WEE WISDOM.



Vol. 6. KANSAS CITY, MO., JANUARY, 1902. No. 6.

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM

A HAPPY New Year to you all, dear Wisdoms. And why shall it not be a happy one all the way through? What is *your* idea of the best way to keep *the happy* constantly with us throughout the 365 days of 1902? Who will give some unfailing receipe for doing this?

Now, you are not to stop and ask somebody else how they would keep happy. *You* are to just turn right in and find out for yourself the way. *You* can do it, and then tell us all about it.

What a wonderful year it will be for us if we *can* manage some way to hold on to the *Happy* and *New* all the way through. I'm sure the Year would be glad to be happy all the way through, if we'd let it. Let 's let it.

Well, Mamie, your petition to our artist made last August is unreservedly granted this New Year. Did you ever see such a wonderful coming out as *our* Mother Goose has made? It looks as if she had suddenly been *re*-hatched. If only the artist had thought and made the old shell visible that must have been snatched away like the spinning wheel and other things when she came out!

"Behold, *I* make all things *new*," says the awakening Spirit within.

Say, can't we all get a wheel and keep up with our *new* Mother Goose now? Let's call her our *Young* Mother Goose.

If we'd all think to do like Frances, button our "Jewel Word" into our clothing in the morning when we dress, we'd be pretty sure to button ourselves in with the Happy and Good, and button out the other fellow. Let's do it. Think of one whole year of continual happiness. Why, do you know, evil thoughts are a product of *un*-happiness? They have n't any show at all when we're perfectly happy. Joy is a fruit of the Spirit. We always want to do something good and nice when we're happy. Happiness is the sunshine of life; it wakes up all the good in everybody's heart and sets it to budding and blossoming. Let's make a business of being happy this year, and so drive winter from every heart we touch and set free its spring-time.

Lots of dear little letters are pouring in, but they have come too late for the *New Year's* number. Jean has renewed her subscription and wants to make some dear child a New Year's present of WEE WISDOM. If *you* know of some one wanting WEE WISDOM real bad, let us know. So many generous ones have contributed to the Free Fund that we have been able to meet all the apparent needs, and now, praise our bountiful Supplier, the supply is greater than the demand, so send on some more demand, somebody. And we want lots and lots and lots of new subscribers. When we get a great big subscription list, then we'll have pictures and pictures and pictures, and many other helpful additions to WEE WISDOM. You can all send out the power of your blessing for this, and maybe turn in and hunt up some new subscribers.

All who want to contribute something for Valentine month (February) should remember to have your letters or other matter in by the middle of this month. We're not going to be behind any longer. We want you to receive WEE WISDOM'S visits promptly the first of each month.

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

VOL. VI. KANSAS CITY, MO., JANUARY, 1902. No. 6.

A Happy New Year.

MABEL PORTER.

A little girl named Ethel went to her brother one day and said: "Oh, dear, I just saw a real poor little girl on the street. She seemed to be looking for something, and I asked her what was the matter. She said, 'Mamma gave me a nickel and sent me to the store to buy a loaf of bread, and a big dog came by and knocked me over, and I dropped it.' I told her that I would help her find it. After we got it, she thanked me, and I told her to take a quarter that papa had given me that morning and get something else for her mamma."

"What did she buy?" asked Edward, her brother.

"I don't know," said Ethel, "but I mean to ask mamma if we may buy a dinner for them on New Year's day—a turkey, you know, and some nice potatoes, and some cranberries."

"How do you know they won't have one?" said Edward.

"Why, I was talking to her, you know, and her mamma is sick, and they have a baby four years old, and Bessie, (that's the little girl's name,) has to get the dinners. And I guess they don't get big dinners, either," said Ethel sadly. "And she told me that she never had a New Year's dinner."

"Well," said Edward, "I'll help you out on it."

"Will you?" said Ethel, happily. "Well, then, I'll go and ask mamma."

"And I'll go too," said Edward.

Then they both went to mamma, who was sitting in the parlor, and laid their whole plan before her.

"Why, certainly, my children," said mamma, "but let us sit down now and send some good thoughts to Bessie's mamma."

Ethel sat down, and then all three sent good, true thoughts to the poor lady. Afterwards Ethel and Edward went out of doors and had a good play. That night when their papa came home they told him about the little girl, and he thought it would be a good plan to help little Bessie.

So the day before New Year's papa and mamma each gave the children some money, and Ethel and Edward opened their banks and each took out a part of their savings, and they went to the store with their mother and bought a nice turkey, a peck of potatoes, some cranberries, and a few vegetables. But when they paid the bill they found they had quite a little money left. So they decided to buy something for Bessie and her mamma and baby brother to wear. They bought a nice warm bonnet for Bessie, and a cap for her brother, some mittens and stockings for both of them, and a shawl for Bessie's mamma. They found

that this used up all of their money, so they took up their bundles and went home.

That night Edward and Ethel went to bed early, so they might get up early and fix their bundles in good order. Their mother and father were sitting in the parlor reading when suddenly Mr. Williams, Ethel's father, got up and put on his overcoat and hat. Mrs. Williams asked him where he was going, and he told her he was going to buy some wood for "Ethel's poor people," as he called them. He also said that a gentleman friend of his told him about these same people, and that they did not have a fire hardly ever, unless Bessie could find coal or wood lying on the street and make a fire with that.

So Mr. Williams went out and bought some wood, and ordered a man to take it to No. 45 *B*—— street. The man looked at Mr. Williams rather curiously, but Mr. Williams laughed and said, "Never mind, my man; only have that wood there before seven o'clock, and I will be much obliged to you."

