

WEE WISDOM.

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





History of the Joyful Circle and the Sunshine Barrel.

BY FAYE THOMAS.

The Joyful Barrel you have all heard about, was placed in Unity Headquarters at Christmas time by the Joyful Circle. It was soon filled with dolls, books, slates and all kinds of warm clothing.



Faye Thomas.

Some people brought things which they left, and some took things away, thus the good things were kept on the move.

In the Barrel was a pair of roller skates, which were given to a little boy who was perfectly delighted with them. Well, the Barrel has split its sides with

laughter and good things, and now a large basket has taken its place.

And now I will tell you about our Joyful Circle. We are composed of twenty-two members, and meet every Saturday night to have a good time, and to keep the New Thought young folks in touch with one another. We have a set of by-laws, and carry things on in as much of a business way as possible. We have been interested in debating and singing, and have had a really joyful time.

We have never invited the older people to take part with us, but on next Saturday night we are going to give an old fashioned spelling match, and have invited everybody. Everyone who comes is expected to spell. We have asked Mr. Prather to give out the words.

There will be a nice prize for the best speller, and a booby prize for the worst, so we will all stand a chance of getting a prize.

[Mrs. Alden sends us a pretty Sunshine card, and this appreciative letter.—ED.]

DEAR EDITOR OF WEE WISDOM—I want to thank you for the lovely way you mentioned our Society in your little paper, WEE WISDOM, for the month of May. I hope it will be the means of adding to our ranks many new members.

Faithfully yours,

CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN, President General,
The International Sunshine Society,
95 Fifth Ave., New York City.



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NO. 11.

THE GRUMBLE BAG.

BY LUCY CHARLTON KELLERHOUSE.

“**W**HY can't you let me sleep?” grumbled Jimmy Dole, awakened by his mother's morning kiss.

After worrying through washing, combing, brushing and dressing, he dragged himself downstairs to the bosom of his family.

“Yes, just as I thought, hustled up early, and breakfast not ready,” he said greetingly. “When I'm down late, everything's cold; and when I'm prompt, I have to wait.”

“Go back to bed, Jimmy, and get out the other side,” advised his elder sister Laura

This did not efface Jimmy's scowl. He sat down by the window, and looked at the blue sky fleeced with airy clouds.

“I bet it rains this afternoon so that I can't go hunting,” he said.

“It will rain something if you do go hunting,” said his father decidedly.

“I never can have any fun,” said Jimmy gloomily, “but I just meant hunting May flowers.

“No, we don't want any girls along,” he added, in reply to little Lena's wistful look.

Then as breakfast was announced, he hastened to the table.

“Nuthin' fit to eat,” he said under his breath, pushing aside his oatmeal and cream, and trying a pancake with Jersey butter and maple syrup. “Jack White says they have crabapple jelly to eat with their pancakes. Why can't we have some?”

“Because then you would wonder why we couldn't have maple syrup,” replied his father quietly.

Jimmy looked injured, and snapped at his pancake as though it were the offender. After breakfast he glanced over his arithmetic lesson, but as percentage had a special grudge against him that morning, he shut his book and wished that the old school-bell would ring; but when it did ring, he went loiteringly to school, wishing he were a boy in the Fiji Islands, where school-bells never rang.

School being over, Jimmy left his books on the front porch at home and hastened to the woods for May flowers, which he despised anyway. When he returned, Zip his dog had chewed his percentage and interest, had tried to

digest modes and tenses, had traveled with dirty paws over Europe and Asia, and entered into playful combat with Mr. Webster.

"Did ever anybody else have such a dog!" exclaimed Jimmy, gazing angrily at the scattered fragments of learning.

"Did ever anybody else have such a boy to leave his books on the porch with a playful young dog around?" said his mother gently.

"It's the dog's fault," said Jimmy, "he oughter have known better."

"And what about Jimmy?" she asked.

"Yes, of course you blame me, you always do," he wailed.

"I don't know what Father will say," she said, picking up the flying leaves.

"Gee, but I won't have any lessons to study tonight," remarked Jimmy, now viewing matters more cheerfully.

"Jimmy, don't talk so," said his mother. "Other boys have to work, but all we ask of you is to study. But I will ask of you this evening, Jimmy, as you have no lessons, to please run over to Mrs. Rollins' with this parcel."

"If there's anything I do hate, it's running errands," said Jimmy despairingly, grabbing the parcel.

"Never mind, I do not wish you to feel imposed upon; I will ask Laura to take it," said his mother.

When his father came home, he was much displeased with Jimmy's carelessness, and ordered an absence of pie from his evening menu. But a mother's intercession restored the pie to its place, though Jimmy's feelings were not appeased, even when his father kindly but tactlessly offered him the use of his ancient arithmetic to prepare tomorrow's lesson. He refused this, and Laura's invitation to play backgammon; he was busy laying plans for the next day.

A voice disturbed his meditations: "Bed, Jimmy-boy. 'Early to bed, early to rise,'"—

"It's only nine o'clock," sputtered Jimmy-boy, as he crawled from his chair up to bed.

To be sent to bed at a stated time was the last and greatest ignomy. His father was a tyrant, his mother expected too much of him, his sisters were bothers, declared the most ill-used boy in the world, tumbling over in his soft bed.

When his mother entered his room for the goodnight kiss, she did not notice the compact bundle under his bed. Kissing him fondly, she said:

"When night comes and finds us all well and happy in a comfortable home, how thankful we should be."

