WEE WISDOM



JANUARY, 1909
KANSAS CITY, MO.

Aesop Versified

The Fox and the Crow

LIDA H. HARDY

A crow once stole a piece of cheese,
And with it flew up in a tree;
Just then a fox came running by
As gaunt and hungry as could be.

At once old Reynard spied on high
The crow enjoying well her feast.
Said he, "My stars, how good it smells!
"I'll have the half of it at least."

So coming close up to the tree,
He said, "My dear, you're hard to beat,
I really never knew before
You were so beautiful and sweet.

"I never saw such shiny eyes,
Your voice I know can fairly ring,
You'll pardon me, dear Mrs. Crow,
If I a song ask you to sing."

The silly crow began to blush
At what she heard and what she saw,
Then opening wide and well her beak
She sounded forth a loud "Caw! Caw!"

"Ha! ha!" then laughed the sly old fox,
"You've sung enough. Now, if you please,
Since this is just my dinner hour,
I'll just refresh myself with cheese."

MORAL: *Do not yield to flattery.*

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WEE WISDOM

"Little Children Love One Another" "Wisdom is Justified of Her Children"

VOL. XIV. JANUARY, 1909 No. 6.

A Real Wee Wisdom



Baby Louise sends a message of cheer,
And wishes you all a Happy New Year!

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THE STORY OF LOVIE:

OR, ESTABLISHING IDEALS.

MYRTLE FILLMORE

CHAPTER XIII.

CHRISTMASTIDE

WINTER'S white stillness is over the little forest. The Wisemans have just returned from abroad, and Lovie is having her first taste of winter in the Wildwood. A shout of joy heralds her arrival, and a little later her snow boots are plowing through the unbroken white of the little wood. Merrily she pushes forward for a season, and then stops short and casts a look of uncertainty about, for a strange world confronts her. Where are her trees and shrubs and running stream?

Tall brown columns stretch up and spread sprangly fingers against the gray overhead. Queer shapes hooded in white cluster about, and thrust dark arms toward her It is a sign of friendliness to Lovie, and she puts out her mittened hand and touches the one nearest — it feels very like her old friend, the bittersweet; one hearty shake and the hood falls off. A little "Oh!" escapes the astonished child, for there stands poor little bittersweet without even so much as a leaf to hide the nakedness of her brown quivering limbs from the freezing cold. Lovie throws her warm arms as far around the naked bush as they will reach and whispers, "It won't be long to wait, Sweetie, spring is coming soon and you'll have lots of pretty clothes, and the birds will be back and your little empty nests will all be full again." Then some-

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thing seemed to stir deep down in the being of the little bush, and whisper back to her:

"I'm not up there in the cold; I'm down here in the heart of the earth, where wood-life gathers 'round its winter's hearthstone."

"And what do you do?" whispered the child.

"Oh," answered the tiny voice, "we listen and tell each other."

"Tell what?" asked Lovie so loud that the tiny voice was lost. Letting go of the bush she turned to find her father looking down upon her.

"What new discovery is the little girl making now?" he asked as she turned her eager face to him.

"Oh," she said, "if only *it* would tell me the rest."

Her father smiled questioningly, while Lovie put her arms once more around the little bush, but no voice answered. Then she explained, "It talked once, Papa-Jack;" and then followed the question, "Where do trees keep their *alive* in the winter?"

In answer, Papa-Jack put his hands under the arms of the little maiden and lifted her to his broad shoulders, and then plowed his way over to the big oak. Lovie was expectant, for Papa-Jack always chose the big oak for his "story place" when they were in the little wood. So when he let her down gently and stood her on the white snow, and asked her that she look up and see how far the great brown branches reached, she knew something very interesting would follow, and it did. Papa-Jack told how the great root-branches of the big oak reached down into the brown earth as far beneath them as the leaf-branches did above, and how they drank in the sweet waters of hidden springs, and ate up the very rocks to make tall and strong the body of the great oak. It was all very wonderful, this tale of the

"alive" of the big oak, and when it came to where the living sap went down into the big under chambers of the root-branches to get away from the freezing cold, and live through the winter, Lovie clapped her hands and cried out, "Just like the bittersweet bush said. They are all down there around their winter's fire telling wonderful, wonderful stories. Why can't we hear their stories, too, Papa-Jack?"

"We could, dear, if we were still enough, but people have believed so long that they hear with their ears, that the real hearer is forgotten, and so we hear but little of the great anthems of life."

"Let's listen, then," exclaimed the little child, putting her ear close to the rough bark of the oak. There was silence for the next five minutes, and then Lovie spun round with her hands over her ears, exclaiming, "It's awfully funny; it tickles my ears, and makes me feel just like doing this way," and round and round she spun again. "Now you try it, Papa-Jack."

So Papa-Jack gravely put his ear to the big tree, and heard with his mind something he had not remembered for a long time. Then he rapped with his knuckles on the rough bark and called out, "Central, please give me 12000 Oak."

Lovie's laugh rang out merrily, but Papa-Jack continued gravely, "Is this 12000 Oak? Yes? Is little Miss Bittersweet there? If perfectly convenient I would like to speak with her." Without noticing Lovie's merriment, Papa-Jack went on with his 'phoning. "Hello, is this you, Miss Bittersweet? Would you mind telling us the story that is interesting the wood-folk down there at this season? Is that so? How wonderful! You too are telling the story of Christmas? What do you know of Christmas away

down there? Only holly and evergreen have to do with Christmas up here. What's that? You have a Christmas story of your own? Won't you please tell it to us? Thank you. I will repeat it after you so that I may be sure of getting it correctly. There, I'm ready. Proceed."

