



Jimmy and Snuggles

By Henry H. Graham

Jimmy Dunn was a boy who did not always treat his collie dog, Snuggles, very kindly. In fact, Jimmy sometimes struck Snuggles with a stick and did other mean things to him. Usually, when he saw Jimmy threatening him, the dog ran as fast as he could for a hole under the big red barn on the farm where Jimmy lived with his mother and father. There Jimmy could not get him; he was safe.

When Snuggles was fresh and clean Jimmy liked to have him around. But when he was dirty and wet, he got Jimmy's clothes soiled if he rubbed up against him. Jimmy did not like that. But it was not Snuggles' fault at all. In rainy times the dog could not help getting wet and muddy. He naturally was friendly. That was why Jimmy had named him Snuggles. He liked so much to snuggle up against people. But lately he seldom came near Jimmy because he was afraid of the stick the boy carried much of the time.

Snuggles had worn the hole beneath the big red barn very smooth because he had used it so much. Sometimes he slid through it on his stomach several times a day. But he still liked Jimmy. That was why he did not run away from home. He thought that after awhile perhaps Jimmy would treat him better—that they would be friends as they used to be when Snuggles was just a tiny puppy. So he stayed home.

One day, in the winter, when Jimmy was walking home from school, a big storm came up. The snow flew thickly until Jimmy could see no more than ten feet in any direction. A fierce wind howled through the narrow valley and the weather suddenly became very cold. Jimmy shivered as he forced his way through the steadily deepening drifts. He grew very tired and very cold. The snowflakes cut his cheeks like the blade of a knife. More dead than alive he trudged forward across the white fields in the direction of home.

Finally, however, he could go no further. He was completely tired out—cold, wet, and very miserable. The storm had increased in fury instead of abating. Jimmy sat down on a snow-covered tree stump. He grew very sleepy. This

alarmed him for he had read somewhere that people who were about to freeze to death first became drowsy.

So he forced himself to walk, knowing that as long as he kept going he would not freeze. Somehow, as he walked, his thoughts turned to Snuggles. The shaggy dog nearly always came to meet him after school was out in the afternoon. Snuggles would dash toward him, with sparkling eyes, then run ahead, wait for him and then go on again. But would Snuggles come to meet him now? He probably wouldn't want to go out in such a frightful storm; no, the boy reasoned, he would stay under the big red barn where it was warm and comfortable. He would not venture out in such a fierce blizzard. Besides, Jimmy remembered he had not been treating the dog kindly for a long time.

A few minutes later, however, to his joy, Jimmy heard a dog barking. The sounds were faint at first, gradually growing louder.

"That's Snuggles all right!" Jimmy exclaimed to himself. "He's coming straight toward me."

Then, completely exhausted, Jimmy sank to his knees in the soft snow and fell on his face.

The next thing Jimmy saw was the familiar wall of his bedroom at home. He was lying in bed with a hot water bottle at his feet, a doctor sitting near by.

"How do you feel, Son?" the doctor asked him with a smile. "You had a narrow escape."

Jimmy rubbed his eyes with a small fist, then asked, "What happened anyway? The last I remember was falling in the snow. Who brought me here?"

His father spoke. "Snuggles found you unconscious. He rushed home and barked so loudly on the back step that I knew something was wrong. I put on my warmest coat, went outside, and followed Snuggles as he led me straight to where you were lying in the snow. It was nearly a half mile. I carried you home and put you to bed. If it hadn't been for Snuggles you probably would have frozen to death."

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Thoughts for You . . .

Kindness is to do and say the kindest things in the kindest way. We have all heard this little rhyme many times, but do we always practice it? Everyone can be kind. We needn't be rich to be kind, for some of the poorest people are showing their kindness to others every day. Our skin need not be a certain color. There are ever so many examples of dark-skinned people who have shown kindness to others.

Maria is just new at school. She came from Mexico. On the playground she hangs back and never joins the fun. How her eyes light up when Janice asks her to be the mother while they are playing house. Have you been kind?

Isaac was a young Jewish lad and he would like very much to join the boys and be a part of their ball team. But he saw John and Jim whisper and looking at him and he felt he wasn't welcome. Perhaps the boys didn't mean to be so unkind, but when Jerry came by and said, "You really can pitch that ball. Come be on our team," you could see how happy Isaac was.

There are so many ways to show kindness to others. No matter how kind we are, there is always a way to do or say something to make another happy. Look around you every day, wherever you are. You will find happiness for yourself only when you are busy making others happy. Jesus said, "Be ye kind, one to another."

JIMMY AND SNUGGLES

As his dad spoke, Jimmy did a lot of thinking. He remembered how mean he had treated Snuggles for several months. And the memory of it brought pain to his heart. He hadn't given the dog a fair deal, he decided. And now Snuggles had saved his life.