"I don't see nuthin' to be thankful for," said Jimmy.

"If I thought you really meant that, how grieved I should be," replied his mother. "You are our only boy, and we do all we can to make you happy."

"I only wish you did," he muttered.

She sighed, and laid her hand tenderly on his head, looking upon him with eyes that were deep wells of love. She said no more, but left him with a kiss and a tear on his cheek.

* * * *

How sweet was the morning air as Jimmy whirled through the fresh country on his wheel. Under the seat was strapped a roll of clothes; and his pockets bulged with bread, cold chicken and cookies. Besides this storage of supplies, he had abundantly furnished the storehouse under his jacket before quitting the pantry, and so felt well prepared for the day.

Yet, after all, evening found a very tired and hungry little boy resting beside the dusty highway. The thought of "cold grub" nauseated him; he declared his legs had the toothache from wheeling; he longed for the plate of roast beef and mashed potatoes and gravy awaiting him at home, and the comfortable bed, which he had always declared too small. What he did was to push down the last cookie, then crawl along a little further until he came to a

clump of apple trees, sheltering what appeared to be a large rustic box, but which proved to be a very small log cabin. Wondering if anyone lived there, yet fearing to ascertain, he slipped into a small empty outhouse and lay down on some straw, where the shadows in the corners frightened him and the stars through the open window laughed at him; but at last, to a little tune of tears, fell asleep.

Sunrise awoke him; and he saw, filling the doorway of his sleeping apartment, a very stout old woman with a round, rosy face, which seemed to make a soft light about her. Her dress was of faded black calico; and her dark apron was looped about her head, like the black frame of a sunshiny landscape.

"Too big for the storks to have brought," she said meditatively. "I reckon he came on that whirligig macheen. Wouldn't it be grand for me to ride when I take my berries to market."

"Oh, please don't try," cried Jimmy, his consternation broadly awakening him.

The stout woman laughed good-naturedly, and invited her guest of the night to breakfast—blessed word—for she lived in the log cabin, though Jimmy remarked that he didn't see how she did it.

"I'm going to have wings added directly," she said, with a twinkle in her bright blue eye. "The architect is working on the design."

As he followed his hostess to the door, Jimmy glanced at his soiled hands, and wondered if they tallied with his face; but she immediately filled a tin basin from the pail on the bench outside, and handed him a coarse towel; so that he presented a more cleanly appearance as he entered the log cabin, where his hostess was placing breakfast upon a little wooden table. Cornmeal porridge and milk was not a sumptuous repast, but decidedly satisfying after a day of cold lunching; and from a weak state of humble gratitude, Jimmy was restored to his usual sound

mental tone, and asked if a second course were not in order. The stout lady's eyes twinkled as she said, "yes, the second course was cornmeal and porridge, and so was the third course; so Jimmy passed his bowl for the second course, and the third one, too, then asked for his napkin, please.

"I gave a ball last week and used up every blessed one, a napkin with each course; you know; and they ain't back from the wash-lady's yet," replied his hostess. "You allers used one at home, didn't you?"

"No-o," replied Jimmy, "hated 'em when I had to use 'em."

He said no more as she proceeded to wash the dishes.

"You'll have to excuse me," she said, "but I'm housekeeper and farmer, too, since dear Sam'l died; and I have to keep agoin', like them rubber rings you ride on. How would you like to stay here with me and help me?"

"Fust rate," responded Jimmy.

"You've run away from home, hain't you?"

Jimmy nodded.

"They treated you bad, didn't they? You was the worst used boy in all the world, wasn't you?"

"Y-es'm," assented Jimmy doubtfully.

"Well, this is just the place for you, where you can have a real good time. Somethin' must have led you right here. I'm just awful glad we've found each other, Jimmy, you and me. You can call me Annt Merry—M-e-r-r-y—not M-a-r-y, which was my christening name, but they afterwards changed it. Now what's your name, seein' we're exchanging confidences? Jimmy what?"

"James Dole."

"The front name's all right, but I don't like the hind name. It's your father's name, hain't it?"

"Yes, of course."

"I mean the whole thing, James Dole. Well, now, Jimmy-boy, which sounds lots nicer than Jimmy Dole, the first thing people trave

or pleasure—and you are away on both—is to drop their folks a postal card that they have arrived safe at destination, so they won't be worried, you know. Here's a postal and a leadpencil."

"Haven't you any ink?" he asked.

"I left my gold fountain pen at the jeweler's to be mended," she replied.

Jimmy took the postal card and pencil; and when he had scrawled a brief note, and she had slyly added a postscript, she said she would take it when she went to market that morning with strawberries.

"I don't reckon as the postman'll call today," she said, as Jimmy looked surprised. It's late now, nine o'clock by the shadows. No, I hain't got no clock; and my watch is at the jeweler's, along with my spring pen."

"Fountain pen," corrected Jimmy.

"That reminds me that I need a bucket of water from the spring. It's just down at the foot of the hill, and don't stumble when you bring it up the path."

"You go all that way for water?" exclaimed Jimmy. "We have ours right in the house."

"Well, I've ordered around the plumber; but he's so slow, though allers prompt enough with his bill. However, perhaps he's started laying pipes from the city, fifteen miles away. I reckon as that might take some time. Just for temporary makeshift, I'm goin' to have a windmill, you know, and water-tank."