Lovie was close by her father's side now listening attentively while Papa-Jack repeated Bittersweet's story.

"When the great sun goes to the Southland, and the winter king comes to his icy throne, we wood-folk leave our homes up in the light land and come down here. It is dark here, but we are warm and safe, and happy. We rest, and sleep and dream the time away until about the 25th of December. Then the sudden thrill of the great sun's coming north sets all our pulses going, and baby Spring is born to us here in the manger of earth. We are full of glad rejoicing because she is the child of light, and will bring us back to the world of sunshine and blossoms. Long, long ago people used to be glad with us, and make feasts and give presents because baby Spring was being born down here on the 25th of December. You have it different now up there; you have a Christmas Babe that brings light, and joy, and summer that never fades — the Christ-Child. He loves us too, for he once said that the most beautiful garments of man were not so lovely as those that come to us who neither toil nor spin."

The story was ended, and Lovie was filled with strange new thoughts, as she took her father's hand and said, "*Everything knows*, doesn't it Papa-Jack? Everything has its good time, but who'd ever thought about the *alive* down, away down in the ground, being so glad about the sun's turning around to come back."

Then Lovie had to talk about the wonderful teentsie-weentsie Baby Spring away down there, and how the wise old trees had found it first just like the Wise Men did the Baby-Christ. It was a rare Christmas talk Papa-Jack and his little girl had out in the white woods, and as they walked on they found the little stream fast asleep, tucked away under blankets of soft white. A rabbit came hopping by making funny little tracks in the snow. Lovie stopped and interviewed Sir Bunny and promised him and his family a royal Christmas dinner of parsnips and carrots. All at once her attention was called to the great snowflakes which were spreading in wonderful shapes over her coat. "Oh, Papa-Jack, see, see," cried the child delightedly. "They are sky-flowers. Look, there's a daisy, and a star lily," and baring her pink palm, she held it out to catch them. "But they won't stay in my hand, Papa. I want them to wait and let me look at them. Why won't they?"

"Because," answered the father, "the little frost-fairies of the sky-flowers as you call them cannot stand the warmth of your hand, and so vanish. But see what they have left behind."

"I don't see anything only my hands are wet," answered Lovie.

"That's it, dear, water."

"Why!" exclaimed the astonished child, "is it only water? All these beautiful flowers only water?"

"Don't you know, dear," answered Papa-Jack, "how necessary it is for your summer blossoms to have water? Well, it is quite as much so for these winter blossoms, for without it there would be no snowflakes or ice or frost."

Then followed a delightful talk about the wonderful things water can do.

"Just to think, Papa-Jack, it is so delicious when one is thirsty, and so perfectly necessary when one is dirty, and the flowers and everything are partly made of it. And then it can jump on a sunbeam and ride up to the sky and be clouds or snow or gold dust at sunset. Oh, my, how wonderful everything is when you know about it."

The good father reminded his enthusiastic little girl that the folks at the bungalow would be looking for them. Aunt Joy and Grace and all the Day family were expected for Christmas.

We have just time for the least little hint of what Lovie did for Christmas. To Lovie the Christmas myth of Santa Claus stood for the great Love that never forgets anybody in its reckoning, and so, aided by her fadder-grand, and all her numerous friends, she sent the three boys out fixed up like Santa Clauses with gay sleds and jingling bells to dispense all kinds of toys and goodies and bounties to the "dear children" who had been at her birthday party. The Spirit of Christmas wrapped the great city, and selfishness and greed were forgotten in the joy of giving.

(*To be continued*)

A TREATMENT FOR HEALTH AND STRENGTH

BY GERTDUDE LANGE

I am now living in Spirit, not matter. My life is in God, and is perfect. I, as God's perfect idea, cannot be sick or in pain. My body now shows forth Life, Truth, Love, Peace, Health and Strength. I can never be separated from my Creator, God; for in him I live, move and have my being. All glory be to God forever. Amen.

SOMETHING TO DO

Be sure in the morning,
When you awake,
A great big dose of joy
Always to take;
You'll find it will help you
The livelong day.
It is, I assure you,
The only way. —B.

THE WEE WISDOM CLUB

IV.

MISS LUCIE'S STORY

BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER

AS Christmas came on Friday, the Wee Wisdom Club did not meet as usual, but New Year's Day found the members assembled in their Club room, somewhat quiet and subdued after a strenuous holiday season. Even Robert and Lois found life too dull to quibble over, a state of affairs never before experienced.

"They've had too much plum pudding," Sallie whispered to Margaret.

"If that's it, let's keep a supply on hand," whispered back Margaret.

Somehow things dragged, and Mildred said, "Well, if we aren't going to play anything, let's read. Sallie, haven't you a good story?"

"We don't want a good story," spoke up Robert. "Let's have something interesting; I don't feel like being instructed today."

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"No, I should say not," agreed Nellie. "Ma says too much instruction for children is lots worse than too little; and I don't want to read anything with a moral to it. Find something nice, Sallie."

