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THE WORLD'S FAIR AND ITS LESSONS.

BY THE EDITOR.



FESTIVAL HALL AND COLONNADES AT NIGHT.

AS one strolled through the stately arcades and corridors of the World's Fair buildings at St. Louis, a dominant feeling was that embodied in the poems which accompany this article—the transitoriness of it all. No earthly monarch, not Nebuchadnezzar or Semiramis, not Solomon in all his glory, inhabited palaces of such splendid architecture as those that crowned the heights and studded the plain of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. It was the finest efflorescence of the civil-

ization of the twentieth century—a dream of beauty, a vision of splendour such as the world never saw before.

Yet almost before its completion the evidences of its decay and disintegration began to appear. But much of it, and the best of it, is imperishable. The magnificent architectural scheme of the goodly structure, conceived in the mind of man before a brick was laid, shall endure when every vestige of its material splendour shall have passed away. In memories of delight, in picture and description, in poem and painting, the Ivory City shall continue to teach its lessons for many a long year. It was at once an