

tongues whose alphabet was first formed by missionaries, with the three hundred translations of the Word of God and the millions of pages of religious reading produced by hundreds of mission presses. The industries planted and developed by missions would demand a like display; in a word, the entire results of this unselfish ministry to lost man would as far as possible be put into visible forms.

Could some such exhibition of the results of a century of missions be actually planned and properly conducted; could such industry, zeal and disregard of cost, as mark commercial and industrial expositions, be put at the service of the Kingdom of God; could Christian merchant-princes and men of letters combine to gather from all lands, from museums of archaeology and private collections of curious relics, the needful material; could master workmen be employed to construct and arrange the material basis for such a display; in a word could the Christian Church take up the task of furnishing such a Centennial Exposition of Missions, and give the work of her devoted men and women such an exhibition as all other forms of labor have, in this nineteenth century—we are not sure that Christian history would record an achievement more important in its impression upon the minds and hearts of men. Thousands, it may be millions, who do not see the exposition of missions already furnished in the printed page would see presented, represented, before their eyes, the testimony of a century's work in a form not easily to be forgotten.

Nor are we persuaded that the conception of such an exposition is merely chimerical, a vagary of the imagination. Modern enterprise, in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, has built upon a scale of one-third the actual size the Assyrian palaces, rock-tombs of Egypt, Greek and Roman temples, gorgeous Alhambra, superb dwellings of ruined Pompeii, and cathedrals of mediæval France and England, so that visitors walk through them and see three thousand years of successive civilizations crystallized into material forms. In the Egyptian museum at London, vast galleries and corridors are assigned to the huge tablets, sculptures, sarcophagi, papyri, vases, gathered from Babylon, Nineveh, Thebes. In Paris, the "Nouvelle Bastille" is the actual reproduction of the old fortress prison demolished one hundred years ago; you may cross the drawbridge over the moat, descend to the subterranean dungeons, see prisoners in effigy, and realize somewhat the horrors of those cells when the Bastille actually stood where now stands the Colonne de Juillet.

Such are the costly and elaborate methods by which the children of this world seek to impress the eye in the interests of trade and manufacture. Is there any adequate reason why a corresponding effort might not be made to impress the actual and stupendous achievements of a century of missionary labor?

The thought may not seem practical and practicable, but it was