"Get Miss Lucie's story; its awful interesting, and I don't believe it has a moral to it," said Lois.

"Yes, there is a moral to it," answered her sister, "but we needn't pay any attention to it. Miss Lucie sent us this story for a Christmas present, and I liked it better than most anything else I got," and Sallie dived into the drawer of her writing desk and brought out some bright blue sheets of paper neatly typed; while around the margins were little pen and ink sketches. "I drew the pictures," said Sallie.

"Did Miss Lucie make up the story her own self?" asked Mildred.

"Yes, she often sends Sallie and me one; and she asked us 'fore Christmas what we wanted her to give us, and we both said, 'A story.' So it came in the mail Christmas morning. Go on, read it, Margaret," and Lois settled down to hear for the twentieth time the story of

PRINCESS BLUEBELL

Many years ago upon the borders of the Land of Enchantment, there lived a good king and queen. They ruled over their subjects with a gentle sway and delighted to make people happy, but their greatest delight was in their little daughter, Princess Bluebell.

Princess Bluebell loved her home, her dear father and kind mother; but she often longed for other children, little girls like herself, who played with dolls and who liked to put on long dresses like mama, and to make wreaths of the pink and blue and white flowers growing in stately rows along the prim narrow paths

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around the gray old castle; to talk to her in the way she often talked to herself, about the birds, the butterflies, her big white cat, the black poodle and the little Shetland pony which she was not yet old enough to ride.

One day as Princess Bluebell was walking in the old garden she discovered for the first time a narrow path leading down to a cool little spring almost hidden among the overhanging ferns, vines and mosses. Perhaps Princess Bluebell would never have found the spring at all had it not been for a little yellow-breasted bird hopping along before her, who looked at her saucily with black beady eyes, as he chirped, "Come on; come on."

Princess Bluebell followed breathlessly. At last the bird rested for a moment upon a mossy stone. Princess Bluebell, tired from her walk, sat down upon another stone across the path from the little yellow bird. Suddenly the bird seemed to have vanished — where had it gone? She hadn't seen it fly up into the trees; it had not hopped off into the bushes; she had watched too closely; but where was it? Bluebell looked around wonderingly, and there on the same stone where a moment before she had seen the bird, sat a queer little man! She had never seen one like him before — such a tiny little body — not much larger than a doll, for his red and yellow striped legs didn't touch the ground at all. Such a queer pointed cap hanging over his ear. He wore a brown and red suit, like the colors of an autumn leaf; he had a wrinkled face, but a lovely smile was on his lips, a gentle, winning smile, and his eyes looked through and through Princess Bluebell, and seemed to read the very thing that was in her heart, for he said in a soft voice

that sounded like the sighing of the breeze among the leaves:

"Lonely?"

"No-o-o—; yes—; I don't know," said little Princess Bluebell. You see, she really was lonely, but didn't like to say so.

"Wouldn't you like lots and lots of little girls to play with?" asked the Queer Little Man.

"Oh yes, yes," and Princess Bluebell's eyes shone as she looked wonderingly at the Queer Little Man.

"Then you will come with me?"

"But I haven't told mother."

"I have told her, and she says you may go if you will come back before the sun sets this evening. Don't you think you would be safe with me?" The Queer Little Man spoke gently and very tenderly.

"Yes, and if mother says so, then I will go." Princess Bluebell's eyes were now as bright as the eyes of the little bird that had led her so far from the castle.

The Queer Little Man began to hum so soft and low Princess Bluebell was not sure whether it was really he or the wind in the treetops, or the bubbling of the leaf-hidden spring. "Come," said her companion, and he held out his hand; she hesitated for a moment; she didn't say, "Yes," and she didn't say, "No;" but she let the Queer Little Man take her by the hand.

Then, though they had not started to walk, they were moving rapidly through the air. How could it be? Princess Bluebell looked down. Why how strange! She and the Queer Little Man were sitting on a pink and gold cloud, the kind you see just before the big red sun sinks behind the hill. How fast they

were going. The earth beneath them was one mass of green streaked with red and blue and pink where the rows of flowers were.

She was not frightened, still she clung to the hand of the Queer Little Man sitting beside her. He was looking away into the distance, and as they came nearer a great bank of clouds he turned to her smilingly and said, "We are almost there." The cloud stopped. It had bumped against a shining, broad white glass and marble stairway. "Here we are," said the Queer Little Man, as he helped Princess Bluebell off the cloud onto the beautiful stairway. "Oh," said Princess Bluebell, "isn't it wonderful! isn't it wonderful!"

They walked up the short flight of steps and along a great white walk made of shells and shining pebbles. Here and there narrow paths branched off into different parts of this beautiful spot, but Princess Bluebell and the Queer Little Man walked slowly along the broad way.

On both sides of the walk were masses of blue and white violets, red and pink carnations, yellow buttercups, and tall white lilies nodded their heads approvingly to Princess Bluebell and the Queer Little Man; and roses, Oh! such roses as Princess Bluebell had seen only in dreamland — roses of every color, the big blossoms bobbing with every passing breeze and sending rich perfume to all the corners of this beautiful place.

At her home in the queen's garden, Princess Bluebell had seen these different kinds of flowers bloom at different times of the year; but here, all kinds of flowers were blooming at the same time.

