A GRAND OPPORTUNITY.

Young Christians Should Be Organized and Systematically Instructed.

Christian nurture is an important department of church work, and yet perhaps nothing is more neglected. Efforts are made to have the children go to Sunday school in large numbers. Provision is made for teaching lessons taken from the Bible. Much time and labor are expended in the effort to get persons to join the church and seek Christ. But where is there a church in which adequate provision is made for the cultivation of Christian principles and the development of Christian manhood and womanhood? That this end is secured in more degree by Sunday school instruction and public preaching cannot be denied. But distinctive, systematic arrangements for accomplishing this result are not found in the churches.

Young Christians should be organized into classes according to their age and systematically instructed in Bible doctrines, church polity and work. They should be taught to handle the Scriptures as mechanics are taught to handle tools or soldiers to handle weapons. They should be taught to pray and speak, to carry on religious conversation and conduct religious meetings, to become expert in the Bible. Special classes should be trained to conduct the exercises of the school. They should be familiarized with the Christian principle of benevolence, so as to make it impossible for them to accumulate money and not use it wisely for the redemption of humanity.

The world is groaning, not for want of mighty men in the pulpit and splendid church music, but for lack of Christian men and women trained to work and live for God. In every church there should be growing up a class of young men and women who, in a few years, will be able to take charge of all departments of Christian work in the community and carry them forward successfully.

Instead of a half dozen persons who can be relied on to pray and speak and lead in a religious service, each church should produce hundreds who can do these things well and take pleasure in them. Strong Christians may spring up spontaneously, and often do, but if as much care and pains were taken to train them as now take to train their children for other spheres of activity, there would soon be a marked work now there is one. It will require time, thought and labor, but the harvest will amply reward the toiler.

If this work should be diligently prosecuted by pastors, superintendents, class leaders and stewards, few persons received on probation in the church would be dropped at the expiration of six months. There would be fewer daily weaklings in the church. To see the multitudes of professing Christians who know nothing about the history and polity and work of the church to which they belong, who cannot handle the word of God with skill, who cannot enter a word of prayer or testimony, nor even ask a neighbor carrying Christian light and consolation, who, in fact, cannot do anything, is alarming. They sit idle in the prayer meeting, if, indeed, they are present at all. They rely on others to do the sowing and the reaping in the field of the world. It is not for reason they were never truly converted, but because they were not properly nurtured. They did not grow. They are withered and fruitless.—Christian Advocate.

Dr. Talmage on Early Piety.

Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage reproduces in The Observer his impressions concerning early piety, saying:

Have at least one book in your library in which all the good children did not die. My early impressions from Sunday school books was that religion was very unhealthy. It seemed a terrible distemper that killed every boy and girl that it touched. If I found such a book one day better than common I corrected the mistake for fear I should die, although it was the general opinion that I was not in much danger from over sanctity. But I do believe that children may have religion, and yet live through it. A strong mustard plaster and a teaspoonful of ipecac will do marvels. Timothy lived to grow up, and we are sruelfully informed that little Samuel woke. Indeed, the best boys I ever saw occasionally upset things and got boisterous, and had the fidgets. The goody-goody kind of children make sanctimonious men. I should not be surprised to find that a colt that does not frisk becomes a horse that will not draw. It is not religion that makes that boy sit by the stove while his brothers are out snow balling, but the "bumps." 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 earn the wagon nor have money enough to buy the grease.

Patience.

A Christian needs patience, and if he rightly disciplines himself he will exercise it to a large degree. It is one of the graces which he is to add to his faith. Well is it when we learn to contemplate not the present but the future, to "look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." We can, if we possess a right faith, "hide our time." There may be many trials to endure, but even here God can give to a "hope that maketh not ashamed," and "the patience of hope in the Lord Jesus" will not fail of the recompense of reward.—Christian Inquirer.

Discouraging the Pastor.

The greatest discouragement a pastor labors is in the contradiction of his people to the unconverted by the testimonies of those already in the church. How often a youth whose attention has been aroused by the truth, and who has felt somewhat the claims of a nobler life, looking around see some church member whose disorged of right and truth fashes into his mind, and this quickly removes and stifles the better impulses which were asserting themselves within him. When thought is given to the little apparent causes of a pastor how few consider how much of it is to be ascribed to worldly minded and unconsecrated church members.—Christian Inquirer.

Fifty-six per cent of all the college students in this country at present are women, and nearly two-thirds of all our colleges are coeducational. As these roles the women of the United States promise to be better educated than the men.

ASLEEP AT THE LEVER.

Narrow Death of a Driver Not Profiterly Bright of the Throttle.

In my long service as a railroad engineer I have become well acquainted with oil and smoke, coal and cinders. It was while "firing" that the practical knowledge of my engine was gained. It takes time to learn to fire well, so as to have the highest pressure of steam at the grade where needed. His fire must be kept steady and hot, and it is necessary that he know the road as well as the engine.

