A Merry Christmas to All!



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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.*

THE REAL SANTA CLAUS.

FLORENCE HARVEY.

IN the heart of the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains stands a tiny house; it is so little that if you should see it you would not think it possible that a mother and six children could live in it. The father of this family had been a wood-chopper, and one day a tree had fallen on him and killed him; ever since the mother had lived there all alone with her little ones, doing for them as best she could.

The nearest neighbor lived a long way off, and as the children had been small they had really seen very little of the outside world. The poor hard-worked mother scarcely knew when their birthdays came, and presents for Christmas had been so far beyond her limited means that the children had never even heard the word "Santa Claus."

Ben, the oldest boy, had grown large enough to earn something by working for the neighbors, thus throwing him in contact with other children, and this very day Eddy Adams had unfolded the mysteries of Santa Claus to him.

It is Christmas eve, and the children are gathered around the little stove in the kitchen, listening with astonishment to what Ben is telling them.

"Did you say, Ben, he be after comin' down chimneys?" inquired little Peter.

"How could he be after gettin' down our bit of a pipe, if he is a big man with white whiskers and a jolly face?" asked Polly very doubtfully.

Ben thought a moment and then said, "He must be after knowin' a way to squeeze hisself into most any shape."

"What for do you hang up a stockin'?" Peter asked.

"So Santa Claus can have a place to put all the fine things he brungs wid him. He brung Eddy Adams a beauful knife, and a candy horse, and lots of other fine things. Say, Polly, find a stockin', will yer, and we'll hang it right here by the stove, where the old man can't help spying it after he wiggles down our pipe."

At this point the mother came in, and six little voices told her all at once about the wonderful man who was going to bring them presents if they would hang up a stocking.

The mother said, "Eddy forgetted to tell you, Ben darlin', that you have to be after givin' Santa Claus money, if ye wants him to leave presents."

"Eddy never said that. Did Santa Claus ever give you anything, mamma?"

"Yes, darlin', he once gived me a purse with some money in it."

"Well, let's try the old chap anyhow. Say, Polly, have you found the stockin'?"

"Yes, here's one," said she, holding up an old white one of their mother's, for none of the Richards children had ever had a shoe or a stocking on in their whole lives.

It took the united efforts of the little ones to find a place to hang it where Santa Claus could not help seeing it after squeezing down the very small stove-pipe.

"Won't it be fun when I finds a purse in thar in the mornin'? P'haps he'll put some money in it; p'haps it 'll be enuff to buy a cow, and then we can have some milk every day Oh! won't it be fun!" and Polly

fairly jumped up and down at the thought of such riches as becoming the owner of a cow.

Notwithstanding the excitement the children slept soundly, and the sun was high in the sky before the first one awoke. It was Polly. She rubbed her eyes, and then the remembrance of Santa Claus flashed through her mind, and she slipped out of bed to see if the old man had succeeded in squeezing down their little pipe, and had put in the stocking that purse with enough money in it to buy a cow.

There the stocking hung just where they had left it the night before, looking just as lank and long as it did then. She ran her hand away down into the toe, then pinched it hard on the outside, but there was nothing there; she heaved a sigh, and crept back into bed with a big lump in her throat and tears in her eyes.

As the other children awoke, they each in their turn felt of the stocking, and each had a disappointed little feeling in their hearts when they found it empty. Ben reasoned that his mother must have been right, and that money was necessary to draw the attention of the personage known as Santa Claus.

* * * * * * * * * *

Six months have passed since the Christmas of which I have been telling you, and the long summer days are here, and with them has come the vacation and city people are seeking recreation and health in the mountains.

Farmer Adams has a house full of strangers, and by doing the washing for different ones Mrs. Richards is able to earn some money towards buying the long desired cow. The children always carried the washing back and forth, and one afternoon much to their delight Mrs. Bromley, one of the summer boarders, invited them in to sit and rest awhile after their long walk.

She gave Polly and her little sister each a piece of cake, and then sat for a few moments and chatted with them. Noticing their little brown bare feet, she asked if the prickers never stuck them.

"Oh, no," replied Polly, "none of us ain't got no stockin's. We just had *one* to hang up last Christmas to see if Santa Claus would be after puttin' something in it, but he never. Be you acquainted with Santa Claus?" continued the child, "for he don't know us."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Bromley. "Do you want to know if I ever saw Santa Claus?"

"Did he ever put things in yer stockin'? He once put a purse in mamma's stockin'."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Bromley, "he has always filled it to the brim."

"Has he!" gasped Polly, opening her eyes in amazement, "what did he be after givin' you?"

"Oh," said the lady, casting her thoughts back to the days of her childhood, "he once gave me a doll with a pink silk dress."