Jimmy silently took the pail and went for water.

"Now, Jimmy," said Aunt Merry, when he had returned. "You look plumb tired out. Yesterday was not a red letter day with you, so you just stretch your little self out on that there bed and sleep."

Jimmy was surprised to find the bed in the kitchen, as in fact was everything else, the log cabin having but one room; but Aunt Merry hastened to assure him

that the guest chamber was being re-furnished and decorated, so please excuse the present arrangement.

Jimmy quietly crawled upon the great feather-bed and sank into it and dream-land. When he awoke some hours afterwards, Aunt Merry was cooking dinner, and the room was hot from the busy little woodfire.

"We cook on a gas range," he volunteered.

"I've ordered around a gas stove, also a gas grate for the reception hall," responded Aunt Merry.

"But gasoline wouldn't be so hot as this stove," said Jimmy.

"Gasoline's all out o' date," she replied; "that settles it with me."

"Do you like soup first?"

"Of course."

"Then here's some good cabbage soup, first and last course."

Jimmy was very hungry; and cabbage soup and bread and butter tasted good, though he was thinking of the home luncheon of chicken salad, creamed potatoes and orange jelly. A dish of red berries completed the feast.

"Now you've rested and had refreshment," said Aunt Merry, "you might pick me up a little light wood around here, but take things easy today, Jimmy."

"I wonder if this is taking things easy," said Jimmy, stooping to gather the broken branches and chips. But he brought in the basket well filled, and then amused himself until it was time to bring up the cow; when he went lazily through the sweet, still woods hunting the gold and white Daisy. As he returned he could hear Aunt Merry's voice mingling with that of the birds as she trained the morning-glories to run against the rough side of the cabin. Her home might have been a palace, but Aunt Merry could not have been happier than in her little log house.

"Don't you ever whistle, Jimmy?" she asked. "I expected to hear a merry tune as you came through the pretty green woods. Ain't everything

sweet and fresh? I do love to get out o' doors and help things grow. The blossoms have all gone from the apple trees, but just to make room for apples; so one pleasure goes to make room for another. As I think o' how lovely and how nice the world is, I can't help but be happy, if I hain't got no gas stove nor chanticleers."

Still singing, she brought out the milk pail and gave Jimmy his first lesson in milking. Then supper of bread and milk and berries was ready, after which Aunt Merry suggested bedtime.

"It's only eight o'clock," remonstrated Jimmy.

"But we've got to be up with the birds, catching worms," said Aunt Merry, lighting a candle.

"I ain't used to that kind of a light," observed Jimmy.

"La, Honey, this candle's for me. I didn't intend you to take a light up to the loft. You'll find an electric light there. Just press the button."

"The loft?" he murmured.

"On the top floor. Take the elevator."

"But I am used to sleeping in a room," said Jimmy.

"And was allers mighty thankful for it, and your nice soft bed."

He hung his head.

"Now, before you go upstairs, Jimmy-boy, I want to make you a present of this here bag," said Aunt Merry, bringing out a coarse brown bag with a brass ring at the top. "You don't guess what it's for? Well, I'll tell you. Just sling it around your neck like a school-bag, only you hang it in front, and when you express an opinion about anything, just put your mouth to the mouth of the bag and say it."

Astonished, Jimmy could do no more than murmur. "Yes'm," as he obediently threw the cord around his neck, while she picked up the candle and held it for him to see to mount the ladder in the corner of the room to

the black hole in the ceiling. As he turned to bid her goodnight, she said kindly:

"Your Maw ain't here to kiss you goodnight, Jimmy, but I reckon she's wishing she could, but tonight she'll have to do it by proxy."

A lump arose in his throat as he turned his face to hers. She kissed him and patted his cheek, and told him to be careful and not bump his head on the rafters.

He found a little cot-bed upstairs, with a straw mattress and one sheet and a patchwork quilt, under which latter he was not loath to creep.

At sunrise Aunt Merry called him; and as he groped half-awake for his clothes, he said, "It's outrageous to be yanked up so early," while Aunt Merry's cheerful voice called:

"Jimmy, don't forget your bag."

He picked it up and repeated his remark therein. He immediately felt something drop into the bag, a little hard something, but could not make out what it was.

"There's milking to do and chickens to feed and butter to churn and water to bring and the fire to make and corn-bread to bake," said Aunt Merry, as Jimmy's legs appeared on the ladder.

"Goodness me, what a lot to do before breakfast," he said into the bag.

"You can go for water, and be careful, for it has rained and the path is slippery. Then you can help with the churning, and I reckon you'll have an appetite for breakfast all right," said Aunt Merry cheerfully.

Jimmy took the pail and trudged down the hill. Returning, he slipped and spilled the water, and had to fetch more.

"I'm thinking a whole lot of things," he said into the bag.

"Now so you shan't splash yourself with milk, I'm goin' to tie this here apron around your neck," said Aunt Merry, bringing out a blue and white checked apron and beginning the tying act.

"No, you don't!" exclaimed Jimmy, struggling to be free.

But Aunt Merry calmly proceeded to tie the apron around his neck.

"This is the worst insult ever offered me," he said, *sotto voce*.

"The bag, Jimmy," she suggested mildly, though something fell into the bag as it hung about his neck under the apron.

