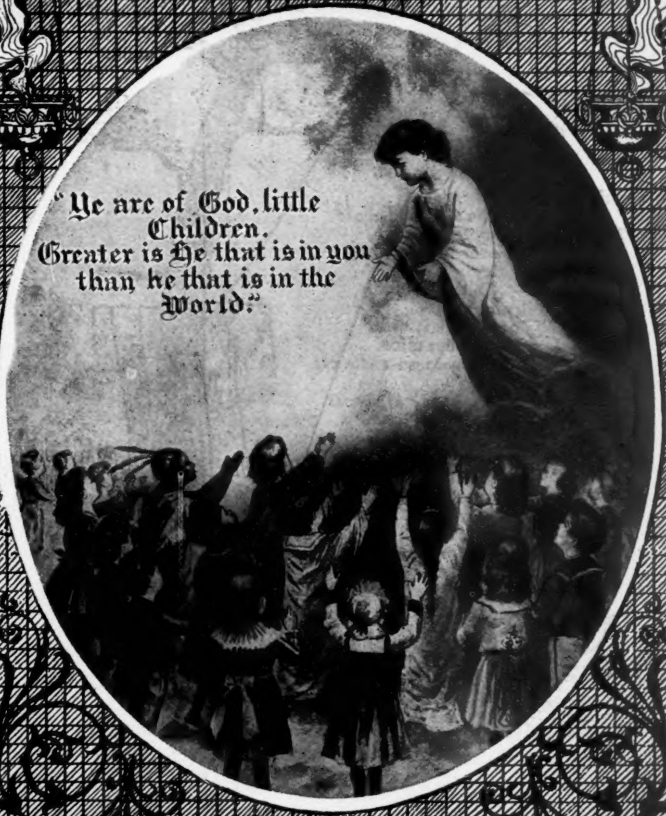
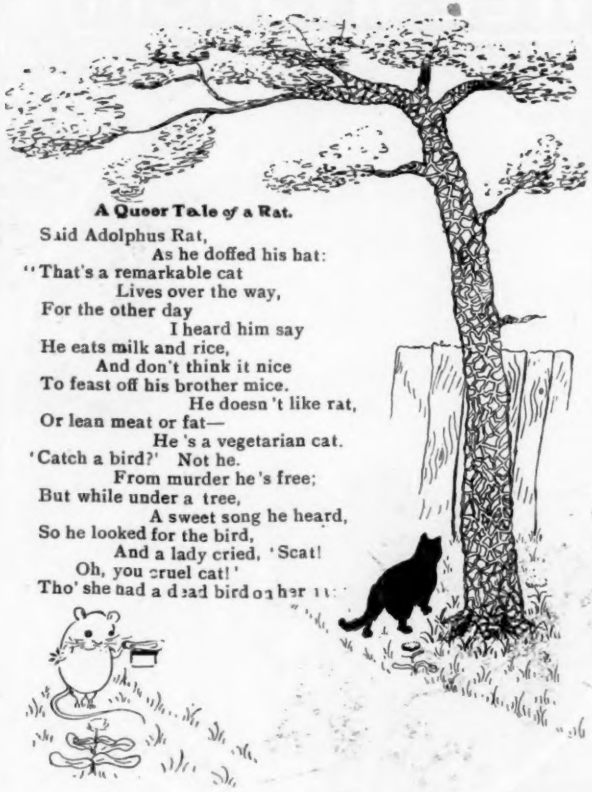
WEE WISDOM



Vol. XI. FEBRUARY, 1907. No. 7.
KANSAS CITY, MO.



A Queer Tale of a Rat.

Said Adolphus Rat,
As he doffed his hat:
"That's a remarkable cat
Lives over the way,
For the other day
I heard him say
He eats milk and rice,
And don't think it nice
To feast off his brother mice.
He doesn't like rat,
Or lean meat or fat—
He 's a vegetarian cat.
'Catch a bird?' Not he.
From murder he 's free;
But while under a tree,
A sweet song he heard,
So he looked for the bird,
And a lady cried, 'Scat!
Oh, you cruel cat!'
Tho' she had a dead bird on her h[illegible]

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

VOL. XI. FEBRUARY, 1907. NO. 7.

THE STORY OF STELLA—A STAR.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

CHAPTER VI.

STELLA'S WORK CONTINUES.

"WHERE do we go next, Auntie Taysie? Do we not have the flowery tunnel again?"

"We need it no longer, dear. We go now to where two sisters dwell. Here they will feel our presence, for here they love God with a great and holy love, such as we know."

"Oh, Auntie Taysie, then it will be easier for little Stella!"

"Darling, count not on that. When we do God's work, we do not stop to say, 'Is it easy?' or, 'Is it hard?' That lies with us, dear, for as we are wise, and brave, and patient, will the work be made easy unto us."

They entered at this moment the walls of a lighted house, in one room of which were two ladies. One held an embroidery frame, while the other lay stretched upon a couch. Both were young and both pretty.

The one embroidering lifted her head, and smiling

upon the other, said quietly, "Violet, do you feel the stillness? It is so holy and blessed!"

"We were just in the silence awhile ago, you know, having our meditation," replied Violet, from the couch, "and we are now conscious of the presence of God."