While with shoveling coal, oiling his engine and looking after his stock of coal and water the fireman is a busy man.

When I began firing under Neil Amos I knew him to be a good hearted, pleasant fellow, and he always spoke pleasantly to me while I was learning my duties, and I must have been a trying clap at first.

One bitter cold night in the month of January found us pulling out of Omaha, westward bound, about twenty minutes late.

Our train was heavy, the rails frosty, and the wheels seemed to stick to the line, while the icy winds almost froze the blood in our veins. We used every ounce of steam. It takes more coal to make steam on such a night, though the fire seems to burn fiercer and brighter.

As we pulled out Neil showed in his determined manner and by the way he handled her that he meant to make up the twenty minutes, for all about our line was clear.

On we sped, scanning off the miles chosen at the rate of forty an hour where the road was level. Ah, those black winter nights!

Hopefully we peer into the darkness, but can only see what the headlight shows us.

"No. 105" eastbound freight train running to Omaha would either side track at a small station called Stanton or one three miles farther east called Elkhing, until we passed. We passed Elkhing at Dixie, and it was a comfort to think there would be no delay on our road, and we swept swiftly onward toward Stanton, where we expected "No. 105" to be safely sidetracked, then she had not run into Elkhing.

But an unavoidable accident had occurred just around a curve, where the road followed the smooth, winding bank of the Platte.

As safe and broken and yet one of their cars off the track. The train hands—conductor and brakeman—were in the caboose for warmth, and did not notice the accident for a time. The train was finally brought to a standstill, and as they did so other cars were derailed, which threw the whole train into confusion. Signals are often chosen in the frosty air, and they said we came upon them very quickly after the signal lanterns were gotten out.

As we shot around the curve going at a great speed I saw the stars from the freight engine. Neil was looking out on his side.

"We are lost, Neil!" I shouted. "No. 105 is on our line." In an instant we had shut off, reversed and whistled for brakes.

As we came up I swung out, for I saw Neil's place empty.

"Jump, Neil!" I cried. He glanced toward me, and then straight ahead. The look on his face seemed to say to me, "It is all right for you to go; I must not leave my engine!" In that one lightning glance I seemed to see the home, home and of my engineer shining in his honest, pleasant face. Then I jumped, rolled over and over down the steep river bank, and landed on the ice. There was a mighty crash, and I saw from the spot where I had fallen, dazed but unhurt, our engine and several cars piledad tumbling down the embankment. The silence of the night was broken by agonizing cries for help and heartrending screams and prayers.

We who were uninjured worked with a will. Twelve passengers were killed and many injured. I looked and watched for Neil, hoping he would soon be seen at work among us. After clearing away piles of wreck, we found him at dawn lying under his engine in the shallow water beneath the ice. He not death fearlessly with his hand on the lever, giving his own life in the hope that others might be saved. Brave Neil Amos! He was, indeed, a hero.—Arkansas Traveler.

A Helpful Life.

Lewson Valentine was a quiet citizen of New York, who lived his life and helped his fellow man whenever he could. He was a wealthy and gifted man, and was farmer, writer, lecturer, manufacturer and business man, besides being an experimenter in many fields. He was one of the most forceful men of his time in influencing the thought and lives of those who met him, yet his power was noiseless as that of a Corliss engine. His power over men and women for good was extraordinary. He held his friends to him as the magnet holds the steel, and some could fathom the secret of his strange power. Lyman Abbott preached his funeral sermon and, with much besides, said this:

I have never heard a man who possessed the power of making the best out of men that he did. I have seen men have produced some, but he made you produce yourself; he drew out of you all that was in you hampered you so that you made more of yourself than you ever could have done had you not known him. I doubt if there is a man in my own conference who would not, if asked to fix his son in life, choose Lewson Valentine. As I look back among the men I have met, for better or worse, I know of no man who so impressed with his way of life, and who so made me dissatisfied with my life, and who so made me want to be a new man, as Lewson Valentine. As I look back among the men I have met, for better or worse, I know of no man who so impressed with his way of life, and who so made me want to be a new man, as Lewson Valentine. When thought is given to the little apparent causes of a pastor how few consider how much of it is to be ascribed to worldly minded and unconsecrated church members.—Christian Inquirer.

On his return from his westward journey Jay Gould remarked that he had never seen so promising an outlook for crops as on this trip.

The Presbyterian Theology.

Those who are so settled in their religious beliefs on the one hand, and those who have no belief at all on the other, can have little idea of the fierce conflicts that rage the bosom of many noble and devout Presbyterians at this time. Only those can understand who have in spite of themselves been dragged step by step through terrible mental conflicts in changing their religious views. There is no mental conflict so fierce and terrible as this. There is no dissension so heated and bitter, none that engenders such fury of rage and hate as those that grow out of creed differences. Witness the Spanish inquisition, the century years' war in Europe, the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, the war on the Jews in Russia at the present day.

