

first suggested by the Indian Department of the Glasgow Exposition. There were to be seen, not as pictures or photographs merely, but in actual forms on a small scale, the native habitations and dress, the Hindoo temples, car of Juggernaut, suttee-piles, modes of torture, etc. In San Francisco, Chinese Joss-houses, pagodas, shops, and theaters may be seen confronting Christian churches and mission halls. In the Church Missionary and London Missionary Societies' rooms are relics of a half century ago that tell more eloquently than any words can the depths out of which the gospel has lifted whole tribes of men ; and those remains of idolatrous customs and savage life, gathered from among peoples now pervaded by the light of the gospel, would go far to furnish such an exposition of missions.

The fascination of such a scene would be marvelous. It might be made so attractive as to draw visitors from every quarter, and so effective as that no one could evade the force of its argument and appeal.

But those who are familiar with the rich literature of missions are already constantly walking through the corridors of such an exposition. Even an English canon cannot infect them with suspicion touching the "Failure of Missions." To them the story of missionary labor and success is a tale of fact, rivaling, surpassing the tale of fancy which finds expression in the "Arabian Nights." They have seen a more wonderful lamp than that of Aladdin. Its rays reach into the deepest darkness and banish the death-shade. Touch that lamp and the angels of God are at your side to do your bidding. Place it in the huts and hovels of misery and poverty and it transforms them into the palaces of princes where dwell the heirs of celestial thrones and crowns ! Give it a place in the midst of pagan society and with incredible rapidity it changes the whole aspect of mankind. Robes take the place of rags ; virtue, of vice ; cleanliness, of filth ; intelligence, of ignorance ; courtesy, of cruelty ; and health and happiness, of disease and wretchedness. Yes, the magician's enchantments are once more outdone by the miracles of the Spirit of God, and even unbelievers are compelled to confess, "This is the finger of God." Fables and fancies fade before facts, real, tangible, indisputable. That fine, poetic saying, "Architecture is frozen music," has been attributed by some to Madame de Staël, by others to Schlegel. The structures which missionary heroism has built are crystallizations of piety. They are God's temples ; they rest on rock ; their timbers are as of cedar, fragrant and enduring ; and within and without they are covered with the gold of the upper sanctuary !

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