"Yes, dearest, and the angels. I feel them near. Why, there is a dear little girl bending over you. She is putting a feathery flower in your hair. How sweet!"

Stella clapped her hands.

"Oh, Auntie Taysie, how good she knows us!"

"I hear them speaking now," continued Margaret. "Listen! the child speaks, and now a lovely woman who tells me that her name is Anastasia, and that she has brought the child to us to bring a blessing, and the little one says her name is Stella."

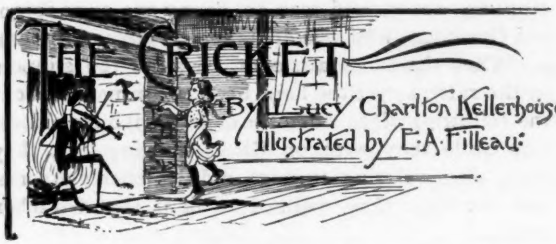
"Yes, yes," cried Stella joyously, finding her words were listened to, "I am a Star sent from a Star. We come bringing messages of love. We children play always in the meadow at our home, where grow the sweet flowers; so Auntie Taysie and I have brought thee many fair blooms to make glad thy rooms. See, here they are! We have strewed them everywhere."

"We must now depart," interrupted Anastasia, "but we shall come again."

"The little Lolita and Robin and Grace are all waiting for us in our meadow," added Stella. "God loves thee. Some day we come again," and Stella and Anastasia floated away through the starlit night back to their Star, where peace reigns and where love is the secret of living.

(To be continued.)

"WISDOM is justified of all her children."



CHAPTER II.

THE next night Elsa sat in the chimney corner watching the flames kiss the log good-night, and wondering if the Cricket would come with his fiddle and bring the little prince, when she heard the cheerful voice of the cricket, who at once began to tune his fiddle. Then the wind laughed down the chimney, and out flew the red spark, and there stood the prince. And how the cricket played, while the wind laughed louder and the flames awoke and waltzed, and even the lazy old shadows pirouetted about the room; but none danced faster than Elsa and the prince, who danced until they were weary and out of breath. Then the prince smiled and said, "You have never danced so well before."

And Elsa laughed and thanked him, saying,

"You are easily pleased, for old Gretchen stole my slippers, and I have been dancing in wooden shoes."

"Then tomorrow night I will bring you a pair of silver slippers," said the prince.

And he kept his word, and the next night fitted upon Elsa's little feet a pair of slippers that were like the silver scales of fishes set with iridescent gems; and in them Elsa danced like a sunbeam on

rippling water, and was so happy she quite forgot old Gretchen, who was dreaming of silver slippers.

When the dance was over, Elsa hid the slippers in the rafters over the hard bed, to bring them out the following night when she danced with the prince; but while they were on Elsa's dancing feet, they were also waltzing through old Gretchen's dreams; and one night they waltzed so hard that Gretchen awoke.

"Do you think that silver slippers are meant for you?" laughed the wind derisively; and as he went whistling away, he seemed to say,

"Elsa, Elsa, Elsa!"

So Gretchen arose and felt the empty bed under the rafters; and the little mouse asked, "Are you looking for silver slippers? They are not so lazy as to be in bed."

Then old Gretchen tiptoed down stairs, but they heard her coming, and up the chimney went the prince, like a red flame, while Elsa hid beneath the table, where old Gretchen found her, and shook her, so that the silver slippers fell off. Gretchen snatched them up and hid them, to take to the fair to sell at holiday time; while Elsa went weeping to her hard bed beneath the rafters, to dream that she was a princess and danced every night in golden slippers.

The next night Elsa sat in the chimney corner watching the flames wreathe the log like leaves, while the wind blew little white letters through the broken window, telling that winter was coming. But Elsa did not mind, so long as the cricket came with his fiddle, and the red spark blew down the chimney, and the little prince, low bowing, said, "Will you dance with me?"

Then how the cricket fiddled and how the prince and Elsa danced, while the wind laughed merrily and the flames went wild with glee. And when they were out of breath, the prince smiled and said, "You dance more like laughter than like Elsa."

"'Tis only in your kind thought," replied Elsa, "for old Gretchen took my silver slippers and I have been dancing in wooden shoes."

"Then will I bring you a pair of golden slippers," said the prince, kissing her hand as he bade her good-night, and sprang laughing up the chimney; while Elsa crept up to bed softly, lest she wake old Gretchen, who was dreaming of golden slippers.

The next night, the prince brought Elsa a pair of golden slippers set with diamonds, so that while she danced they flashed like electric sparks. The cricket played as he had never played before, the wind sang merrily, the flames capered gleefully, and Elsa and the prince danced like laughter from a merry heart.

But golden slippers danced so hard through old Gretchen's dreams, that one night she awoke, while the wind laughed jeeringly,

"Why do you dream of golden slippers? Golden slippers are meant for fairy feet."

And as he slipped away, he seemed to say,

"Elsa, Elsa, Elsa!"