It is not strange, therefore, that anguish, strife and heart burning such as have never been known before in the peaceful Presbyterian fold have grown out of the expulsion of Dr. Briggs from his chair as Biblical professor in Union Theological seminary. For the first time the general assembly was exercised its veto power.

Already this terrible strife has resulted in the death of two of the ablest men in the church. Dr. Vandyke died soon after his appointment to a professorship in the Union Theological seminary from which Dr. Briggs had been dismissed. Speaking in the general assembly of his death, Rev. Dr. Dickey said with all solemnity: "I believe Dr. Vandyke has gone out of the excitement of this hour. God only knows who more may go that carry it upon their hearts to carried it."

The prophecy was a fatal one. The same day, a few hours later, Judge Breckinridge dropped dead in the assembly hall, just after finishing his speech against Dr. Briggs. He was able to close his speech with the words: "I have discharged my duty faithfully. I ask you to excuse me from further"—He staggered, sank to the floor, and in a few moments the able jurist and outspoken Presbyterian was dead. He was taken upon out of the excitement of this hour." And there seems to be no abatement of the excitement. Others may go before it is settled.

England's Nobility.

Proud indeed must the British nation feel of its nobility. All that "blood," so called, all that wealth, honor, opportunity and influence have been lavished for long time for generations with the families of the nobility of England. And now look at them! Like vultures they gather in a flock to glut over the shame and ruin of one of their own number, a nobleman, Sir William Gordon Cumming, the intimate friend of the Prince of Wales. Persons of any delicacy would have gone the other way, but the British aristocracy are not sensitive upon such points. In the peculiar code of honor of British nobility a man may commit a murder, raise another's character, be a sponge in debt and debauchery, and still be a gentleman in the highest society of the realm, but let him cheat at cards and he is kicked into the lowest depths of infamy. The unpardonable sin among the nobility of Great Britain has been discovered. It is to cheat at cards. The reason is that such cheating actually takes money from the high, noble person who is in need of money, just like any poor, common sharper. When caught, therefore, the best thing the nobleman of England who cheats at cards can do is to go out and shoot himself.

The spectacle most edifying to an American, however, is that of the nobility and aristocracy of England scrambling to get places to witness this scandal trial. Even an undeserved and highly praised a nobleman as we have heard of before Mrs. Henry M. Stanley to be was present with the rest, and it was called across the Atlantic that she wore a green of dark green velvet and that her bonnet was trimmed with ostrichtops. Lady Brooke, "the most beautiful woman in England," was there, too, and seemed rather to enjoy the stares that were leveled at her on all sides. Lord Rosebery also listened intently. Hard up for amusement the nobility of England must be, utterly vacuous and devoid of useful, ennobling interests their lives. It is enough to make one believe in Thackeray's Old Lady Kew. So fearful were those titled people that they would not get every word that they brought substantial lunches and the flasks of strong waters sold in such extent among British aristocracy. With those they refreshed the physical man while their highly cultivated minds received the mental pabulum best fitted for them—the story of a weak headed fool who had been caught cheating at cards and then whined.

The Sly Fly.

The sly fly is found throughout the summer and fall months. It is of a dark color, covered with yellow hairs and resembles a honey bee very much. It is often seen about homes, where it lays its white-yellow eggs upon the through, sack and lips. In a few days these eggs hatch into very small maggots, and so tiny little down the leg of the horse they produce no itching or irritation of the skin.

The horse sees the horse to lick the place where the larvae are situated, and they are taken into the mouth of the horse, and from the mouth are conducted into the stomach with the food. It is probable that a great many are crushed when taken into the mouth, but owing to the immense numbers taken into the system a large number of the maggots are to be found in the stomach of a horse at almost any season of the year.

That the sly fly is a pest is admitted, but it is not in the manner in which it is supposed to do harm. Any pests which it may be mentioned in preventing the food from passing from the gullet into the stomach, it may do harm, may be the case, but it is a very rare occurrence. The damage done by the sly fly is largely overestimated.

The sly fly may be taken as an example of the progress being made in zoological science. Its life history is now well known, and the false conclusions of horse doctors are now exposed.—Professor Wood in Southern Live Stock Journal.

WOMEN AND MEN.

The reason why a woman is afraid of a man is a problem that has puzzled many a man. But everybody knows why a man is afraid of a woman. It is because he knows that she knows that he knows that she knows he knows she knows. Simple enough when you know it, but a mighty puzzle before you know it. Women are the weaker sex, physically, but they have a power over men which no man can resist, and which he does not care to resist, because it is a power for good. Some men, especially young men, are afraid of women, but the good men are not afraid of good women. Men are not afraid of their mothers, nor of their sisters, nor of their wives, nor of their sweethearts, nor of their cousins, nor of their aunts, nor of their female friends, nor of their female acquaintances, nor of their female enemies, nor of their female relatives