

becoming slaves to evil tempers and appetites; and this is best illustrated by the item that our land expends more for tobacco alone than for all educational and religious institutions combined. Most of our young men are spending in self-gratification very much more than would supply them with the best intellectual and moral culture to be obtained anywhere. In other words, if the boys and young men under twenty-one years of age would take the money they now spend for tobacco and spend it in books and means for improving their minds and condition in life, they would develop very much more capacity for happiness and usefulness than they now dream of. If our young women could only control their love for display and inclination to follow the dictates of fashion, as well as their fondness for vain and idle or useless amusements, they would fit themselves for the enjoyment of life very much more completely and effectually than they now do.

If young people would only *think* more than they do, and if they would live less in the present and more with reference to what is before them in the future, it would be very much more to their interest. Life is a whole, and if we lose control of ourselves in our youth, we become unable to enjoy our lives at the time when we should be happiest.

I know a young man, who allowed his passion for novel-reading to almost entirely absorb his spare moments, until he became unable to read anything but the most sensational and intoxicating romances; and he seriously impaired his mental and moral powers in consequence.

An old writer says, "the proper study of mankind is man," and the best study in that direction is to know ourselves and learn to bring ourselves entirely under control of our judgment and will.


SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Afar they watch my whole arise,
 Its summit seems to touch the skies:
 "When all is done," the crowds exclaim,
 "Then shall we make ourselves a name!"

Remove a letter, and behold!
 A shepherd issue from his fold,
 With blood devoutly draws he nigh,
 Himself, alas! how soon to die.

Remove a letter still, and now
 Before an idol-god they bow;
 To wood and stone is worship paid,
 And men adore what men have made.

Remove a letter yet once more,
 We see an altar stained with gore;
 And he who built it named it thus,
 To teach a precious truth to us.

 Communications for the Children's Portion to be addressed: Ed. Junior, P. O. Box 295, St. John, N. B., and should be received not later than the 15th day of the month.