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Harry and the Apples.



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William

Percey

LITTLE HARRY,
AND
THE APPLES.



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LITTLE HARRY.



LITTLE Harry was a good boy, about seven years old. Harry's father was dead ; and his mother had to work very hard to support herself and her little boy. Harry was very sorry for his mother, and he tried to help her all he could. He would rise early in the morning, take his little pail on his arm, and go down to a spring of water, and dip up as much as he could lift, and carry it to his mother to make tea for her breakfast ; but Harry

ate bread and milk. They had a cow, and Harry used to drive her to the pasture every morning, and go after her every night. Harry's mother was a good woman, and she always taught him to say his prayers every night and morning, and she told him never to tell lies, or speak bad words, or steal so much as a pin from any person ; for if he did God would not love him.

When Harry drove his cow to pasture, he had to pass by a large orchard that belonged to Mr. Truman. The apples hung very thick on the trees ; and they looked so yellow and

nice, that little Harry wished, and wished, he had some of them to eat. But he always asked his mother's permission before doing any thing; and then he always minded, and did just as his mother told him to do. He was a good boy: Do you, my dear little readers, always obey your mother, as this good boy did?

When Harry reached his home, he said to his mother, "Mother, you cannot guess how many apples Mr. Truman has on his trees! The limbs bend almost to the ground, and the fruit looks so yellow and sweet! I wish you would

give me leave to go into the orchard, and pick two apples for you, and two for me."

"But, Harry," said his mother, "you know the apples are not mine; and I have often told you we must not take what does not belong to us; it is stealing if we do."

"Why, mother," replied Harry, looking very sober, for he wanted the apples sadly, "Mr. Truman cannot want so many himself, and would never miss four apples, I am sure; two for you, and two for me."

"Perhaps he might not miss them," said his mother, "and perhaps he would never know

it; but do you not think God would know it, Harry? And besides, should you not feel guilty whenever you saw Mr. Truman, and be afraid he would find you out? We are always happiest, my child, when we do right."

"But what can Mr. Truman do with so many apples?" inquired Harry, still looking very grave. "He cannot use them all himself."

"No, he does not use them all himself. He sells some to people, and they pay money for them; and he very often gives apples to poor folks. He always lets them have as many

as they wish, and pay in some kind of work. Do you not see I am now spinning for Mrs. Truman?"

"Yes," replied Harry, "I know you have to work very hard, and spin wool and flax. I wish I could help you."

"Well, Harry, when I have spun a few more skeins of yarn, you shall carry the whole to Mrs. Truman. Then she will pay me a bushel of apples, and you shall have as many as you can eat. Will not that be much better than creeping into Mr. Truman's orchard, and stealing his apples, and feeling all the time that you are very naughty?"

“Yes, indeed, indeed it will,” cried Harry, jumping up and down with joy. “I am sure I never shall wish to steal apples again; I knew all the time it was naughty; I knew you would not give me leave to go; and I am glad you did not. When shall you have the apples?”

“In two or three days; so now go and drive the cow to pasture; and be sure to make haste home again.”

Harry ran whistling off, as merry as a cricket, thinking all the time how kind his mother was to him; and how he intended to help her, and mind her.

Just as he came to the orchard he met Jack Wildfire, a great ugly boy, who was always doing some mischief.

“Well, Harry,” said Jack, “don’t you wish you had some of those good apples?”

“Not now,” said Harry. “My mother will buy me some, in two or three days, and then I shall have as many as I wish.”

“Buy some in two or three days!” repeated Jack, mimicking Harry, and laughing as loud as he could. “Why, I will have some now, and without buying; I mean to climb over the wall, and fill my

pockets and bosom full ; and if you will go with me, I will shake off some apples for you."

"No, I will not go," said Harry, "it is stealing ; and my mother says it is a mean and wicked thing to steal ; and I know it is, and I never take any thing without asking leave."

"Who'll see us?" asked Jack. "Who'll know it? we need not tell of it ourselves ; and Mr. Truman will never miss a few apples."

"God will know it," replied Harry. "He sees all we do, and hears all we say, and knows all we think ; and I will not do so bad a thing. I

should feel afraid to see Mr. Truman."

"I don't care for your preaching, Harry," said Jack. "I shall pick me some apples, and I know there's no harm in it. But if ever you tell any body, I will whip you soundly, depend upon it."

So saying, Jack sprang to climb upon the high stone fence, that surrounded the orchard, while Harry ran after his cow. He drove her into the pasture, and was just shutting the gate when he heard Jack scream, "Harry! Harry!" as loud as he could. Harry ran back to the orchard,

and there he saw Jack lying on the ground, and the great rocks and stones were all around him, and one was lying on him, so that he could not rise. He told Harry that, in attempting to jump over the wall, his foot caught between two stones, and he fell backwards; and the stones fell on him, and he feared his leg was broken.

“But, Harry,” continued he, “do try and lift this stone off my leg, and help me home, and I never will attempt to steal again.”

“I cannot take off the stones,” said Harry, “they

are so large and heavy ; but I will run and call Mr. Truman."

" O, don't call him ! don't call him ! He will whip me for trying to get into his orchard, and throwing down his wall ; I had rather lie here all day, than let him know it."

" I knew you would be ashamed to have him know it," said Harry, " but I shall call him."

So Harry ran to Mr. Truman's, and told him the whole truth ; and Mr. Truman told him he was a good, honest boy ; " but as for Jack," said he, " he is called an ugly, lying, thieving rogue, and if he

has broken his leg, people will not care much for the pain he suffers; though they will pity his poor mother. O! it is a sad thing for a mother to know that her son is a bad boy."

They then went to Jack, and found him crying bitterly; and Mr. Truman helped him up, and found his leg, though badly bruised, was not broken. Mr. Truman told him to remember that bad boys were usually punished, in some way or other, and even if they escaped a whipping, yet nobody ever loved them, or would trust them. Then turning to Harry, he said, "Come here,

my good boy, and I will show Jack how honesty is rewarded. Come to this tree and fill your hat with apples; and always when you want any, come and ask me, and you shall have as many as you please."

Little Harry carried the fruit to his mother, and told her he was now convinced that children were always happiest when they did right.