"Here I am fixed up just like Susie Blake," he sputtered, for all the world like the angry, flying cream. He wanted to say that he wished he were home, but was ashamed to make this declaration after his voluntary departure therefrom.

When the butter had come, the cow had been milked, the chickens fed, and all other preliminaries to the day's work completed to Aunt Merry's satisfaction, to Jimmy's greater satisfaction, breakfast was announced.

"I'm awful hungry," he said, "and see how late it is."

"A good appetite is the best seasoner for victuals," replied Aunt Merry; "and as for a late breakfast, that's stylish, you know. But after all it's only eight o'clock; that ain't so late. Some people breakfast at nine."

"But I've been up two blessed hours," he said.

"You never had to wait breakfast at home?" she asked.

"'Bout five minutes."

"What a fortunate little boy you was. Why, when I was your age, I used to have to get up and feed the chickens and help milk and skim and churn, and gather something from the garden, and then help with the breakfast before I could get any. That was just beginning the day's work, a sort o' introduction to it. But I liked to help my parents and loved them dearly. We allers love them we do things for."

After demolishing cornbread and fried eggs, Jimmy did chores and filled his grumble bag. In the afternoon he took his recreation helping in the garden. By evening the bag was very heavy; and

when Aunt Merry had lit the candle, she said:

"Now bring the bag to me and let's see what's in it. It's certain sure full weight; no cheatin' this time."

Jimmy himself had tried to open the bag many times, but Aunt Merry pressed a spring and in an instant the brass ring opened, and out flew the contents of the bag. Jimmy shut his eyes, for they were flying against his face, and he felt as though it were being pulled out of shape. When the whirl around his ears had subsided, he ventured to open his eyes, to see the queer little noisy beings flying like June bugs about the room. Aunt Merry was laughing.

"What wretched little Grumbles," she said. "So this is what you've been saying all day long? Here's, 'It's dreadful for a boy to have to churn,' a little scowler in a blue-checked apron. And here's, 'I hate to pick berries,' as sour-faced as you please. And here's, 'The cornbread's burnt,' looking burnt himself, he's so black in the face. And here's, 'I wish I had never been born,' which looks as though it never oughter have been. But ain't there anything complimentary in the whole bag, some nice little smiling remark?"

"This looks like one," murmured Jimmy, pointing to a fat red object rolling on the table, like a bug on its back.

"To be sure it is. That's, 'What a big strawberry!' I've been wantin' a vase or an ornament for my mantel shelf for a long time, and I'll just set him up there, as a little souvenir (ain't that the word?) of Jimmy. I wish he was a pair. My, how them things must have been fussin' all day in that bag."

"Had to keep punchin' 'em to keep quiet," said Jimmy. "I wish you'd open the door and let 'em out."

"Don't like the looks o' 'em?" she asked. "You never thought how they sounded, but now you can see just how they look, and they ain't nobody's

pretty child. Well, we'll let 'em out, though I do hope they won't spile my berries or my roses."

She opened the door and drove the wretched set out with her apron. Then she refastened the brass ring and handed the bag to Jimmy, who now observed the black letters on it, reading:

"Grumble Bag."

"Now I reckon you won't need rockin' to sleep to-night," said Aunt Merry; "an' to-morrow we can rest, for it's Sunday."

"On Saturday night I have to take a bath," said Jimmy. "I never liked to, but Ma made me. I don't see any place to scrub here," starting a fresh supply in his bag.

"No, the bath-room's bein' upholstered," said Aunt Merry; "but tomorrow morning when you get up, just chase over to Turkey Creek; there's a fine swimmin' hole there."

Jimmy turned to his grumble bag, but thought better to say, "I certainly do love to swim — only it's kind o' early at sunrise."

"It'll make you grow; but then you don't have to get up quite so early tomorrow, bein' as it's Sunday," said Aunt Merry.

"At home I used to lie in bed Sundays till ten o'clock, and Ma'd bring up my breakfast."

"But I'm feared she wasn't bringin' you up," replied Aunt Merry.

"I guess she was sort o' too good to me," said Jimmy softly.

"You don't find Aunt Merry too good to you," she said.

"You make me work; but then you are good to me, after all."

"Bless his dear little heart for saying so. Now fill up your bag with nice kind words like them, Jimmy-boy. My, don't my little red vase look nice on the mantel shelf? I do so wish there were two o' them; I allers did like a pair o' vases, but we'll have some more next week."

In the morning Jimmy tested the

swimming hole at Turkey Creek; after which he brought water, ted the chickens, and was ready for breakfast. After breakfast he took the cow to pasture, brought more water, then remarked that he thought Aunt Merry had said they were to take things easy on Sunday.

It was now church time, and Aunt Merry put on her best black lawn, printed with green sprigs and purple roses, and took the reluctant Jimmy over the fields to services held in a barn. When they returned he was very hungry, but found only a cold dinner of ham and hard boiled eggs and rice pudding.

"We always had a boss dinner on Sunday," he said.

"We mustn't work on Sunday, Jimmy," replied Aunt Merry, "cooking nor nuthin' but what has to be done."

"Ma used to stay home from church and see that the dinner went all right," he said.

"What a good Maw, allers sacrificing herself."

"You bet!" said Jimmy emphatically.