In less than a week Jimmy was well again. When he went outdoors Snuggles was there, waiting to greet him. The dog timidly crept toward him, his tail between his legs. He remembered how Jimmy used to hit him with a stick. This

time, however, he saw that Jimmy had no stick. As the dog came up to him and sat on his haunches Jimmy tenderly stroked Snuggles' warm, furry body. Snuggles looked into the boy's eyes as if to say, "This is more like the way a dog ought to be treated. I'm sure we're going to be firm friends again."

The next few days were busy ones for Jimmy. He used every spare moment in building something. From various places on the farm he gathered boards and nails. With them he built a fine house for Snuggles. It was warm and tight. Inside he put some old quilts and blankets that his mother gave him. They made a splendid bed for Snuggles. As Jimmy worked, Snuggles was constantly at his side, sometimes rubbing against him, sometimes licking his hand with his clean, pink tongue. Jimmy wondered whether the dog knew what he was making for him.

When the kennel was finished, Snuggles stood before the little door in it. At first he did not seem to know whether he should enter the building or not. He looked questioningly at Jimmy. The boy gave him a little push and in went Snuggles. He looked around for a few moments, came out and then went in again. It was clear that he liked his new home very much. From then on he spent every night there. But that was not all. Snuggles and Jimmy became the best of friends. They went everywhere together. When Jimmy swam in near-by Trout brook with his young pals, Snuggles sat on the bank watching in evident approval. The two of them took long rambles through the woods together. Jimmy always made sure that Snuggles had plenty of good food and water.

But one of the happiest days of Jimmy's young life came when he took a shovel and plugged up the hole under the big red barn. Snuggles would not need it any more. No longer did Jimmy carry a stick. Snuggles loved him now instead of fearing him.—Selected.

—M—

Lost Fluff . . .

By Ruth Stage

Mae was standing in the shade of the large tree, watching the little chickens. She laughed until tears came into her eyes. They looked so funny trying to scratch and pick in the soft ground, just like the old mother hen. But they were so tiny, they would get their feet all tangled up and tumble over, then jump up and try it again.

It was springtime, and Mae was visiting on Grandfather's farm. A very busy girl she was too, helping to feed the calves and pigs, taking her little basket and gathering the eggs each even-

ing. But the most fun of all was playing with the little chicks.

All too soon it was time to go back to her home in town.

Grandfather came in with his hands cupped together, and something inside them. "Shut your eyes and hold out both hands," he said.

Mae caught her breath as something warm and soft was put into her hands. When she opened her eyes there was a little yellow chicken.

"You have been so much help that you may take him home with you," Grandfather said.

Mae jumped up and down with happiness. "Oh! thank you, Grandfather. I am going to call him Fluff."

When she got home, Daddy fixed a little box to keep Fluff in. There were so many things to do, all her playmates to say "Hello" to, and show her baby chick.

Sabbath morning when Mae ran to give him his breakfast, Fluff was gone! She remembered that she had forgotten to shut the little door. Mae looked everywhere, under the stove, under the chairs, and even in the closet, but no Fluff.

"Mae, it's almost time for Sabbath School," called Father from the front hall.

"Mother, I can't find Fluff anywhere," wailed Mae as she took another quick look around.

"I'm sorry, Mae, but Father is waiting."

"Coming, Mother," she sighed as she turned for one last look at the empty box.

"If only Fluff were in there now! I wonder where he could be?" thought Mae. "Mother is always reminding me to pick up my things after play, but this is the first time I ever had a toy that could run away."

Now it was time for Sabbath School. "I know he must be hungry," she thought, blinking back the tears. "He's so little to be lost, and maybe I won't ever find him."

Soon they were at the church, and Mae slipped into her chair as the class started singing her favorite song. "If I sing my best maybe I will forget about Fluff," she thought. "When to church I go. Though—" Mae stopped singing and looked up in surprise, "I thought I heard Fluff," she whispered. "Oh, but that couldn't be."

When the song was ended, the teacher said, "Let us bow our heads and thank God for the offering." Mae opened her bag to get her pennies, and there sat Fluff peeking out at her. Mae was so happy she laughed right out loud.

"Cheep, cheep," chirped Fluff, as the children all gathered around. Then Mae remembered. She had left her drawstring purse open on the floor. Fluff must have crawled in looking for something to eat and, finding it nice and warm, had cuddled down and gone to sleep.

"Who ever heard of a baby chick going to Sab-

bath school?" said Bobby, and all the children laughed.

Even Mrs. Brown was glad Fluff had come to church. She told the class a story; and they learned a song, all about a baby chick, while Mae held Fluff on her lap.

When the children bowed their heads to thank God for all their nice pets, Mae added, "Thank You, God for taking care of my Fluff," and as she thought this, she gave him a loving squeeze.

