

WEE WISDOM.

"Ye are of God, little
Children.
Greater is He that is in you
than he that is in the
World."





UNIONVILLE, N. C.

DEAR FRIENDS—I am a little girl eleven years old. I need books to read, but I haven't any. I would be glad of any kind of books. I haven't much to wear, and would be glad of anything to wear. I am a Sunshine girl. I would be glad to receive from some of the Sunshine children. I hope you will have this published in *WEE WISDOM*. Yours in sunshine and shade,

JENNIE SIMPSON.

Here is a call from the South. What have we in our Sunshine Barrel for this little girl? First, here's a paid-up year's subscription for *WEE WISDOM* still on hand, and we'll send her that, and then she'll receive twelve visits from our little paper, which will give her a chance to know what a wonderful thing it is to be the child of the All Good.

Then we will send out to her the *thoughts* that shall bless and make her happy. And then we'll look up some books and comfortable pretty clothes and things that we are ready to pass on, and send them with the thoughts of love and plenty. Each one of you as you can will look after this. Not because we think Jennie is poor, but because we have and to spare, and we love to give to each other.

The Sunshine Barrel, the Joyful Circle established at Unity Headquarters at Christmas time, is still receiving and

giving out. Many comfortable and nice garments have found owners who rejoiced in them.

We will ask Faye, as she is a member of The Joyful Circle, and knows the history of the Barrel, to write up the Sunshine page for June and tell us about both Circle and Barrel. We would like to have this page edited by some active Sunshiner each month.

I think most of you know about the Sunshine movement started by Mrs A'den, to interest people all over the world in making life better and brighter for somebody else. To be hunting some loving service to do for somebody, and to pass on what has served you its purpose—is to be a Sunshiner. All *Wee Wisdoms* shall be Sunshiners in *deed and in truth*.

"A little thought
Is a little seed,
Be it a flower
Or be it a weed.

My heart is the soil
Where seeds are sown;
Kind words and deeds
Are all I own.

I'll sow them now,
And God will know
How to care for them
As they grow."



VOL. IX.

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NO. 10.

'MINISTERING ANGELS:' STORY OF TWO BOYS WHO TRIED IT.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HARVEST.

"Well, boys, I only came to the valley to stay the few remaining days of my life, as I believed then; and here I am on the fair road to recovery—healed by the hand of God. It's a new revelation to me."

The speaker was Mr. Baker. He was seated on a pile of lumber back of his cottage with the three boys, Arthur, Earl and Henry, gathered about him. Mr. Baker was whittling away at a stick as he talked.

"I called you here today to tell you the plan I have for you all, and then I'm going to take you into my confidence."

"That's jolly!" interrupted Earl.

"Now, listen." Mr. Baker scowled a little, but good naturedly.

"There's a field before you for this missionary work you've been doing for so many months in this quiet way. I should suggest that you form a Sunshine Club, or Society, a branch of the International Sunshine Society. It will make it more interesting for you, and keep you in touch with many people. Then

continue your work of healing. Keep in correspondence with me and let me hear how work progresses. Carry the good work wherever you go. You all have the right spirit, I see. Sorry I didn't find it sooner."

"You're not going to leave us?" asked Henry.

"Only for a while. But, wait a little, I'll come to that. I was about to say, do not be discouraged when you find any hard shells like myself, for you see most anyone will change if they'll faithfully meditate on what you say to them, and I did that. Then, too, boys, always be polite and show tact, that is, good judgment. That gains every time—good breeding, manners and thoughtfulness."

The minister paused and whittled in silence for a while.

"You boys want to hear about myself. I've come to the conclusion that I cannot preach in the old way any longer, and as for the new way, I won't

be allowed that privilege, so I must found a new church, I expect."

"Aren't there enough churches?" asked Arthur slowly.

"You're right, Arthur, there are; but I shall have to be independent of them, knowing now the love of God in its true meaning. God's love taught the world how to live, and through death how *not* to die, but to know life eternal here and now. But to teach this to the church would bring a bomb shell upon me, and would do no good at this time. 'They have ears and hear not; eyes, and see not.' 'The kingdom of heaven is within man,' but, I am forgetting. To return to the subject—well, I go home, send in my resignation to my church, and go to work to study deeper into this Truth. Then I shall return here and start some small meetings in this cottage, which I have lately bought. Certain days I'll give to the healing, and you boys, I know, will help me by going into the byways and hedges, and getting the people ready. You've done wonders for this valley already."

"Yes, sir, we've tried," interrupted Earl. "And Dr. Lightner is studying Truth now. My mother lent him a set of 'Simple Lessons in Truth.'"

"Well, boys, I wish you much success in your work." Mr. Baker closed his knife with a click and put it into his pocket.

"We've planned to make little gifts for sick people, also. We'll carve fancy boxes and put a written true thought in every one of them—that will open the way," suggested Arthur.

"An excellent idea."

"If you have meetings here, my mother says you can count on a dozen

steady followers to begin with," said Arthur.

"So your mother has been planning, also?" Mr. Baker smiled kindly.

"I know who the people are," exclaimed Earl. "They're Mr. and Mrs. Maltern, Mrs. Snow and Gertrude and Arthur—that's five—Mrs. Miles and Henry—seven—Dr. Lightner and his wife—she does everything he says—nine—that's all."

"Gertrude has two girl chums and mother has a friend, so there's your twelve," added Arthur.

