

### "Friend, don't Swear."

Upon going into a wagon shop, a few days since, the first thing that met our gaze was the above sentence, printed in large capitals, and posted up in a conspicuous place.

Those three short words were suggestive.—First they gave undoubted proof that some one connected with the shop was a man who had forgotten God's injunction, not to take His name in vain.

Second, they showed that he wished others to remember the same injunction. And, third, they showed, we thought, that he had taken a very good way to give them warning to that effect. There was nothing harsh about it—perfectly cool and mild—indeed something pleasant—"friend, Don't Swear," just as though a peculiar interest was felt in each individual who might read it. It might have read—"No Swearing allowed in this Room"—"All profanity forbidden here," or any other peremptory command, but we doubt whether either would have accomplished as much as the simple request, "Friend, Don't swear. Would it not be well, if in reproving all kinds of iniquity, we were to use more mildness and not so much denunciation? One thing we particularly noticed about this little sentence was, that it never seemed to countenance in the least any species of profanity or irreverence. Now as we have known some good men, indeed, christian men, who of course would not for the world swear themselves, but who, nevertheless, would seem very much delighted with a well-told story, even though it abounded in oaths, and would laugh heartily at a joke, even though a serious subject were the butt of it. But this sentence, on the contrary, had the same solemn, gentle admonition for all such—"Friend, Don't Swear." We are informed that the effect of this silent yet ever-speaking little sentence of truth was most happy; that although frequented by all classes of men, an oath was rarely heard in the shop.

As we turned to leave, we could not but wish that those three words might be posted up in every place of public business or resort—in all our shops—on board our steamboats—in our rail-cars, and even in our Legislative Halls.

But, above all, we long for such a purity of public sentiment, that the face of every respectable man should bear on its very lineaments such a legible and unmistakable "Friend, Don't Swear," as should

effectually awe down the terrible profanity which is now so all-abounding—that the awful swearing, because of which the land mourneth, might entirely and forever cease.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

### "This Hand Never Struck Me."

We recently heard the following most touching incident. A little boy had died. His body was laid out in a darkened, retired room, waiting to be laid away in the lone, cold grave.

His afflicted mother and bereaved little sister went in to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful, even in death. As they stood gazing on the form of one so cherished and beloved, the girl asked to take his hand. The mother at first did not think it best, but her child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it, so she took the cold, bloodless hand of her sleeping boy, and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister.

The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly, and then looked up to her mother, through the tears of affection and love, and said, "Mother, this little hand never struck me."

What could be more touching and lovely?

Young readers, have you always been so gentle to your brothers and sisters that, were you to die, such a tribute could be paid to your memory? Could a brother or sister take your hand and say—"This hand never struck me?"

What an elevation to our grief when we are called to part with friends, to be able to remember only words and actions of mutual kindness and love. How bitter must be the sorrow, and how scalding the tears of remorse of an unkind child, as it looks upon the cold form, or stands at the grave of a brother or sister, a father or mother, towards whom he had manifested unkindness. Let us all remember, whatsoever we sow, in this respect, that shall we also reap.

ARMY ANECDOTE.—In one of the regiments in Mexico, there was a corporal who, when the roll was being called, refused to answer to the name of "Ebenezer Mead." The officer repeated the call. No answer, Is Ebenezer Mead on the ground?" "Eben Mead is here," quoth the corporal. The "Ebenezer" was repeated again in a tone like a small north-wester. "Captain," quoth the rampant corporal, "your name is Peter Réed; would you respond if you were called Peter-sneezer Reed?"