

delegates during the convention. Besides these two booths, there was one for the post office, another for parcel checking, and a third for information which was well patronized. A beautiful room with a piano, and every convenience, was set aside for ladies; another, elegantly furnished with a lounge and easy chairs, for the gentlemen, and yet another for a reading and writing room where the Canadian papers and abundance of stationery were always to be found. Nothing was lacking to prove how much of loving forethought had planned for our comfort and pleasure while the guests of Central Presbyterian church.

The committee that had perfected all these arrangements, what shall we say of it? From the pastor, Rev. Marcus Scott, who greeted us all with a warm hand-clasp, to the bright Juniors who guided us to our billets, they were all the impersonations of kind, generous, patient hospitality. Those white-capped young ladies,—but we must stop. We cannot trust ourselves to express our admiration.

Our First Glimpse of the White City.

ONTARIO'S transportation manager and the HERALD having received their assignments set out to seek the White City which was to be the centre for so many blessed gatherings during the next few days. As we stepped from the church door, behold, it was raining! Down from the sky came the showers with a steadiness that savored of more to follow. Dauntless, even though umbrellaless, we left the shelter of our hospitable headquarters and turned our faces toward Woodward avenue. Flags and bunting, somewhat limp, it is true, gave the city a holiday aspect that spoke of an expected good time on the part of everybody. Crimson and white, the convention colors, predominated. We boarded a trolley and began our long ride up the beautiful broad avenue of stately mansions and palatial homes. At last the conductor shouted "Kirby!" and we hastened to descend. A short street to our left ended in an immense common, on which, spread out before our gaze, lo, we beheld the city of canvas! Refreshment tents lined the road that led to it. We ran a gauntlet of lemonade, pies, bicycle checks, and even cigars, while there rose involuntarily to our lips the words, "It looks just like a huge circus!"

One-half the common was reserved for refreshment tents under official auspices, while on the other half stood the two great canvas tabernacles, Endeavor and Williston, each capable of seating some 10,000 people. Beside these there were the bicycle tent, ambulance tent, press tent, and many more.

We made our way to the press tent desirous of securing our seats for the convention, and here a surprise awaited us. We found the spacious canopy fitted up with scores of writing-places for the newspaper men, and typewriters for everybody who chose to use them. Here also was a

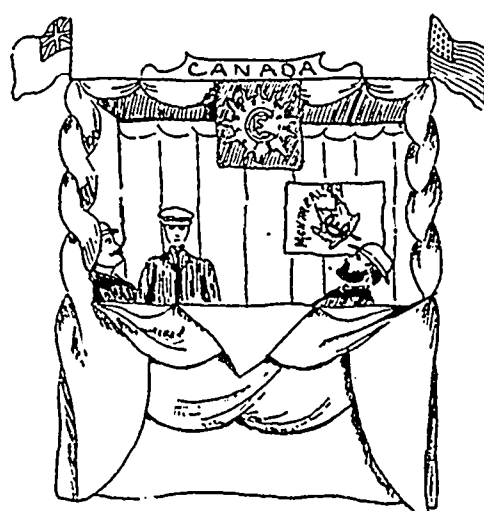
telegraph office, and telephones, and a card displayed which urged us to make use of the many conveniences all planned and arranged in our behalf. We felt how great was the privilege and dignity of being connected with the press, and when we received our tickets and pinned the special badge upon our bosoms, we went forth again into the relentless downpour with an increased sense of importance.

We learned while here, with something of apprehension, that the great tents leaked, and wondered what effect it would have upon the opening session to be held that night beneath the canvas roof of Endeavor.

Down town it was whispered that the delegations were turning out much smaller than was expected, and some of the "white caps" looked disappointed, but, with a little longer experience to draw upon, we said, "Wait till to-morrow!"

The First Night.

ABOUT six o'clock the rain ceased, and the sun shone forth with a promise of blessing. It gave a golden kiss to each of the great tents, and went to its rest in an atmosphere of mutual benediction. A little later the cars bound north on Woodward avenue were besieged by a happy multitude of badge-bedecked young people. When at half-past seven we took our seats in the press reservation, tent Endeavor was crowded to its uttermost limits, and a fringe of



THE CANADIAN BOOTH.

eager people hung around the edge. For the first time in C. E. convention history an overflow meeting was called for at the opening session. We had said to the discouraged "white caps," "Wait till to-morrow," but to-night was enough to satisfy the most sceptical.

To report all that was said at this first great meeting would be impossible, we must be content with some golden grain

Winnowed from the Words of Welcome.

President Francis E. Clark opened the convention with a gavel made by the prison Christian Endeavor society of Jackson.