"Why, you forgot Earl and Mrs. Tines," exclaimed Henry, "that's fourteen."

"That's a goodly number," remarked the minister. "This is an excellent beginning; a society is started, the valley is ready for me. I return after Christmas with three loyal helpers awaiting me."

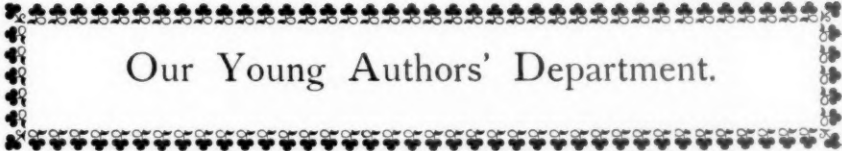
"Hurrah! shouted the three."

[*The end.*]

Little Harry has been treating himself for little inharmonies from time to time. One day he went out into the country, and while there fell and hit his head on a rock; a big bump immediately raised. When he reached home he said, "Mamma, I would have treated the bump away, but I wanted you to see it first, 'cause it made me look so funny."

He then treated it with me, and it healed right away.—HARRY'S MAMMA.

"I am going to be real good, and as kind to all the cats and dogs that have no home as I am to my own dear pets."



Our Young Authors' Department.

FINGERS AND THUMBS.

BY LUCY AULT.

BABY-GIRL was ready for bed. Mamma had tied on her night cap, buttoned her gown, and had heard her prayers. Now as she tucked the soft quilt around her darling, she kissed her and said, "My Baby-girl will not be naughty any more, will she?"

"I'll try not to be," Baby-girl answered. "I was dood all after dinner, was n't I?"

"Yes," said mamma, "but oh, before dinner how those little fingers worried me. We'll leave the bandages and ribbon on until morning, so when you get up tomorrow you will remember. Good night, and pleasant dreams, dear."

"Dood night," Baby-girl lisped, as mamma went away with the light.

Do you care to know how there happened to be a bandage around two fingers and a soft cotton rag on another, and why there was a red ribbon tied about the little right hand wrist? Listen then. Four fingers were curled up tight, and four others were spread open.

"Dear me, dear me," said the thumb of the open hand, "here are three fingers wrapped in white. What is the matter? Have you been in mischief, children?" He spoke crossly, because as he was the father of these four fingers, he must know if they had done wrong. The first and second fingers, which were bound together, seemed ashamed; then First Finger spoke, "Yes, Father Thumb, we have been. When Baby-girl's mother washed us this morning, she told Baby-girl that she must take care and not let us do wrong. Baby-girl sat down on the floor, and we made houses out of her A-B-C blocks, but she soon grew tired of this. Nurse being out of the room, and mamma down stairs, Baby-girl was not seen as she stole softly away to the pantry. My brother (meaning Second Finger) and I feared that we were running into trouble, but there was no help for it. Baby-girl went right to the jam-pot, and in we were thrust. When she drew us out we were red and sticky with strawberry jam; next she sucked us quite a long while, then we went into the jam-pot again; being sucked clean by Baby's little tongue. By and by mamma came into the pantry, and Baby-girl was scolded, and we were tied up in this cloth so she would remember not to eat any more jam without permission. Oh, I'm so tired of this bandage," First Finger said, as he finished his story.

"And I am too," said Second Finger.

"Well," Father Thumb said, "you are being punished, and it serves you

right, so do not complain. Let us hear your tale now," turning to Little Finger as he spoke.

"Very well," Little Finger began, "it is not much to tell, though. Baby-girl nursed her kitty tenderly this morning, but because kitty would not 'mew' when she told him to, Baby-girl pulled his tail. We all know that mamma has commanded her not to hurt puss in any way, and especially not to pull his tail. But Baby-girl was determined to do it, so we had to do it. Besides," here Little Finger spoke slowly, as though very much ashamed, "we've all had a naughty feeling for kitty for some reason or other, and we wanted to hurt him. So we gave a good yank at the furry tail, and kitty cried 'mew' very loudly, and turned around to bite us. Baby-girl jerked away her hand, but I being on the end, and last to get out of reach of kitty's teeth, received a bite on the tip of me. Kitty is so little that it did not hurt, though it left a white spot on my nail. But we are all sorry we hurt kitty, and are resolved never to do so again."

"Don't forget your resolve," Father Thumb said gently, because Little Finger seemed truly repentant, and so did the others. "Now what have you to say, Ring Finger?"

"I will say first that I am sorry I got Baby-girl into mischief, and mean to do better if I can. Nurse was ironing in Baby-girl's room with a bright new iron, and she had told Baby-girl not to touch it. But when nurse left the room, I fairly danced in my desire to feel that shiny new thing. Baby-girl tried to keep me away from it, because nurse had told her to, but at last she put me forward, her big first and second fingers were bound, and Little Finger was too short. You may be sure the iron was hot, and my tip was badly burned. Nurse came running in at Baby-girl's cry, and swathed me in soft cotton. That is all, except that I'll try to be more obedient in the future."

Father Thumb scolded them all a little bit, and made them promise to be very good the next day. Then they all curled up and went to sleep.


Now I must tell you what the Right Hand fingers did to help Baby-girl's mamma. Father Thumb and his children lived on the left hand, and Mother Thumb had four nice little girl-fingers on the right hand. Baby-girl was left-handed, so that is why she did all her naughty deeds with her left hand, but mamma was teaching her to do things with Mother Thumb's children.