"Did he!" said Polly excitedly. "Oh, how I wish he would be after givin' me one."

"What did Santa Claus bring you and your little sister last Christmas?" asked the lady.

"Oh!" said Polly, "he don't know me. Ben, he's my brother, he told me last year if I would hung up my stockin' Santa Claus would be after puttin' somethin' in it — so I found a big white one of mamma's and hung it up, but he niver put nothin' in. You see, he don't know us," and she heaved a sigh as she thought of the doll with a pink dress. Suddenly remembering what Ben had said about the money, Polly asked, "Do you have to be after givin' money to that nice old chap if you be after wantin' him to brung you a present?"

Mrs. Bromley thought a moment, and then asked, "Who do you think Santa Claus is?"

"Ben says, he is a queer fellar that squeezes down pipes and chimneys, with long white whiskers and a jolly face, and puts all kinds of nice things in your stockin'. Did you ever see him?"

"No, dear, no one has ever seen the real Santa Claus."

"Why!" said Polly in a disappointed tone, "you said he brung you a doll wid a pink dress, and once he brung mamma a purse."

"But I did not say that I had seen him. The *real* Santa Claus is not a man, but Love. God is Love, so the *real* Santa Claus is God. He puts the feeling in our hearts to do for others, and as we cannot see God or see Love, we have a jolly-faced man with white whiskers and a bag full of toys to represent that feeling in us which comes from God of loving to see the little folks happy at Christmas time. You see, dear, it is really Love that squeezes down the chimneys and little stove-pipes on Christmas eve. You know what Love is, for you know how much you love your mamma, and your little sister here. Do you know whose birthday Christmas is?"

Polly thought a moment, and then decided she did not.

"Did you ever hear of Jesus Christ?"

"Is he a relation to Santa Claus?" quickly asked Polly.

"As the real Santa Claus is Love, and as Jesus Christ taught us what love was while he was here on earth, it certainly makes them very near. Love, or the real Santa Claus, always wants to remind us that Christmas time belongs especially to Jesus Christ. Anyone who loves us, and does for us at Christmas time is a *real* Santa Claus. The pretty story of the old man with white whiskers and a jolly face, driving a sleigh with reindeer means Love, for without that there could be no presents or anything beautiful."

"Do you have to be after givin' him money?" asked Polly.

"Oh, those that have money give to those whom they love who do not have, for everything belongs to God. He just loves us to give, and it is the most beautiful thing in the world to have the privilege of being a real Santa Claus, so as to see how many we can make happy on that day." Here a thought flashed through Mrs. Bromley's mind, and she said, "If the real Santa Claus, or Love, should ever come down your chimney—"

"We're only got a pipe," corrected little Maggie.

"Well, down your stove-pipe, what would you like him to bring you?"

"Oh!" said Polly without a moment's hesitation, "a beautiful doll with a pink dress. He brung you one, so he must be after knowin' about such fine things."

"And you?" she said turning to Maggie.

The child looked at her bare feet and said, "Some shoes, 'cause the snow does make my feet ache awful in winter."

The children now rose to go, and the conversation about Santa Claus was never referred to again through the summer, but it sank deep into the hearts of both Mrs. Bromley and the children.

The months slipped by and Christmas time came around once more. It had been snowing and raining the whole week before this holiday, thus shutting the little family away from the outside world, except as Ben brought news on his return from work. A couple of days before Christmas he told his mother that Farmer Adams wished to see her right off to-morrow. Wondering what he wanted, she started off early the next morning to see. On her arrival at the farm house, Mrs. Adams showed her a great big box which her kind-hearted husband had hauled for the widow from the station.

"It's a box of presents from Mrs. Bromley for the children, I do believe," she said; and so it proved to be.

Farmer Adams opened it, for the snow was so deep and the roads so heavy that no wagon could get away up to where the widow and the children lived; he also offered to play Santa Claus, with the old grey mare "Betty," for reindeer, and carry the things in gunny-sacks.

What a box that was, packed to the very top with good things. The first present she found was a beautiful doll dressed in pink silk, and marked, "Polly, from the real Santa Claus." There were shoes for Maggie, stuffed full of sugar plums. Then there were shoes and stockings and clothes for all, with pretty Christmas toys packed in between. Oranges, nuts and candies, not a thing had "Love" forgotten that could add to the happiness of these little folks.

When the children gathered around the stove Christmas eve, the subject of Santa Claus came up once more, and the mother suggested their hanging up their stocking.

"Oh, no!" said little Maggie, "it makes me be after havin' a pain in my heart when I finds nothin' in it," remembering the long lank appearance of the stocking the year before.

"Santa Claus couldn't be after twistin' down that'ere tiny pipe anyway," remarked Ben.

