

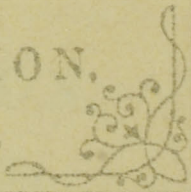
THE  
RED APPLE.

---



SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,

290 MULBERRY-STREET, N. Y.







THE  
RED APPLE.



SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,  
200 MULBERRY-STREET, NEW YORK.





# THE RED APPLE.



DID you ever think how often one good deed leads to others? But I don't think that was why little Lucy did good. She liked to do it to make others feel happy, and it made her feel happy too.

Her ma sent her one day to do some errand for her in the yard.

Lucy went at once. She always liked to do errands for her ma. But when she got down the steps there was a great pile of wood right before the door, and there was the man who had come to cut it up. He was at work on it there. How to get out she did not know. She was in fear lest the wood might fall if she should step on it. While she stood there to think, the man came and took her up in his strong arms and set her quite over on the other



side. There was a bright smile on his face, and he said in a kind tone, "There, my little one, I was afraid you might fall, and I did not want you to."

When she was on her way back he did the same, and she said, "Thank you, sir, you are very kind," and then she went up stairs again.

She soon told her ma all about it. "Now, ma," she said, "I like that man very much, he was so kind to me, and did not want me

to be hurt. All I could do then was to thank him, but I would like to do more than that."

"Well, if you wish to, why not?"

"What shall I give him?"

"What would you like to give him?"

"I think I would like to give him that very large red apple that you gave me to-day when I came home from school. Would not that be nice?" said Lucy

"Yes, that will do very well,"



was the reply, and down stairs Lucy ran with the big apple in her hand.

“Thank you, my child, you are a good dear,” said the man as he took it. “And now what shall I do with it?”

“Why, look at it and see how nice it is, and eat it if you please, sir.”

“Would you not like to have me give it to my poor little Tim?”

“Tim? who is he, sir?”

“He is my poor little boy that was burnt in the fire a long time ago.”

“How came he so?” asked Lucy.  
“Please tell me about it.”

“Why, when he was a baby,” said the man, “his ma went out one day for just a little while and left him alone. He was a bright and strong baby, and some how he must have given his chair a tip. He fell upon the hot stove and his clothes took fire, and he was very much burnt. We thought for some time that he would not live, but he did, though his side is badly drawn up



and he can't walk much. He has to lie in bed or sit in a chair almost all the time. But he is a good little thing, and so full of love. Shall I give him the apple?"

"O yes, I should like to have you give it to him if you wish."

Lucy stood a little, as if in thought, and then she went back up stairs. She went to her box of toys and took out a little brown horse made of wood. "Ma," said she, "ma, may I give this away?"

“To whom, my child?”

Lucy always, like a good girl, told her ma all, so now she sat down on the stool at her feet and told her the story of poor Tim, and how he had got burnt. “And now, ma, as I thought his papa was poor, he might not have many toys. I have had this a long time since Aunt Jane gave it to me, and I don’t think she will care now if I give it to that poor boy. Will she?”

“No, my child, I don’t think she



will; you may send it to him if you like." So Lucy gave her ma a kiss and ran down stairs again, and soon the apple and the brown horse were on their way to the sick boy.

When Mr. White went home to his poor Tim, and gave him the horse and the apple, the child was almost wild with joy. He thought he had never seen an apple so large and red, nor so fine a horse. He got upon his papa's knee with a kiss for him, and one for the apple, and one for the

horse. When he heard who sent them to him he asked her name, and how old she was; and when he had heard all that his papa knew about her, he said, "Well, she must be very good, she is so kind to a poor boy like me. I hope she will always be happy. How I should like to see her."

"Well, Tim," said his ma, as she stopped to kiss his thin cheek, "what will you do with these nice things?"



“I think I know what I shall do with the apple. Don't you know that big boy that looks in here and makes up faces at me, and mocks me, and draws his head down on one side to try to look like me, because I am so drawn all on one side by the fire?”