The next morning Ethel and Edward took their bundles down to Bessie's house, and knocked at the door. Bessie opened it, and asked them to come in, and asked Ethel if she wanted something.

Ethel smiled as she and Edward deposited their bundles on the table and answered, "No, Bessie, but please take these things."

"Oh, my!" said Bessie. "Are they for us?"

"Yes," said Ethel.

"O mamma, come here quick!" said Bessie.

"What's the matter, Bessie?" said her mother, coming in.

Then Bessie told her mother about the bundles, and she turned to the children with tears in her eyes, and said brokenly, "God bless you." Then she sat down and put her head in her hands and sat for a long time. Ethel and Edward sat looking out of the window, blinking hard to keep the tears back. Soon Bessie nodded to the brother and sister, and they followed her into a tumbled old kitchen, but it was as clean, or cleaner, than some kitchens belonging to very fine houses. Bessie pointed to a great pile of wood, and said, "Some one else has been good to us, too." Ethel and her brother did not know what their father had done.

"Mamma got up yesterday for the first time in four weeks, and Oh, it seems so nice to have her around again," said Bessie.

Ethel and Edward looked at each other and smiled. They had treated Bessie's mamma every day since Ethel met Bessie. Ethel and Edward thought they had better go, so they said good-bye to Bessie's mother, who told them her name was Mrs. Jordan, and then they went to see the little boy, who was lying in bed under a ragged old quilt. He was clasping a wooden head of a horse, which Mrs. Jordan said he found in the alley.

Ethel kissed Bessie and her mother, and Edward shook hands with both of them, and they went home. After they had gone Bessie and her mother opened the packages. The first that they opened was the turkey. Then came the rest of the things. When they had opened them all, Bessie sighed and said, "O mamma, was there ever any one so good as those dear children?"

When Ethel went to bed that night she kissed her mamma and said, "I always thought that I had the happiest New Year's days I had ever heard of, but I guess I was mistaken."

"Keep thy heart with all dilligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

ONE OF OUR WEE WISDOMS, NAOMI BEE.



Our sweet little Naomi has come to visit the dear Wee Wisdoms. In one picture she is making for you the "birdie's nest, with a wing on the left and a wing on the right," and then she "lets the dear birdies rest all the long night." The birdies are going to sleep where you see her baby hands against her cheek.

The other day Naomi had a birthday party. She was just three years old, and such a happy little girl with all her pretty toys. When Aunt Mary went to see her she stood before her with the most beautiful dolly clasped in her arms and the first thing she said was, "See dolly, Naomi's pretty dolly." Then she sang, "By low baby," and Naomi sings very sweetly, so when she rocked dolly back and forth in her little rocker dolly closed her blue eyes.

By and by if you had peeped in the window you would have seen the dearest table with pretty crackers and cakes on it, and three cunning baskets filled with candies, and a lovely round cake with three pink candles on it, and every one lighted. About the table were three high chairs, and in the three high chairs sat three little people, all having such a lovely party. Aunt Mary saw it all.

Naomi sat at the head, for it was her party. That evening, long after the little friends had gone and baby brother was fast asleep in his little crib, Naomi said her little prayer. When she had finished, "God is my help in every need," she was very, very sleepy, so this is how she ended, "Dod b'ess pa, Dod b'ess mamma and Kip, Dod b'ess baby brother, Dod b'ess Naomi, and mate pa a dood dirl." Then she gave a funny little gurgling laugh at her mistake and was quite ready to be lifted into her crib.

—Aunt Mary.

AT THE DOOR

"We will watch the old year out to-night,
And the new year in!" Ned cried.
Then three-year-old Baby Winnie
Crept up to her mother's side,
And out from under her curly pate,
Where queer little questions grow,
Came: "Mamma, how do ve new years come?
And where do ve old ones go?"

And mamma, with a bright smile, told her:
My dear little Winnie-wee,
That is very hard to answer;
You shall watch with us and see!"
And so when night drew the curtains dark
And snug upon every side,
Little Win climbed into her high-chair,
Her blue eyes bright and wide

But the minutes passed so slowly,
With so many in an hour,
That long before it was over
She felt the Sandman's power;
And two little fringed white curtains
Were dropping lower and lower,
When there came a timid summons
Against the outer door.

She was wide awake that instant,
And gazing all around,
When once again she heard it,
That gentle asking sound.
Mamma knew 'twas Dog Rollo,
Not so did Baby Win,
"O mamma, hear ve New Year,
A-scratchin' to det in!"

—A. C. in *Youth's Companion.*

CAROLINE—A MOURNING DOVE.

"PAPA HARRY'S" STORY TO ORION AND ALBERT.

III.

CAROLINE soon fell in with a large band of doves travelling westward. When they arrived in Arizona the flock had increased to countless thousands. Caroline travelled southward and settled down for the winter in Sonora, Mexico. Here the human beings seemed to respect the rights of the doves, and made no attempt to injure them. She found plenty to eat, and the climate seemed to have been made for her especial benefit.

Here the months of December, January, and February were passed in pleasure and contentment. In the latter part of February a strange yearning began to take possession of Caroline, and when the inclination had grown too strong to be resisted, she bid adieu to Sonora and started northeast. In passing over Texas she learned why mankind were so loving and kind to the cattle, and the man animal sank still lower in her ideas.

In eastern Arkansas Caroline one day heard a sound that set her soul aflame. For some time she had felt so strange and lonely. A new and strange desire had taken possession of her, a desire that she could not understand. She only knew that she was not satisfied, and must seek for something she knew not what. She had pushed on aimlessly eastward, seeking and longing. It was now late in March and the trees were bursting into blossom, the flowers were springing up through the woods, the bees were humming in the awaking forests, butterflies were flitting about, birds were pouring out their love songs, and the very winds seemed to try to whisper strange secrets to little Caroline, but she could not understand.