The conversation that Polly had with Mrs. Bromley now flashed into her mind, and she said, "The real Santa Claus is not a man, but 'Love' and no pipe can be after bein' too small for Love to squeeze down. Oh! I say, let's be after hangin' it up, and tryin' 'Love' to fill it."

The stocking was found by Polly, and without any excitement she hung it in the same spot they all had selected last year. It did not take the children long to fall asleep, for the keen edge of their expectation had been taken off the year before by finding the stocking empty.

Soon afterwards Mrs. Richards heard the crunching of the snow as "Old St. Nick with his eight tiny reindeer" drew up at the door, in the shape of Farmer Adams leading old "Betty," both laden with good things.

As Mrs. Richards greeted him, he said, "This 'ere is a present from my wife," and as he spoke he held up a beautiful fat turkey. "Here be eggs Mrs. Jellup sent, and this looks a heap sight like a pie from Mrs. Brown; the bread Mollie baked today, and thar's a sack of taters waitin' you at my house from Dick Harper."

"Oh, thank ye! thank ye! Why, the children niver even be after tastin' a turkey. What makes everybody so good this year?"

"Don't know," he said as he went out once more to bring in bundles. And truly he did not realize that one loving action always brings forth others, but it is ever so. Let "Love" start anything, and every one whom the loving action touches will be awakened into the thought of also doing something helpful.

Mrs. Richards' delight can be imagined after Farmer Adams had finished playing his part of the real Santa Claus, and gone away. What a joyous time the little mother had in filling the stocking and getting everything ready to surprise the children in the morning. God can only work through us, and it takes many pairs of hands to carry out His love, and make one real Santa Claus.

At last her task was accomplished, and how beautiful it looked. Polly's doll sat on the top of a pile of clothes, and Maggie's shoes, with a tiny set of dishes painted with pink roses, were just where she would see them first, a train of cars for Peter, a fine knife for Ben — nothing had been forgotten. The stocking hung over all, stuck out in all kinds of gortesque shapes with oranges, nuts and candy.

Early the next morning Polly awoke. She remembered it was Christmas morning, and she lay thinking about what Mrs. Bromley had told her about it being Jesus Christ's birthday, and that "Love" was the real Santa Claus. Then she remembered that she had hung the stocking for "Love" to fill. As this thought crossed her mind she sat up in bed, and peered into the other room. What did she see! a doll! a doll dressed in pink silk! She gave one wild scream of delight as she sprang out of bed, which awoke the other children; in a second she had the most precious thing she had ever owned in her life in her arms, and was fairly sobbing with joy.

Such yells and screams of delight as came from the children, as they undid their bundles, and each one found that "Love" had given him his heart's desire.

When the excitement of a visit from the real Santa Claus had somewhat subsided, Mrs. Richards opened the closet door, and showed them the turkey, mince pie, fresh eggs and bread awaiting their Christmas dinner, and they felt indeed that a visit from the real Santa Clause was the most beautiful thing that could happen.

After the Christmas dinner was over and the little ones had eaten turkey and mince pie for the first time in their lives, Mrs. Richards took out her pen and paper to write a letter of thanks to Mrs. Bromley. It was a long task, for her hands were stiff with hard work, but the joy and happiness of the heart behind the hand that wrote it made the tears well up into Mrs. Bromley's eyes as she read it to feel that it had been her *privilege* to send so much happiness into that home so far away in the mountains by a visit from "Love" or the real Santa Claus.

Writings of Our Wee Wisdoms.

BY THREE OF BRO. H. H. SCHROEDER'S SUNDAY SCHOOL PUPILS.

Tree Language.

How warm it is, thought Jack, as he lay under the old Elm tree. He seemed to understand the language of the trees. The Elm was talking to the Horse-chestnut which was across the yard. It said in a sweet, low voice, "Peep under my leaves and you will see a little Goldbreast's pretty little nest. I keep the little babies hidden from the sun, and when they cry I rock their cradle. The squirrel who lives farther up in my branches likes to trouble the birds, so I shoot out tender little sprays so that the little bushy tails cannot get to the birds."

"Well," said the Horse-chestnut, "I have a story of the same kind. You see when my blossoms were fresh, white pyramids, one day a swift flutter of wings came about them, and a dazzling little bird thrust his long delicate bill into the flowers. His wings were tinted green, and his tiny feet rested on a large leaf, and I bowed my huge leaves to him. After that he and his mate came and made their nest with me."

Then Jack went to tell his mamma the story of the trees.

GRACE JONES, St. Louis, Mo.

When Adam named the beauteous flowers,
One tiny gem escaped his view—
The sweetest in all Eden's bower;
This modest flower cried, "Lord, I grieve,
I only am without a name."
He smiling said, "FORGET-ME-NOT."