Old Gretchen called Elsa, but the only reply was the wind's sly laughter; and when she had felt the empty bed under the rafters, she tiptoed down stairs. But the prince heard her coming, and up the chimney went like a red flame; while the cricket bagged his fiddle, and Elsa hid in the closet, where old Gretchen found her, and shook her until the golden slippers fell off; and she seized them and hid them to take to the fair to sell at holiday time. But when holiday time had come, all the little slippers

had danced out of their hiding place, back to the prince's palace, for they were fairy slippers, and so good that they could not help but run away from Gretchen.

The next night old Gretchen did not go to sleep; golden slippers adorned with diamonds danced too merrily through her mind, so she tiptoed down stairs softer than a mouse. But the prince had heard her coming, and up the chimney went dancing with the flames; while the cricket bagged his fiddle, and Elsa hid under the stairs, where old Gretchen found her and beat her, then looked for the priceless slippers of which she had been thinking. But Elsa wore only her little wooden shoes, which were almost worn out with dancing; and Gretchen was so enraged that she thrust Elsa out of the door into the falling snow.

Elsa stood shivering and crying in the whirling snow, when a cheerful voice said to her,

"Come, little Elsie, dance while I play."

"I cannot dance any more," sobbed Elsa; "there is only the wind to dance with me, and he is rough; and there is only snow to dance upon, and it is so cold."

"Dancing will warm you," said the cricket. "Come, wake up, little Elsa; do not go to sleep in a bed of snow, or the wind will steal your white breath and dance with it while you grow as pale as the snow. Wake up, little Elsa, and dance while I play."

"But I am so cold," sobbed Elsa.

"I will bring you a cloak," said the cricket.

Then the snow fell about her shoulders like a cloak of ermine, and Elsa drew it about her, and began to dream of a palace and music and dancing,

and that she was a princess and danced like the spray of a fountain.

"Wake up, little Elsa, and dance," said the cricket.

But Elsa's dream was so beautiful, that she smiled and slept softly in her ermine cloak.

"Come, little Elsa, dance; for the prince is waiting," said the cricket.

Then Elsa lifted her eyelashes, where the tears hung like frozen dew; and there stood the prince. And as she sprang up, she heard the sound of silver bells, and the wind blew the clouds away, and the moon looked down and showed her a silver sleigh drawn by six white horses; and the diamonds flashed over Elsa's ermine cloak as the prince helped her into the sleigh. Then the wind whipped the horses, and the cricket said goodby, as Elsa and the prince drove away in the shining sleigh over the sparkling snow.



At length they came to a beautiful marble palace, glowing with lights like a galaxy of stars; and the prince drew rein and they alighted. He led her up the marble stairs, through the great portals and into the glowing heart of the palace, where the music was sweeter than the sweetest dream of an old violin, and the dancing of jeweled ladies and brave knights was like the motion of a field of flowers in the morning breeze, with their dewdrops sparkling in the shining air. And there danced the king with the beautiful queen, but before them all the prince led Elsa upon the floor, and they thought she was a princess in her ermine cloak. He cast it from her shoulders, and forth stepped a little maid in homespun dress and wooden shoes, yet she danced as none had ever danced before.



And when the dance was over, and the lords and ladies pressed about them and questioned the prince, he laughed and said that Elsa was a fairy; but they replied that fairies did not wear wooden shoes. Then the prince led Elsa to the king, his father, and the queen, his mother, and they were charmed with her sweet face and winsome way.

"But, my son," said the queen, "I left you long ago in your bed, dreaming the dreams that the angels bring to good children. 'Tis now the hour of midnight, when children should be in Dreamland. The parents of the little maid must miss her; the sleigh is ready to take her home."

"I have no home," said little Elsa; "and my mother and father fell asleep long, long ago, and would not awaken in this world, because their dreams were so beautiful."

Then the queen, who was also a mother, kissed little Elsa; and when the little maid lay in the bed of down which was always to be hers, the stately queen left the gay throng to say good-night to the children, and wish them the dreams which the angels bring to loving and happy hearts.

One evening, as Elsa and the prince sat alone, they heard a cheerful voice; and there was their old friend the cricket, who had brought his fiddle, and requested them to dance. And indeed they danced, their hearts were so light and happy; and every night they danced on the polished floor to the tune of the kindly cricket.

The wind might laugh and dance with the cold white snow outside: they neither knew nor cared; there was summer air in the palace, and light that was brighter than daylight. And so Elsa quite forgot the old house that the wind rocked to sleep, and the

great fireplace where the log lay still in its bed of ashes. But the cricket could not forget, and one night he said to Elsa and the prince,

"I miss the old kitchen and my favorite place in the chimney corner. It is very beautiful here, but gilded radiators are not half so cozy as a kitchen fireplace. Besides, old Gretchen must be very lonely. Perhaps at night she would like to dance to my playing."

"Make her dance real hard," said the prince heartily.

"Ah, Gretchen is old, and her joints are stiff," replied the cricket, kindly.

"Poor old Gretchen," said Elsa softly.

And so they said goodby to their friend the cricket; yet though their feet danced to other tunes, their hearts ever danced to his playing. They never saw him again; but often, as they listened, they seemed to hear his happy tune.

(The End.)

MARION'S VALENTINE.

BY JESSIE JULIET KNOX.