In the afternoon Aunt Merry gave him a Sunday School book to read, but Jimmy went to sleep under the apple trees. Then there was the cow to bring from the pasture, the milking to do and water to bring; and after supper Jimmy sat on the door-step with his face and thoughts toward home. A barrier of tall trees lay between them. Above the trees the light was fast fading from the sky; and from the darkening woods came the ceaseless "chirr" of the night insects, which made Jimmy feel far more lonesome than silent shadows. It was very hard to be homesick, but that was what was the matter with Jimmy. He started up at Aunt Merry's voice:

"Early to bed, Jimmy; for to-morrow's washday, with water to bring."

"We used to have such lovely evenings at home, the girls and I," he said.

"What a happy little boy you must have been in that beautiful, loving home," said Aunt Merry.

"No, I wasn't," sobbed Jimmy, bury-

ing his face on Aunt Merry's shoulder, while she patted him gently on the back.

By sunrise next morning Jimmy had brought six pails of water from the spring. By breakfast time most of the chores were done, so that after breakfast he was at leisure to turn the wringer for Aunt Merry, and help hang up the clothes. By evening the grumble bag was full; and at the lighting of the candle, Aunt Merry unfastened the brass ring. As they flew about the room, Jimmy recognized, "I'm so tired of turning this old wringer." "Will that tub ever be full?" "What a bother to bring up the cow." "Only pork and potatoes for dinner." "Dear me, I'm dead beat." "It ain't no fun huntin' eggs." "How I do hate to go to church." But he recognized also, "You are good to me, after all." "What boss bread and butter." And, soft-eyed and sweet-faced, "I guess she was sort o' too good to me."

"We'll have to raise the price on this here bag," said Aunt Merry. "Bless me, what's this here round rolly-polly? 'I love Aunt Merry.' What a boy it is to love a hard-hearted old aunt like me," while Jimmy looked ashamed of his confession.

"Just suppose everybody could see everybody's words and thoughts, there might n't be so many funny feelin's in people's hearts," said Aunt Merry, as she opened the door.

A voice outside attracted Jimmy's attention, and eager he started to his feet. "Papa, O papa," he cried.

"We could n't do without our little boy any longer," said his father, catching him as he sprang like a little wild cat for his neck. "Ah, dear, good old Merry, so you have been mothering Jimmy as you once mothered me? Yes, Jimmy, Aunt Merry was my nurse when I was a little boy, and the thought of her smiling, happy face has gone with me through life."

"Did she make you one of those bags?" asked Jimmy.

"What bags?" asked his father, mystified. "She did work me a pretty hand-

kerchief bag, when I got big enough to use 'em."

"Oh," said Jimmy, tucking the grumble bag out of sight.

"When I read your postscript on Jimmy's card, how glad I was that he and we had found you," said Mr. Dole to Aunt Merry. "And now, Jimmy, let us take Aunt Merry home with us to make sunshine in the house, and help mother with you children."

"I've lived here twenty years," said Aunt Merry, "and I love every inch of my little log house. It is a beautiful place to me, and I am happy here, and, like the red rosebush beside the door, too old to transplant. Send the children out to their Aunt Merry, and let them play under the trees and among the flowers. Some day when I get too old to work any more, I'll say goodby to my little log cabin, and come hobbling in on my trusty cane."

That night in his room Jimmy took out the bag folded carefully in his pocket, and said many things into it. As he unclasped the brass ring, he noticed not the black letters on the bag, but a golden inscription, "Praise Bag." Then he shook it out. "What a lucky boy I am." "Aunt Merry, you have taught me lots, to churn and milk and chop wood, and — and — something I can't express." "Aunt Merry, I certainly shall miss you." "I have the bossiest father in the world." "Home is the best place, after all." "Mother, what a brick you are!"

When he had fallen asleep, and his mother bent over him for a final kiss, she did not notice the bright-winged creature that started up from his pillow and flitted away in the moonlight; she did not recognize, "I'm the thankfulest boy in all the world, with such a home and such bargains of mother and father and sisters — all too good for a bad boy, but I certainly love 'em." But she did observe the sweet expression about his mouth, which the golden thought had traced.

AN EASTER STORY.

BY ANNIE HUCK.



ONCE there were four children and a mother. Their father was gone, and the mother had to work very hard for their living. There were three girls and one boy, who was seven years old. The boy's name was Harry. One day when Harry went out he met his playmate Jack. Jack was the son of a rich merchant. They talked quite awhile. Suddenly Jack said he was going to get some Easter eggs on Easter Sunday. Harry wondered if he was going to get some too. He bade Jack goodbye, and ran home and asked his mother if he were going to get Easter eggs. His mother sighed, and said she did not know.

On Easter morning they looked for nests, and each found one. The mother found a wooden egg, and when she opened it the money rolled out on the ground.



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—As I have not written to you for so long I thought I would drop you a few lines. I think the story of "Ministering Angels" very nice. I will send you this story, hoping it will pass the scrap box. I have never sent a story to you before, so I thought I would try. It is printed, but I suppose it will not harm any. I read it out of another little paper which one of my neighbors gave me, and thought it very nice. Enclosed please find 50 cents for another year's subscription. Please send me the April copy.

I will close.

AGNES WITTICH.

[The little story you have selected, Agnes, is very good, but we will have to wait till we have room for it.—Ed.]

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.