—Stories for Children

—M—

A Letter from Aunt Lena..

Dear Nieces and Nephews:

This is a beautiful Sabbath morning. The birds are singing, all kinds of flowers are in bloom, the fruit trees are so loaded with blooms that the cherry and pear trees resemble large snowballs, and I cannot describe how gorgeous the peach trees look with their deep pink blossoms.

There are so many beautiful things that our Creator has made. David loved the hills and mountains and he said, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." Man can do many marvelous things but only God can make the lakes and rivers of sky blue waters, the green fields of grain and clover, the tiny purple violets in the woodlot, and our favorite roses in the garden. Only God can create the pretty butterflies flitting to and fro in the flower garden and the beautiful birds with their happy songs and bright plumage.

And babies!! Who doesn't think they are just adorable? They have something so sweet and attractive about them. Show them a little affection and they will repay you many times.

As I said before, this world is so full of beautiful things if you look for them. One little boy when asked to name the most beautiful sight he ever saw, replied, "My Mother's hands." They had prepared so many nice things for him to eat, kept his clothes clean and mended, soothed his aching head, tenderly tucked him into bed, and held his hands tightly in hers when he was afraid. These same hands held the precious book with stories about Jesus, and after reading about how Jesus loved him, she would clasp her hands in prayer, asking God to protect him from harm and especially from sin. No wonder he thought his mother's hands so beautiful. Are your mother's hand beautiful to you, too?

Lovingly,
Aunt Lena

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Do you know that Ezra 7:21 contains every letter of the alphabet except the letter "J"?

Did you know that the mineral, salt, was used in Eastern lands as a sign of friendship?



FOR
May 28, 1949

Lesson Material: Mark 14:32-50.

Memory Verse: "I am not alone, because the Father is with me." John 16:32.

Brave In Trouble

Jesus and His disciples came to a place which was named Gethsemane. He said, "Sit ye here while I pray." Many times Jesus had gone alone to pray to His Heavenly Father. This time He took Peter, James and John farther into the garden. He said to them, "My soul is sorrowful. Wait here and watch." Then He went on a little way. He knelt there and prayed.

When He came back to Peter, James and John, He found them sleeping. He said to Peter, "Could you not watch one hour?" Then He went back again and told them to keep watch. But when He returned the second time the men were fast asleep. The third time He returned and found them sleeping, He said, "Sleep on. My hour is come. The Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners."

Jesus had prayed that God's will should be done and not His own. He knew He must suffer for the sinners. As they returned to go from the garden, Judas and a multitude of cruel men took Him prisoner and took Him to the high priest.

The disciples were afraid. They stayed back for fear they would be taken also. Jesus was not afraid. He had prayed for God's will to be done, and He was willing to suffer for us. What great love Jesus has for all people.

Do You Remember?

1. Where Jesus and the disciples went?
2. Why they went to the garden?
3. What three disciples Jesus took with Him?
4. What He told the disciples?
5. How many times He came and found them asleep?
6. Who betrayed Jesus?
7. Who took Him prisoner?
8. Why the disciples were afraid?
9. How Jesus showed His love for us?
10. Our memory verse?

—M—
COME

A boy once tried to count all the wrong things he had ever done. He could not remember half of them, but he counted so many that it frightened him, and he said, "Oh, Mother, they make a great bundle—so big that it tires me to think of them! It tires me to have them in my heart. What shall I do?"

Then his mother told him Jesus said: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and

I will give you rest." But the boy said, "Maybe He doesn't mean me, Mother."

"Why," said his mother, "aren't you tired of carrying your load of wicked things? Aren't they heavy?"

"Oh, yes," they are heavy!"

"Then listen," and again she repeated, "All ye that labor and are heavy laden." Then the boy said, "But, Mother, how will He do it? How can He take my sins away?" His mother replied, "My boy, that is God's part; your part is to come."

—Unknown

—M—

Colonel George Washington Goethals was the chief engineer in charge of constructing the Panama Canal.



KNOW YOUR BIBLE

An old prophetess in the temple was I;.....

Add one letter—get food from the sky.....

I am a place where Daniel was thrown.....

Add a letter—get Adam's first home.....

I am a ship called Noah's

Add a letter—a writer named.....

The very first miracle was performed on me.....

Add a letter—get animals drowned in the sea.....

Anna; manna; den; Eden; ark; Mark; wine; swine
M. J. B.

—M—

SOMETHING TO LEARN

Everyone should know the twelve apostle's names, Peter and Andrew were brothers; so were John and James,

These four were fishermen and lived close by the sea,

"Til Jesus came and said to them, "Come follow me."

There was James the less and Bartholomew, Philip, and one named Thaddeus, too, Matthew, Thomas and Simon came at Jesus' word, Last of all was Judas who betrayed his Lord.