

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly and solemnly the form of the oath given.

"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 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.

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 neighbour." "I learned that before I could read."

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

"Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness; and last night she called me to her room, 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 neighbour, 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 lip 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 a witness 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 many questions, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth, as spoken by that little child, was sublime. 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 villainy to pieces like a potter's vessel.

GOOD NEWS ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

 GOOD news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children dear!
For Christ, once born in Beth-
Is living now, and here! [lehem

Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children sweet!
The way to find the Holy Child
Is lighted for your feet.

Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children glad!
Rare gifts are yours to give the Lord
As ever Wise Men had.

Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children fair!
Still doth the one Good Shephard hold
The feeblest in his care.

Thank God on Christmas morning,
Thank God, O children dear!
That Christ who came to Bethlehem
Is living now, and here.

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