DEAR EDITOR—I am going to write to you. I hope you are well. I have a little girl sister; her name is Emma. She is four years old. My name is Bessie. I am nine years old. I am a niece of Mrs. E. C. Wrong. I am one of the twins that mamma sent you the picture of. My sister is writing. I have 111 hundreds in spelling. I don't know much to say. Mrs. Wrong gave me Wee Wisdom for a Christmas present. I like it very well. I guess I will say goodbye.

BESSIE KLOSTERMAN.

[There's a little sheet enclosed with Bessie's letter, which she says little Emma has written to

us. You'd smile if you'd see it, for though the little lines are written very carefully, only the m's and u's and w's have come to help her, and they all have hold of hands. But Ye Editor can read it all right, and, Emma, you shall have your extra paper for it.—Ed.]



LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Enclosed please find 50 cents for which please send me Wee Wisdom one year. Yours truly,

NELIE BABE.

P. S.—I will send you some of my poetry after I get better acquainted with you. I can write poetry. I am eleven years old. If you will send me some sample copies, I will give them to some children. N. B.

[We shall hope to see some of your poetry, and thank you for trying to get others interested in Wee Wisdom.—Ed.]



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR FRIENDS—With pleasure I will let you know that our WEE WISDOM and UNITY are run out, and we want to renew for a year, so I send you the money, and please send the back numbers. My little sister Mary always takes her pieces to say at Sunday School (held by Mrs. Apple) out of the WEE WISDOM or UNITY, and her teacher thinks they are sweet, and we can't do without them. Yours in love and truth,

MISS C. DETTERMANN.



STERLING, KAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—It has been a long time since I subscribed for your paper, and I will now try to subscribe for it. I do so love it, and I wish you would send me the back numbers.

BESSIE WEBB.

[We welcome you back, Bessie.—Ed.]

Wee Wisdom

WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM—I send 50 cents to renew Geraldine Hayden's subscription. I hope she will have a happy birthday. This is vacation week, and we have May parties here all the week. I have had one, and been to two others. We decorate ourselves and lunch baskets with tissue paper, and play games, and eat out of doors. I have the dearest brother that any of the Wees could possibly imagine. He is eight months young. I love WEE WISDOM as well as ever.

Yours with love,

CECELIA BULLARD.

[Cecelia's letter is full of May and joy, and makes one feel glad.—Ed.]



DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write the Wees a letter, and tell all I can about Truth and Love. First I will tell you that I go to the Divine Science Sunday School; that is where I get this beautiful little Truth and Love paper that teaches me how to be good and loving to every one and every thing. Every night before I go to sleep I say this little prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I know that God His child doth keep.
I know that God my Life is nigh,
I live in Him and cannot die.

"God is my health, I can't be sick;
God is my strength, unfailing, quick;
God is my all, I know no fear
Since Life and Love and Truth are here."

That is such a beautiful little prayer. I think it would be so nice if all the Wees would say this little prayer. I will close now with a good thought to all the Wees from

MARIE YOUNG.

[That's a good letter; Marie, we wish all the Wees had the blessed privilege of attending a Sunday School like yours.—Ed.]



WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I mean to visit you today with a long letter. I have two brothers and one sister. I think my youngest brother is going to take WEE WISDOM. A friend of mine lets me read her WEE WISDOM, and I like it very much. My friend and I take long walks together and study birds and flowers. My friend is up with me this afternoon. We study Truth's way; hope to succeed. With love,

GRACE LEWIS.

[Truth's way always leads into Wisdom's ways, which are "ways of pleasantness and paths of peace."—Ed.]



LEEDS, N. D.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought that I would

write to you. We are all feeling well, and hope you're all the same. I got five or six Easter eggs, and Bossie, a little calf, on Easter morning. It got out of the bara and ran all over town, but we got it again. My little sister Louise fell in the cistern and broke her leg. It did not have water in it, but it was twelve feet deep. I am going to have a little garden. I have a little black cat. We have a 'phone now, and I can 'phone.

Yours truly, from

SELMA WEIERMULLER.

[Here is a little prayer that will keep from accident when we carry it 'round in our heart and mind:

"God walks beside me, guides my way,
Through every moment of the day."

—Ed.]



TABLE ROCK, NEB.

DEAR WEES AND YE EDITOR—I have not written to you for a long time, and I thought I would write again. I enjoyed the story, "Ministering Angels," and was sorry it stopped. I hope Aunt Mary will write again. I like her stories so well. Don't you? Is nt it lovely to have spring back here again, with the flowers and the green grass and gentle winds and cool rains? We children have four pets. A cow and a calf and a colt and a dog. The cow's name is Spot, the calf's name is Major, the colt's name is Jacob, and the dog's name is Captain.

I will close with love.

VIOLET BOONE.

[We are glad of a breath from our Violet this spring, and with her we, too, rejoice in the beautiful Spring.—Ed.]



DANVILLE, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Unity sent Aunt Hattie a little ink blotter, and on it were the words, "Health, Prosperity and Happiness," and it is a real nice little blotter for school. We need blotters for our copy books, but I would n't put it in my copy book, because I might lose it. Will you please send one of them to me, if it is not too much trouble, so that I can have it for my copy book?

From, BERTHA BRAUCHER.

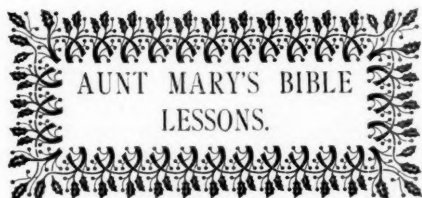
[Bertha is to remember that these blotters, bearing the words, "Health, Prosperity and Happiness" are to blot out of the mind *beliefs* in disease, want and unhappiness, and so she is to use them for that purpose, too.—Ed.]



CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I would like to take your little paper. My mamma read one to me, and I liked it very much. My name is Katie Ulrich, and I was six last December. I take music lessons, and practice every day, and I hope some day I can play WEE WISDOM songs.

KATIE.



LESSON X. JUNE 4.

The Resurrection.—John 20:1-23.

GOLDEN TEXT—*But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept.*—I. Cor. 15:20.

Those that weep much can not see their good, for tears blind the eyes. Mary could not see the Christ while she wept. But the Good never leaves the one who loves God; thus the good never left Mary. Mary was first conscious of two happy, comforting thoughts—these the angels who stood within the tomb of Jesus. Then she turned and saw Jesus the Christ. This gave her great joy.

This Mary was the Magdalene, and it is well to observe what a beautiful loving character she had developed into. She showed herself grateful, loyal and loving. Jesus had taught her of the great love of God that sees and knows no evil. Jesus had looked way deep down into Mary's heart and seen only pure love and beauty there, when others had looked for evil. This is what we must all do: look only for the good, and we shall surely find the good. "Seek and ye shall find," is the promise. Mary sought her Lord, and she found him.

We are all resurrected when we find the Christ within ourselves. The little boy that feels and knows that he is God's child, and able to do all things well, is resurrected. The little girl who can say, "I know that Christ lives in me, and is the real me," is resurrected. This is true knowledge, and lived by will save us from death.

LESSON XI. JUNE 11.

The Message of the Risen Christ.
—Rev. 1:10-20

GOLDEN TEXT—*I am he that liveth and was dead: and behold I am alive for evermore.*—Rev. 1:18.

This lesson may seem a little difficult to you, my children, but only ask God to give you clear vision, and your Christ-self will show you the real meaning of it.

Notice the number seven; that is a high spiritual number, meaning all that is holy and good. First, John was shown the eternity of spiritual things, for Alpha and Omega mean without begin-

ning and without end. Eternity may be likened to a circle or any round body—you can neither find its beginning nor its ending. If you look up the interpretation of the different churches mentioned, you will know what each one stands for. Some of these meanings you may find in the back of the Teacher's Bible.

The next symbol given to John was that of light, or knowledge. The seven candlesticks show spiritual light treating of the things of God. In the center of the seven stood the Son of God, our real self that lives eternally, or the beautiful perfect soul—the Christ. The right hand expresses strength, and the seven stars are the seven spiritual qualities that belong to every soul. The real church of God is within the heart. That is the place of worship—the holy of holies where Christ dwells. The two edged sword is the word of Truth, or God-words of wisdom that cut away the false and leave the true. The seven stars, or qualities, are truth, love, wisdom, power, peace, purity and joy. These are as good angels to guide us on the way. They are our stars of faith.

The keys of hell and of death are in our keeping, for hell is darkness, and we need not unlock any door that opens to darkness, which is ignorance. Death is also as false, for in God there is only life.

LESSON VII. JUNE 18.

The Heavenly Home.—Rev. 22:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT—*To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne.*—Rev. 3:21.

Where is the throne of God? The throne of God is within your heart. When we know that this is the real throne we will become conscious of our oneness with our Creator (God). Then, if this is so, where must the heavenly home be? It, of course, must be within the heart also, for Jesus said, "Heaven is within man." This is another lesson of what John's inmost consciousness revealed to him. Within man is the soul, a perfect thing without spot or blemish; clear as crystal, or like a pure river, giving forth good forever.

God and you are one. The Lamb is the Son of God, the spiritual self. The tree of life is the power within you to do, or to bear. The fruits which you bear are twelve beautiful qualities: Patience, meekness, purity, willingness, faith, singleness of purpose, that is, perfect balance, health, prosperity, wisdom, love, joy and life.

In the leaves we put forth the essence of these qualities, that act as a balm, or salve, on other hearts, and so blesses and heals them. In God there is no curse, and when we feel ourselves at one with God we no longer believe in any evil.

The servants are our good thoughts that obey God, and do His commands. And all His commands are good, for they are all of love. There is no night in the soul, for it makes its own light, and shows us the way. When we know this, we

will be able to make light a dark room without the aid of a candle, gas or electric light. The soul does reign forever and ever, and knows no fatigue. It is the real. It is all there is, for the Soul, or Spirit, is God.

LESSON XIII. JUNE 25.

Review.

GOLDEN TEXT—*But these are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.*—John 20:31.

Jesus knew that he was the Son of God, the Christ, but he has distinctly told us that we also must believe the same of ourselves, and live truly as though we were God's. Jesus said, "Ye are in me, and I in you, and we are one in the Father." This makes us all alike. We can understand real, true, happy life only as we follow in Jesus' steps. We must be like him. We must love God and our neighbor. Be kind to all, forget no one. Never sneer or make fun of anybody to hurt their feelings, for all are God's children, and have the Christ within them no matter how they appear to be. Love is the law of God, and we must love all, and help all in every way that we can.

YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

Welcome, my Wisdoms! I s'pose you all came in at the front door, and have heard what Faye has to say about The Joyful Circle and Sunshine Barrel; and that makes me wonder if you've all done your share of Sunshine work this month, and what you've found to send our little North Carolina Wisdom. We would like some reports of your doings for the Sunshine Corner next month.

