

own day schools under the direction of the Government. Having less than one-third of the population the Methodist Church would do very well to secure a third of the passes, honors and prizes, but as a matter of fact Methodist pupils secured more than half of these during the past year, according to the report of the Superintendent, Rev. Dr. Cartis, presented at the recent Conference.

There is a warm-hearted, loyal and somewhat demonstrative type of Methodism in Newfoundland. Churches are well attended, and the Missionary Society generously supported.

There are four good congregations in St. John's. Gower Street is the central church, and it is as fine a structure as can be found in any city of the size. Cochrane Street and George Street are also commodious structures, and a newer congregation called Alexander Street has been planted further out where it seems to have a growing constituency.

Several things strike a visitor from Canada in attending church services in Newfoundland. First, the singing, which is unusually hearty. Quite a number of old English tunes are used, and some of them have many turns and quavers, but how the people do sing! They sing as if they liked it, and they go right through the hymn from beginning to end without omitting a stanza. The preachers never think of asking the congregation to "omit the second and fourth verses," and the people would not tolerate it if they did. The common habit of mutilating our beautiful hymns fortunately has not reached Newfoundland. Another thing which a stranger notices is the general use of the Bible in the services. When the minister announces the lesson there is a general opening of books all over the house to follow in the reading. I venture to say that more Bibles are used in the four Methodist Churches in St. John's on a Sunday than in all the Methodist Churches of Toronto.

Great interest is taken in the Epworth League by the St. John's churches, and much practical work is being done. During the recent Conference a fine League anniversary was held in Cochrane Street Church, at which addresses were delivered by Rev. Dr. McLean, and the writer. There seemed to be an eager response to the statement of Epworth League aims. When this year's Reading Course was placed on the table and explained, the greatest interest was aroused, and seventy-three sets were immediately subscribed for. If our Canadian cities would do as well proportionately the edition would not last long.

The people of the Island Colony are exceedingly hospitable, and the Canadian visitor carries away the most delightful recollections of his stay among them.

## More Than Faithful.

BY REV. JOHN McLEAN, Ph.D.

ONE of the most interesting sights of city life is to watch two ragged urchins standing before the monument of a great man, and then to reflect upon the hero-spirit of those forlorn pilgrims of the street, as they long to do some noble thing, that they may be worthy to stand among great men. We too are oftentimes possessed of aspirations after greatness, and say in our hearts, "I want to be like them." There is ever lurking a hero in our souls waiting for the opportunity to do a noble thing. The call to arms has ten thousand responses, and when the ranks are thinned there stand ten thousand more to grasp the blood-stained standard. A fire in the street appeals to the hero in the heart, a child struggling in the river finds a hundred hands ready to save it. God has made us heroes, and we are only biding our time of revealing. What made these men, whom we call great, worthy to be transfigured in marble? Some of them came from the lowly homes of the cottier and the miner, enduring hardship and finding courage through the absence of wealth, but they all had ideals of greatness, and they ever kept their eyes on the tops of the mountains. One saw learning on the snow-crowned heights, another beheld a fair mansion and large estate in his possessions, and still another saw the House of Commons, and himself as Prime Minister. Beyond these, a barefooted boy grasped the vision splendid, and over land and sea the footprints of the Master led him on until he fell asleep, a saint with the mark of Christ on his soul. All of these possessed high ideals, and some of them they attained, but as they marched, their ideals grew, and they died with some beyond their grasp.

Ever onward the great and good have struggled, never satisfied, yet ever pursuing, always crying *Amplius—further, a little further*. In the pursuit of goodness, they ever sought a little more. To be only faithful, never brought peace and joy to their hearts, they strove to be more than faithful. And this is ever the secret of greatness and goodness. Beyond the slopes of Calvary lies the summit of the Mount of Olives, beyond the sacrifices there is peace, beyond the struggle there is a higher struggle and endless revelations of the glories of the other life. Hasten on, the day is passing, turn your eyes westward and watch the setting sun, and then with a prayer on your lips, press on to do your utmost for Christ and God and your brother man.

Halifax, N.S.

## The Oriole.

BY REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

The oriole swings on the cherry-tree bough,  
Singing "Cheer him up! Cheerfully cheer him!"  
And I never could know what he meant till now,  
With his "Cheer him up! Cheerfully cheer him!"

He means, when the cheeks with tears are wet—  
When the lip is hanging all ready to fret—  
To pick up your courage; there's room for you yet!  
With "Cheer him up! Cheerfully cheer him!"

And the oriole isn't a fret on a stage,  
With his "Cheer him up! Cheerfully cheer him!"  
Or a poor captive bird that you keep in a cage,  
Singing "Cheer him up! Cheerfully cheer him!"

But out in the open, and through the glad trees,  
In the shine of the sun, and the breath of the breeze—  
And free as himself every freeman he sees—  
With his "Cheer him up! Cheerfully cheer him!"

And the man who does right, for he knows the way how—  
And the man who speaks truth, with his hand on the plough—  
And the maid, with the signet of love on her brow—  
All cheer him up! Cheerfully cheer him!

And the oriole's lesson, for you and for me,  
With his "Cheer him up! Cheerfully cheer him!"  
Is each one to sing on his own cherry-tree,  
With a "Cheer him up! Cheerfully cheer him!"

And love the best land we ever shall know,  
Till the daisies above us shall tenderly blow—  
Canadians ever, we'll shout as we go—  
With a "Cheer him up! Cheerfully cheer him!"

## John Wesley's Sense of Humor.

[Extracts from an address given by the Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D., at a bicentenary meeting in Boston.]

HIS dry wit is constantly cropping out in most unexpected places in his famous "Journal," showing that he had that most essential equipment, the sense of humor, to help him bear the ills of life—a constant witness to his healthy-mindedness.

In his earlier and callow days, to be sure, he made and recorded a resolution to labor after continual seriousness, "not willingly to indulge myself in the least levity of behavior or in laughter, no, not for a moment"; but I am in very great doubt if he held to that resolution in his wisest years, for, as he communes with his "Journal," we can often detect, if not a laugh in his voice, at least a merry twinkle in his eye, as, for instance, when he describes "how a lewd fellow of the baser sort filled his pockets with rotten eggs wherewith to pelt the Methodists at their service, whereupon one of the faithful, knowing that they were there, clapped his hands on each side of the man, and mashed them all at once." "In an instant," adds Wesley, "he was perfumed all over, though it was not so sweet as balsam."

I think, too, I detect a circumflex cadence when he tells his silent friend, the "Journal," how in one of the innumerable mob riots excited by his preaching, when one after