I am five years young, and Grandpa taught me this verse, and wrote it for me to send to you. Lovingly yours,

—ETHEL JONES.

WEE WISDOM is a guide
That's good and true
For wee ones, and
For grown folks, too.
But if bolted be
The door of our house,*
No more of this guide
We learn than a mouse.

—ALMA GREW.

*I mean understanding.

One of these Little Ones.

This is Tesla Evelyn Wallace. She has come to make us a Christmas visit. Her home is in Kansas City, and she is five years young. Her pet name at home is "Flower."



One day when she was out with her flowers, a dear little humming-bird that was darting to and fro among them fluttered above her head and flashed its tiny bill in and out of the pink ribbons that held back her shining curls. To her mamma and grandma, who saw it from the porch, it looked as if little humming-bird really took her for a flower. Another day little humming-bird flew right into Tessie's little pink hand.

Tessie has been very fond of looking at the pictures of little boys and girls who have visited WEE WISDOM, and in her busy little brain she had conjured up the idea that WEE WISDOM just picked little folks up and put them right in, and that was all there was of it. Now, Tesla and "ye editor" are often together, and it seems she began to have strange little feelings that something must be wrong or her picture would appear in WEE WISDOM, too. So one day she confided it all to her mamma.

"Mamma, why isn't I in WEE WISDOM? Isn't I good and sweet just like the rest of 'em?"

Then mamma explained to her that a picture must first be taken and then a half-tone plate made of it before a visit in WEE WISDOM could be possible. So one day amid her flowers at home Tesla had this picture taken.

It's pretty good, but then Tessie is so pink and white, so full of

dimples and sweet little ways that pictures can't get hold of. We wish *you* could see her just as she is in her every days. Tesla is a good little Scientist — she often treats her mamma. She used to say her "lay me," as she called her little night prayer of "Now I lay me," etc., but now she says the little Pillows and knows that God is Good and God is Life. She asks a great many queer little questions like "Where has the daytime gone to?"

Santa Claus Land.

EMMA HARRINGTON TEEL.

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

Shining truth-star
By thy light,
Little thoughts
Are led aright.
Like the wise men
From afar
Lead *me* to Christ,
O shining star!



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

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

Epistles.

SARATOGA, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am nine years old, and my Aunt Carrie takes the WEE WISDOM and I am quite interested in it. Last night as I was going to bed aunty was reading Morris' verses, so I thought I would make some verses. I made six, and the ones you would like to use you can use for stuffing pillows. As I have heard about the moss cards I thought I would like one. Good wishes to Mother Sparr. Good bye.

JOHN T. C. LOWE.

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LAKELAND, FLA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I send one of my compositions that you may print it in WEE WISDOM if you wish. I am ten years old. I have just finished my examination at school, and have passed. I take WEE WISDOM and love to read it. Please tell dear Mother Sparr to send one of her moss cards.

Your friend, GRACIA SAUNDERS.

P. S.: I am trying to get five subscribers so I can get "Tim's Fairy Tales."

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[There are lots of dear little letters waiting—we will give them a notice someway. Here are two left over from August.—ED.]

NEWPORT, VT.

DEAR EDITOR—I am six years old today. I read a story in WEE WISDOM myself, and do not think the words are very hard. I am learning to read and write.

Your little friend,
ALTHEA G. NORRIS.

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LYNN, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I would like very much to have one of Mother Sparr's moss cards. I have taken WEE WISDOM a long time, and I love it so much. I have "Wee Wisdom's Way," too. I am eleven years old. I am your loving friend,

ALICE M. HAYNES.

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WILMINGTON, N. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I live on Myrtle Grove Sound. I have a little brother, his name is Elbert, he is four years old. I would like one of those pretty moss cards. Grandma takes WEE WISDOM. I like to read the little stories in it, I think it is very nice. I am nine years old.

AUGUSTA M. SOUTHERLAND.

HELENA, MONT.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — We have just had two copies of WEE WISDOM since it was renewed. We took it for about a year before it run out. I am trying to get all the new subscribers I can to take it. I have a brother, Mark, he is seven years old. I am eleven. I have a pet kitten. I should love to have a moss card of dear Mother Sparr's. Well, I guess I must close now.

Your loving friend.

ZAYDEE SMITH.

[Little brother Mark writes a little letter for a moss card, too, and it is ever so clearly and plainly written.— ED.]

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VICTORIA, B. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am writing for a moss card. I go to school every day, and I go to Home of Truth every Sunday and I like it very much. I have one brother and four sisters and several pets — three canaries, two dogs, two cats and a number of pigeons. Mamma has a cow. I like WEE WISDOM very much, and my sister Maud likes pillow verses. Hoping to see my letter in print. I remain, yours in Truth.

RUSSELL BROWN, (age 8).