“Jim Crane?” said his papa, “that bad boy that I drove away last week?”

“Yes, that boy. I want to give it to him.”

“Why, you don’t like him so much, do you?”

“O no, I can’t like him much when he does so; but I think if he did not do so I could like him, and I want him to like me. I want to show him that I don’t hate him if he does try to make me feel bad, and make fun of what I can’t help, and what makes me feel so sorry. But I know I ought not to feel sorry, for God did it, and he knows what is best for me.”



“And what will you do with the horse?”

“I think I’ll keep that. It will be good to show to the baby and keep her still. And I will let good boys play with it, and draw it on its wheels, and I’ll let Jim play with it too if he gets good. I won’t keep it all to myself.

The next day Tim kept a bright watch, and when he saw the bad boy that made fun of him he tried to make him come near. Jim did not

know what to make of it. He thought Tim might want to pay him off for some of his tricks, so he would not come near till Tim held up the big red apple, and then he came near enough to hear what Tim would say. "Here, Jim, here is a nice apple. I want you to take it. I don't hate you, but I want you to love me, won't you, Jim?" Jim's face turned very red with shame and guilt. Those kind words were like "coals of fire upon his head." He



did not feel as if he could take the apple.

“No, little boy,” said he, “I don’t want it. I can get apples.”

“But I want you to take this one from me, and then it may be you won’t hate me.”

Jim took it. He could not say no. But he felt as mean as could be, and he said to himself as he went along, “What a good boy that is, when I have been so mean to him. I’m sorry that I took his apple, for it

can't be that he gets half so many as I do. I wish he had it back. It was mean of me to take it from him, but he won't take it back now if I should return it. And I can't eat it. I am sure it would choke me. What shall I do with it?"

When he got home he thought that he could give it away, so he cut it up and gave it to his brothers and sisters. This was a thing so new they did not know what to make of it; for before this, so far



from giving to them, he always tried to get away from them any nice thing that they might have. Then they said he must be sick, but he said "no," and went away so quiet that they began to like him better than ever they did before. A great deal of good that big red apple did. But this was not all.

Jim could not forget the apple. When he went by Tim's house again he looked in, and when Tim smiled to see him, there came a smile on

Jim's face not at all like the scow he had put on before. This alone paid Tim for the nice apple.

By and by Jim began to stop by the gate, and then talk with Tim, and soon he heard from him the whole story of that sad burn. Then he thought, "I wish I had some nice thing to give Tim. I am better able to do it than he is to give to me. Let me see! Now I have once or twice got a few cents by selling shavings. Why can't I get some for Tim in that way?"



So he set about it and got a few cents, and bought some nuts and candy and took them to Tim. He thought he never had been so happy in all his life as he was when Tim took them with a kind smile and many thanks.

Jim now began to be very kind to all, but more so to Tim than to any one else. He began to love him and to pity him very much. He would often go and take him out on his sled to ride, and this was a great

treat to Tim, who did not go out of doors much for he had no one to take him. And when spring came he would go out to the fields and bring him green boughs and flowers.

One day he told Tim of a plan he had to snare a small bird and bring it to him so that he might hear its fine song in his room, since he was lame and could not go into the fields and woods, and was so much alone.

“No,” said Tim, “please don’t; it is hard enough for me to be shut up



here, and I'm used to it. But the bird is not used to it, and it would be sad. I don't want anything to be sad for me, I should not be happy. No, Jim, the flowers you bring me are enough."

So the bird was left in the fields, and Jim brought a rose tree in a pot and put that in the window, and that is always fresh and sweet, like the odor of good deeds.

Now I don't think Lucy ever knew how much good the gift of that big red apple did. You may think that

you are too small to do good, but if you are loving and kind you can do good though you may never find it out. So do good all the time; you don't know when and where it will spring up and bring forth fruit. It will surely make you happy and others also.

THE END.

3529037