On this balmy spring morning the whole world seemed full of love, and yet Caroline seemed, oh, so lonely. The hylæ were singing their love songs, and even the insects seemed to be all attention at home-building. As Caroline rested on the bough of a grand pine tree that seemed to rear its stately head to heaven, breathing in the perfume from the flowers of a Black Locust, listening to love music welling up from every part of that great forest, and pondering in her heart the ways of the world, there came to her ear a sound that seemed to touch her soul with fire. She listened and heard, over and over again, a plaintive, loving calling, "Coo-*oo*-oo-oo, coo-*oo*-oo-oo, coo-*oo*-oo-oo."

Impelled forward by an unknown force, Caroline flew cautiously and silently nearer that emotional singer, and there, on the topmost bough of the patriarch of the forest, a noble oak, that was draped with moss and festooned with vines, rested the grandest (to Caroline) of God's created beings—Mr. Zenaidura, a Mourning Dove.

She noticed his superb form trembling as he sent forth his passionate love song, and saw with wonder the granduer of his plumage of grey, brown, olive, blue, purple, pink, violet—interchangeable, iridescent, glittering, kaleidoscopic. The conflict of emotions shook her delicate form, and then the pent-up floods of love swept away all barriers and carried her headlong to his side, where she nestled down, doubtful and wavering. He sang on and on, and pretended not to see the sweet little being that had already completely won him. She put her wings over him, and tried to feed him some choice seeds, but he remained distant and reserved. She made advances all day, but without success, yet that night he roosted by her side.

The next morning the sun rose over a fairy world, with the trees and bushes all covered with dewy diamonds, which sparkled and scintillated, and hung miniature rainbows around Caroline and Zenaidura. Zenaidura awoke, sent his song floating out through the forest where it hung upon each leaf, enfolded each dew drop, caressed each flower, and gladdened the heart of all living things that heard it. Then turning he kissed his now accepted bride, and together, united for life, the noble pair started north on the honeymoon.

They followed the beautiful, but eccentric

Father of Waters till in southeast Missouri, then turned northwest, happy and contented they passed through a vast swamp till they came to a colony of Snowy Herons. Here the ruthless hand of man had fallen heavy with slaughter and cruelty and left a trail of misery and torture that made the doves frightened and sad. Over the ground in great piles lay the murdered herons, stripped of their beautiful crests and plumes, past ministering to the needs of the hundreds of little babies that cried and called for their dead mothers and fathers from the nests in the trees above. The babies cried and called till starvation kindly relieved them of earthly troubles. The doves wondered at such cruelty, but dismissing such heart-rending scenes from their minds they flew on and passed over the flower-bedecked and cedar odor-laden Ozarks.

At noon they would stop at some crystal fountain, and plunging their bills up to their eyes in the sparkling water, drink a plenteous supply at a single draught. Caroline noticed the superiority of the doves over other birds in this, as the other birds were compelled to take little sips, and let each sip run down the throat by elevating the head. She thought perhaps they gave a blessing with each sip.

Zenaidura was heading for a nesting place where he was well acquainted. They came one day to the sluggish Kansas River and followed it to the mouth. Here was a great settlement of man. Caroline could not help thinking how closely man was related to the ants, as they acted so much alike.

They arrived at this settlement on Easter Sunday. There seemed to be a strange presence in the atmosphere — a presence of a far-off age when a certain Son of God requested his kind to be "as harmless as doves"

The people, clothed in bright colors, were swarming into large buildings out of which floated inspiring music that made the pair of doves send loving thoughts to mankind. On flying lower, they were woefully shocked to see some of these people wearing upon their heads poor murdered birds. Some wore terns that were shot near the ocean; others tangers, orioles, or cardinals, that were caught by snares while trying to help a fellow bird that had had both eyes put out by red hot wires. Many wore aigrettes made from the crests and plumes of Snowy Herons.