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CONWAY, S. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — We have taken you a long time, and I like you very much; and I read you very much. I am a little girl nearly ten years old; will be ten next month. I can read and write a little. I go to school in town. My father lives in the country. I read about moss cards and would like to have one very much. I have a little brother almost seven years old, and he likes to hear WEE WISDOM read to him. We both go to Sunday School and hear the Truth, and love to go. My father takes UNITY and reads beautiful things from it.

Your friend, LUTIE EDGE.

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[Extract from a little girl's letter to Mrs. Brown.]

TABLE ROCK, NEB.

DEAR MRS. B——

* * * We think your treatments have done us a great deal of good. Mamma is feeling better, Glenie's headaches have nearly disappeared. My neck is so much smaller I tell people I havn't any goiter, it is leaving me. * * * We get WEE WISDOM. I think it fine; the pillow verses are real nice. I was always afraid in the dark until I learned this verse—

"In the dark with God so near,
What have I to dread or fear?"

Now I am not near so cowardly. I read your story in the little paper. We are going to send it to sister; I know it will please her because you wrote so nice about little Thomas. Lovingly yours,

CLEO LEHMAN.

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ROCKY FORD, GA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — My mamma takes UNITY and WEE WISDOM. She is delighted with them. We are glad when the time comes to look for them. Please send me one of Mother Sparr's moss cards.

GORDEN LARICY.

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ROCKY FORD, GA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am a little boy six years old, and am my mamma's only child. We take WEE WISDOM and UNITY. Please send me one of Mother Sparr's sea moss cards.

FREDDY TAYLOR.

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HIGGSTON, GA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I like you very much, and especially the sweet letters from the dear Wee Wisdoms. They make it so much more interesting since they have been writing. I am a little girl ten years old. I have no little brothers or sisters to play with me like most of the little boys and girls. I have two pets, a dog and a cat. My cat is not near as large as Juna Nicholson's yet, but it is large of its age. Dear Juna, I like to look at your picture with your sweet bright face, and your big pretty kittie. I would like very much for you to visit me while you are visiting the Wee Wisdoms. I like to play with my dolls, and we would have a nice time playing with our dolls and pets. I like all the rest of the little girls, I want one of Mother Sparr's moss cards, too. I will close, with much love to all the Wee Wisdoms. Your little friend,

MATTIE ALLMOND.

A SANTA CLAUS' WORKSHOP.

By special permission adapted from "Christmas Gifts of the Children," by Martha Combs Wood, in the November New Crusade.

AND what do you suppose this especial workshop was like? And whom do you suppose this Santa Claus was?

It started out just a cheery kindergarten school-room full of happy little boys and girls, with a teacher who had not forgotten how it felt to be a little girl just before Christmas.

It was three weeks before Christmas now, and the happy children sang —

"Oh, clap, clap, the hands and sing out with glee,
For Christmas is coming and happy are we.
Now swift o'er the snow the tiny reindeer trotting
And bringing good Santa Claus near."

Every little face was radiant, for every little mind was busy with visions of well-filled stockings, drums, balls, carts, dolls, carriages, ships and hosts of other coveted toys. As this wise and loving teacher looked upon these little devotees of Santa Claus, she felt how necessary were songs of this kind to express the joy and expectancy that glowed within these little hearts at this time. The children were soon singing —

"Will he bring us soldiers fine,
Marching in a splendid line,
Gun and cannon, sword and drum?
I can't wait until he comes!"

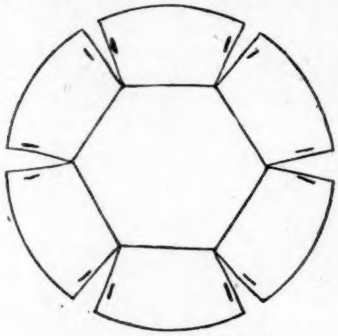
Then this beautiful teacher thought how much sweeter would be the joys of these little ones to forget self in learning the lesson of making others happy at Chrismas time. So by careful questionings she led them out to find a pleasure unshared was no pleasure at all, so that John who had wondered if Santa Claus would n't bring *him* a foot-ball spoke out and said, "If Santa does bring *me* a foot-ball I shall have such fun playing with Tom and Harry who have none." So the children's happy little thoughts turned to thinking how gladly they would share their plays with others. Then the teacher told them of a little boy who played Santa Claus and gave away his most dearly loved toys to another boy who had no Christmas gifts. As the children listened to this account of the boy's struggles as he tried to be unselfish, and remembered how happy it would make the other little boy to have these precious toys, there were tears in many little eyes and admiration passed over the wee faces for the hero who had conquered selfishness. After the story was finished the hushed silence was broken by a child's whisper — "*I wish I could be a Santa Claus.*" Then all the dear little hearts were afire with the desire to be a Santa Claus and to do something for somebody, and that's how the kindergarten room became a *Santa Claus Workshop*, and that's why little willing hands went to work under the loving teacher's directions. These little pictures will show you some of the things these little Santas and Santasesses made.