Among the flowers flew butterflies of all colors and sizes. They were not at all afraid of Princess Blue-

bell and the Queer Little Man; big white and black ones, and small blue and yellow ones, and black and orange ones circled about the head of Princess Bluebell and the Queer Little Man; one big fellow even stopped and rested for a moment on Princess Bluebell's yellow hair, and another fluttered down and rested on her outstretched hand. Princess Bluebell stopped in her walk and laughed softly, a loud laugh might drive him away; but the butterfly was off again playing tag with a big yellow and brown playmate.

"I'm sorry he didn't stay," said Princess Bluebell as they continued their walk.

There were queer little bird-like beings, too, that flitted quickly past; beings with thin guazy wings and slender bodies, and smiling baby faces.

Through the trees, glittering in all the colors of the rainbow, rose the round roofs of houses which to Princess Bluebell looked as if a giant had blown a great soap bubble into the air, which had settled down among the trees and been changed to glass.

Princess Bluebell heard a burst of laughter; a turn in the path, and she stood upon a great green, open place encircled with trees; but Princess Bluebell didn't see the trees, nor the shady seats beneath; she saw only the many children. Oh, there must have been hundreds of them; she couldn't tell how many. They ran to meet her, they stood quite still and looked at her, they smiled and she smiled in return. And two of them took her by the hands and drew her into the center of the great green place, and they asked her name; but when she said, "Princess Bluebell," they laughed and said, "Oh, we can't give you a name; you are named after a flower already. For, you know, all the children who come here are given a flower name, and they forget their old name while they

are here. Yes, you are one of us," they shouted, and in another moment Bluebell was running and shouting with the rest. She had forgotten the Queer Little Man; she had forgotten her father and mother; the old home garden and the gray old castle.

She must have played a very long time, and the Queer Little Man knew it was nearly sunset, so he called to her, "Come, Bluebell, we must go now."

"So soon? Can't I stay just a little longer?"

"No, no," answered the Queer Little Man, "your father and mother will begin to wonder about you; you must come back now."

"But I don't want to go back now."

The Liftle Man looked very grave. "You must come back now, Princess Bluebell."

"But I won't." It was the first time Princess Bluebell had ever said "I won't;" she had always been a very obedient child, otherwise she would never have been taken by the Queer Little Man to the children's beautiful playground. And now the Queer Little Man looked very sad; and all the little children looked sad, and the butterflies were gone; and the birds were not singing; and the flowers had disappeared.

The Queer Little Man stepped towards Princess Bluebell and took her by the hand. How very strong he was, though so small. There was another cloud before them, not a pink and gold one, but a dull dark gray one. Again the Queer Little Man placed her upon it, again they were sailing through the air; but now the air was cold, the Queer Little Man looked very stern.

Princess Bluebell wanted to cry; she wanted her mother; she wanted to go back to the children; she wanted to be happy again. And this Queer Little Man

had made her happier than she had ever been before, and she had been rude to him; had been disobedient. The tears came into her eyes. She reached out her hand and placed it timidly on his sleeve.

The Queer Little Man looked into her eyes but still there was no smile on his lips. Princess Bluebell began to speak; to tell him she would never say "I won't" again; but there was a lump in her throat and her lips trembled. She hung her head and the tears fell fast. But the Queer Little Man sat very quiet, not offering to comfort her like her mother usually did when she was hurt and cried. No, he sat there so quiet that Princess Bluebell wondered if he was there at all.

Suddenly she looked up; and now she had courage. She would tell him she was sorry; she would tell him she would be obedient; she would always be willing to do as he, this wise little man, would say. It was hard to say "I'm sorry;" but she did and she felt like herself again.

"And you will always say, 'I will,' when you know it to be right?" asked the Queer Little Man, and he almost smiled.

"Oh yes, yes," cried Bluebell, "always, always, will I say, 'I will,' when I know it is right."

The Queer Little Man took her hand in his. What a good little man he was. And see, the cloud had turned rosy again, and there was the blue butterfly with golden stripes, too, resting on her hand; and in the distance near the old gray castle her mother, the queen, was waiting for her daughter with smiles and outstretched arms.

Every kind word you say to an animal or bird will make you happier.

Child-Gardening

CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY

GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY

THE LAW OF EXPRESSION

SERIES XI.

GOD'S GIFT OF THE TREES

"And the earth brought forth * * * and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself: and God saw that it was good."

Many years ago a little seed was planted. The seed sent tiny roots down into the ground and pushed a little green stem up into the air, and before long it grew to be a baby tree which lived, breathed, ate, drank, worked and rested year after year. After several years had passed it became a big strong tree, and because it had such lovely spreading branches and because the children loved it so much it was called, "The children's tree." Among its friendly branches, many families of children for many summers have enjoyed its beautiful shade. On one side of the tree, way up among the branches is a comfortable seat. In the top of the tree there is a nice strong platform, with a railing around it, where the boys shoot off fire works on the Fourth of July, and where all through the summer the little girls enjoy their story books and their dolls.

Several weeks ago a gray haired lady passed along the street, as she stopped and looked up at the children in the tree she said, "I planted that tree, years and years ago, and if I had not nursed it very tenderly the



"The children's tree"

children could not be enjoying it this beautiful summer day. I remember a terrible storm that came one night long ago. The next morning I found my little tree perfectly flat on the ground. I pounded a stake by its side, to which I tied it for support; after

that I looked after it daily very carefully for several weeks. I'm so glad I did, just for the children's sake."