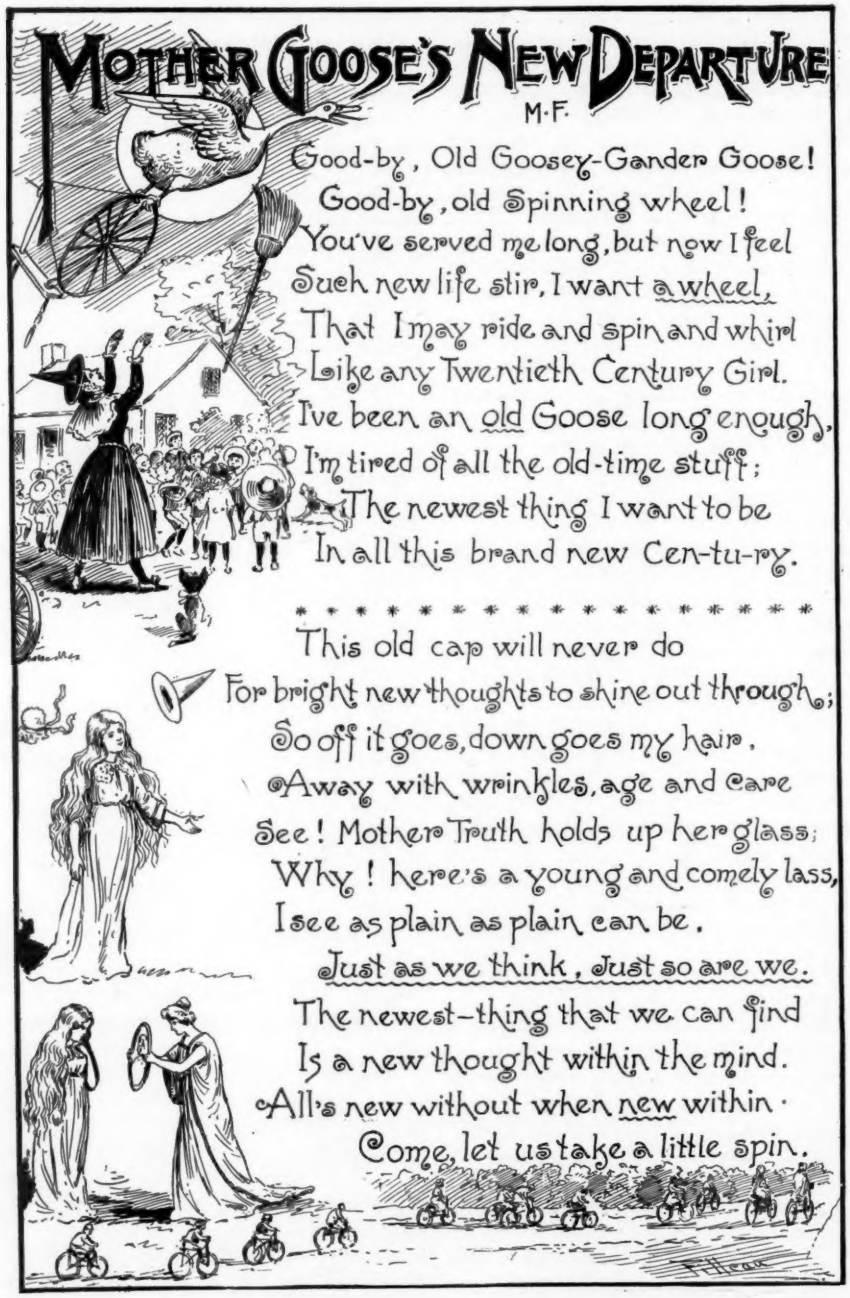
Out from a large stone building whose spire towered toward the heavens came one carrying in her hand a little book on which glittered a gold cross, and wearing on her head — Caroline's father! With eyes turned upward this person prayerfully walked along, and if the Father in heaven looked down at her, it was for His look to meet the gaze from the stary glass eyes of a slain and tortured Mourning Dove.

Grief stricken and discouraged, Caroline and Zenaidura hurried away, and leaving such scenes of barbarism and savagery flew east of the city where Zenaidura alighted in a Honey Locust tree with a "Ow-*oo*-oo-oo" (This is our home).

(*To be continued.*)

PILLOW VERSE.

New Year New is tender and true,
Full of rich blessings for me and for you —
Sweet health and plenty, sweet love and joy,
Sweet dreams a-plenty, for each girl and boy.


MOTHER GOOSE'S NEW DEPARTURE
M.F.
Good-by, Old Goosey-Gander Goose!
Good-by, old Spinning wheel!
You've served me long, but now I feel
Such new life stir, I want a wheel,
That I may ride and spin and whirl
Like any Twentieth Century Girl.
I've been an old Goose long enough,
I'm tired of all the old-time stuff;
The newest thing I want to be
In all this brand new Cen-tu-ry.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
This old cap will never do
For bright new thoughts to shine out through;
So off it goes, down goes my hair.
Away with wrinkles, age and care
See! Mother Truth holds up her glass;
Why! here's a young and comely lass,
I see as plain as plain can be.
Just as we think, just so are we.
The newest-thing that we can find
Is a new thought within the mind.
All's new without when new within.
Come, let us take a little spin.

HOW THE MARTINS FOUND A HOME.

"ROBERT, do you see those dear little martins flying around the barn? I believe they want to find a place to build their nests."

"Yes, I see," replied Robert, "but James Burt told me martins do not know how to build their nests as other birds do. Say, Nellie, let's ask papa to buy a bird house for us."

"I think," replied Nellie, "the martin is a lazy bird, or he would build his own nest. Perhaps if we will not help them they will have to build their own. You know our teacher said we must not encourage laziness."

"What a queer girl you are! Who ever heard of lazy birds?"

"Why, don't you remember what grandfather is always saying to us when we are late to breakfast, 'It's the early bird that catches the worm.' You see, there must be some birds that are up early, and some late, so, of course, there are lazy birds."

"But what of the worm?" asked Robert. "It seems to pay for him to sleep late. But," he continued, "if the martin is lazy about building his nest, he is a beauty. Just look at that one perched on that post by the barn! What color is he? He looks purple to me."

"Why, Robert, he is a beautiful dark blue with violet and purple tints, like mamma's changeable silk waist. And see, there comes his mate, I do believe!"

"Yes, and a whole flock of birds. How they chatter! Look at that beauty! I believe he really has his eye on me, and is asking for a box house!"

"Well, so you shall have one, you beauty, if you are lazy birds," said Nellie, thus easily becoming a convert to her brother's side of the question. "But where shall we get a martin box? If we had some money of our own we might buy one."

"Just the thing, Nellie! There is carpenter Brown, whose crippled boy makes boxes of all kinds. I believe he will make a martin house, and he needs the money as much or more than the martins need the house to live in. Say, Nellie, you're always saving of your money, have n't you some? I wish I had," and Robert turned his pockets inside out in search of a stray nickel. But there seemed to be almost everything else but money. "Nellie," continued Robert, "you must have some money left in the purse Aunt Mary gave you."

"But, Robert, that money was given me for my own use, and I need a new sash and hair ribbon for my new blue dress."

