to the Woodpecker.

Where are your children,
Busy little bird?
And where is your gentle mate?
You must have a great many
Mouths to fill,
For you peck away early and late.

I never saw such a
Birdie as you;
Always pecking a tree,
Your red little head, and
Your legs so blue,
Are busy as they can be.

Your sharp little bill is
Never at rest,
You are eating all the day long;
Do you ever remember
You have a nest?
Or find time to sing a song?

I'm a little boy, and
My mama says,
I'm very restless too;
If I played all day and
Then ran away,
I couldn't keep up with you.

On the heaven heights of Truth
The true soul keeps its youth.


Monday
Shining truth-star,
By thy light,
Little thoughts
Are led aright.
Like the wise men,
From afar
Lead me to Christ,
O shining star!
Tuesday
I've found the
Dear Christ-manger
In my heart.
The Christ-child
Is no stranger
To my heart.
By Peace attended,
By Love befriended
In my heart.
Wednesday
I love to love the true,
I love the good to do;
I'm glad, so glad,
And thankful, too,
That only Good is true.
Thursday
Gladness, not sadness,
Love, not fear,
Folds me and holds me
For God is here.
Sickness or weakness
Cannot come near;
Strong Health enfolds me,
For God is here.
Friday
All the night
And all the day,
Loving kindness,
With me stay.
Saturday
If one little
Thought of wrong
Crept in to-day—
Loving Father,
Wipe it out to-night,
I pray.
Sunday
Joy is heard
In every word,
Kindness shown
In every tone
Peace expressed
Within each breast,
When there's love alone.

WEE WISDOM

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Publishers' Department.

We send *you* Christmas greetings and thank you *all* for the *good* you are continually pouring out to us. It returns unto you again, added unto an hundred fold.

Among our new blessings we class Dorothy's mama, who has lovingly let us share Dorothy's lesson, and given us some beautiful pictures from her brush.

Also Lucy Kellerhouse, one of our young friends, who loves the true and beautiful and, strangely enough, has brought us another Dorothy for Christmas. Well, if Dorothys are all like these, we can't have too many.

The dear Wisdoms are coming in for photo visits, from all directions. Bless your hearts! Come, we want to see all of you. But be sure to have your photographer take very clear, distinct pictures, so we can get good plates. Our sweet little Florida's photo was a little dim, and so you could not see his bright face well in his picture.

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