

the statue. At the base of this corridor, on its steps and pavement, are represented life size figures of the great men and women who have made French history for a hundred years past, and through the arches are to be seen the various historic events, portrayed in vivid forms and colors, which have marked the progress of the age.

By following the picture from the left of the observer around the entire circle, a complete and very unique panorama of the century is made to pass before the eye. The days of the Revolution, with the horrors of the guillotine, then the Napoleonic epoch, with all the glory of victorious war; troops returning from brilliant triumphs passing in review before the Empress Josephine; then Louis XVIII and his court; the days of the new Republic; then Louis Napoleon and the *Coup d'Etat*; then the Franco-Prussian war and the fall of the revived Napoleonic dynasty, and then again the Republic, until we reach again the statue of France, at the foot of which stands that typical Frenchman of the latter days, Victor Hugo.

As we stood studying the superb picture and artistic achievement, again the conviction forced itself upon us that the *History of this Missionary Century*, from 1792 to 1892, affords a theme for the painter's brush and the artist's genius which it would be difficult to surpass in suggestiveness, fruitfulness or attractiveness. Let us suppose that some artists of a high order of ability should undertake such a grand work, what a magnificent picture might result. We can even now see it stretching around the inner wall of some cycloramic building. The Cross of Christ might be the central object, with a supernal glory breaking through the deep darkness and lighting up as with a touch of gold, a little shoemaker's shop at Hackleton. The door stands ajar and reveals a young man of eighteen years cobbling, while his eyes wander from his work to a book that lies on the bench beside him. It is Cook's voyages. Before him, on the rude wall of the shop, hangs a rough brown paper map of the world, made in cobbler's ink, on which, by different shades of color, the comparative religious condition of the different races is set forth. A little farther on that same young man is seen preaching from the box pulpit in Andrew Fuller's chapel at Kettering, and just beyond is seen Widow Wallis' humble home, where a small group of obscure Baptist ministers are signing the first modern covenant of missions. Among the surrounding figures may be seen Sidney Smith, who points a scornful finger at the nest of consecrated cobblers, whom he proposes to "rout out" with