

it was quite interesting to compare the designs and the colors of the different societies. All were good natured and willing to talk about Christian Endeavor work. I can assure you that we were soon in a happy frame of mind.

The Toronto Union banner, the same one which graced our convention hall last October, was hanging on a peg, fully displayed, at one end of the car, and the Hamilton representatives looked wistfully at it many times, wishing they had one to represent their Union too. The banner in question is a handsome design worked in gold on a ground of white silk. It has the Christian Endeavor monogram, the name of the union, and the motto "We are laborers together with God." The cost of the banner was twenty dollars. We were informed that the society showing the largest proportionate increase during the year was entitled to carry this precious emblem. We found out after we got to Minneapolis that banners were quite common, nearly every union possessing one, and certainly they add much to the enthusiasm and success of a great meeting. It is to be hoped that our union will see its way clear to obtain one before our Peterboro convention next fall.

Between singing and talking we passed around our note books and secured the autographs of all the Canadians. This helped us into a better acquaintanceship. We made a quick run to Chatham, then stopped ten minutes for lunch. The time was not half long enough; many of us had to run back to the car with pieces in our hands; our crowd almost cleaned out the lunch counter. We soon reached the St. Clair flats, they are very pretty; the regularity of the channels of water in and out through the long rushes makes a picturesque scene. Now the train is on the Ferry Boat and we are passing over the invisible line into Uncle Sam's Domain. We see the stars and stripes floating to the breeze. The Custom's house officer pretends to look through our valises, marks them with chalk, and now relieved, we begin to take notes and make comparisons. The thought that comes to our minds again, as we gaze from the top of the ferry boat, is how to account for the numberless rows of factories and business places with every indication of wealth and prosperity on the American side, while upon the Canadian side, only a stone's throw distant, there is so little life and energy displayed.

The run from Detroit to Chicago was made sharp on time, and we got into the union station at 10.30, p. m. We now climbed into busses and were driven through the streets of Chicago, about a mile and a half

to the Chicago and North Western station. Most of you have seen or heard about the twelve, fourteen and sixteen story buildings of Chicago, the enormous traffic on the streets, and the cable cars. I noticed flaming posters announcing that next Sunday at the Olympic Theatre, Hooigans, "The County Fair," would be on the boards. There are some things one sees in the States that one would not care to import into Canada. We left Chicago at twelve o'clock in a Wagner sleeper, and passed a very pleasant night, except that the Conductor came along and demanded our tickets after we had gone to sleep, and how was a fellow to keep from grumbling a little, as he searched unsuccessfully through one pocket after another, sometimes down the leg of his trousers, imagining, in his drowsy condition, that he was finding his ticket there. Some one handed the conductor a bit of pasteboard to punch, thinking it was his ticket.

We had appointed Rev. Wm. Patterson chaplain, and we had many most impressive services. The one just before turning in Wednesday night was grand, it was inspiring. Rev. Mr. Patterson was not only chaplain, but he was the wit, the life of the party, his good natured, homely expressions were enjoyed immensely. Just before turning in I heard him say, "Boys, I won't be up till dinner time to-morrow," so I was not in any hurry next morning. I was comfortable thinking that others were enjoying themselves in the same way.

To be continued.

The Pleasures of Camp Life.

DEAR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORER,

We have been away so long, it is time to give an account of ourselves. About two weeks before school closed we visited the Beach, and located the site for our camp. Then on the last Friday in June we sent on the advance guard. This consisted of two large loads with the tent, lumber for flooring, and the furniture. As the loads left, it seemed impossible that all we had sent could be crowded into one tent; but on the following day, when we joined the others, we were agreeably surprised to find the roomy tent not at all crowded.

Except one or two near the Brant House, ours was the first tent and we have watched one after another go up, until now, on the north shore, there is a small village of about sixty tents. Of these, three others are from the First Methodist Church. Many of them are