

# CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 22.

AUGUST 22, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 190.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## TRUTHFUL ANNIE.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

"WHERE'S my knife? Have you seen my knife, Annie?" said Quimby, the fisherman, to his daughter one evening as she came up from the shore of the cove to the doorway of her cottage home.

"No, father," said Annie, "I haven't seen it."

Now Annie was very much in the habit of taking things from the house to the beach and leaving them there when she was tired of playing with them. The fire-shovel, the hoe, the hammer, the broom, her little cricket, and I don't know how many other things, had at various times been so left. Indeed, some of her mother's household utensils had been washed out to sea through Annie's habit of taking them out to play with and then forgetting to return them to their places. You need not wonder, therefore, that her father suspected her of having taken his knife. He seemed, in truth, to be sure of it; for, after hearing her denial, he said:

"Are you sure, quite sure, child, that you haven't taken my knife down to the beach and left it there as usual?"

"Yes, quite sure, as sure as I can be," replied Annie, blushing as she called to mind the many things she had left there at different times.

Her father mistook the meaning of the blush on her cheeks. He thought it was a mark of guilt—that Annie had lost his knife and was telling a lie to hide her fault. I don't think he did right to suspect her, for Annie had never been known to tell a lie. But he was in an ill-humor just then, because he wanted to use the knife on the net he was mending. And ill-humor, you know, brings many other evil feelings with it. Hence, with a little sternness in his tone, he said:

"Come here! Let me look at your tongue!"

Now Annie had been taught to believe the foolish and false notion that if a child told a lie a pimple would rise on the tongue. But knowing she was innocent, she stepped boldly up to her father's knees, shut her eyes, and put out her tongue.

"There is a pimple on it, Annie," said her father holding up his hand, "a large red one. You have certainly told me a lie."

Annie drew back, opened her eyes, and looking her father fully in the face, replied:

"Indeed, father, I haven't seen your knife to-day."

Fisherman Quimby could not doubt that firm voice, nor those clear blue eyes which gazed so earnestly at him. Of course, he knew the pimple notion to be a deception, gotten up in the olden time by foolish people for the purpose of frightening their children into telling the truth. It was a very queer and a very wicked notion to invent one lie for the purpose of discovering another. I think the fisherman felt ashamed for having used it to frighten his truth-telling child, for he resumed his work on the net, muttering:

"It's very odd about that knife!"

As the fisherman was taking up his net his hand struck against something hard in the corner of his jacket-pocket. He felt it. It was his knife. It had worked through a hole in the pocket and had lodged between the lining and the cloth of the coat.

Wasn't Annie glad, and didn't her laugh ring merrily out on the air when she saw her father take out his knife, think you? She was glad, indeed, for the knife was proof of her innocence. Wasn't her father a little ashamed and not a little sorry for having suspected his Annie? He was, and he felt still worse when his child said:

"Father, don't little girls who never tell lies have pimples on their tongues sometimes?"

Fisherman Quimby took Annie into his strong arms and pressed her most lovingly to his broad breast. He then told her that the saying about the pimple was a mere scarecrow; that there was nothing in it but a foolish falsehood; that he had done wrong in using it; that his Annie was his sweetest and dearest treasure on earth, and that he hoped she would always cling to the truth as the limpet does to the rock.

This, of course, made Annie feel happier than ever. If her example should make you resolve on the one hand not to be so thoughtless as she was in leaving things about, and on the other hand to love the truth and stick to it, my story will not have been written in vain. Will you make such resolutions? You will? Very good! May God help you to keep it then! May you be a thoughtful, merry, truth-telling child!

## MARY ATCHISON.

Nor many years ago a little girl eleven years old, named Mary Atchison, might have been seen on a cold, stormy winter's evening walking through the streets of New York with a small bundle under her arm, apparently seeking for shelter. Many a weary step she took, not knowing where to go nor what to do. No door would open at her ring to admit her to the cheerful warmth and comforts of a home. At length she turned into a newly erected building and