Accompany this lesson you will see a picture of "the children's tree," and some of the children who love to play among its branches. Everybody loves the trees. I know a lady who is so devotedly fond of them that she cannot bear to have one cut down or marred in any way. This lady is called a "tree lover." She is a physician. One day she was hurrying along in her buggy, going way out into the country, when suddenly she saw a tree with smoke coming out of it. Some boy had probably started a fire in it. The lady was in a big hurry, but she turned right around and drove as fast as she could to the nearest telephone and got the fire department out to save the tree's life. A year ago there was a tract of land for sale, the land is just covered with grand old trees which have grown for years and years. Among the trees there is a beautiful winding stream. A man decided to buy the land and intended to cut all the trees down. Just as soon as this lady found it out, she went to the owner of the land and paid quite a good deal more money than the man would give, just so she could save those beautiful trees. Then she presented the grand old trees, the running stream and the tract of land to the children of that city and it is known as "The Children's Park." Wasn't that a beautiful gift?

Have you ever thought about how the different parts of a tree help each other? How the roots help the leaves, and how the leaves help the roots, and how the trunk, branches, twigs and each part has a special work to do? And have you ever thought about the wonderful way in which the roots branch out under the ground with little mouths in the tip ends, and how

the little mouths take in the food for the nourishment and strength of the tree, sending it up through every little twig and bud? After the food and water have been taken up through the little root mouths, it is called sap. You have seen sap in the juicy stem of a twig or flower. The sap of the sugar maple tree boiled down, gives us our nice maple syrup and maple sugar.

Many useful things are made from the sap of the India rubber tree.

In South America there is a tree called the Cow Tree, whose sap is used as a delicious and wholesome drink, which has the color and taste of milk. In Madagascar there is a tree called the Traveler's Tree, which contains large quantities of pure, fresh water, for the comfort of travelers in the desert where there are no wells.

The largest trees in the world are found in California. Out there, there is one large tree which it called "The Father of the Forest," which is 435 feet high and 110 feet around its trunk. The age of a tree may be told by counting the rings in its trunk after it has been sawed in two. Each ring counts for one year. The age of some of the trees of California is thought to date back to the time of King David. It is said that some of those big trees are four or five thousand years old. In the trunk of one that was felled, eighteen hundred circles were counted, besides ever so many smaller circles at the center, that were too mixed up to count. In the gardens of Christ's College, Cambridge, there grows a mulberry tree, which is said to have been planted by the poet Milton in 1632.

The United States Government guards its forest trees carefully. In every state there are forestry organizations for preserving and planting forests. Forestry schools have been opened at Yale, Harvard and many other places.

The value of the trees to us can hardly be told. Let us name some of the ways in which they serve us. Yes, our houses, fences, furniture, fuel, boats, ships, India rubber goods, cork, telephone poles, railroad cars. My! we could just go on and on and fill a page or two just naming the many useful things that are given to us by the trees.

In Mr. Luther Burbank's wonder gardens in Santa Rosa, there are many wonderful and beautiful trees. Mr. Burbank does not create new trees and plants; he only guides nature in creating them.

Some time ago he was asked how many fruit trees he was working on. He replied, " I am working just now on about 4000 different kinds."

One of his new kind of fruit trees is called the plumcot, and is said to be very delicious.

At one time Mr. Burbank guided nature in creating the shells of the English walnuts so thin that the birds got them all. He saw his mistake, and, through nature, put the shells on again.

Another tree lover was Henry Ward Beecher. He said, " A well grown tree is a noble treasure to any community, just as is a work of art." And again he said, " Under the oak I love to sit, and hear all the things which its leaves have to tell. No printed leaves have more treasures of history or literature, to those who know how to listen."

Why are we all tree lovers? Is it not that the tree tells us a story about ourselves?

The tree is filled and thrilled with perfect life. This life flows from the tiniest rootlets to the smallest leaflets. For its life and strength and support, the tree which we see depends upon the roots which we do not see, and the roots depend wholly upon the soil, in which it lives and has its being.

A Child's Wish

Mary Brewerton de Witt

If you came to my party,
Now, tell me what you'd wear;
A dress all gold and stars, you say,
With diamonds in your hair?

I'd wear a sash of pink and blue,
A gown all shimmery white;
I'd have a wand to touch you — so!
A wand of gold so bright!

I'd bring you wishes, Oh, such fun
A wish for every day,
And you could have the sweetest things,
With only love to pay.

A wish to make you always glad,
A wish just like a bird,
To sing and sing the livelong day,
A song that's ever heard.

The song of love, a song of joy,
My wish would bring to you;
Now see how happy we can be,
Let's play the wish comes true.

EPISTLES



DEAR WEE WISDOM — I wish you a very Merry Christmas, and I have sent you one of my drawings to help it along. You said that you wanted a poem or story, but I thought perhaps a drawing would please the Wees just as well. I have been very interested in drawing, especially faces. I wanted to write a story, but I haven't had enough time so I drew instead. I am very much pleased with the stories especially "The Story of Lovie," I think "Blanche's Corner" is so nice. This is the second time I have written to you. I am thirteen years young and I am in the seventh grade at school. I would very much like to have some of the Wees write to me.

LORA FAY SMITH.