One little boy said to his mamma, "Why, mother, I can't stay home if it is cold and muddy, for I'm a little Santa Claus, and I shall need all my time to finish my work for Christmas. Another little Santa who was busy with something for his mamma, was asked if he had told his sister about his plans. "No," he said, "her's too telly; her would tell mamma and spoil my 'sprise." How the dear little fingers tried to keep clean, and how well they succeeded, so that the dainty work was kept unsoiled! If there were mistakes made, how patiently the little Santas took out all the wrong stitches and put in true ones! How willingly they turned in and helped each other! Such happy times as there were in that workshop, and while the children worked upon their gifts during the kindergarten hour they listened to stories or sang Christmas songs, and when they had become filled with the true Christmas spirit their teacher told them of the birth of Christ, and every little hand in the room was quitely folded and the only sound in the room was the teacher's voice. Then she hung before them the picture of the Sistine Madonna, and in the sweetest voices the children softly sang —

"Once a little baby lay
Cradled in the fragrant hay,
Long ago on Christmas.
Stranger bed a babe ne'er found,
Wondering cattle stood around —
Long ago on Christmas,
Long ago on Christmas."

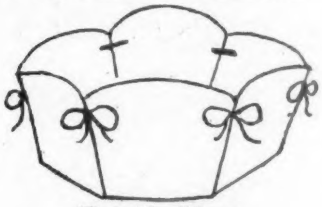
INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO DO THE WORK.

PATTERN FOR PIN BASKET.



Cut out of cardboard.

PIN BASKET FINISHED.



Tie with ribbons.

CALENDAR.



Ribbon may be painted with water colors and bells perforated and sewed in silk.

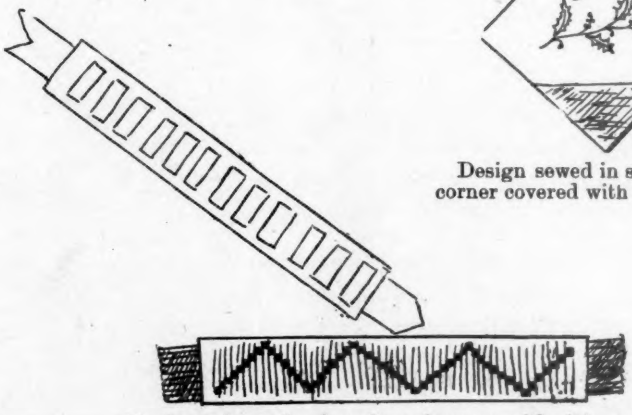


Sew bell entirely around putting a needle in each hole. Then close the open space.

MATCH SCRATCHER.



Design sewed in silk. Lower corner covered with sand-paper.



Book-marks made of cardboard woven with ribbons.

NEEDLE-BOOK.



BLOTTER.



So many really pretty and useful gifts can be made with tinted cardboard (which may be purchased from almost any printer for a few pennies), a little knitting silk and short lengths of ribbon from the remnant counter.

A group of Christmas bells or spray of holly sewed on circular piece of cardboard with a tiny "penny calender" pasted on will help Mother remember the date, and a few pages of waxed paper fastened in a cardboard cover will keep Grandpa's stamps from sticking together. Grandma would appreciate a needle-book made with white flannel, with covers of dainty cardboard, which had been decorated by the wee fingers of baby, and even Uncle would take comfort in having a pretty book mark.

Place baby's hand on a piece of cardboard four by seven inches, trace all around it with a lead pencil, making a picture of it. Now with a hat-pin pierce holes one-quarter of an inch apart all around the outline. This done, thread a large needle with knitting silk or split zepher and let one of the older children sew the design you have made. Place the needle in each hole and turn the card over each time so the thread does not become tangled. When the thread has been drawn through every hole there will still be "open gates" as the kindergarten children call them; go entirely around the card once more to close these, being careful to make the underside as neat as the outside or there may be a danger of the child thinking that the parts which are not seen may be slighted.

Remember these lines from Longfellow:

"In the elder days of art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods see everywhere."

A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stairs timidly,
"Oh mother! take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness never more.

—J. G. WHITTIER.

Little Paul Spry
Knew how to fly
Into his clothes
In the morning.
Little Paul Spry
Always said "My!"
And was up with
The birds in the morning.
—*A Kindergarten Teacher.*

The New Crusade, to which we are indebted for our "Santa Claus Workshop" and cuts, is a most helpful magazine of over eighty pages. Its mission is to—

"Abolish Ignorance by Knowledge;
Eradicate Vice by Virtue;
Displace Disease by Health;
Dispell Darkness by Light."