Marion had never had a valentine; that is, a pretty one, and now that the time was so near she began to feel badly about it, and wish that she, too, could give and receive some of those beautiful ones of lace and silk, with pictures and pretty verses on them; but where would she get the money for such luxuries? It seemed to be out of the question, as they believed in lack and seemed to have scarcely enough to live on. And then they were so poor that she knew she ought not to ask her mama for money, when they were going without so many of the necessities of life. And so she walked along on her way from school, with her hildish heart full of longing, and feeling altogether

miserable, cold and unhappy. She would rather not go to school next day, she thought, than to see all the others so happy with their valentines, and be the only child without one. One big tear did drop out of her eye, and as it fell, she looked down and saw that it had fallen on a little red box.

What could this be? Stooping, she picked it up, and on it were pretty gold letters, which spelled, "Open this box!" Of course she did so, as any little girl would, and what do you suppose happened then? A dear little man, about the size of a very tiny doll, jumped out and sat upon her arm. She was so frightened that she almost dropped him, but he held on tightly, and spoke to her in a teeny, weeny voice:

"Well, Marion, I heard you wishing for a valentine; is it not so?"

"Yes, but — how could you hear my wish?" she said.

"Why, I can hear wishes, because I am a fairy god — I am St. Valentine himself."

"You are St. Valentine? O! I cannot believe it; it is too good! and then — I did not know St. Valentine was so small."

"Oh, I am not always so small," he said, "but I have just eaten a magic pill, and reduced my size so that I could get in a box. I can be any size I wish. And now I must ask you — would you like to go to St. Valentine's land?" And she replied,

"Why, yes, if I only could; but I am so poor, and there is no way to go."

"Just wait," he replied, "and you shall see if there is a way for good little girls like you; but there is no way for naughty children."

"But how can I go?" she said, and he answered, handing her a little golden star, "Wait until your dear mama is asleep tonight, then touch her eyes with this magic star, and she will not awaken until your return. Be all ready then, and I will come for you."

How perfectly delightful! She fairly trod on air all the rest of the way home, and you may be sure her thoughts were not sad ones now. Her little brain was in a whirl, wondering what she would see in fairyland, and she sang merrily, and even rushed in at her own door singing.

"Why, Marion, what makes you so happy today?" said her mama, "and where did you get those red roses on your cheeks and lips?"

"Oh, I just feel happy; that is all, Mama. The world seems so beautiful today." She flew around so nimbly that it seemed to her as if a fairy were doing the work, and she felt as light as a feather.

Mama retired early that night, and Marion was glad. "Now for the magic star!" she said, and stepping lightly up to the bed, she lovingly touched her Mama's eyes, and then dressed as quickly as she could. Just as she had finished, she heard a peculiar noise at the window, and through a tiny hole in the glass came the dear little fairy, St. Valentine.

"How can I get out without making a noise?" she asked, and he quietly passed a little red heart over her head three times, and lo! she was as tiny as he, and together they flitted through the hole in the window. Outside a carriage awaited them, but such a carriage! the cunningest little thing, about the size of a sugar bowl, and bright red. It was carried by two red horses, and the coachman was dressed in red, and there were beautiful gold and silver hearts all over it.

"Away to St. Valentine's land!" said the good Saint to the tiny coachman, and they bounded into the air, and flew like the wind.

How exciting it was! What would the girls at school think, if they could see her now? It made her laugh to go through the air so fast, and St. Valentine laughed too, and so did the coachman, and so did the horses. Some of the places they passed through were very queer. In one country everything was so funny. People and animals were walking on their heads, with their feet in the air, and houses with their chimneys on the ground; trees with their roots at the top, and their leaves in the ground, and flowers with nothing but roots sticking up.

"What place is this?" said Marion, "it makes me dizzy to look at it."

"This is the up-side-down country, and they feel just as dizzy to look at us, for they have never known what it was to be right-side-up." Then came Giant Land, and it was almost as queer. Marion felt very tiny here, for all the people were as big as trees. The carriage stopped here, and St. Valentine produced a very fine ladder, and on it he and Marion ran clear up one of the giant's sides, and peeping right into his face, said, "How do you do?" He tried to brush them off with his hand, but could not, as they were on a magic ladder, and he said, in a voice like thunder, "I wonder what makes the mosquitoes so bad?"

"Mosquitoes, indeed! Well, that *is* an insult!" and they ran down the ladder, and as they looked back at him, his eyes looked like two great headlights.

Some of the shops in Candy Land had sticks of candy as big as a small tree, and Marion thought if

she only had one of these it would last a lifetime.

Next they came to Animal Land, and this was even better than the circus. Monkeys were playing all sorts of pranks, elephants and kangaroos were doing the cakewalk, and lions and lambs walking about arm in arm. Birds barked and dogs sang, and food for all was there in plenty; it grew on trees. There were great branches of porterhouse steaks for the dogs, and fish and oysters for the cats, great wisps of hay for the elephants and all who liked hay, and plenty of clear, cold water flowing through the land. Marion hated to leave this funny place, but their time was limited; so on they flew, through acres and acres of gorgeous flowers, and butterflies as large as dinner plates flitting everywhere. The air was filled with fragrance, and cupids with silver bows and arrows were flying everywhere. Marion got hit with the arrows several times, but they did not hurt, only made her feel happier than ever.