"Just like a girl!" exclaimed Robert, "to care more for new ribbons than the comfort of a whole flock of birds. For my part, I would do without ribbons all my life—"

"Or without a new leather belt to wear bicycling," suggested Nellie.

"Why, that's different. A boy needs a belt, but a girl's sash and hair ribbons—are—what is that long word we laughed at our Janet for using—super—"

"Superfluous, you mean," exclaimed Nellie, "Janet called it 'subfluous.' But that's just like a boy. What he wants he needs. What his sister needs she only wants. Let us go and talk with mamma. She will tell us what is right to do."

What did mamma say? I will not tell you what she said, but I will tell you what was done. William Brown made a beautiful martin cote, and the identical flock of martins which the two children saw flying homeless around the barn came to live in the cote. And Robert rode his bicycle without a leather belt, and the ribbons remained in the store as far as Nellie was concerned, while a flock of baby birds later in the year came out of the martin house. And this is what Nellie said to Robert as they watched them:

"I think I never saw such beautiful martins. Are n't they dears!"

"What about their being lazy birds?" asked Robert.

"Well, if they had been the kind of birds that build their own nests we couldn't have had the pleasure of giving them a home."

"Nor," said Robert, "could Will have had our order for building a martin cote."

"But," said Mrs. French, who came out on the back porch where the children were standing, having heard their talk through the open window, "Nellie would have had violet-blue ribbons and Robert the fine bicycle belt."

"Mamma, we didn't really need them," said Nellie.

"And the martins did need a house," said Robert.

"My dears," said Mrs. French, "do you remember last Sunday's golden text, 'Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without my Father's notice.' I really think my children have been about their Father's business."

"Why, mamma!" exclaimed both children in surprise.— ALICE HAMILTON RICH in *The Ladies' World.*

When "Wee" Ruby was five years old she spent one perfect Spring morning out among the bees and blossoms in the grassy yard. A busy little woman in the kitchen smiled often as she heard a happy voice humming outside, and she occasionally stepped to the window to see a sweet face upturned intently listening to the hum of the bees in the locust trees overhead, or to see the bonnie brown curls, topped by a blue sunbonnet, bending over the flowers as she followed the bees from one glowing cluster of dandelions to another. After a couple of hours spent in this fashion the flushed, sweet face appeared in the doorway to exclaim, "O, mamma, I'm just *suffering with delight.*" I think if any one's going to suffer at all, that's a good thing to suffer with, don't you? Can you imagine how the little woman dropped all other business to kiss and cuddle the charming philosopher? And often since this charming philosophy has helped her to avoid suffering in any other way than *with delight.* "And a little child shall lead them."

— RUBY'S MAMMA.



[These seed words are contributed from month to month by the Wee Wisdom Society of Merchantville, New Jersey, and are for the use of all WEE WISDOM'S Truth sowers.]

Class Word— "THIS IS MY COMMANDMENT, THAT YE LOVE ME AS I HAVE LOVED YOU."

Jewel Word— IF YOU LOVE ME YOU WILL KEEP MY COMMANDMENT.— JNO. 14:15.

Song Word— TRUTH IN SONG NO. 5— "REJOICE WITH ME."

Verse Word—

"O Holy Spirit, come to me,
Touch thou mine eyes that I may see
Thy wisdom, power, and majesty,
Revealed to man from sea to sea.

O Holy Spirit, come to me,
Touch thou my heart that I may feel
Thou wilt thyself as love reveal
To every human child divine.

O Holy Spirit, come to me,
Touch thou my hands that I may hold
In steadfast faith thy love untold,
For those whose hearts to thee unfold.

O Holy Spirit, come to me
Touch thou my feet that I may stand
Firm as a rock in Beulah land,
Building no more in shifting sand."

Uncle John sends *A Happy New! Year* to all the *Wees*, and *knows* for them and with them that their Abundant Good must manifest itself more and more throughout the year.



CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I have written a story for WEE WISDOM. It is my first attempt at a story. Two years ago I wrote an acrostic, which you published. I am thirteen years old. Papa copied my story on the typewriter for me. Enclosed find twenty-five two-cent stamps. We will subscribe for WEE WISDOM another year. I have a baby bother now. He was born the day after Christmas one year ago. Lovingly,

MABEL A. PORTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR YE EDITOR — I received the Truth Cards and liked them very much, so I sent my thanks for them. I selected some stories out of a day school teacher's paper, and thought them very nice, so I send them to you to put in WEE WISDOM. Yours in truth, ANNIE KNIEF.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR EDITOR — I was glad to see a new cover design on the December issue of WEE WISDOM. Yesterday (December 1st) was my birthday. My brother George gave me a beautiful watch chain, gold-plated. I had a chocolate cake and nuts for dinner, also apples and grapes. I appreciated the printed letter of the "wee little baby dirl," and I will send her a pretty Christmas card, if you will give we the address of her parents.

Yours lovingly and sincerely,

WALTER S. WELLER,

Age, 44 years.

STERLING, KAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOMS — I arise to put a vote before you, and that is, that we shall have a picture of Ye Editor in WEE WISDOM'S pages, also we would like to see a picture of Uncle John's face in WEE WISDOM'S pages. (This wish is already answered — ED.) Now all answer "Yea," and we do not want Ye Editor to put a veto on it, for we know that all of the Wees would like to see a picture of her dear, shinning face.

THANET'S MAMMA.

STERLING, KAN.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I thought I would write to you. We have thirteen guinea pigs. I have got a hundred in spelling six times, and that was all the days there was school. I love to go to school. Miss Prather is my teacher. I will go to school Monday. Miss Prather is good to me. Lorena loves to go to school. I think I will get higher in deportment this month. Myrth loves to go to school, too. Your loving friend,

THANET.