In the afternoon Mother Thumb and Baby-girl's two big fingers were sewing a "bank-chef," and when it was finished mamma was delighted with the neat stitches. Next the same fingers and Mother Thumb held a pencil while Baby-girl, with much puffing and lots of help from mamma, printed a letter to her papa, and Ring Finger and Little Finger pressed down on the paper, so as to hold the pencil steady. Then they turned the pages of a book for mamma, and stroked the fur of kitty which the brother fingers hurt in the morning. I could tell of many nice things they did that afternoon, and mamma was very well pleased with Mother Thumb and her children. She said to papa at night, "Baby-girl is learning to use her right hand almost as well as her left."

And this was why Baby-girl wore a ribbon on one hand and bandages on the other, and she did not forget the lesson they taught.

WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN.

BY JULIET LUCK.

“ELL, my dear, what shall we do to make Cecil have a pleasant time on his birthday, which comes next month?” asked Mrs. Raymond of her husband, as she came out on the moonlit veranda, where he sat enjoying a cigar before retiring.

“Is he tired of everything?” asked Mr. Raymond.

“Yes, poor boy, we must try to plan something entirely different, and give him a surprise. O Leo, I have almost given up all hope of ever having Cecil well.”

They both became silent, and gazed out upon the beautiful scene which lay before them. The house stood on a bluff over-looking the Hudson River, which gleamed like a silver thread in the moonlight. Now and then a white sail could be seen, and the low “chug, chug” of a passing steamer was the only sound that broke the stillness of that quiet Sabbath night. Dame fortune had been lavish with these two. All that wealth could buy was theirs. They were young, and Mrs. Raymond was fair and beautiful, save for the far-away wistful look that never left her dark grey eyes. In a tiny little bed upstairs lay their only child, a boy, almost twelve years old, fair and tiny, with one leg wasted and drawn at the knee. An attack of scarlet fever had left him thus at three years of age. Many celebrated surgeons in this country and Europe had tried their skill; many thousands of dollars had been spent in travel, and still their darling was no better; and today he had not been able to sit in his chair and have the nurse wheel him to his favorite nook on the beautiful lawn.

“If you please,” said a servant, “Nurse says Master Cecil won’t go to sleep until he asks you something. Will you go to him?”

Mrs. Raymond rose at once and went up the broad staircase to her son’s room.

As soon as Cecil saw his mother he exclaimed, “Mother, may I go home with Nurse when she goes on her vacation? You know her home is near the seashore, and she has been telling me such lovely things. Can’t I go, mother?”

At first Mrs. Raymond did not know how to reply, but the child seemed so eager and restless, she thought best to answer. “Yes, dear, if papa thinks it best.”

He grew more quiet, and asked her to sing to him, and soon her beautiful contralto voice filled the room in a Slumber song.

On entering the breakfast room Monday morning Mr. Raymond thus addressed his wife, “Well, Eva, I spoke to Doctor Ross through the telephone, and asked his advice about letting Cecil go with Nurse Walton to Boothbay, but I am afraid you will not be pleased with all he had to say.”

“Why not, does he not think it best?”

“Yes, but he says he must go alone with Nurse. Can you bear the separation?”

“Why does he wish this?” asked Mrs. Raymond, “Cecil is so frail.”

“I am afraid I cannot give you all the Doctor’s reasons, but they are good—talk with him yourself, and I am sure you will think as we do, that it is for the best.”

So it came about that Wednesday, August 2d, found Cecil and Nurse Walton sitting on the deck of a beautiful steamer going through Long Island Sound on their way to Boothbay, Maine. Cecil was enchanted with Nurse Walton's home. He would sit for hours on the sand gazing out over the water at the passing steamers and pleasure boats. The long days passed swiftly to Cecil. He was growing stronger every day, and as Nurse Walton was often too busy to give him much attention, he soon found he could do without a great deal of the waiting on and petting to which he had always been accustomed. He could limp around on his crutches about the house now. He and little Harry Clarkson, who lived in the next cottage, used to have fine times. Harry was much larger than Cecil, although he was two years younger. He used to spend hours teaching Cecil words of Truth, and making him repeat, "God is Love," and "God is Health, I can't be sick." Harry's mother was a good woman, though very poor, and she finally spoke the words to set Cecil free from his sickness, and told him he should surprise his parents, and give them the greatest joy in their lives. We shall see how her words came true.

Harry used often to wheel Cecil down to the beach when Nurse Walton was busy in the afternoon. At last the long-looked for birthday arrived, and Cecil knew his beloved parents would be with him before night. Harry came over early and wheeled him to the beach. You would hardly know Cecil for the little dude so tenderly cared for by his parents. On his long golden curls sat the remains of an old sailor hat almost brimless, he wore a pair of Harry's overalls, and his little feet were innocent of either shoes or stockings.

"Let's have just as good a time as we can today, Harry," said Cecil.

"We will build a fire and have a clam bake, if we can find any clams," said Harry.

Cecil sat still a few moments watching Harry gather sticks for a fire.

"I must help, too," he thought, so out of the chair he rolled, took his little crutch, and off he went. When a fire was lighted they started off to the "Point" to look for clams; on and on they went, finding one here and there. They were soon tired out and sat down by a little pool of water to play. They were so happy they gave no heed to time, and Nurse being busy gave no thought to them.

