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Away Down South in Dixie!

Glimpses of the Great Convention in Nashville, Tennessee, July 6th to 11th

NASHVILLE '98 takes its place in the history of Christian Endeavor as one of the greatest conventions yet held. In one or two of its features it has never been equalled, in others it has never been surpassed. Only in one respect did the convention fall somewhat below expectations—in attendance. And this proved to be a blessing in disguise; for thousands of citizens were thus enabled to be present at the inspiring meetings from which they would have been excluded had the attendance been doubled or trebled.

The programme was of exceptional variety and strength, and from beginning to end the meetings were characterized by intensity and spiritual power. Indeed, "Nashville '98" was above everything else a spiritual convention, and thousands received during these days of blessing such help in the higher life as shall make their service for Christ richer and fuller and sweeter through all the coming days.

Southward, Ho!

FEAR of the heat of summer in a southern city prevented many Canadians from attending the great rally in Nashville. Those who went were richly rewarded. Every member of the Canadian party is enthusiastic in his praise of southern scenery, southern weather, southern hospitality, southern meetings, and almost everything else pertaining to the land of the magnolia.

The Endeavorers of Cincinnati met the Canadian delegation on its arrival in that city and planned for them a most enjoyable street car ride. Two hours were thus spent in viewing some of the principal sights. This kindness was greatly appreciated, and the whole delegation prepared to sing the convention song of "Cincinnati '99."

At Louisville, crowds of Endeavorers were met on their way to the convention city. The union

station was gorgeous with the Kentucky colors—purple and white. Spirited songs were heard on every hand, and a genuine Kentucky welcome was extended to all.

Unique and never-to-be-forgotten was the tour through Mammoth Cave. We must leave until another time the account of the pits and domes and galleries of this wonder of the world. About one hundred Endeavorers made the journey together, and the long line of figures dressed in the grotesque cave costumes, each with lamp in hand, winding through the darkness of these weird caverns was a sight that will never pass from memory. Who can forget the pathos of the stone cottages where, half a century ago, a number of poor creatures sought refuge, in vain, from that dread malady, consumption? In the total darkness of the Star Chamber, with what heightened effect did the song peal out from a hundred voices, "There's sunshine in my soul to-day"!

The special train that was to convey us from Glasgow Junction to Nashville was claimed by the Government to convey wounded soldiers from the South. This caused a delay of several hours in one of the quietest of Kentucky villages. In search of adventure, one of the party came upon a curious barber's chair made by "an old Virginny soldier, before the war." It was a strange contrivance of hinges and pins and bolts and bars, more wonderful far than Holmes' "one hoss shay."

Wayside Jottings.

EVERYWHERE one was reminded that these are war times in the United States. Old Glory was in evidence everywhere, and everybody was eager to learn the latest news from the front.

THE Canadian badge was greatly admired. A nugget of gold suspended from a yellow ribbon bearing the inscription, "Canada, the Land of Gold—golden grain and golden nuggets."

THE placards upon the passenger coaches, "For White Passengers," "For Colored Passengers," told their own story of one phase of the