

our train and bade us welcome to Detroit. From them we received little red books containing a most complete indexed map of Detroit and other invaluable information. The next half-hour was spent in studying the topography of our destined place of dwelling for the next few days, and we discovered our church headquarters were situated in a regular maze of short streets that ran into each other at all sorts of angles; but all of them seemed to converge near the church, as we found out later, so that there was no great danger of getting lost.

Soon we reached Windsor, and experienced the novel sensation of having our train shunted on board a ferry to be bodily transported across "the river that divides." At this stage of our journey the Customs officers who guard Uncle Sam's frontier boarded the train and began their examination of our baggage. They departed without discovering anything dutiable, and we watched their going with considerable pleasure. Then we were hauled off the ferry, hitched to another locomotive and in a few minutes pulled up at the platform of the Union Depot, Detroit. Our arrival created no small interest; but we shall let the Detroit *Evening News* reporter tell the story in his own words. Listen, this is the impression made by Canada's little advance army:

"The first real outward sign of religious fervor among the delegations arriving yesterday at the Union Depot was displayed by a band of Canadians from Toronto and other points on the line of the Canadian Pacific railway. The train got in about 2.45 p.m., and immediately one hundred or more Canadians fairly tumbled out of the coaches. There was a briskness about them that defied the heat and, dry as their throats must have been, they commenced to sing hymns of Canadian make. Everything about them was Canadian. Both men and women had their clothing liberally decorated with maple leaf badges in green and gold. They wore green and gold ribbons blended and gold ribbons singly. The latter bore the words, 'From the Land of Gold,' and from them were suspended imitation nuggets of gold—not little nuggets, but chunks as big as chestnuts.

"'You folks are evidently from Canada,' remarked the *News* man.

"'Yes, we are from Canada, the land of Christ and the land of gold,' answered the Endeavorers.

"This was the distinctive characteristic of this particular Canadian push—they were booming Christian Endeavor and Canada in the one breath. As soon as they boarded the street cars they started Canadian hymns. This is the one they sang as they bowled along Jefferson avenue, in voices so ringing that they brought everybody in the stores and buildings to the windows and sidewalks:

We are Canadians! To Christ our King  
A tribute of praise and of love we bring!  
Our joy to serve, till this land of gold  
Shall lay at His feet all its wealth untold.

CHO.—We are Canadians! Our lives we bring  
To cast at the feet of the Christ our King!  
Our joy to serve Him until we mold  
Our whole wide land for His crown of gold!

We are Canadians! A land of gold  
Is the land we love, with its wealth untold  
Of mountain and river and fertile plain,  
Of golden nuggets and golden grain!

CHO.—We are Canadians! Our golden land  
Extends her greeting with heart and hand!  
For Christ united—the shout send back—  
Old Glory blends with the Union Jack!

"This hymn and dozens of others were composed by an editor of the ENDEAVOR HERALD of Toronto, who calls himself 'Peter Pushem,' as a *nom-de-plume*. The delegation is provided with a pamphlet of 'Peter's' make-up. It contains some of the hymns that he has written and devotes several pages to booming the land of the maple leaf and of gold. Here's a sample entitled 'Canada has the Best of Everything':

The best wheat is Canadian.  
The best dairy products are Canadian.  
The best timber is Canadian.  
The best gold is Canadian.  
The best athletes are Canadians.  
The best yacht is Canadian.

Canada's men and women rank among the best  
for intellect and heart in all the world.

"And yet 'Peter' is personally a modest young man; at least he seemed to be when spoken to in the depot. Here's another of his hymns:

Do you hear the tramp of our Canadian throng,  
Marching through Detroit well nigh a thousand  
strong?

Clear the way before us,  
Open wide the doors,  
Canada is marching in!

CHO.—Canada is marching in,  
Canada is marching in;  
Clear the way before us,  
Open wide the doors,  
Canada is marching in!

We have come rejoicing all along the way,  
And we'll just keep singing while with you we stay;  
Clear the way before us,  
Open wide the doors,  
Canada is marching in!

"They fulfilled their word—they 'just kept singing.'"

Our reception at Central Presbyterian church was of the most cordial character. They said they had heard us singing blocks away, and they were all out on the steps of the church to meet us. We found the arrangements for billeting most complete, and after being appointed to our various stopping-places, we set out on a tour of discovery beginning with the basement of our headquarters. Here we were delighted with all that had been done for us. In the main room prettily decorated booths had been erected for the visiting delegations, Canada and the District of Columbia. Our Canadian booth looked very attractive in its green and gold drapery, and the HERALD speedily took possession in the name of Canada. This was the rallying-point for our