GALVA, ILL.

DEAR LITTLE WEE WISDOM — This is the first time I have written to you. I like the Pillow Verses very much. We take one each to the Junior Endeavor, and say them when our names are called. I think the cover of December is very pretty. I am ten years old, and in the 7th or 8th grade. I like my teacher very much. Good-bye, little WEE WISDOM. LOUISE T. KLINE.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am so happy to see our dear little paper growing so nicely. I always love to have it come, and this month when it came with its new cover, and so many pretty stories I just loved it more than ever, and I wish to join in with you in thanking Mr. Filleau for his beautiful gift to WEE WISDOM for Christmas. I send you my song for New Years as a little love offering. Wishing you all a very happy New Year, I am your loving friend,

HALLIE LUCILE FAUCHER.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N. Y.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM — I send fifty cents to renew my subscription, which expires in December. I also send you money for Fanny Jones. She would like to begin with the December number. One day my bird was lame, and I thought good things for him, and in a few minutes he was as lively as ever. I will close with much love. GRETA GYER.

ALAMEDA, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Once I saw a little dog, and it had no home. I took it home and kept it. After awhile he became good friends to us. We feed it every day. It never ran away from us yet. Every one of us were kind to it. We all love animals. We love our dog just as other animals. That is the way to be kind.

GLADYS EVELYN MAILLOT.

BATH, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — As I have not had WEE WISDOM in so long as two months, I write you a

letter, and send you the money, a dollar, to have it renewed. And I cannot get along without it as I find so many little verses to speak the last day of school. I have never heard from you since you were talking of making it into a magazine form, so I don't know whether it will be a dollar or fifty cents, but will send a dollar, and if it is but fifty cents you can send it to Josephine Schofield, New York. It is for a Christmas present to my little cousin. I must close. Yours respectfully,

JENNIE C. SCHOFIELD.

GALVA, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I saw so many nice little letters in your WEE WISDOM that I thought I would write. I have not ever written before. I have three sisters. One is a baby only two years old. She was two November 24th. Her name is Minnie Katharine Kline. She is very cunning. We like WEE WISDOM very well. I go to school and am in the 5th grade. I am nine years old. I must stop for this time.

Yours very truly, HELEN KLINE.

[Here is a letter from the dear Matron of the Children's Home, Petersburg, Ind. You will remember these dear little ones sent $1.00 last month toward the Wee Wisdom Free Subscription Fund. Wonder if we can't hunt 'round and find some nice things to gladden and make still happier their sweet lives together.— Ed.]

PETERSBURG, IND.

MY DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — Your letter was kindly received. The children thought I should write at once to tell you all about our home. They do not understand just the amount I have to do in looking after all their needs, so I had to put off writing for a while, but now as I have a little time I'll tell you a little of the management of a county home. Our home is beautifully situated inside the corporation of Petersburg, thus giving our children the advantage of attending the public school, also of going to Sabbath school. My little ones range in ages from three years to fourteen years; some are orphans, some half orphans and some have been abandoned by both father and mother. We take them, train them "to the best of our ability," send them to school, and get homes for them as fast as suitable homes are offered. I have a very bright, intelligent set of children at this time. We often have the little folks with us until the attachment grows very strong, not only the matron and children but the children become much attached to each other. When a child is selected for a home the parting scene is most pathetic; sometimes it is parting brothers and sisters, and they have no assurance that they will meet again in years, and when a matron gives a mother's care to these little folks we too feel that we would like to keep them always with us, but *know* it would not be best for the child. We have a State agent who spends all his time placing children in homes, and visiting children who have been placed. His object in visiting them after he has placed them is to see if the child is satisfied or the folks satisfied with the child, also to see if the child has been sent to school and properly cared for. Should he not be suited with what he learns by these visits he places the child in some other home. Since I wrote you a few weeks ago he has taken two of my brightest and best boys and one girl. The boys left a little sister and brother here and have gone perhaps four or five hundred miles away. You perhaps can draw some idea of our home from what I have written. I see I have failed to tell how we are supplied. The county commissioners allow us twenty-five cents per day for each child and for the home, so you see we do not have to live as some folks call paupers. We have things very comfortable and pleasant, and in this home we live as one *great big family*. The children were much pleased with your letter, and watch the mails daily for the cards. I understood by your letter the cards had been sent; if so, we haven't as yet received them. The item in WEE WISDOM pleased them more than I can tell. Some of them are calling for me now so I'll close with this. Most lovingly yours,

DELIA GRESSEL,
Matron of Children's Home.

A STORY OF A MONKEY.

A monkey took hold of my finger. The monkey had a carrot in his hand, and he said, "How do you do?" to me, and "How do you do?" to my mamma. He ran to my mamma three times, and the music was there. By and by the man went off with the monkey. I think he went off in the train. Oh, yes, he went off of the block 'way over there.

KENNETH ARCHIBALD WILSON.
(Four years old).

New Year, new!
First time I've seen you.
Face toward me merry and glad;
Back toward me you 've never had.
So many things you 've come to tell.
New Year, new! I love you well.



HARRIET H. RIX.

LESSON I. JANUARY 5.

The Promise of Power. Acts 1:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT — *While he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.*— Luke 24: 51.

With this Sunday we begin the new year's lessons, and for six months we will leave Moses and the children of Israel, and take up the Acts, after that we will go back to the children of Israel and study about them the rest of the year.

Now, Acts is a book of the New Testament written by Luke, and our first lesson is about the Holy Ghost, and all the other lessons in Acts tell us of the power of the Holy Ghost, so, of course, we want to understand about the Holy Ghost so that we may study all the other lessons with interest and benefit.