Presently Harry said, "Cecil, look! the tide is coming, we must run or we will be caught." Both boys jumped up and ran as fast as they could to the place they had made the fire, and they knew they were safe. As soon as he could catch breath Harry cried, "Why, Cecil, where is your crutch? how did you get here?"

Cecil looked like one in a daze, too astonished to speak. His little face was very grave as he said, "Harry, if God gave me strength to run, He can give me strength to walk, and I'm never going to use that old crutch again."

"You can't," laughed Harry, "because it's gone out to sea by this time."

Just then they heard Nurse Walton calling them, it was time for Cecil to be dressed to receive his parents.

"O Harry, don't let on I can walk," said Cecil, "I want to surprise mother

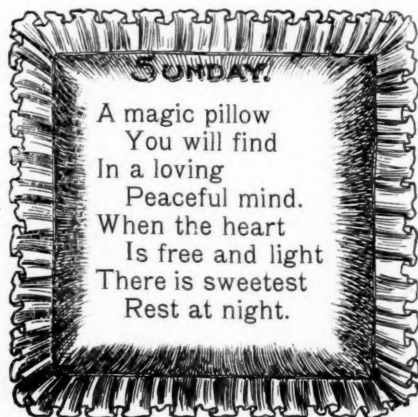
and father." Harry promised, and took Cecil up and tucked him carefully into his chair, and started up the slope to the cottage. A carriage was standing before the door, and the boys knew in a moment Mr. and Mrs. Raymond had already arrived. Cecil became so excited he nearly spoilt all by fainting. He got out of the chair, and walked slowly up to the house. His father saw him, but failed at first to recognize in the forlorn little object before him his darling boy. Cecil fairly flew to his father's arms.

"Oh, my boy, my boy! Come, Eva, this is Cecil. Can you believe it?"

While they fairly smothered him with kisses, Nurse Walton exclaimed, "Land sakes, I didn't mean for you to see him so. I wanted to put on his nice clothes, but I couldn't find him."

"O Nurse, no shoes and stockings on, won't he take cold?" said the anxious mother.

"Not a bit of it, ma'am. It was the coddling of him that was fast killing the precious lamb. Faix, and you must see him eat."



MONARCH, MONT.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I saw in the "Remember" column that for three 50-cent subscriptions to WEE WISDOM, we could have "Elsie's Little Brother Tom," etc., or WEE WISDOM for one year. I have got three subscriptions to WEE

WISDOM for which I enclose a money order of \$1.50. Here are the names and addresses: Miss Pricilla Goudreau, 312 Sixth Avenue South, Great Falls, Mont.; Miss Rosetta Cain, Monarch, Mont.; Mrs. Jacob Henn, Deleno, Minn., R. R. No. 3. I will take an extra subscription to WEE WISDOM, and please begin it with the number that the story, "Ministering Angels: Story of Two Boys Who Tried It," started in. I will close with love to all the little Wees.

Your loving friend, JOSEPHINE LILLY.

P. S. Here is a verse that we learned at school:

"Open the door of the heart, let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin;
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware.
Open the door."

[Here's a worker for you! We'll try to make, these new friends feel at home with us, won't we Josephine?—Ed.]



ASHLAND, WIS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the first time I wrote to you. I take WEE WISDOM and like it very well. I am eleven years old. I am in the upper seventh grade. We boys are making a shack right by my house. We are going to have a fire department. It is called "Katzenjammer Fire Department." There is no school this week, because it is the spring vacation. I will close.

Your friend, VOLTAIRE PERKINS.

[Success to the "Katzenjammer Fire Department." May it be very swift, to put out the fires of anger and dispute and be always on hand in time of need.—Ed.]

Wee Wisdom

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have been trying very hard to get subscribers and get a Truth Card. Please send a sample copy to Harriet Graves. I will try my best to get more subscribers, as I think it would do all children good to read WEE WISDOM. Hoping my friend will become a subscriber, I remain, ANNA BISCHOFF.



CLARENCE, IOWA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write a few lines. Mamma reads the story, "Ministering Angels" to us. We think it so good. Our school will begin Monday Elmore's birthday was today. He is eight years young. Mamma baked a cake for him, and each of us gave him little presents. I will send you my stamp picture. With love to all little Wees, VIOLA RUTHER.



BOAZ, WIS.

WEE WISDOM—I do love you, but I have not heard from you since October. Mamma never meant for you to stop coming, not one bit, but she forgot the time, and has been so busy with my lessons and the house work. There are four of our own family and three boarders all the time, and the sewing. I live in a village of three hundred people. We have a good school, and the Principal boards with us. I do not go to school, though. I am reading the book called, "The Song of Hiawatha," written by Henry W. Longfellow. There are twenty-two chapters in the book, and I have read twenty-one of them. I was nine years old this last January. I was born into this family three years ago. My first mamma went to heaven to live, then I came here to live. I have asked two of my friends to take WEE WISDOM and they both gave me the money, so I send their names. The first one is Harvy Kepler, and the second one is, Leta I. Parsell, Boaz, Wis. My paper must come to Edith V. L. Wood, Boaz, Wis. Now goodby for this time. I am anxious to see a new WEE WISDOM.

Lovingly, EDITH V. L. WOOD.

[Pretty good for a nine-year-old. Edith. We like your own original way of putting things. You and "Hiawatha" will get along finely together, and you'll write a song of your own some of these days. about the beautiful things in this good old world of ours. We welcome the new friends you bring.—Ed.]



