

her testimony. The prisoner had intrenched himself in lies, till he deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favour, and villany 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 device of matured villany to pieces like the 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.

ABOUT BELLS.

IF there is any one sound which we hear oftener than any other, it must be the ringing of bells. They are used as signals to convey all sorts of information. Perhaps you are a railway conductor, and wish to stop your train; or you are a servant, and must summon the family to dinner; or the pilot of a steamer, and desire to reverse the wheels to avoid a collision; or a miner at the bottom of a shaft, and want the car sent down to bring you up; or you are a visitor, waiting admission at a friend's door—in each case you use a bell, and its sound conveys your meaning quite as intelligibly as would words. A bell awakes us in the morning, and, in old times, gave the signal for extinguishing fires at night. It summons the school-boy to his recitation, the worshipper to service, the operative to his work. Bells warn us of the swift approach of a flying sleigh, ring peals of joy at weddings, toll mournfully the public grief when great men die, scream out wild cries of alarm when conflagration bursts forth.

The manufacture of bells has become a vast interest, employing countless workmen and vast amounts of capi-