It is published monthly by Wood-Allen Publishing Co., Ann Arbor, Mich. It will pay you to send ten cents to them for a sample copy and then subscribe for the year.

Mother Sparr writes: "I am so happy over my work for the lovely children, and the big ones, too. I thank Mrs. Brown for her good words. They all make me so happy. She shall have some cards, too. * * * Our winters are lovely here, so warm, and the flowers are growing. The rose bushes are full of roses, and there are lilies, and the land is as full of good things as the sea. I would be so happy to see some of the Wee Wisdoms. Think I will go to Los Angeles and find some there. I will try and write some for the children soon. It is bad that I can't write any better, my heart is full of good and love but I don't seem able to write it to you, but I can almost see the time when I can."

I want to tell you how much the children of our Sunday School enjoy WEE WISDOM. I have asked them to write something for the paper, but so far only a few have done so. I will enclose what they have written. I will also enclose $2.00 for which please send me as many moss cards as you can afford to send me. They seem to interest the children, and they are anxious to find out what they are.—[We send this order to to Mother Sparr.] H. H. SCHROEDER,
St. Louis, Mo.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Here is a list of suitable books for the little folks, which can be ordered through UNITY TRACT SOCIETY, 1315 McGee Street, Kansas City, Mo.

How Edith Found Fairyland.....$0.75
By Nina Lillian Morgan. We are sure all who read it will bear us out in the assertion that it is the very best book ever written for children.

Springwood Tales..... 1.00
By Helen Augusta Fussel. A book of stories and verses as fresh, fragrant and acceptable as "The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra, la."

Big Truths for Little People..... .50
By Alice E. Cramer. This book is a collection of excellent little stories and truth talks published in *Harmony*, and are very instructive.

A Gap in the Fence..... 1.25
By Harriet Louise Jerome. A sweet, pure, delightful story.

The Story of Teddy..... .65
By Helen Van Anderson. This is a most entertaining story of a boy of ten years and just the kind of a book the boys will enjoy. We highly recommend it.

Aunt Seg's Catechism..... .25
By Sarah Elizabeth Griswold. Six simple truth lessons for children. Splendid for Sabbath Schools.

The Cup Bearer..... 1.00
By Helen Van Anderson. This book is filled with verses, sketches, stories and pictures that is said will entertain a whole family of boys and girls for a year.

Wee Wisdom's Way..... .25
By Myrtle Fillmore. A booklet of twelve chapters telling a sweet story of how the Day family were healed. All who have read it have only words of praise.

The Wonderful Wishers of Wising Well.
By Annie Rix Militz. A charming fairy tale warranted to help little folks get their wishers all straightened out. Price, 15 cents.

We will make a holiday rate of $1.25 for both "Unity" and "Wee Wisdom" for the coming year. These can be mailed to separate addresses if desired.

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

THERE are lots of reminders that Christmas time is near. I wonder who don't know about Christmas time? There isn't a Wisdom that's been on this old planet two years that hasn't caught onto the trick of hanging up her stocking, or giving the good old Saint of Christmas Eve some broad hint that she was not to be forgotten.

You will see from the reading of this Christmas WEE WISDOM that some one has gotten hold of Santa's secret, and has given it to us to help keep. He needn't fear, though, need he? for it will be perfectly safe with us.

You see it is wonderfully nice to *help* be Santa Claus. We are so glad Mrs. Allen loaned us this little workshop,* from her *New Crusade*, so the very tiniest little hands can learn how to bring some loving gift into shape for Christmas. "Ye Editor" would just love to be visited by such Santa Clauses.

Now, what do you think! Of course all young "Santas" must have a little material capital to go on — and *this* is one boy's idea of accumulating that capital. It's quite original, and you mustn't tell. It's an envelope with a little rectangular hole cut near the top of it, and right under this hole it says "SLOT." Now, this is hung so near "Ye Editor's" desk, that she can't look up without seeing this appeal, printed in a queer kind of type on the envelope:

WHEN YOU CAN
AS WELL AS NOT,
DROP A

NICKEL

IN
THE
SLOT.

(If lost return to Royal Fillmore.)

You can guess the rest — it's wonderful how uneasy a surplus nickel feels till it drops into that "Slot." And how "Ye Editor" wishes some times she had a bushel of nickels to drop into it.

Our good friend, Mary de Witt, sends WEE WISDOM a love offering "to help along with the pictures," and as it came so near Christmas time we will call it WEE WISDOM'S Christmas gift; yes, and *yours*, too, for we have used it on dear little Tessie's picture that she may make you all a Christmas visit.