VALMEYER, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write you a letter. for I have not written for so long. I am going to confirmation now, and will get confirmed on Easter Sunday Spring is here and the birds are singing and the world is full of life. I like to read the letters and pieces in WEE WISDOM. Your loving reader,

JAC. D. SCHELLHARDT.

SAMS, N. D.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first visit to you. I enjoy reading the stories ever so much. I have one brother; his name is Jay, and he has to have me read the stories to him. A dear friend sent me this dear little paper. Her name is Mrs. Ella Weiermuller, and I cannot thank her enough for it. I wish it would come 2 every month, for the stories are so good. We live on a farm. I have 2 cows to milk every day twice. I like to go to school. I am going in the sixth grade. I am 12 years old. I help mamma at home as much as I can. I will close, wishing all you little girls that read WEE WISDOM would write to me, for I love to receive letters, and will answer all. With love to the little Wee Wisdoms,

MAUDIE WIRTZ.

[You'll have a big job on your hands, Maudie if you get all the Wisdoms writing to you.—Ed.]



LOCKEFORD, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the first time I have written. I have three brothers, and I am the only girl. My brothers' names are Roy, Leslie and Leonard. I go to school and am in the fourth grade. I am ten years old. I have two pets, a dog and a cat. We did have a "Polly" but it got sick and died. If this isn't put in the waste basket, I'll come again. Your friend,

ALTA MILLER.



DEHRA DUN, INDIA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am eight years old. My cousin, Shie Mati, wrote you a letter in September and subscribed for WEE WISDOM. It has been a regular visitor ever since, and we feel the little letter writers are our companions.

Cousin Shie Mati has gone with her father to attend the marriage of her cousin in Menut. The winter has been cold. The mountains are covered with snow, but in summer it is very hot. I have two little sisters younger than myself. The American lady is still with us. I am an only son.

Yours faithfully, UMA PRASHAD.



ALVISO, CALIF.

DEAR EDITOR—Just as soon as I can get at it I'll try another story for WEE WISDOM. I think the little song on the cover of this month's number is very prettv. I also like the story, "Ministering Angels." With my kindest wishes for the little Wees, I am yours with love.

CARMELITA VEGA.



VALMEYER ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—With much pleasure I will write a letter to WEE WISDOM to let you know that I like it very much, because it teaches me to be honest and kind. My brothers like WEE WISDOM, too, and so do mamma and papa.

They say it is a very nice little paper. I am going to school, and know my lessons well. I like to read the letters that the little Wees write, and Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons. With much love to the Wees, I will close. Your subscriber,
ANNA SCHELLHARDT.



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Spring is here again and I am so glad, because it is neither too cold nor too hot, but medium. I go to Sunday School every Sunday, and I learn that every word we say is a seed and it will grow. I like the letters the children write. Annie Schellhardt's "Christmas Party" is good, and "Ministering Angels; or Two Boys Who Tried It," is very interesting. My brother Marcelle's birthday was the sixteenth of April; he was two years, and my sister Caroline's birthday was the twenty-fourth of April; she was eight years young. My birthday is going to be the eighth of May. I will be thirteen years young. My mamma had a tumor on her neck and she went to Mrs. Johnson, and it is nearly healed, and I thank the Lord Almighty God. One day I read a beautiful poem in papa's book. Here it is:

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens a shining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim:
The unweary'd sun from day to day
Does his creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice or sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is Divine!"

I must close. Lovingly yours, dear little Wees.
HULDA SCHELLHARDT.

[That's a great poem, Hulda, and it will help every one who reads it to feel more in touch with the Great Almighty Good that pours Itself out to us in such beautiful ways. It was written a long time ago, and some have thought Addison was its author, but Andrew Marvell wrote it.—Ed.]

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have not written to you yet, so I thought I would write. I am going to be eight years young in April, the twenty-fourth. I like to go to school, and I am in number nine, first class. I read my lessons well, and I like my teacher. She is good and kind to all the children. I like to go to Sunday School every Sunday. Spring is warm and brings warm sunny hours.

The sun is shining,
The wind is blowing,
The grass is growing.

Yours truly, CAROLINA SCHELLHARDT.



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am ten years old. I am in number four in Pestalozzi school. I like spring time because it brings happiness. One day it gets colder and the next day it is warmer. Sundays when I go to Sunday School I read this line in the Bible: "As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world." IDA SCHELLHARDT.



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am nine years young, and I never wrote to you before. I am going to select a verse:

"A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then she smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, 'Dear work, goodnight! goodnight!'

A flock of crows flew over her head,
Crying, 'Caw! caw!' on their way to bed.
She said, as she watched their noisy flight,
'Little black things, goodnight! goodnight!'

The horses neighed and the cattle lowed,
And the lambs were bleating far down the road;
She did not say to the sun, 'Goodnight,'
Though she saw him there like a ball of light.

For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.
That night as Lucy tied up her hair,
She said on her knees her evening prayer."

Yours truly, BERTHA SCHELLHARDT.

[The Schellhardts are coming to the front in letter writing, and they are all Truth thinkers, too.—Ed.]

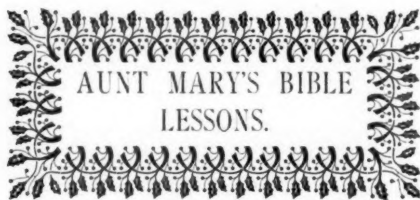


MOSIER, OREGON.