The Holy Ghost is the Holy Spirit, or the whole spirit of truth. It is that talking presence within your heart that tells you what is right, and shows you how to do it. It is not a man or a woman or a form, nor even a dove, although a dove, pure, white and innocent, is sometimes used as a symbol or picture of it, but the Holy Spirit can never be seen with those eyes in your head any more than life or love or truth can be seen. Jesus Christ called the Holy Spirit the comforter, the truth teacher, the guide within, and these are names that we love and can understand.

The Holy Spirit is the Truth itself, and it is this very Spirit that knows all things, and knows how to do all things; that healed the sick through Jesus, and that did all his wonderful works. This power is really within the heart of every little and big child of God, and is always willing to do the works through anyone, but you cannot buy it, nor can you force it; only love will bring it out. It cannot work in a selfish or unkind heart, for it is the sweet spirit of loving kindness, and asks for loving hearts to work through. Think love all the time, and you will grow up in the beautiful sunshine of the Holy Spirit, and thus learn to do the Christ works.

LESSON II. JANUARY 12.

The Promise of Power Fulfilled. Acts 2:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT — *The promise is unto you and to your children.*—Acts 2:39.

You see, children, that the Apostles of Jesus believed in the promise that he had made them of sending the Holy Spirit. They had great faith, and their faith made them watchful and expectant. In faith they prayed for this blessing, and again in faith they watched earnestly for its appearing.

This is the way that we are to draw every blessing that love has provided for us into our lives. Our faith in the Good must be so alive, so strong, that we never doubt but expect it to come to us. Every thing good that comes into your life is born of this kind of thinking, and our lesson calls it "being with one accord in one place."

Did you ever try to hit a bull's-eye with an arrow, or draw a straight line with a pencil between two points? Well you know in order to succeed you must think very hard and steady about the bull's-eye, keeping your eye fixed on it, and never wavering or letting your hand shake or your eye drop or look at another object. Just so it is in drawing the straight line, you do not watch the pencil, but you keep your eye on the point you want to reach, and your steady eye and mind move the hand and pencil aright. Now older people call that concentration, but that is a big word for little folks, but you can all understand what it means — keep all your thoughts fixed all the time upon the Good, and every good will come to you.

The mighty rushing wind and the tongues of fire that our lesson tells about is the power that fills one when he feels the presence of God in his heart. It just fills him with life and zeal like the wind when it is blowing swiftly, or fire when it leaps up brightly; then he opens his mouth and healing words of truth spring forth, so that everybody that sees it is astonished, and they say, "Surely God is with us."

LESSON III. JANUARY 19.

The Early Christian Church. Acts 2:37-47.

GOLDEN TEXT — *The Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.*—Acts 2:47.

When the Holy Spirit of Truth was found by the Apostles, they began to tell the people about Jesus Christ and his wonderful love to men, and Peter, who was one of them, stood up and talked to thousands of people about this love. Peter is

our faith, and faith always tells about the love and power of the Christ within until every thought in us believes.

Now, the first thing faith would have our thoughts do is to repent and be baptized, for we cannot belong to the true church until this is done. To repent means to change your mind from believing in evil to believing in good, and to be baptized means to be pure-minded and clean-hearted. This is done for us by the Christ within, who puts out every unclean, untrue thought and feeling, then our eyes are open and we see God's beautiful temple or church in the heart. To be saved does not mean that you must join a church, or become a church member, for Christ's church is not made of brick or wood, nor by the hands of man, but is the temple of truth in the heart. You have always been a member of this church, and are yourself the temple of the living God. Now, if you really know and live this, you are already saved from fear, evil and suffering, and have become unselfish like those first christians who lived in harmony and love with each other, and had everything they needed.

LESSON IV. JANUARY 26.

The Lame Man Healed. Acts 3:1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT — *The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation.*—Ex. 15:2.

Our lesson today is about the healing of a lame man who probably never walked in his life, not even when he was a little boy, but who, after being in this helpless condition for many years received his perfect healing by the power of Christ, so that he could run and jump, and be free.

Now you see, children, Jesus was not there in the body to do this good work, but the same beautiful Spirit that worked through him was there, and it worked just as powerfully through Peter and John as it had through him, and it will work through anyone who will let it.

Now Peter stands for faith, and John for love, and this faith in Peter said to the lame man, "Look on us," that is, on faith and love, and as he looked he was healed. We, too, must keep our eyes fixed on faith and love if we want to be well and happy, and make others happy. All the healing in the world is done through faith and love. You see we must love the Good in order to keep the commandments, and we must have faith in the Good in order to do the works, for these ever go hand in hand.

How glad, how happy, this man must have been when he found he could walk, and how true of him to praise God for his healing instead of medicine, crutches, or mortal man. The words of Peter were, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee." "Such as I have," that is something we can all give, for we all have some good, some blessing, for others. We can all see that Peter and John gave that man more good than if they had handed him a large sum of money, for they put him on his feet, thus giving him the power to work for his own living, which is much better than begging for it.

Let us stop a minute right now, and go for a few moments into the silence to think about giving. We will all ask ourselves this question, "What can I give or do for others to add to their happiness?" First think of your tongue and find out what you can do with that; then your hands, how you can make use of these for others; now your feet, what can they do? My! How many blessings we have for others when we begin to count them.

A LIE STICKS.

"Would you tell a lie for three cents?" asked a teacher of one of her boys.

"No, ma'am," answered Dick, very promptly.

"For ten cents?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a dollar?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a hundred dollars?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a thousand dollars?"