At last they paused again, but this time they had reached St. Valentine's Land, and a carpet of flowers was spread out for their feet. Marion then ate a candy heart which was given her, and she became her usual size, and so did St. Valentine. The music made by cupids flying in the air was so beautiful that it made everyone feel like dancing, and she was delighted when a little group of fairies all dressed in red with gold and silver hearts, came up to her and said all at once, like an opera chorus, "Will you dance the dance of the valentines?" She gladly consented, and as soon as they touched her hand, she looked down and saw that she, too, was dressed as a fairy, and she danced away with the rest of them just as if she had been a fairy all her life. They whirled merrily around the valentine tree, where grew all those

beautiful things for which she had so longed. She, with the others, was given a wand of gold, and when they touched the valentines they wished, off they would fall into large golden baskets which had been placed there for the purpose. This was more fun than anything, and being told that she could take as many as she wished, she got enough to supply every friend she had. But good St. Valentine himself took a very large, heavy-looking valentine from the tree, handing it to her, and also handed one to each of the children, with the words, "This one is for your Mama."

After this, the red horses appeared, as before, only this time they were their natural size and all were bundled in, and whizzed away through the air, so as to be home before all the mamas should awaken. The coachman ran lightly up the steps, and opened Marion's door with a magic key, and the good Saint waved his hand in farewell.

Her mother awoke just as she entered, and was very much surprised to see the rich garments of her child, and still more so when she opened her own valentine, and great heaps of shining gold fell into her lap. Marion then told her all about it, and then went 'round tapping everything three times with her golden star, until the poor home was transformed into a palace, and all this was because of a good and obedient little girl, and the dear little Saint Valentine.

Quite a number of good things are waiting for the March WEE WISDOM. If our writers could remember that quality rather than quantity is the standard WEE WISDOM would like to establish in her little house of pages, it would afford more room for ideas and less for words.

INTO THE MAGIC LAND.

EMMA HARRINGTON TEEL.

VI.

BY TEA time Ralph and Margaret had made rapid progress in getting acquainted.

Margaret asked, "Mamma, shall I light the fire?"

Ralph quickly rose and said, "Let me get the kindling and wood. I always do at home."

"You can help," laughed Margie, "but I don't need kindling and wood, as we burn gas."

"Then I 'll get the water, if you 'll show me the well."

"Our well is a pipe and faucet through the kitchen wall."

"This must be a boy's paradise, with no wood to chop, no water to carry, and no kindling to get," returned Ralph. "I can set the table, can't I? Unless you have some new-styled way instead of using tables and dishes," laughing.

"I 'd be satisfied if we only could do away with the dish-washing," said Margie as she tied one of her mother's big work aprons under his arms.

"Now, Susie, you can carry this silver into the dining room," as she handed him the knives and forks.

"There goes Roger," said Ralph as he passed the open door.

"Oh, where?" cried Margie looking over his shoulder with her hands filled with plates. "My! What a sour face for him!" and she trilled a merry bird call which she and Roger had agreed upon as their private signal, while Ralph, who had forgotten his apron, waved a salute with his knives and forks.

The doleful look was completely routed by a bright smile, as Margie, with a sweeping courtesy, said, "Let me introduce you to our new help lady, Miss Susie Slapdash."

With mock formality Roger made an exaggerated bow and asked, "Are you in need of any more help, Miss Warren?" as he realized how foolish he was to think he would not be as welcome a comrade in Margie's work and play as before Ralph came.

"Yes, indeed I can use a second girl. Come right in and I'll put you to work. What shall I call you?"

"Susie Simpleton," promptly answered Roger amid much laughter.

"How appropriate!" returned Margie, as she produced another apron.

With much good-natured fun and no disasters to dishes all was ready at last. With an over-meek countenance and an absurd mimicking of the new maid at his own home "Susy" informed Mr. and Mrs. Warren that tea was ready, and began to wait upon the table.

After the hearty laughter at Roger's impersonation had subsided, and he had been persuaded to be a guest instead of servant, Mr. Warren turned the conversation into a more serious course by asking Ralph, "So you won your scholarship in the academy by hard study?"

"It seems almost too good to be true that I won it, as I have always wanted to go to school so bad," modestly replied Ralph.

"Desire to have anything just lets us know we can have it if we are willing to try for it and work for it,' said Mrs. Warren.

(*To be continued.*)

Epistles.

NUCLA, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I send 50 cents for another year's subscription to WEE WISDOM. Well Christmas is past, but I don't think it will hurt to send you a Merry Christmas anyway, and wish you a Happy New Year. I send you a story of my own makeup. I hope my story won't go so far as to reach the waste basket. Yours sincerely, WINNIE ROWLEY.

GRINNELL, IOWA.

I thought you had forgotten me when Mamma first wrote to you for WEE WISDOM. I like the little paper very much. I am 9 years young. My birthday is on the 15th of July, and I was born in 1897. I am now waiting for the next WEE WISDOM. I have read August and September and think the letters real nice. I am saving all the papers I get and when I am older I will have a nice little stack of them, and then I can read them over and over. I could never get tired of them, they are so nice. I will close now as I can think of nothing more to say. From

GERTRUDE LANGE.

