



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 e'en 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 Mes-
siah. 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 Chris-
tians, 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 exer-
cises 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 propaga-
te Christianity among the Jews in New
York, of whom there are 80,000. Few
men could have performed such her-
culean 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 ser-
vant.

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 conver-
sion 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
No. 107 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 sor-
row,

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 any-
thing in the world I hate it's to finish
a run behind schedule. These grade
crossings of one-horse roads are nu-
isances to the trunk lines, and we had a
habit of failing to stop, merely slacking
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 un-
coupled 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