Here Dick was staggered. A thousand dollars looked like a big sum. Oh, what a lot of things he could buy with a thousand dollars. While he was thinking whether it would pay to tell a lie for a thousand dollars, a boy behind him cried out, "No, ma'am."

"Why not?" asked the teacher.

Now, mark this boy's answer and do not forget it, "Because, ma'am," replied he, "the lie sticks. When the thousand dollars are all gone, and the good things bought with them are all gone too, the lie is there all the same."

— *Selected* by ANNIE KNIEF.

WEE WISDOM

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January, 1902.

A Happy New Year to All!

"Nineteen-hundred-and-two,
What have you brought us new?"

"What have I brought you new?
That depends upon *you*.
Whatever you choose
That I dare not refuse
For I'm full of the Father's own giving.

I'm a year full of health,
I'm a year full of wealth,
I'm a year full of love and gladness.
For whoever will take
Of my blessings, I'll make
It a year of most exquisite living."

What do you think of Wee Ruby's *philosophy of delight?* Evert used to call the personal attention which the wee honey-makers sometimes give to their little admirers, "a bee kiss." Anyway, it takes out the *real stinger* when we recieve the would-be sting in *love*, and even makes of suffering delight. I think this a wholesome lesson for big as well as little Wisdoms.

Our page of pillows has given place this month to a page of song, which our good friend, Ernst Krohn, of St. Louis, has composed for us. You will notice he has selected the pillow verses from last May's WEE WISDOM, which were contributed by another one of your blessed friends, Lydia Gardiner Worth. It makes a real, sure enough love song, and we will *love* to sing it, and *love* each other and our two friends who have furnished the music and words for it.

The subscription price of WEE WISDOM is 50 cents per year, but our publishers are now offering both UNITY and WEE WISDOM a year for only $1.25. call your mamma's and papa's attention to this. UNITY is a 64-page monthly magazine filled with spiritual truth, love, and health.

One of the newest things on our table is "Daddy Gander." It is called the "King of Funny Books," and when you see it, you'll say so too. It's printed in colors and hand-lettered, and the funniest pictures! Well! Daddy Gander's no *old* goose, that's plain, for the way he gets at the gist of things is up-to-date. It is written by Frances Edgar Mason, and Unity Tract Society will send you one for $1.50. It is a great big book.

Somebody wants to know more about little Floy. Her mamma says she is three years old and that she printed her little letter and made the little animals that appeared in December WEE WISDOM all by herself, and that she is very tiny. The little picture she sent was too dim to make a half tone of and so we could not give you a glimpse of Floy's sweet face.

Notice the date on the label with your name. It shows what month your paper stops if you do not renew it promptly. We hope you all love WEE WISDOM so that you will always read it.

LOVE THE GOOD YOU SEE IN ALL.

To Mrs. Myrtle Fillmore.

LYDIA GARDINER WORTH. ERNST KROHN.
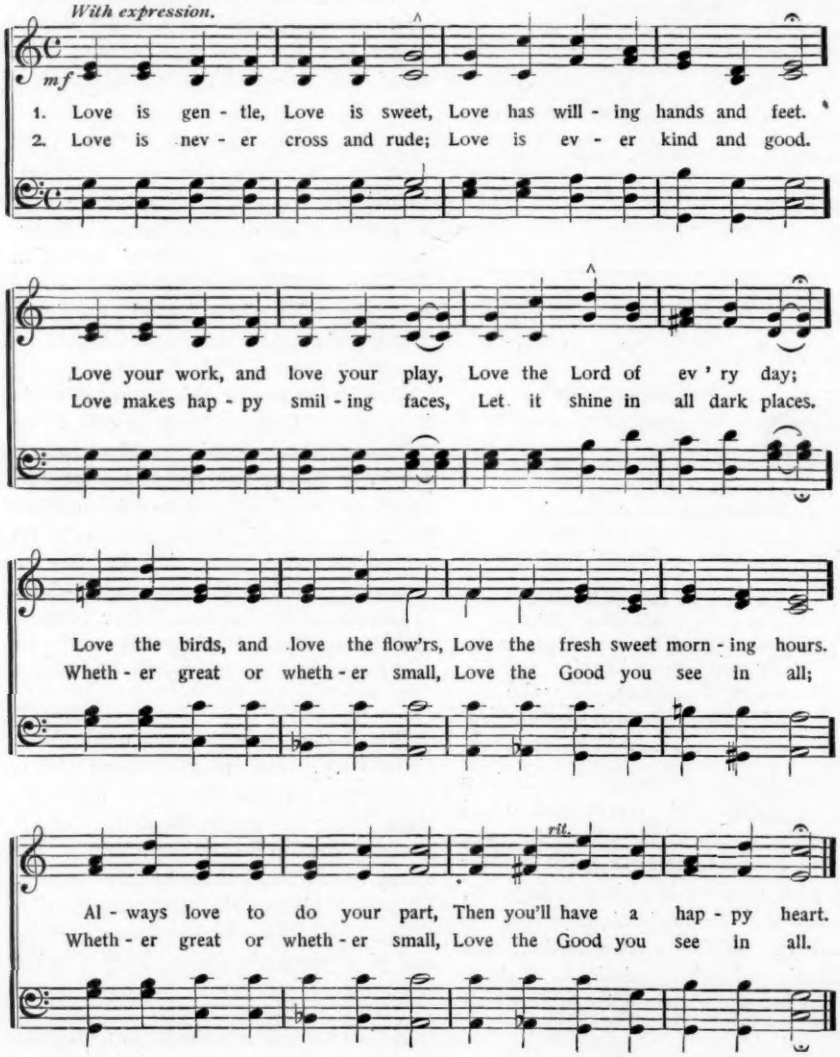
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