You looked into Miss Kellerhouse's "Grumble Bag" as you passed through, of course. How do you like the idea of bagging up the talk of the day and letting it out at night? But then *you* might have a bag full of singing birds, for the kind cheerful words you have

spoken all through the day, to let loose in your home.

Miss Kellerhouse in her "Grumble Bag" story, shows how a boy looks and acts when he is wrong side out. You can't see a nice thing about him, and it is a great relief when she turns him back again and leaves him with his right side out. It isn't natural to like things wrong side out. We wouldn't wear our clothes that way, and why should we ever wear ourselves that way? The wrong side of love is temper, and the wrong side of health is disease—be sure you don't put your love and health on wrong side out or any other of your goodness-es.

The letters bring us into each other's home lives each month, and we love to hear about the little brothers and sisters and colts and kittens; but most, we love to *feel* the sweet loving thoughts that go out to these little brothers and sisters and colts and kittens, and wrap these homes about in peace and safety, for homes should be like heaven, and hold the very best of God and ourselves.

You will not forget that there is only one more number before WEE WISDOM's birth month, and we shall expect you Wisdoms to write everything for the August number, and Royal to be editor of it. Now, do your best, have everything in by the 15th of July, and show what a nice paper you can get out all by yourselves. You had better make photograph visits, too. How many will make WEE WISDOM the birthday present of a new subscriber?



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5 cents a copy.

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June, 1905.

A LULLABY.

Lullaby, my baby, oh,
Lullaby, my sweet;
To Sleepyland 'tis time to go,
And rest your little feet.
The birdies all are in their nest,
The wind is sleepy, too;
The busy bees have gone to rest,
And so, my pet, must you.
Lullaby, lullaby,
and sleep.

Lullaby, my baby, oh,
Lullaby, my dear.
In your ears, so soft and low,
I whisper: Have no fear,
For every hour, through all your dreams,
God's angels will keep watch,
And mother's love like sunshine beams
Your waking laughter catch.
Lullaby, lullaby,
and sleep.

—Selected.

Where are our little story writers this month? Annie Buck's is the only one sent in.

The first story for WEE WISDOM's Birthday number has just arrived—it is written by Eleanor Andrews and is very interesting.

There has been no response to the invitation in May WEE WISDOM, to tell "Why I Love to Live." It is not too late yet to think up and tell the good reasons for loving to live this wonderful Life.

Trial subscribers can have both UNITY and WEE WISDOM three months for 15 cents.

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.

Remember WEE WISDOM's address is 1315 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo., and always direct your letters good and plain.

WEE WISDOM will be furnished in quantities to Sunday Schools at the following rates:

10 to 24 copies, 40 cts. each per year.
25 to 49 copies, 35 cts. each per year.
50 to 100 copies, 25 cts. each per year.

A Parable.

Let us learn from this parable a lesson of contentment.

(From the German of Ruckert.—N. N. F.)

A little tree stood up in the wood
In bright and dirty weather;
And nothing but needles it had for leaves
From top to bottom together.
The needles stuck about,
And the little tree spoke out:

"My companions all have leaves
Most beautiful to see,
While I've nothing but these needles—
No one ever touches me.
Might I have my fortune told,
All my leaves should be pure gold."

The little tree 's asleep by dark,
Awake by earliest light;
And now its golden leaves you mark,
There was a sight!
The little tree says, "Now I'm set high,
No tree in the wood has gold leaves but I."

But now again the night came back,
Through the forest there walked a Jew,
With great thick beard and great thick sack,
And soon the gold leaves did view.
He pockets them all, and away does fare,
Leaving the little tree quite bare.

The little tree speaks up distressed:
"Those golden leaves how I lament!
I'm quite ashamed before the rest;
Such lovely dress to them is lent.
Might I bring one more wish to pass
I would have my leaves of clearest glass."

The little tree sleeps again at dark,
And wakes with the early light,
And now its glass leaves you mark
There was a sight!
The little tree says, "Now I'm right glad;
No tree in the wood is as brightly clad."

There came up now a mighty blast,
And a furious gale it blew;
It swept among the trees full fast,
And on the glass leaves it flew.
There lay the leaves of glass
All shivered on the grass!

The little tree complains:
"My glass lies on the ground.
Each other tree remains
With its green dress all sound.
Might I but have my wish once more,
I'd have of those green leaves good store."

Again asleep is the little tree,
And early wakes to the light.
He is covered with green leaves fair to see;
He laughs outright,
And says, "I am now all nicely dressed,
No need be ashamed before the rest."

And now with udders full
Forth a wild she-goat sprung,
Seeking for herbs to pull
To feed her young.
She sees the leaves, nor makes much talk,
But strips all clear to the very stalk.

The little tree again is bare,
And thus to himself he said:
"No longer for any leaves I care;
Neither green or yellow or red.
If I had but my needles again
I would never scold or complain."

The little tree slept sad that night,
And sadly opened his eyes;
He sees himself in the sun's first light,
And laughs as he would die,
And all the trees in a roar burst out,
But the tree little cared for their shout.

What made the little tree laugh like mad?
And what set the rest in a roar?
In a single night, soon back he had
Every needle he had before!
And every body may see them such,
Go out and look, but do not touch.

Why not, I pray?
They prick, some say.