[Gertrude's letter for some reason, got mislaid; it should have appeared in the November number.— ED.]

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM AND EDITOR — This is the first time I have written a letter for WEE WISDOM. I want to tell you of one thing I have demonstrated over. I have learned that the lower animals have just as much right to live on this earth as I have. I have left off eating meat, eggs, butter and milk. I feel so much better without them, and it makes me much happier because I know that some nice big cow, or a pretty woolly sheep, or a puny little pig is not being killed for me. God made the animals to live and have as much freedom as people. My sister Mabel is learning the same lesson, and I hope that others may do the same. I have demonstrated over other things, but I must

close now. With lots of love and loving thoughts for all the Wees and Mrs. Fillmore, I remain your loving friend,

WILLIE BELL.

[Here's the kind of stuff out of which the New Race is to be formed. "Live and let live." "Preach the gospel to every living creature.—" ED.]

[Here's a letter from a little dog to Silent Unity.— ED.]

DETROIT, MICH.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—I thank you all very much for asking God to save my little life. My mistress gave me all kinds of horrid stuff, but I still was very sick. Finally she wrote you to pray for me, and Friday night, the 4th, she prayed very hard and sewed the "pink sheet" inside my blanket, and put me to bed, and before morning I began to get better. When she found me so well in the morning, she looked very happy and cried some, and I heard her sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." I want you to pray for her. I thank you all again and send my picture as I look when I am well and happy. Bless you all! Ever your grateful friend,



FRITZIE CRANE.

VALMEYER, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write you a letter to let you know that I am well and know that you are the same. I like to read WEE WISDOM very much. It teaches us to be kind and good. The last WEE WISDOM we got was very nice. I am learning to sing the song, "Pretty Leaves." I think it is very nice. I am seven years old. I am going to school every day. I got a slate, a doll, a ball and some candy from Santa Claus. This is all I know for this time. Best regards and a Happy New Year to all. Your loving Wee, FRIEDA SCHELLHARDT.

[Frieda's writing is like print, it is so clear and plain.—ED.]

EDWARDSVILLE, ILL.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — We have had a Merry Christmas and I hope you and all the Wees have had the same. I wish to increase the number of Wees by sending you fifty cents, for which send Louis Vasel, Harvel, Ill., the WEE WISDOM for one year. I am preparing a recitation for the Gold Medal contest which has not yet arrived. Santa Claus treated us very good. We have many presents. My older sister, Ivy, is preparing a recitation for the Silver Medal contest. We get WEE WISDOM regular every month and like it very much, it has many interesting stories. We still take music and elocution lessons, and my little cousin, Verna Diehle, has started to take music lessons. I will close for this time. Your friend, MYRTLE KUNNEMAN.

(We must speak for Myrtle's success in winning the gold medal. We thank her, too, for bringing us a friend. — ED.)

SPOKANE, WASH.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — After this long while I thought I would write and tell you I have not forgotten you, nor the promise I made you that I would write you a letter when I got to Spokane. Mama has just been reading to me out of WEE WISDOM, about the good time the children had at Unity Xmas tree. It made me wish I had been there too. My Sunday school had a Christmas tree, Christmas night, and Mary and I both went. I got a ball, and Mary some blocks. We have a good Sunday school. There are many nice girls go to it. We had a nice Christmas at home, and Santa Claus brought Mary and me each a doll buggy and some dishes. Papa made us a table and a kitchen, and Santa Claus took our old dolls and made them new dresses. I am so glad every time WEE WISDOM comes, I like the stories. Mama reads them to me. Well, I would like to see you very much. I send you a handkerchief for a New Year's present. With much love I close. HELEN VOSHELL.

(Helen is only five. One page of her letter was all written and printed out by her own wee hands, but they tired by the second page, and so Mama's were called in to help out. It is a real good letter, and we shall expect some more after awhile. — ED.)

CHILD-GARDENING.

CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY.

Our Valentine.



Oh, heavenly Love in us divine,
We praise Thee for our Valentine.
—L. E. R.

My dear Wee Ones:

Another red-letter day is at hand, and indeed we have good reason for taking notice of St. Valentine's Day.

St. Valentine was a good man who lived in Rome a long, long time ago. He was always doing deeds of kindness and speaking words of love to everyone. In this we try to be like him. One way is to send a loving, friendly message in a sweet, pretty way, all bedecked with beautiful flowers, laces, butterflies and birds. Everyone loves to receive such a love message, so let us see how many of our dear ones we shall be able to make happy this Valentine's Day.

The valentines which carry with them the greatest pleasure and enjoyment, are those which the children make with their own little hands. I know a little girl in Topeka who made thirty or more.

Through the year she saved the pretty lace paper which she found in toilet soap boxes and confectioners' boxes. She saved all the pretty papers, cardboard and pictures, too, that came in her way. At the book store she bought a few pictures of birds, flowers and children, and with the use of her water-colors and scissors she fashioned some very attractive valentines.

You and I know, dear Wees, that Love is the greatest power for good in the world, for God is love. The love we show our friends is just a little spark of God coming out of where we can know about it.