DEAR WEE WISDOM AND YE LOVING EDITOR — This is the first letter I have ever written to you, but I know you won't be afraid when you see me coming, if I am a little Bear. We live away back in a log cabin among the pines and firs, eight miles from a railway station. The flowers

are in bloom, and the bushes are getting their green leaves, and all things look new. There are seven Bears in our den, all good, loving and kind. How I wish you could all come to our Sunday School. I think you would be surprised to be walking along the road in the deep green woods and suddenly to hear a familiar Unitl song ring out, and hear us all repeating, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." We all love WEE WISDOM and UNITY, and think we could not get along without them. We have thirty-three hens and a pair of great big white ducks, and a pet squirrel whose name is Jennie, and she chatters for her bread. Yours lovingly, with health and Truth, LESTER C. BEAR.

[Wouldn't we like to accept Lester's invitation and go out in the big pine forest Bear-hunting, and wouldn't we like to come onto that den of Bears when they're singing, "God is Love"? Bless the whole family of Bears!—Ed.]



LESSON VI. MAY 7.

The Vine and the Branches.—John 15:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit.*—John 15:8.

Why should it glorify God that ye bear much fruit? Because your Father, God, has made you. Then, indeed, it is for us to show the world what God is by our works. This is called manifesting God, and as God is the Good, thus we are manifesting the good.

The thoughts in you or me that are worthless, without good, God takes away, for we can only really retain, or keep, that which is good. Those branches that bear fruit, or, good thoughts, He trims. The fruit is picked or passed on to others so that more good fruit (thoughts) may take the place of that given away. The Word cleanses us because the Word is God. We must be full of the knowledge that we are alive in God, and that God can never depart from us. Then can we bring forth much fruit, for without the blessed assurance of the Divine Presence we can do nothing.

Read verse six carefully, for it does not mean that man, the soul, is burned, but only the foolish, far away thoughts that are not of God, those only are destroyed. We punish ourselves and the law punishes our misdeeds, but Spirit

takes no part in punishment, for Spirit knows only the spiritual, or, the righteous man.

The rest of the lesson is very beautiful, and so simple that you can readily understand every word.

LESSON VII. MAY 14.

Jesus Prays for His Followers.—John 17:15-26.

GOLDEN TEXT — *I pray for them.*—John 17:9.

In the world there is that which is called evil, but not in the Christ within. To keep from the evil of the world we must continually look upon the face of the Christ. I hear someone say, "But how can I look upon the face of the Christ?" Look upon, or think of your soul, the perfect one. This you can do, and the more you think of that perfect one, the more you become like it in your every-day expression.

Only a day or two ago it was my good fortune to listen to one play the organ as I have never before heard it played. The one who performed knew that it was God alone who, through her, brought forth these beautiful chords of harmony. I watched her face as her fingers rippled over the keys. It became radiant. She lifted her eyes, and they were filled with a light that glorified her and touched my soul with a great wave of feeling, or love to God. I tell you this that you may know what God can do through you if you will let Him. "All things are possible." This musician gave unspeakable joy wherever she went. But without that understanding of the harmony of the soul, her music would have been no more than that of any other fine performer.

So remember it is God who works through you to do His good work, and such work will keep you from the evil of the world. All the truth, the whole truth is, that *there is only God*; beside Him there is none other. There is no real evil. You are the expression of God, and are in the world to express the truth that there is only God. We are one with that God, the All Good.

Jesus knew the secret of this in his time, and brought this truth to the people. Yet, even down to this day, it has not been understood. Understand it now, little children. You are at one with the Father in Spirit. You are at one with Harmony. You are at one with Love. You are at one with Wisdom.

LESSON VIII. MAY 21.

Jesus Before Pilate.—John 18:28-40.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice.*—John 18:37.

Jesus said that his kingdom was not of this world. The Jews feared Jesus, for they thought he intended taking their earthly kingdom from them. But this was not his intention. Jesus was king over a greater kingdom than that of the earth.

That kingdom may extend farther than mortal eye can see, for it is the kingdom of the soul, and the soul is great, for it is not confined to the body. Each thought is a subject, and over these subjects Jesus had control. You are all kings if you only knew it. Your soul is your kingdom, and your thoughts are your subjects.

Think of the power you have, the power to make your thoughts obey you. Suppose your tooth seems to ache. Here is a chance to wield your sceptre. Declare to that tooth, "You cannot pain me, for I am king, I am all powerful, being the son of a King. O pain, I touch you with my sceptre of power, and change you to a thought of peace."

Our text says, "Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." It is the voice of God that speaketh peace and joy, and if you listen to these true words you will prove yourself a child of Truth. We all are of this truth whether we realize it or not, but to be benefitted by it we must acknowledge ourselves children of a King, fear and be able to do as Jesus did. Jesus knew no before Pilate; neither must we in the presence of any ignorant or darkened mind.

I have taken up but a few points in the lesson, and have left the rest for you to study for yourselves, and thus show the faith you have in the universal knowledge within your own soul.

LESSON IX. MAY 28.

The Crucifixion.—John 19:17-30.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures.*—I. Cor. 15:3.

These are the words of the apostle Paul, but they do not come from Jesus. It is an impossibility for the Christ to die. God cannot die. Life cannot die. Jesus gave up his body on the cross and was crucified. Why was this? This was done that we might the more abundantly live, or understand life in its fulness.

It is not necessary to die to prove freedom or life. This was done once for us in order that we might never be obliged to do it again. Jesus proves death a foe without real power, and promised us eternal life. We must believe his words if we would profit by them.