[Lora Fay's little picture-girl is very welcome, though she was late for Christmas she can help along with our New Year joys.—ED.]

MOUNTAIN VIEW, CAL.

DEAR WEES — This is my first letter to you. I have received only two copies of WEE WISDOM, but I'm glad I invited her to visit my home in time to get Blanche's anniversary gift. I have the dearest cat named Blue Bell. She sits up on her hind legs and plays with me. She is maltese and nearly one year old. I have

seven little pet Bantam chickens. They come when I call them, and eat from my hand. I will tell you about a camping trip we took this summer through the mountains and to the seaside in my next letter. With love to Blanche and all the little Wees.

BONNIE E. W. BARKWAY.

P. S. I forgot to tell you I am nine years old and in the fourth grade at school. BONNIE.

[We will be glad to hear of Bonnie's trip.—ED.]

Evelyn Eaton, Pleasantville Station, N. Y., renews her subscription, and is much pleased with WEE WISDOM. Can recite "Freckles" and "The Box where the Smiles are Kept."

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — My grandma sent me WEE WISDOM for a year. I liked it so much I saved fifty cents for a new subscription. I have a sister two years old. I am going to read it to her. Sincerely, RUTH J. DEAN. (6 years old).

[Such a cunning little letter as Ruth has written all her own self! WEE WISDOM's very proud of her young correspondent and will take great pleasure in coming to visit her on the car fare Ruth has saved up.—ED].

KEYSTONE, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my second letter to you. I have been taking you three years, and I cannot do without you. I am ten years young. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I have three canary birds. I like to read the letters in WEE WISDOM and also "The Story of Lovie." I will send you fifty cents for WEE WISDOM another year. Your grateful friend,

GLADYS MAY GRUVER.

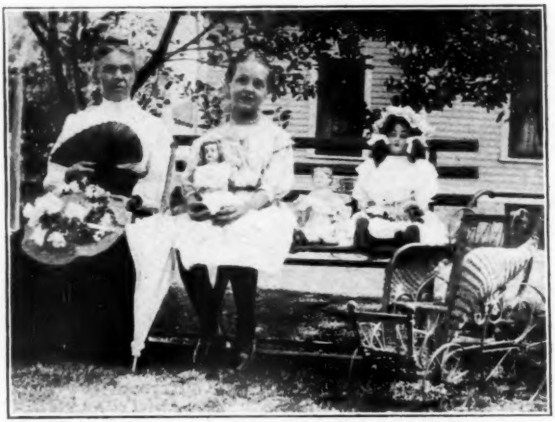
[WEE WISDOM thanks Gladys for inviting her to visit her home another year.—ED].

SIOUX CITY, IA.

MY DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I had a birthday the second of this month. Grandma gave me the finest birthday party, five boys besides myself. We had a fine dinner, and a real circus. A big elephant eighteen inches high, stuffed of course, but he's fine, and about twenty other animals, among them a dog that jumps; grandma says it would take too much space to describe it all, but it was such a pleasant surprise. I am in the third grade now, did not like my teacher very well at first but kept saying silently "I love you, you love me," and she really is getting better all the time. All the scholars say so. Isn't that great? Grandma gave me the book you sent; it is very cute. I never saw one like it before. Thank you very much. Wish I could go to your Sunday School as I used to. Yours, JIM BOWES.

GRINNELL, IA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Here is the picture I promised to send you last summer. This will give all the little Wees a glimpse of my grandma. I wish that all the little Wees had a grandma as good as mine, for she is worth her weight in gold. I think I am fortunate, for I have a grandpa, too, and he is just as dear. Grandpa and grandma live with us and this makes our home very



Grandma, Lucy. Doll. Doll. Teddy.

pleasant. I like WEE WISDOM as much as ever, but can't see why "The Story of Lovie," was not in this time. In the last number of WEE WISDOM, a little Wee asked how to be well and strong. I will tell you. *By declaring the truth every day, and being thankful for what God has given you,* you will find that you will be, in time, like all the other little Wees, well and strong. From your little Wee, GERTRUDE LANGE.

[We thank Gertrude for this nice visit from grandma and Lucy, Teddy Bear and the dolls.—ED].

ÆTNA, KANS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have been taking you two years, and this is my first letter. My father has a ranch containing one thousand five-hundred and eighty acres. He belongs to the Silent Unity. I often get so anxious to get WEE WISDOM that I wish it was a daily or weekly. There are many caves in this country and I like very well to go and see them. I am eleven years old, and in the seventh grade. I have seen all of the nine deer that are on this

ranch a good many times and would like to get a picture of them. I have got a riding horse and like to ride in round-ups on her. With love to all the Wees I remain respectfully,

VERNON D. WELLS.

[What a good big time Vernon must have. Wouldn't *we* enjoy a ride with him, though?—ED].

CASEYVILLE ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I now will write you a letter. I go to school every day, and I am in the seventh grade. My teacher is Mr. Quick. I hope you had a happy Thanksgiving. I did, although I spent it at home. I will send you a little Christmas Carol which I think is very nice:

God rest ye, merry gentlemen; let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day.
The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone through the gray,
When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, little children; let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night;
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, all good Christians: upon this blessed morn,
The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born:
Now all your sorrows He doth heal, your sins he takes away;
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day.

I will close wishing you and all of the Wees a Merry Christmas.

ANNA STOLLE.

[This was one of the first Christmas poems ever written, and is in the quaint old English style. A very good selection, Anna.— ED].

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR BIANCHE — Please find inclosed WEE WISDOM's fare for another year of her pleasant visits. We have been taking this nice little paper for seven years, and have enjoyed reading it very much. We are having quite cold weather for "sunny Colorado;" several feet of snow have fallen during the winter. The boys are having a fine time coasting down hill on their sleds, and catching on to every wagon that comes along. I am a member of the freshman class at the Manual Trainng High School of this city. It is very interesting to go there as they have sewing, carpentering, etc , besides all the other High School studies. The school has a fine orchestra and we are going to give a series of entertainments during the winter. Denver has fine High Schools, one university and several private institutions. I hope all the Wees enjoy their school days as much as I do. Knowing that you will have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I will close, yours sincerely,

BOTHILDA E. CURTZ.

CAMERON, MO.

DEAR WEES—I have just returned from a trip to Joplin. Where I have been visiting my three little cousins. We had a fine visit. While there we attended a matinee, and saw the dearest little trained pony; he could count. add, multiply and subtract; tell the time of day and count money. We wondered how the



Margaret and Marcella

man could train him that way, and my little sister, Marcella, sad, "The man didn't do it; God did it." I must tell you of the demonstration we had with my kittie. One morning I called and called and kittie didn't come; I went down cellar to see if it could be there, and there it lay and couldn't move, grandma made a bed

for it in a box and put the kittie in it, and put a Red Leaf under it and treated it all day. By night kittie could drink a little milk; in the morning she was well. I will send my sister's and my picture that I had taken in Joplin. I will close with love to you and all the Wees.

MARGARET BULKELEY.

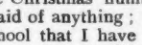


DAYTON, TENN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — It is such fun to write on papa's typewriter. Papa calls me his little stenographer, because I write his business letters on the typewriter for him. I hope this letter will reach you in time for the Christmas number, but I am afraid it won't. No, I am not afraid of anything; I just think it won't. I have been so busy at school that I have not had time to send you a Christmas poem or story, but I will try and send you a poem for Easter. Well I will close for this time, wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous and Happy New Year, I remain your loving little Wee,

WEE WEE BENHAM.

[Wee Wee's letter is written on a typewriter and is ever so accurate and nice. We will enjoy her call for New Year since she was too late for Christmas.—ED].



SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I am five years old now. You did not know I am such a big girl, did you? I go to kindergarten. I spoke this year at Thanksgiving entertainment. First, a little boy was a seed (pumpkin), then a little girl was a vine and another little girl was a yellow blossom. Then a boy was a pumpkin, and I was a pumpin pie, and we each had what we were in our hands, I said:

Hurrah for the tiny seed.
Hurrah for the flower and vine,
Hurrah for the golden pumpkin,
Yellow and plump and fine.

But better than all these beginnings,
Sure nobody can deny,
Is the end of the whole procession,
This glorious pumpkin pie.

I love you a whole lot, won't you come and see us?

ADDA BOWES, (Per grandma).

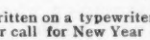


TABLE ROCK, NEB.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Enclosed please find fifty cents for which you will send me the little magazine for one year beginning with October 1908 and ending October 1909. I thought first I would not renew, but I cannot get along without it. Please tell me why you kept sending me the magazine after my subscription had run out? I do not care but would like to know.

Yours truly,

THOMAS D. HOWE.

[Dear little Tom, because Aunt Myrtie wanted you to have it.—ED.]

Blanche's Bible Lessons

LESSON 1. JANUARY 3.

The Ascension of our Lord — Acts 1:1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT — *It came to pass, while he blessed them, he parted from them, and was carried up into heaven.* — Luke 24:51.

After Jesus had been crucified, he was resurrected after three days, you all know about that. Well, he remained on earth for forty days, teaching the people the truth, and blessing them. One day after he had been talking to them, he held out his hands in blessing, and suddenly began to float away. He floated upward until he disappeared in a cloud. Before he disappeared he told his people that they would be baptized with the Holy Spirit. That means that they would realize the fact that the Spirit of Christ was within them. We are learning that same thing here today. When we know the Truth we can all be carried into heaven. But what is heaven and where is it?

We all know that we can be full of life and joy all the time if we think true thoughts. Isn't that Heaven? There is no great mystery about that. Let us keep our minds full of good thoughts all the time, then we will always be in heaven.

LESSON 2. JANUARY 10.

The Descent of the Holy Spirit — Acts 2:1-21.

GOLDEN TEXT — *And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may be with you forever; even the Spirit of truth* — John 14:16,17.

The golden text today is beautiful. When Jesus left his people, he promised that they should have something to comfort them forever and ever, and that something was the Spirit of truth. Another place in the Bible it says, "Fear not, for lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Now, *I am* is Spirit, you know. You see even though Jesus, the man, did disappear, the Christ Spirit is with us, and will comfort us. The Spirit of Truth is a wonderful comfort, for when we know the Truth, it sets us free, and we have nothing to fear. We know that all is good. How thankful we should be to know this.

LESSON 3. JANUARY 17.

The Beginning of the Christian Church — Acts 2:22-47.

GOLDEN TEXT — *They continued stedfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers* — Acts 2:42.

