

And the girdle of his loins hath not been loosed, and the thong of his sandals not broken!

Whose arrows are sharpened, and all his bows bent;

The hoofs of his horses, like flint are they reckoned, and his wheels like the whirlwind!

A roar he hath like the lion, he roareth like the young lions,

And he growleth, and he seizeth prey, and he carrieth it safe away, and there is none that delivereth,

And he growleth over them in that day, like the growling of the sea,

And they look to earth, and lo, thick darkness, and the light hath grown dark in its clouds!

[For all this his wrath has not turned back, and still is his hand stretched forth!]

About the second great crisis of Jerusalem during Isaiah's ministry, that caused by the invasion of Sennacherib in 701, another set of prophecies group themselves. In these, although the people is not freed from blame for the perils of the situation, especially in respect to the false move of intrigue with Egypt, the general tone is more cheerful, and the expectancy of deliverance more absolute. This time the King (Hezekiah) and the prophet were in more substantial accord. The words of Isaiah contained in 2 Kings xix., 6, 7, 20 ff. (= Isa. xxxvii., 6, 7, 21 ff.) indicate the hopeful tenor of what he then felt moved to say. From a somewhat earlier year are chapters xxix., xxx., xxxi., xxxii.; more nearly coincident in time are the verses xiv., 1-14. For our purposes the prophecy concerning Assyria, x., 5 ff., may be cited. The point of view is different from that of ix., 7 ff., v., 26 ff. Here the presumption and the punishment of Assyria are set in the foreground, and assurance is given to Jerusalem of rescue from this seemingly invincible foe:

Ho, Asshur! rod of mine anger! yea, a staff in their hand is my wrath!

Against a profane nation do I send him, and over the people of my rage do I command him!

To take spoil and seize booty, and to make them a trampling, like mire in the streets.

But he, not so doth he devise, and his heart, not so doth it reckon.

For to destroy (is) in his heart, and to cut off nations, not a few.

For he saith, Are not my princes altogether kings? Is not Calno as Carchemish?

Or is not Hamath as Arpad, or is not Samaria as Damascus? As my hand hath lighted upon the kingdoms of the no-gods,—and their images are more than in Jerusalem,—

Shall I not, as I have done to Samaria and her no-gods, so do to Jerusalem and her idols?

But Yahweh shall punish him for his presumption. The passage ends with the imaginative picture of the approach of the Assyrian army to Jerusalem from the north, and its sudden overthrow (vv. 28-34):

He hath come upon Ayyath, hath passed by Migron, at Michmash he storeth his baggage;

They have crossed the pass, at Geba they have taken night-quarters.

Ramah trembleth, Gibeah of Saul hath fled.

Cry aloud, daughter of Gallim, give ear, Layisha, answer her, Anathoth!

Madmenah hath become a wanderer, the dwellers in Gebim have hurried off (their treasures).

This very day he is to halt in Nob, brandishing his hand against the mountain of the daughter of Zion;

Behold, the Lord, Yahweh Sebaoth, loppeth off the boughs with frightful crash,

And the high in stature are hewn down, and the lofty, they shall be laid low;

And he shall cut down the thickets of the forest with iron, and Lebanon by a mighty one shall fall!

There is space now for only a word about the specific Messianic predictions ascribed to Isaiah—those in which the expectation of a great deliverance involves a future king to be the great deliverer. These, too, are rooted, more or less distinctly, in the present, and their expression is framed for effect upon the prophet's own contemporaries. Scholars generally hold that the most definite and stirring of them all found its point of contact with the national life in the devastation of Northeast Israel by

Tiglathpileser III., in the invasion of 734, which cost Pekah his throne and his life. It was then that Isaiah, keenly feeling the blow which had fallen upon the sister kingdom, recognizing, indeed, the divine mission of Assyria, but believing this to be only temporary, and confident that the haughty invader must be overthrown, despairing of any leadership in that overthrow on the part of the weak, timorous, and self-willed Ahaz, received power to announce the birth of the child who was to conquer all enemies, set his people free, and secure them peace. All the world knows the verses now, and gives them a comprehensive and spiritual interpretation, but the political conditions of Isaiah's time have left an indelible mark upon them, and we can interpret them largely because he compressed into them so much intensity of patriotic feeling and so much confidence of faith. I am speaking of the great prediction of ix., 1-6, ending with the stanza (vv. 4-6):

Yea, every boot of the man that stampeth with noise, and garment rolled in blood—

It shall be for burning,—fuel for fire.

