

Counsel—"My lad, do you understand the obligation of an oath?"

Boy—"Yes, sir, I do."

Counsel—"What is the obligation?"

Boy—"To speak the truth, and keep nothing hid."

Counsel—"Where did you learn this, my lad?"

Boy—"From my mother, sir," replied the lad, with a look of pride, which showed how much he esteemed the early moral principles implanted in his breast by her to whom was committed his physical and moral existence.

For a moment there was a deep silence in the court room, and then, eye met eye, and face gleamed to

face with the recognition of a mother's love and moral principle which has made their fixed expression upon this boy, it seemed as if the spectators would forget the decorum due to the place, and give audible expression to their emotions. The lad was instantly admitted to testify.

Behold the mother's power! Often had evil influence and corrupt example assailed this boy. Time and care, and exposure to the battling elements had worn away the lineaments of the infant face, and bronzed his once fair exterior, but deeply nestled in his bosom still the lessons of a mother's love, which taught him to love and speak the truth.



"ARE YOU KIND TO YOUR MOTHER?"

Come, my little boy, and you, my little girl, what answer can you give me to this question? Who was it that watched over you when you were a helpless baby? Who nursed and fondled you, and never grew weary in her love? Who kept you from the cold by night, and the heat by day? Who guarded you in health, and comforted you when you were ill? Who was it that wept when the fever made your skin feel hot, and your pulse beat quick and hard? Who lunged over your little bed when you

were fretful, and put the cooling drink to your parched lips? Who sang the pretty hymn to please you as you lay, or knelt down by the side of the bed in prayer? Who was glad when you began to get well, and who carried you into the fresh air, to help your recovery? Who taught you how to pray, and gently helped you to learn to read? Who has borne with your faults, and been kind and patient with your childish ways? Who loves you still, and contrives, and works, and prays for you every day you live?