We have so much to make us glad. The little writers are sending in so much matter for the little paper. Even the pillows this month are stuffed — all but Sunday's — by a nine-year-old boy. He thought if Morris could, he could. Now, surely, if he can, *you* can. Why, *you* must remember this is *your* paper, and *you* are responsible for its success. What are *you* going to *do* to make it better and prettier, and get it to more children to read? "Ye Editor" would so like to get *all* the dear little letters into this Christmas number — they'll be coming right along. We've caught up to the October letters in this number, and we hope to have room for both the October and November letters in the next. Anyway, keep on with your letters.

One little girl said she didn't understand about "Mother Sparr." Well, Mother Sparr is a dear friend of the children who lives in San Pedro, California, by the Pacific Ocean. She calls it the "Big Sea," and she has loved WEE WISDOM and little children so much that she has made the promise (and has fulfilled it) to supply her cards of the sea moss to every child who would write a letter, or story, for WEE WISDOM. She sends these "beautiful sea flowers," as she calls them, to the editor of WEE WISDOM, who sends them out to every boy and girl who fulfills the requirement by writing something for WEE WISDOM. October WEE WISDOM has a picture of Mother Sparr in it and a little sketch of her.

Well, here is a loving and Merry Christmas to you all. When we meet again it will be *next year*.

* See pages 10, 11 and 12.

WEE WISDOM

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MYRTLE FILLMORE, EDITOR.

December!

The chimes ring out upon the air,
While hymns are heard most everywhere,
Hurrah 'tis Christmas day!
Day most loved in all the year,
Holiday of song and cheer,
Is merry Christmas day!

WEE WISDOM wants to say to all,
May many joys and blessings fall
On everyone this day.
Readers, we do wish you may
Be happy yearly on this day,
This merry Christmas day!

— IRENE ACKERMAN.

The WEE WISDOM mailing list has been put in type, and now you can refer to the label on your wrapper to know when your subscription expires without writing to us. There are quite a few expiring in January that we trust will not part ways with us, but band together many years to give and receive reciprocally.

In the inrushing abundance of Christmas matter, "Leading Forth," Mrs. Williams' serial, has been crowded out. And were our little paper twice its present size it could scarcely hold the Christmas stories and other good things that had to be left over. Doesn't that speak well for the lovers of WEE WISDOM and the abundance of the good and true?

The place for the Bible Lessons has been given up to "A Santa Claus' Workshop," and we trust the Sunday School teachers of the little ones will act upon the abundant suggestions contained therein and inspire the tiny folk with the *true* "Santa Claus" spirit. There can be so many beautiful, helpful plannings to make joy and happiness manifest through the efforts of these dear little thinkers and workers.

Our "Aunt Emma," who made and gave us the Pillows we stuff each month, has remembered us with a little Christmas poem—"Santa Claus Land." She never told *you* that she went and got married last summer, and that's why she's neglected you so long. Well, it's so, and she went way off South, but a WEE WISDOM hunted her up, and then she said when she saw it the little jingles just would come. And we're glad of it, aren't we? Her new last name is *Teel.*

How I wish we could put our hand down deep into our Father's big pocket and fish up One Hundred Thousand Dollars for a Christmas endowment fund for "Brightside." Then the mortgage on that precious "Fern Farm" would be lifted and the building so much needed would go forward, and George could have all the horses and implements he wants in his horticulture and stockraising; and Jones could have his musical instruments, and Trevor his typewriters and engine rooms, and their noble friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Fields, could be free to realize one of the grandest conceptions of the age, viz.: a place where boys without home or friends or prospects are welcomed, and genuinely loved, and congenially employed, till the good that has been covered from sight springs into bud and blossom. Where the world sees an incipient criminal Mr. Field demonstrates a noble citizen. God bless this noble enterprise! If *we* don't quite reach the one hundred thousand, we will *know* there is an arm long enough. And we will affirm, *all of us*, that "Brightside" *shall* be sufficiently endowed to realize its highest good. If you want to keep track of the "Brightside" affairs, take their paper, *Brightside*, $1.00 per year. It don't always get out once a month, but it comes when it can and *you* ought to help it. Any word for "Brightside" can be sent to "Brightside," Denver, Colo., Box 1526.


Monday
Like the oblong
And the square,
God is always
Just and fair.
Tuesday
Like the lamp
That burns at night,
God will show
The path to light.
Wednesday
God is love,
God is light;
God will keep us
Through the night.
Thursday
Like the mother,
Good and true,
God is always
Good to you.
Friday
Like the rising
Sun, each day,
We go farther
On the way.
Saturday
Like the angels,
Good and true,
God doth love
Both me and you.
Sunday
Goodness and love,
In tenderness deep,
Fold little children
About while they sleep.