

And should the scoffer, in his pride,
Laugh that gift to scorn,
And bid him cast that pledge aside,
That he from youth had borne!
She bade him pause and ask his breast,
If he, or she, had loved him best?

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one
Must to the other cling.
Remember, 'tis no idle toy;
A mother's gift—REMEMBER BOY!

2. THE POWER OF TRUTH—A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.

THE following beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of truth, is from the pen of S. H. Hammond, formerly editor of the Albany State Register. He was an eye witness of the scene in one of the higher courts:

A little girl nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house.

"Now, Emily, said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, 'I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?'"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your Honor," said the counsel, addressing the Court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? The witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the judge, "Come here, my daughter."

Assured by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidently up in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank, that went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge.

"No, sir."

She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the judge who saw her mistake, "I mean were you ever a witness before?"

"No sir; I never was in court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible open.

"Do you know that book, my daughter?"

She looked at it and answered, "Yes, sir, it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say?" and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the judge, "you have sworn as a witness, will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in State Prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the judge.

"I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the judge again.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that before I could read."

"Has any one talked with you about your being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "Mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the Ten Commandments, and then we knelt down together and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before him. And when I came up here with father, she kissed me and told me to remember the ninth Commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lips quivered with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of its truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the judge, "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth

to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth, as spoken by that little child, was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony.

The prisoner had intrenched himself in lies, till he deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villainy had manufactured for him a sham defence. But before her testimony, falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of matured villainy to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime and terrible simplicity—terrible, I mean, to the prisoner and his associates—with which she spoke was like a revelation from God himself.

3. "KISS ME, MAMMA, DO KISS ME, I CAN'T GO TO SLEEP."

The child was very sensitive, so like that little shrinking plant that curls at a breath, and shuts its heart from the light.

The only beauties she possessed, were an exceedingly transparent skin, and the most mournful, large blue eyes.

I had been trained by a very stern, strict, conscientious mother, but I was a hardy plant, rebounding after every shock, misfortune could not daunt, although discipline tamed me. I fancied, alas! that I must go through the same routine with this delicate creature; so one day when she had displeased me exceedingly, by repeating an offence, I was determined to punish her severely, I was very serious all day, and upon sending her to her little couch, I said, "Now, my daughter, to punish you and show you how very, very naughty you have been, I shall not kiss you to-night."

She stood looking at me, astonishment personified, with her great mournful eyes wide open. I suppose she had forgotten her misconduct till then; and I left her with the big tears dropping down her cheeks, and her little red lips quivering.

Presently I was sent for—"Oh! mamma, you will kiss me; I can't go to sleep if you don't," she sobbed, every tone of her voice trembling, and she held out her little hands.

Now came the struggle between love and what I falsely called duty. My heart said give her the kiss of peace; my stern nature urged me to persist in my correction, that I might impress the fault upon her mind. This was the way I had been trained, till I was a most submissive child, and I remember how often I had thanked my mother since for her straightforward course.

I knelt by the bedside—"Mother can't kiss you, Ellen," I whispered, though every word choked me. Her hand touched mine; it was very hot, but I attributed it to her excitement. She turned her little grieving face to the wall. I blamed myself as the fragile form shook with half-suppressed sobs, and saying, "Mother hopes little Ellen will learn to mind her after this," left the room for the night.

It might have been about twelve when I was awakened by the nurse. Apprehensive, I ran eagerly to the child's chamber. I had a fearful dream.

Ellen did not know me, she was sitting up, crimsoned from her forehead to her throat, her eyes so bright that I almost drew back aghast at their glances. From that night a raging fever drank up her life—and what think you was the incessant plaint poured into my anguished heart? "Oh, kiss me, mother—do kiss me, I can't go to sleep. You'll kiss your little Ellen, mother, won't you, I can't go to sleep! I won't be naughty if you'll only kiss me. Oh! kiss me, dear mamma, I can't go to sleep!"

Holy little angel! she did go to sleep one gray morning, and she never woke again—never! Her hand was locked in mine, and all my veins grew icy, with its gradual chill. Faintly the light faded out in the beautiful eyes—whiter and whiter grew the tremulous lips. She never knew me; but with her last breath she whispered, "I will be good, mother, if you'll only kiss me."

Kiss her! God knows how passionate, but unavailing, were my kisses upon her cheek after that fatal night. God knows how fervent was my prayer that she might know, if but once, that I kissed her. God knows how I would have yielded up my very life could I have asked forgiveness of that sweet child.

Well! grief is all unavailing now! she lies in her little tomb; there is a marble urn at her head, and a rose-bush at her feet; there grow the sweet flowers; there waves the gentle grass; there birds sing their matins and vespers; there the blue sky smiles down to-day, and there lies buried the freshness of my heart.

Parents, you should have heard the pathos in the voice of that stricken mother, as she said, "There are plants that spring into greater vigor if the heavy pressure of a footstep crush them; but oh! there are others, that even the pearls of the light dew bend to the earth."—*British Mothers' Journal*.