The lesson today is about the first Christian church that was ever organized. Just think how many there are in the world now. This church was started after the resurrection of Jesus and after the people had learned about the *I Am* within them.

It was a very large church. Three thousand members were added in one day. When people begin to learn the truth, it spreads like wild-fire.

Now all these people *repented*. That means to change your mind. If you believe there is anything besides good in the world, why, repent right away. Then they promised to stop sinning. What is sinning? One kind of sin is to believe in the opposite of health, life or joy. You think it over carefully and if you find anywhere in your heart a little thought that is not truth, just weed it out, and fill its place with a good thought, because none of us want to be sinning. We all want to be members of the great Church of Truth.

LESSON 4. JANUARY 24.

The Lame Man Healed — Acts 3:1-26.

GOLDEN TEXT — *His name through faith in his name hath made this man strong, whom ye see and know.* — Acts 3:16.

Once upon a time there was a man who had been lame all his life, and who sat day after day on the steps leading to a beautiful temple, and begged. One day, he was begging as usual, when two men by the name of Peter and John, walked up the steps. One of them spoke to him, saying, "Look on us." The

lame man looked, expecting a few coins, but he did not get them, for Peter said, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, give I unto thee." Now what do you suppose he gave him? Why, he healed him of his lameness, helped him to his feet and led him into the temple. The beggar was so happy that he leaped for joy and praised God. Wasn't that better than silver and gold? Wouldn't you rather be able to walk than to have ever so much money?

Now this story means something to us. The men who healed the beggar, were named Peter and John. Peter means faith and John, love. The fact that the man was lame means that he did not understand that he was a child of God. But faith and love taught him the truth, and he was joyful, and praised God. If we have faith and love in our hearts, it will teach us that the Spirit is within us, and then we will always be well and happy.

LESSON 5. JANUARY 31.

The Trial of Peter and John — Acts 4:1-51.

GOLDEN TEXT — *They were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness.* — Acts 4:31.

Last Sunday we read about Peter and John healing the lame man. Now there were some people who did not understand about the power of the Spirit. (There are lots of people today, you know, who do not understand). So these people had Peter and John arrested, and they had a trial. There were a great many judges and wise men at the trial and they all thought that Peter and John would be afraid. But love and faith are never afraid, you know. So when the stern judge had asked how the healing had been done, Peter announced boldly, that it had been done in the name of Jesus Christ. Then Peter went on to tell all those learned men, what a mistake they had made by crucifying Jesus. He wasn't a bit afraid. The Council then told Peter and John that they must not heal or speak the name of Jesus to any one, but both of them said, they must speak what they knew to be true. Now we should not be afraid to speak the truth either. We know we are the children of Spirit, and that we have a right to be healthy and happy all the time, if we will claim it. Speak the good thoughts you know to be true, as Peter and John did: you don't need always to speak them aloud to other people, but speak them silently.

Blanche's Corner.



Another merry Christmas has come and gone, and the happy, happy New Year is here. Of course you all received lots of pretty presents, and had a lovely time.

Now, I suppose we are all making New Year's resolutions. We are going back to school and buckle down to work, so that in June we will pass with flying colors. We will all be able to do it I am sure, because we are all God's children, and "God is our Intelligence." It is a mighty fine thing to make good resolutions, because if you keep them awhile, the first thing you know they have become a habit, and you will stick to them, not only for one year, but for the rest of your life. Forming a good habit is always worth while, because the more good habits you form, the less you will have of the other kind.

Now, this year I am going to make a resolution, and I think it would be a wise plan for all of you to join me in making it and sticking to it. It is this: "I resolve from now on to be loving and kind to all God's creatures." Now that means a great deal. It means not only people but animals — cats, dogs and birds as well.

How can we keep our resolutions? Why, it is the easiest thing in the world; just fill your heart full of loving thoughts, and you couldn't help but be kind. Right at first we will have to watch carefully to see that no other thought creeps in when we are not on the

lookout; but after a while those thoughts will find out that they are not welcome, and will stop coming. Then we will have formed a habit which will make us happy all of our lives. If we send out love-thoughts to the whole world, we will get love back again, that is a never-failing law. Let's all join together and fill the world so full of love that the very atmosphere will turn pink.

With Ye Editor

They've just left room enough for me to squeeze in and bid you all a Happy New Year, and tell you how delighted I am that so many of you have come to make the New Year round of calls with WEE WISDOM.

Isn't our Wee visitor, Louise Walz, cute? And how glad we are to meet Gertrude's grandma and doll family. And Margaret and Marcella; some of you older Wisdoms will remember Margaret's first visit was made us when she was only two years old.

We're glad to meet Lora Fay's picture-girl, too. And Mrs. Hardy's tree full of children.

What nice times we do have. And the New Year is bringing us lots more. God bless us!

"The sun shines constantly, therefore every cloud has a silver lining."

WEE WISDOM

Young folk's Magazine
Devoted to
Practical Christianity.

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

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

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January, 1909

Happy New Year to You All!

Happy New Year!
How that thought gives life.
Happy New Year!
No more pain or strife.
Happy New Year!
Full of love and joy;
Happy New Year!
To each girl and boy.

—BLANCHE.

Keep your heart so full of love
When the merry snowflakes fly,
That you'll be warm and cozy,
And the cold will pass you by.

—BLANCHE.

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