

HEALTH AND RELIGION.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

The best boys I ever saw occasionally upset things and got boisterous and had the fidgets. The goodie-goodie kind of children make namby-pamby men. I should not be surprised to find a colt which does not frisk become a horse that will not draw. The boy who has no fire in his nature may, after he has grown up, have animation enough to grease a wagon-wheel, but he will not own the wagon nor have money enough to buy the grease. The best boy I ever knew, before he went to heaven, could strike a ball till it soared out of sight, and in a race, far as you could see, you would find his red tippet coming out ahead. Look out for the boy who never has the fingers of a good laugh tickle him under the diaphragm. The most solemn-looking mule on our place kicked to pieces five dash-boards.

There are parents who notice that their daughter is growing pale and sick, and therefore think she must be destined to marry a missionary, and go to Borneo, although the only recommendation she has for that position is that she will never be any temptation to the cannibals, who while very fond of cold missionary, are averse to diseased meat; or finding that their son is looking cadaverous, thinks he is either going to die or become a minister, considering that there is great power of consecration in liver complaint, and thinking him doubly set apart who, while the Presbytery are laying their hands on his head, has dyspepsia laying its hands on its stomach.

Oh! for a religious literature that shall take for its model of excellence a boy that loves God, and can digest his dinner in two hours after he eats it. Be not afraid to say, in your account of his decease, that the day before you lost him he caught two rabbits in his trap down on the meadow, or soundly thrashed a street ruffian who was trying to upset a little girl's basket of cold victuals.—*Hearth and Home.*

BEFORE you consent to that which is wrong—prostitute the noblest powers God has given you to base and unholy purposes, will you pause and reflect a moment upon the dignity of your own nature? You are but a little lower than the angels. From your rank in the scale of being, you are allied to the whole spiritual world—to angels and archangels. You may even claim kindred with God Himself, for his awful image is impressed upon you. Then be not irreverent, profane or thoughtless. Walk according to the spirit. Live for truth and virtue—for humanity and heaven.

PECULIARITIES OF THE CHINESE.—The Chinese of San Francisco are a very singular set of beings. Almost daily something new and curious turns up about them. In their quarters where they reside they are seldom idle, but are always to be seen making slippers, boots, clothing, cigars, cutting up pork, packing, cooking, smoking. They take an ordinary room and put a floor through its centre, making two stories of it—one above the other. Eleven Chinamen will make cigars in a room 6 feet by 10. They sell hogs weighing 150 pounds each, roasted whole. Pork is their principal article of animal food. They eat everything of the creature, inside and out, and his hoofs too. At their theatres the women sit by themselves in the galleries, smoke cigars, and nurse babies. The male auditors, the actors, and musicians, all smoke incessantly. The orchestra consists of gongs, cymbals, parchments stretched across sticks, half-globe drums, and steel triangles.

A lady asked a pupil at a public examination of the Sunday School: "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, marm," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."