Love is all that can lead us in the right way Let us think about this a great deal. Let us remember that all the time — all through the day and through the night — Love is folded round each one of us, and is right within us, and all through us. Is it not beautiful that we know this and feel it, and that after we have made it our own, we can send it to others? We can send as much as we will, to as many as we will, and help ourselves to as much as we choose, and still there is a boundless supply, for "Love never faileth."

The great Froebel says we shall find what we look for. So let us look for Love everywhere. We

shall see it in the flowers, in the soft, fleecy clouds, and in the far-off twinkling stars. Let us listen for Love's voice. We hear it in the insect's chirp, we hear it in the gentle sound of the breeze, and we hear it in every bird song.

When we have found this real Love, we want to give up our own will to others. We want to obey parents and teachers because we love them, and we love to do right *because* it is right. God the All Good knew that little children would need more than to see Him in the flowers and hear Him in the bird songs, so He sent the blessed Christ-child into the world as a pattern to show us *how* to love. Just a little child who was always obedient, thankful and loving. Froebel always wanted to have a picture of the Christ-child hung in the room of every child, so that they would think of him often and try to be like him.

When we have found this highest Love, then we are fitted to send a valentine of real worth.

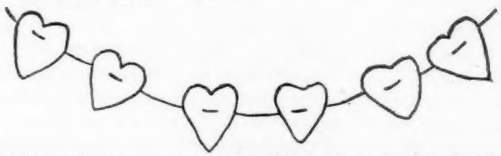
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St. Valentine is sure to see,
I love you and you love me;
You love me and I love you,
Both of us love the good and true.
God's great Love is yours and mine,
And this shall be our Valentine.

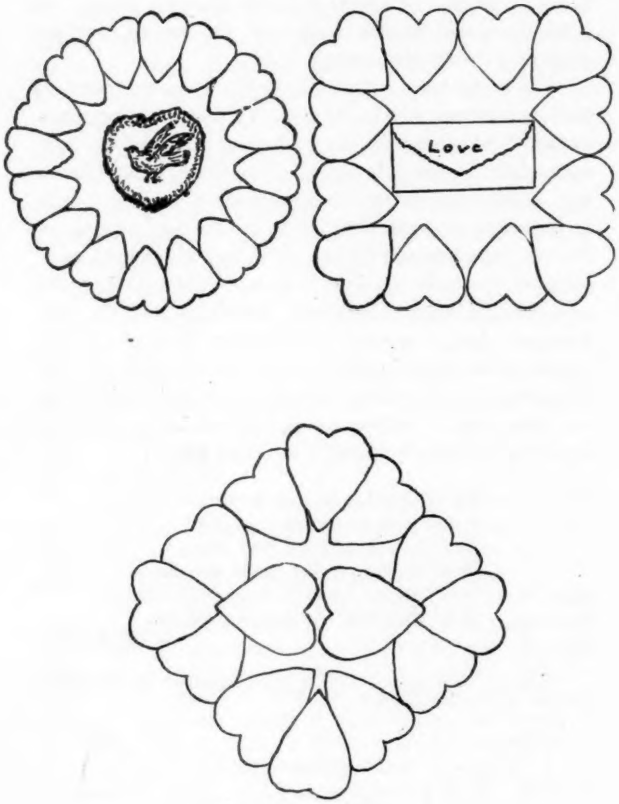
—M. F.

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Patterns from which Topeka Tennesseetown kindergarten children will make valentines.



The children cut tiny hearts from colored cardboard, then string them and wear them as beads on St. Valentine's Day.



The children cut around the two center hearts, then open them as little doors, showing the picture on a dainty background

Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

LESSON V. FEBRUARY 3.

Noah Saved in the Ark.—Gen. 8:1-16.

GOLDEN TEXT—*The salvation of the righteous is of the Lord.*—Psa. 37:39.

God is with us in our most trying times as well as in our peaceful moments. When everything seems to go wrong and everyone seems to be cross, God is right there, deep within our own heart, waiting to comfort us and to tell us we need have no fear.

Now, if Noah had been afraid and not trusted God, he could have never thought to build the ark, which proved a safe place for Noah and his people to stay during the long rain. Noah's mind had to be clear in order to tell his people how to build the ark, so he put fears away, and trusted in God to show him a way out of all his difficulties, and how to save his people. The ark rested on the top of the high mountain of Ararat; thus they could look forth and see clearly what to do. A mountain stands for understanding, or knowing.

Then Noah sent forth a raven, next a dove, and the little dove came back; and the second time Noah sent her forth, she came back bringing the olive leaf in her bill, and that meant promise, promise of good, of great understanding of life. You have read many times the story of the flood; and remember, little children, this story does not mean that God is unkind to people, but it means that people are unkind to God; they forget Him, and so bring trouble upon themselves. To forget God means to forget good. When we turn again to God (the Good) our trouble ceases and we find the sunshiny, happy days, even if outdoors it is raining. The rain is good and the sun is good. All hings are good in the sight of God, for God sees only the good.

LESSON VI. FEBRUARY 10.

Abraham Called to Be a Blessing.—Gen. 12:1-8.

GOLDEN TEXT — *I will bless thee and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing.*—Gen. 12:2.

The Lord is the God within, the voice within, the Soul, that speaks only of the good to us. So Abraham's Lord, or God, or Soul, blessed him.