Jesus carried his own cross. Every man must carry his own cross. Your cross and my cross are the burdens that we choose to bear. Then a day comes when we are wiser, knowing that we need carry such foolish untrue thoughts no longer, that we no longer need to continue in suffering. So we lay the burden at Jesus' feet, and thank God that we have awakened to know that peace and rest are within the soul, for, God is Love, and Love asks no one to suffer.

It displeased the Jews to have Jesus named as their King, for they could not understand that his kingdom was not built with hands.

Jesus was by no means poor. His garments

were so valuable that they were divided among the soldiers, and for the seamless coat they cast lots. People have called Jesus poor, but this was not true. He was rich in homes, for the doors of rich and poor alike were open to him, therefore he had no (one) place to lay his head, but many places. Many were his friends and many were his enemies. To the last Jesus was thoughtful of others. He remembered his mother, and gave her into the care of the beloved disciple, John.

WHY CATS WASH AFTER EATING.

You may have noticed, little friends,
That cats don't wash their faces
Before they eat, as children do,
In all good Christian places.

Well, years ago, a famous cat,
The pangs of hunger feeling,
Had chanced to catch a fine young mouse,
Who said, as he ceased squealing,

"All genteel folks their faces wash
Before they think of eating!"
And, wishing to be thought well-bred,
Puss heeded his entreating.


But when she raised her paw to wash,
Chance for escape affording,
The sly young mouse said his good-by,
Without respect to wording.

A feline council met that day
And passed in solemn meeting
A law forbidding any cat
To wash till after eating.

—The Outlook

In the course of our lives there must be many times when thoughtless words are spoken by us which wound the hearts of others, and there are also many little occasions when the word of cheer is needed from us and we are silent.

There are lives of wearisome monotony which a word of kindness can relieve. There is suffering which words of sympathy can make more endurable, and often even in the midst of wealth and luxury there are those who listen and long in vain for some expression of disinterested kindness. —Selected.



YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.



T is as if we met face to face and heart to heart, *in here*, my Wisdoms; and because in our Sanctum it is meant that we should know each other so well, we will talk only about that which is of common interest to us all. And what shall that be? You can think of many things, can't you? But is there anything quite so close and precious to each one as *Life*? Take away the Life that *knows* and *enjoys*, and where would the other things come in? I would like to ask each one of you the question, *Why do you like to live?* Now think it over carefully and be sure you have made it very clear to yourself, *why* life is so precious to you. [Take it for the subject of your next letter or story, and tell Ye Editor, "*Why I Love to Live.*"]

Why is Life so precious to you and me?

And what do we *know* about Life, anyway?

Is there anything we may not know about Life, since we are really Life living Itself?

We can just as well as not get better acquainted with this Life that is nearer and dearer to us than all else. Why! we can make such jolly companionship with It, that we will not know ourselves from Life Itself. And then we will love Life in all the creatures, and every little form of Life will be precious Life to us. Then the beautiful Life in our hands and feet will never move them to destroy one little *liver* of Life.

Yes, there is a way to get better acquainted with this wonderful Life.

It was meant to be the sole object of WEE WISDOM to help her children find that way. It is an easy way. Just

thinking and speaking the Truth of Life.

Life grows strong and joyful when we speak of Its wonders and beauties. You'd be surprised how beautiful and strong the praise of Life makes one. And you'd be distressed to see how weak and unhappy we really grow when we think there isn't much Life.

Why! its like shutting ourselves up in a dark room and crying for the light, when there's a world of sunshine outside. Let's never do that way with Life, for there's a whole universe of Life. God himself is Life, and that's what makes *our* Life so precious to us, and that is why we can never lose our Life.

Never mind what people may say about Life's going away. Don't *you* believe it. Keep saying to yourself, for it is true, *I am one with Life, and Life cannot be taken from me.*

But never, never talk about sickness — talk about *well-ness* as much as you please, but let the patterns of disease and want and unhappiness never be shaped again by your speech. God never made them for His children. Just as fast as we quit thinking and talking and writing about these unhappy appearances they will fade away, and Life's beautiful creations come into visibility.

WEE WISDOM has refused many stories and scratched out many lines from little letters because they described conditions that it is best not to perpetuate. So we exhort our contributors to have a care that they select only the choicest thought-seeds for our dear little child-garden.

It is really too bad that so many who have studied the ways of mind should forget that every word brings forth of its kind, and keep on dropping into the mental soil the seeds of unhappy and untrue conditions. Let every Wisdom remember to sow the Truth.



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May, 1905.

THE LITTLE CHILDREN IN JAPAN.

The little children in Japan
Are fearfully polite;
They always thank their bread and milk
Before they take a bite.
And say, "You make us most content,
Oh, honorable nourishment!"

The little children in Japan
Don't think of being rude;
"Oh, noble, dear mamma," they say,
"We trust we don't intrude;"
Instead of rushing into where
All day their mother combs her hair.

The little children in Japan
With toys of paper play,
And carry paper parasols
To keep the rain away;
And when you go to see, you'll find
It's paper walls they live behind.

—Selected.

Miss de Witt's continued story closes in this number. We are loth to part with our ministering boys, and we hope our Aunt Mary will tell us more about them. We owe her a bushel of thanks for making us acquainted with so many sweet characters.

