

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

"Has any one talked to you about your being a witness in court 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 and asked me to tell her the Ten Commandments; and then we kneeled 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 mother 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 charges 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 the heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement nothing. The truth as spoken by that little child was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded