



FIRST HEBREW-CHRISTIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK.

In the Minority.

WHEN good old Noah built the ark,
And nailed it firm and strong,
He had to bear the sneers and taunts
Of the ungodly throng.
Some called him "fanatic," some "fool,"
While others cried "insane,"
Yet still he toiled upon the boat,
Nor feared his labour vain,
And said, "It will be well for me
To be in the minority."

When Sodom was by fire consumed,
And Lot fled for his life,
Adown the plains, and o'er the hills,—
Bereft even of his wife,—
Afraid to cast a single glance
Along the backward way,
Or turn his gaze across the plains
Toward the orb of day,
He, too, exclaimed, "Tis well for me
To be in the minority."

When spies were sent by Moses out
To search the goodly land,
The ten returned with faces grave,
The two with tidings grand.
The ten who vowed they were too weak
Fair Canaan ne'er possessed;
The two who trusted in their God
Obtained the promised rest.
In their case, too, 'twas well to be
For once in the minority.

And so to-day we'll take our chance—
Let cavil who so will—
With those who tread the path of right,
And fight the vat and still;
One with the Lord's almighty host,
So here our vows renew;
To drive the demon from the land,
We will be firm and true,
Until which time we're proud to be
Right, though in the minority.
—The Alliance News.

"Ah! you flatter me," lisped a dude
to a young lady with whom he was
conversing. "No, I don't," was the
reply. "You couldn't be any flatter
than you are now."

**The First Hebrew-Christian Church
in America.**

MANY boys and girls have lately been seen by the writer of this article gathering about the entrance of the First Hebrew-Christian Church in America, which was dedicated to the worship of the Triune Jehovah, in St. Mark's Place, New York City, Sunday, October 11, 1885. You have read in your New Testaments about the Jewish rabbi Mr. Freshman's father was a Jewish rabbi, who was made very happy when he found that our Lord Jesus Christ was really the true Messiah. Some of the Jews, you know, are still expecting the Messiah to come. Mr. Freshman, as well as his father, became quite sure that the Saviour of the world really came to this earth 1800 years ago, and both he and his father became Christian ministers. And now he has come to New York to live and to preach to the Jews, because he wants so very much to have them know the true Christ and only Saviour. He and his wife have been in New York since 1881. They have told many Jews about Jesus, and you never saw anybody so happy as Jews are who have learned to love Jesus as the Messiah. Their employers discharge them because they become Christians. They can get no work sometimes for a good while, but they say that nothing would make them give up being Christians, and they thank God for sending these friends to teach them. No one but God sent Mr. Freshman to New York. No one hired him to come. They had to move their meetings to seven different places before they got the building they have for a Hebrew-

Christian Church. They prayed to God for a place for their meetings, and now they pray God to send money to pay for it. Sometimes money is sent in marked "For the Building Fund," and that means to help pay for the church. Sometimes money comes in marked on the letter "Personal," and that means it is for their own use, for they do not have a salary. Last year, when they had their Christmas exercises for the Sunday-school there were two hundred Jewish children there. They had a very nice time, but the place was crowded, and some had to stand. Once Mrs. Freshman used to have them come to her house, when there was no other place to meet. When the children met at the house they used to close the school by singing the doxology and then offering prayer. One day the school had been held longer than usual, and because it was late the doxology was omitted. All rose while prayer was offered. One little Jewish girl, however, who has learned to love Jesus, wanted to sing praises to Him, and did not like to go home without singing the doxology. As the last word of prayer had been uttered, her voice rose sweet and clear as a bird's, and all joined with the little Hebrew girl in singing—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

It was very touching to hear a little Jewish girl so earnestly singing praises to the Triune God.

The Rev. E. Barrass thus writes of this work:

The Rev. Jacob Freshman, well known to hundreds in Canada, is labouring with great zeal to propagate Christianity among the Jews in New York, of whom there are 80,000. Few men could have performed such herculean work as he has done in the procuring of his church, which was dedicated a few months ago. He has often had to walk by faith. Once a bill was due for \$240, and on the same day he had promised the builder \$1,000. For a whole week he toiled without even collecting the smaller sum. He and his wife did as they had often done—took the matter to God in prayer. Monday was the day on which he had promised to pay both sums, and "on Saturday evening a messenger brought a letter in which there was a check for \$1,500." Surely none will doubt but that God is with His servant.

Bro. Freshman has no regular salary; and besides erecting his church, which is still burdened with debt, he is at great expense in maintaining schools, sustaining some fellow-labourers, and assisting deserving young men who are preparing for the ministry. He has often to find shelter for converted Jews, whose friends expel them from business and home on account of their conversion to Christianity.

His report is properly audited by responsible persons. His enterprise deserves Christian sympathy. Some friends in Canada remember him, and he will be glad to hear from many others who will address him at No. 17 St. Mark's Place, New York.

Two reasons are given why some people don't mind their own business; one is that they haven't any business, and the other is that they haven't any mind.

"Safe in the Fold."

THE following touching verses were written by Miss Katie Clarke, of Norfolk Villa, Toronto, on the death of JAMES FERRIER JOHNSTON, a dear little boy, aged five and a half years, the son of the Rev. Hugh Johnston, M.A., B.D., pastor of the Carlton Street Methodist Church in this city. He was a bright, loving little fellow, and his death, under peculiarly painful circumstances, was a sore grief to his parents. A short time before he died he said to his father, who watched with unwearied love by his bedside, "I want to go home to Jesus. I want to be well." Then in a few hours he was at rest forever in the arms of Jesus. These verses will touch a responsive chord in the hearts of many parents who have been bereaved of little children.

Safe in the fold, oh! tender loving Shepherd,
With breaking hearts we yield our lamb to Thee,

Thou art all wise, all powerful, all loving—
Whate'er Thy hand hath done the best must be.

Thou hast known earthly sorrow, Jesus,
Saviour,

Thy sympathy is blending with our pain—
Accept the priceless gift we now return Thee,
And keep our child till we shall meet again.
Thou left'st him not to walk the path of sorrow,

His purity with sin's dark stain defile,
He was but lent us for a few brief seasons,
And now we miss him for a "little while."
Not lost, ah! no—but resting with the Master,

Beside green pastures, 'neath the tree of life,
Where the bright crystal stream is ever flowing,

In the dear land far from all sin and strife.

The Heavenly choir is singing—
The golden bells are ringing,
While the angel of Death is bringing

Another redeemed one home,
His voice now joins the white robed band
His feet now press the shining strand,
He ever dwells in the Glory land,
But we shall meet again.

KATIE.

An Engineer's Story.

PRESENCE of mind and rapidity of thought in the time of danger have saved thousands of lives. Here is an incident related by an engineer that well illustrates that truth:

"Several years ago I was running a fast express one night. We were three hours behind time; and if there's anything in the world I hate it's to finish a run behind schedule. These grade crossings of one-horse roads are nuisances to the trunk lines, and we had a habit of failing to stop, merely slackening up for 'em. At this crossing I had never seen a train at this time of the night, so I rounded the curve out of the cut at full tilt. I was astonished to see the target set against me though I had time enough to stop. But it was a down grade there, and the track was very slippery, and to add to the danger my air brake didn't work right. I whistled sharply to have the target set clear for me, but on looking I saw that a freight train was standing right over the crossing, evidently intending to put a few cars on our switch.

"I wish I could tell you what my thought were at this time. I gave the danger whistle, but I had seven heavy sleepers on and we just slid down that grade spite of everything I could do.

"Now comes the surprising part of my story. Quicker than I can tell you, the brakeman on the freight train uncoupled a car just back of our crossing and signalled his engineer to go ahead, which he did sharply, but barely in time to let us through. In fact, the pilot of my engine took the buffer off that