Lucy Kellerhouse writes: "I have enjoyed the children's stories in book

form, found them natural in their expression of child-feeling, and exceedingly optimistic. Orion's tale of the flood was superlative. I think sometimes child-authors strike home more unerringly than grown folks."

August will be WEE WISDOM's 10th Birth Month. That number is given over to the children. You will all be expected to do something toward contributing to its attractiveness.

In 1898, "Trixy's Foreign Mission," a sequel to "Wee Wisdom's Way," was begun in WEE WISDOM, but left unfinished. We have about persuaded Trixy to come back and finish it after WEE WISDOM's birthday.

REMEMBER.

Remember to watch the date on your WEE WISDOM wrapper, and renew promptly. Unless you notify us it will be stopped at expiration of year.

Remember that for three 50-cent subscriptions you can have *Elsie's Little Brother Tom*; or *Wee Wisdom's Way*, or *Drops From Wee Pens*, or *Summer Stories*; or any one number of *Wee Wisdom's Library*; or an extra subscription to WEE WISDOM.

Remember WEE WISDOM always wants her little Truth lovers to send in their best and happiest thoughts, tell about their demonstrations, and help others to find the way to be well and happy.

Remember every new subscriber you get and every home you put WEE WISDOM in, you are sowing the seeds of harmony, health, happiness.

Remember to always give your full address in every letter you write us.

Good Summer Reading.

Below we give a list of the best New Thought books published for children and young people.

WEE WISDOM'S WAY.

By Myrtle Fillmore.

It contains the whole gospel of healing and salvation in a nutshell. Price, 25c.

Title printed in red on cream cover paper, and tied with red silk, making a dainty and acceptable holiday remembrance.

We doubt if there is any metaphysical booklet which has been so widely read, both in America and Europe, and continues to be in such popular demand, as WEE WISDOM'S WAY, a charming story of Love and Truth and Healing.

One of the most delightful stories published. It is a booklet of 64 pages, complete in twelve chapters, written in beautiful child language, descriptive of how the Day family was healed.

WEE WISDOM'S LIBRARY.

Volumes I., II., III., IV., V. and VI.; paper, 25 cents each.

Volume I.

Contents: Poem—"Three in One," by Lydia Gardiner Worth; "The Red Caps," by Florence Harvey; Poem—"Ye Must be Born Again," by C. B. Reynolds; Music—"Pillow Verse," by Warren W. Reed; "Harry's Mission," by Aunt Seg; "Thoughts With Wings," by Lucy C. Kellerhouse; Poem—"The True Birth Place," by Wilhelmine Smith; "The Real Santa Claus," by Florence Harvey; "Thanksgiving Proclamation," Poem—"What are Little Folks Made Of?" by Helen Augusta Fussell; "Phil," by Aunt Seg; Poem—"How to be Happy."

Volume II.

Contents: "How Marjorie Blossomed," by Nina Lillian Morgan; Poem—"Wee Wee-est and the Shadows," by Emma Harrington Teel; "A Crocus and Crutches," by Lucy C. Kellerhouse; Poem—"Four-Leaf Clover," by Mary Brewerton de Witt; "While Hazel Waited," by Harriet Louise Jerome; Poem—"My Valentine," by Myrtle Fillmore; "The New Shoes," by Florence Harvey; "Whatsoever," by N. M. A.; Poem—"Song of the Flowers," by S. E. G.; "How Tulips Were Made," by Theresa B. H. Brown; "How Froggy Formed a Band of Mercy," by Aunt Emma; Poem—"In Society," by Helen Augusta Fussell; Poem—"Glad Tidings," by Mary Connor and her Mamma.

Volume III.

A beautiful story by Mary Brewerton de Witt, entitled "The Garden, the Gate, and the Key."

This charming story will captivate the little folks, and please "children of a larger growth" as well. It contains a beautiful half-tone picture of Rose, the small heroine, and shows how sunshine and prosperity were brought into the lives of a family by the practice of Truth in a most practical way. 48 pages.

Volume IV.

Contents: "Dorothy's Christmas," by Lucy C. Kellerhouse; "A Christmas Story," by Aunt Seg; "Old Rink's Cherry Tree," by Florence Harvey; "Love's Roses," by Lucy C. Kellerhouse; "Lady Chrysanthemum," by Harriet Louise Jerome; "George's Gospel," by Aunt Seg; Poem—"Song of the Flowers," by Mary Brewerton de Witt; "The Five Sisters," by Aunt Seg.

Volumes V. and VI.

In presenting these little books to the public we claim for them the originality of being the first of their kind ever published. Over two years ago the little contributors to WEE WISDOM were promised that their best efforts at story writing should be gathered together in a small book, and their names appended as the authors thereof. Now it so happened when this gathering together was made, there were found to be more "Drops From Wee Pens" than one small volume could hold, hence the overflow called forth a second volume, which our young artist presents to you cloud-and-color-bedecked, entitled, "Summer Stories."



WEE WISDOM LIBRARY VOLUME V

The "Raindrop Stories," with which the little volume of "Summer Stories" begins, forms a very pleasing symposium for a summer's day, and were much appreciated at the time of their first appearance, in so much as a drought threatened the land and raindrops were a luxury. But whether by the magnetism of flattery of these wee pens or by the power of the Word behind them, the raindrops were not long in finding their way to the thirsty earth. They came in drops, they came in showers, they came in torrents; they came day after day—but Orion tells you in his chapter "On the Flood."

SUMMER
STORIES