Abraham was in the habit of hearkening unto God, or his soul's voice. Thus did Abraham follow the divine guidance and find a blessing.

If one is ever listening to their soul's voice, or God, that one will become great — that is powerful, filled with knowledge; and so Abraham became great and powerful. If you feel God's blessing, then will you be able to bless others and make them feel happy and cheerful. God always blesses everyone, but everyone does not know this.

When we feel God's blessing, we see everything as good, and are always looking for good. We do not then complain or fret, but we speak hopefully, and are bright and pleasant, making it agreeable for other people so that they love to have us near.

Every thought should be turned towards God, every thought should be made over into a good thought; as for instance, when you feel like being selfish, turn that thought over and make it a generous one. If you have a stick of candy and you want it all for yourself, then go to your little brother and say, "Here, Bill, I'll give you half," and you will feel much happier, and thus will be sharing your blessings.

LESSON VII. FEBRUARY 17.

Lot's Choice.—Gen. 13:1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Take heed and beware of covetousness.*—Luke 12:15.

We must never desire that which is not ours, nor must we be dissatisfied with that which we have; for instance, if Nellie lives n a bigger house you are not going to be unhappy, are you, because yours seems so small? Maybe Nellie loves your cottage because it is so cozy, and your mother makes such good ginger-bread, and their cook does not know how to make it and give it that flavor. That is the love mother puts into her house and her oking.

It is good to be satisfied and contented, for this means a happy mind.

Abraham was satisfied, and he showed a peaceful disposition. He did not quarrel with Lot, but he kept the peace. Lot was Abraham's nephew, but in those times they used the word brethren for any near relation.

When one is willing to give up their way and be contented, as a rule everything turns out very well for that one. Abraham procured good land, for the land of Canaan was very good. Lot thought only of wealth, and to think only of money and to leave God out, brings trouble; so Lot went into the rich plains of Sodom, where the people did not think of the good as God.

Abraham thought of God. He loved God and so he prospered anyway, for he was unselfish, but Lot thought only of himself. The true way to act is to think of God first, and seek the kingdom of heaven within, and all these things shall be added unto you.

LESSON VIII. FEBRUARY 24.

God's Covenant with Abraham.— Gen. 15:1, 5-16.

GOLDEN TEXT — *He believed in the Lord and he counted it to him for righteousness.*—Gen. 15.6.

We can never know any good thing if we fear, so the Christ within, or the Soul's voice, is ever saying unto us, "Fear not!" God is ever our protection, but we must let Him protect us by believing in Him as our good, for God is only good.

A shield means protection (vs. 1). God is our reward, for all good is a reward to us—a gift. We are to look towards heaven ever, and to look towards heaven does not mean the sky above, but the soul within—the real home of God. God is everywhere, but the soul is His home.

The stars stand for our bright, knowing thoughts, but we can never count our good thoughts. They are without number. And if we have hundreds of good thoughts, then will we be able to do hundreds of good acts (vs. 5).

If we believe on God and love our life, we will be filled with righteousness, and happiness will be ours (vs. 6 and 7).

When we are very still we can most clearly hear God speak, and thus it was Abraham heard God's prophecy to him while he slept.

We often hear the soul speak to us while we sleep, and sometimes upon waking we remember just what God would have us do.

Our Talk Room.

I would like to have you all free to speak your mind in here, and tell the little thoughts that go capering through your brain while you are reading or listening to the stories and lessons of WEE WISDOM.

What are *you* getting out of the "Story of Stella"? And what has "The Cricket" and Elsa helped you to find in yourself? What of "Marion's Valentine" and the wonderland of queer fancies she has led you through?

These stories have kept the little brush-and-paint-fellow in your brain very busy. Are they true, and where did they come from? One of our little writers, who has just sent in a fairy story, says, "I made it up myself." What does she mean, and what did she make it out of? Can you tell?

Do you know the name of the little picture-maker that is always busy with making up queer and beautiful imagery in our minds? I will tell you his name if you will remember it—

IM-AG-I-NA-TION.

He is one of our most valuable little friends if we have Love choose his colors for him and let Wisdom guide his brush. Just as Mrs. Hardy, in her Child-Gardening lessons, gives us perfect patterns to shape our scissors' work by, so we want Im-ag-i-na-tion to put only the true and perfect patterns of mind before us that we may cut them out with our thought and word and make them into beautiful things for life.

Let us hold this image for our thoughts to work with:

ONLY THE GOOD IS TRUE.
GOD'S SWEET LOVE PROVIDES FOR YOU.

WEE WISDOM

Young folk's Magazine
Devoted to
Christianity

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

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February, 1907.

What, ho! who's here?
Little February, dear;
Shortest month of all the year.
Quite too short for fear or strife,
Just long enough for love and life,
When filled with peace and joyous cheer.

Be Sure to Read This.

Do you like WEE WISDOM?

Do you want her to keep on visiting you?

Well, you keep a watch on this notice, and when there's a blue mark across it be sure to send 50 cents to Unity Tract Society, Kansas City, Mo., to pay for WEE WISDOM'S monthly visits or she will be out of traveling money, and cannot come to see you any more.

The Sunshine Angel.

KATHERINE LEE BATES. IDA GRIFFIN KOOKER.

