His foot is rather thick than long; and his legs are deeply cleft. He has a broad, arched chest, a strong voice, and firm and round. the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. There is harmony in all his parts. His senses are good, but not too delicate; his pulse is slow and regular. His stomach is excellent; his appetite good, and digestion easy. The joys of the table are not to him of importance; they tune his mind to screnity, and his soul partakes in the pleasure which they communicate. He does not eat merely for the sake of eating, but each meal is an hour of daily festi-He eats slowly, and has not too much thirst—the latter being always a sign of rapid self-consumption. He is serene, loquacious, active, susceptible of joy, love and hope, but insensible to the impressions of hatred, anger, and avarice. His passions never become violent or destructive. If ever he gives way to anger, he experiences rather a youthful glow of warmth, an artificial and gentle fever, without an overflowing of the bile. He is fond also of employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculations. He is an optimist, a friend to Nature and domestic felicity. He has no thirst after honour or riches, and banishes all thoughts of to-morrow.

and other good men often do much harm, of which they never think, from the readiness with which they testify to the value of quack preparations. Unnecessary suffering, and sometimes death, are traceable to the drug compositions recommended by "Revs," "D.D.'s," etc. If people were made responsible for all the evil resulting from any thing they might recommend, they would probably be more cautious.

REATHING.—Breathe through the nose, as was originally intended, and not through the mouth. Those who sleep with the mouth open, wake with a parched throat and dry cracked lips, They are easily attacked by infectious diseases, are subject to colds and pulmonary complaints. The mouth was intended for eating and talking; when not engaged in these occupations, keep it shut.

HEN my druggist poisons me," says a French journalist, "they only fine him; but when I poison my druggist they send me to the guillotine."