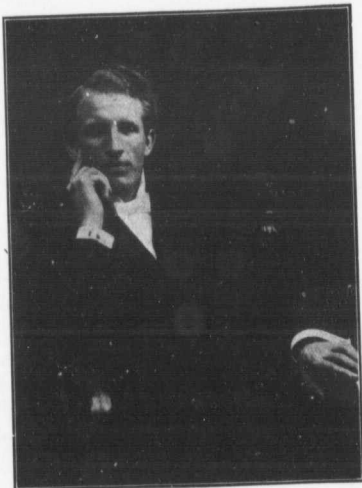


and every effort is made to reach them. Communications have been sent to many of the Leagues in towns and villages of Ontario, asking their officers to report any of their members who may be coming to Toronto to reside. These persons are called upon as soon as they arrive in the city. If they intend locating within the Elm Street district they are cordially welcomed to that church, but if their home is in some other part of the city, the names are handed to the pastor of the nearest church. Help is also afforded to young people coming to Toronto who have no friends, by giving advice in securing a boarding place, etc.

But we must not tarry too long in the outer room, for there



REV. C. JEFF McCOMB
President Elm Street League.

is the sound of singing from the League room that is decidedly attractive. It is not the slow, lifeless music that one so often hears at the beginning of a religious service, but the bright, hearty, whole-souled, joyous singing which indicates that those who are engaged in the exercise are enjoying it hugely. The visitor finds himself joining in, almost without intending to do so. The music is conducted by the president, Rev. C. Jeff McComb, the associate pastor of the church, a young Irishman, who certainly knows how to run a meeting of this kind. With a pleasant smile, and an enthusiastic manner he keeps everybody in the best of humor, and rallies his forces with consummate skill. After a hymn has been sung, fairly well, he will say: "Now that is not your best is it?"

"Let us waken up and sing this hymn as if we meant it."

"We will sing No. —. Let us all take hold and see how we can make it go."

The young people respond gladly and the result is rousing singing that goes a long way toward making a successful meeting.

After an address by the writer twenty-seven new subscriptions were received for the CANADIAN EPWORTH ERA, which, afterward, through the efforts of the Literary Vice-President were increased to forty. Quite a number also promised to join a Reading Circle. The president remarked: "This League wants everything that is good."

Elm Street League publishes a unique programme of services which provides for a literary evening once a month, a missionary meeting once a month, and a social evening once or twice a year. Evangelistic services are held quite frequently.

On the outside of the Programme Card there is a picture of the church which is indicated as a "Character Factory."

Members are exhorted, on the inside of the card to "COME AS U R, SIT WHERE U LIKE, GIVE WHAT U CAN" which is

intended, doubtless, to make everybody feel at home. Then there is a practical and personal question, running right across the card, which ought to make those who see it do some thinking: "WHAT KIND OF A LEAGUE WOULD OUR LEAGUE BE IF EVERY MEMBER WAS JUST LIKE TO ME."

Almost all the members of the Elm Street League attend the Wednesday evening church prayer-service, in addition to the League meeting, and are thoroughly loyal to all departments of church work.

Two Methods of Life Saving

In this city and throughout this new land it is or ought to be the ambition of all Epworth Leaguers to reach out the helping hand to every young man and woman, especially new comers. The Government adopts two methods of life saving—the light-house and the life-saving station. The one holds out the hand of warning and says, "beware." The other reaches out to those sinking and endeavors to rescue. Let us who have sinew and are by grace saved do the latter and prove, "That touched by a loving hand wakened by kindness, cords that were broken will vibrate once more." But the former method being the easier, the cheaper, and the less risky of the two, let us, as far as lies in our power, assist young people in steering clear of the shoals which surround them on every side, and guide them into the harbor of Light.

—Rev. C. Jeff McComb.

He Learned Something

Sombody had told Mr. Finkenbinder that a tallow candle, placed in the barrel of a shot-gun, could be fired through a barn door as easily as if it were a bolt of steel.

Having a little leisure on his hands, he determined to put the matter to the test.

Procuring, with some difficulty, a tallow candle—the kind your grandmother used to make—he brought down from the attic of his dwelling an old single-barreled, muzzle-loading shot-gun that had descended to him from a former generation. He poured a generous charge of powder into it, added a paper wad, and carefully slipped the candle into the barrel, blunt end downward. It only remained to put a "G. D." percussion-cap on the tube, and the old gun was ready for business.

Then he went out to the back yard.

Taking a position a few feet from his barn he cocked the gun, aimed at the centre of the pine door, pulled the trigger, and the gun went off with a deafening roar.

The result was startling.

It is painful to have to record the fact that the candle did not pierce the door.

All it did was to make a horrible smear of tallow over the door and everything else in the immediate neighborhood, Mr. Finkenbinder included.

How his wife came screaming out of the house to learn what dreadful thing had happened; how he told her, sulkily, while scraping the soft tallow off his clothing, to go back and attend to her own business, and how she insisted on helping him—all this, perhaps, should be left to the imagination, as belonging to the domain of the home.

It remains true, nevertheless, that you can shoot a tallow candle through a barn door—if you keep the door open.

Simply Being Cheery

In a world where there are always people who are bearing heartache and sorrow, a great deal of good is done by those who go about as bearers of sunshine. Simply by being cheery, we may add to the cheer of our friends and acquaintances. Even in a place where all around are strangers, a radiant personality diffuses charm; as, for instance, the beauty of a young girl lighting a ferryboat or a street car on a dull day without her knowledge, the motherly sweetness of a benignant matron carrying a benediction though she is unaware of it, and the winsome attractiveness of a child's fresh laughter, the dearest music in the earth. Simply being cheerful ourselves, we help to make others cheerful and therefore able to bear their burdens, which may be heavy enough to weigh them down if no one gives them a lift.—*Christian Intelligencer*.