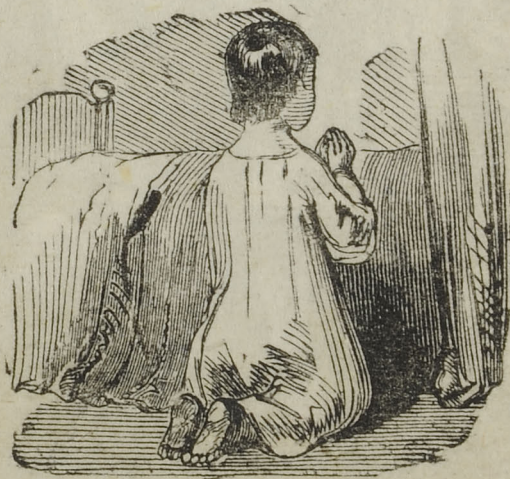


DEAN'S
Illustrated Farthing Books.

THE YOUNG WITNESS.



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THE YOUNG WITNESS.



It would be difficult to point out a more

simple, touching, and beautiful narrative, showing forth the power of truth, than this which follows.

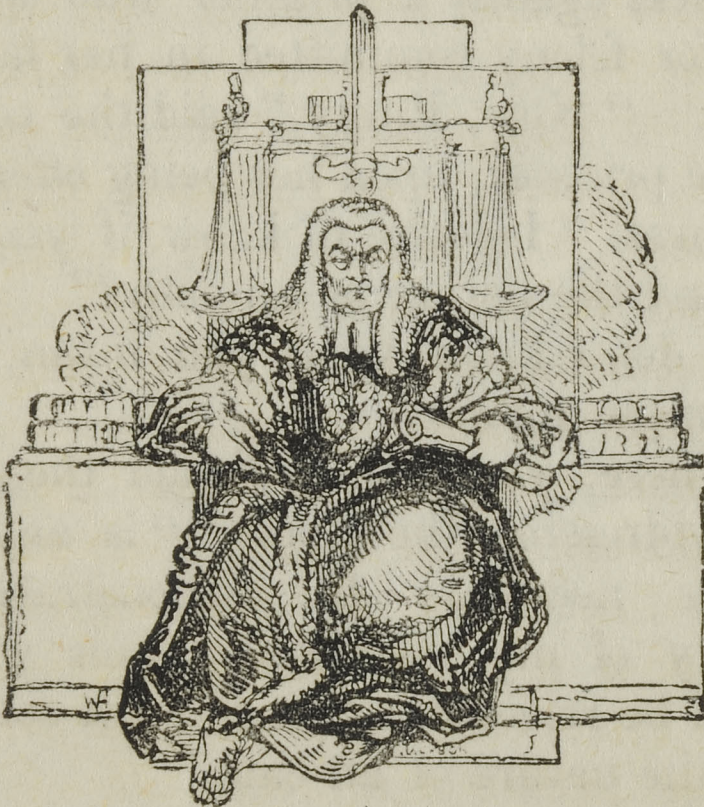
I witnessed a short time ago, in one of our higher courts, a beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of truth. A little girl nine years of age was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for felony committed in her father's house. "Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, 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 honour," said the counsel, addressing the Court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This 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 it went straight to the heart. "Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the Judge. The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck, as she answered,



"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 been sworn as a witness, will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the whole truth?”

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

“Anything else?” asked the Judge.

“I shall not 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,” she said, “before I could read.”

“Has anyone talked to 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 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 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 the 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.”



HEART SEEDS.

Wilt sow thy heart seeds here !

Earth hath too poor a soil,
And roaming, wayside birds of prey
Oft snatch the quickening germs away,
And disappoint the toil.

Even should they spring to birth,
Perchance, with ruthless haste,
The summer drought might parch their
bloom,
Or early frost their buds entomb,
Or worms their life-blood waste.

But there's a cloudless clime,
Beneath whose genial skies
No blight the florist's trust betrays,
No garnered fruitage e'er decays,
No plant of promise dies.

It hath no piercing thorn,
It hath no poisonous snare ;
No storms the harvest hope destroy,
Or choke with sobs the reaper's joy
Sow ye your *heart seeds* there.