For a child is born to us, a son is given to us, and the dominion shall come upon his shoulder,

And his name shall be called Wonder of a Counsellor, God-hero, Possessor of Spoil, Prince of Peace!

For the increase of the dominion and for peace without end, upon the throne of David and over his kingdom,

Establishing it and sustaining it, by justice and by righteousness, from now, even forever!

The zeal of Yahweh Sebaoth will perform this.

This portrayal of Isaiah's prophetic work has been meager enough. Into some regions of his thought it has not been possible even to enter. But the illustrations given are sufficient to establish his greatness—greatness as an artist and greatness as a preacher. His sermons are poems, in which poetic fire and skill are wholly genuine and wholly at the service of his moral integrity and his spiritual insight, so that through them God revealed his will to the men of Isaiah's time, and has revealed his will afresh to the successive generations since Isaiah died.

The Biography of a Child of God

A Sermon by Lyman Abbott¹

For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the firstborn among many brethren. Moreover whom he did predestinate, them he also called: and whom he called, them he also justified: and whom he justified, them he also glorified.—Romans viii., 29, 30.

This is the biography of a child of God. But it is written from the divine, not from the human, point of view. It is the biography written as it is seen by one who for the moment stands at the right hand of God, and sees what God is doing in the world—not at the right hand of the man seeing what he is doing. It is the story of God's work in the heart and life of one of his children. He foresees something in the child; and, because he foresees something, he determines to do something for him; and because he determines to do something for him, he calls him to the life which he has purposed for him; and because he thus calls him to this life, he fits and prepares him for it; and then, when all is done, he perfects the work which he has begun, and which he has carried on, and glorifies him.

Let us look at these steps in the biography of a child of God as they are seen by a prophet who for the moment takes his stand at the right hand of God, and watches what God is doing for his children.

First, God sees in men a great possibility. As a gardener sees in a bulb the possibility of a tulip, so God sees in the earthly man, morally and spiritually unkempt, with no form or comeliness in him, the possibility of a splendid blossom. As an architect, in the hillside where the rustic had seen nothing but marble cropping out, beholds the possibility of palaces and temples when the marble shall have been taken from its place and chiseled into forms as beautiful as its veins are beautiful, so God, looking on this uncut quarry of humanity, hard, cold, unbeautiful, beholds

¹ Preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday morning, April 19, 1896. Reported by Henry C. Winans, and revised by the author.

a new Jerusalem, splendid in the shining of what is more than the sun.

When I was a little boy, my father went from Roxbury to Maine, and found there on the borders of a village a few acres, with a swamp, a sluggish brook, and a hillside of sand; he bought them, and the practical New England men sneered at this "foolish man" that had come down from the city and bought a sand-hill and a swamp and a sluggish brook for a home. But he dug out the swamp, and opened the course of the brook, and covered the sand-hill with trees and grass, and after he had worked five years, and Nature had worked five more years or longer, "Little Blue" came to be known through all that part of Maine as a beautiful spot. He had foreseen, and, seeing the possibility which duller eyes had not seen, had wrought it out. So in you and in me—nothing but a swamp, a sluggish brook, a sand-hill that others pass by, or would have passed by, saying, "There is nothing there"—God sees the possibility of glory, and begins his landscape-gardening.

You will say, "Who put the possibility of beauty there—did not He?" I think he did, but Paul does not go as far back as that. Paul begins with what God sees—and I will begin with what God sees. God sees the seeds lying in the soil, but he also sees what can be made out of those seeds. He sees the combativeness and the destructiveness of the tiger in man, and he says, "I will make courage out of that;" he sees the drudgery of the bee, and he says, "I will make splendid industry out of that;" he sees the superstition which enthalls men to all base uses, and he says, "I will make reverence and inspiration to noble life out of that." He foresees in men, and in the most hopeless and worst forms of life in men, the possibility of divine ends. Blessed is the man, blessed the woman, who gets some little glimpse of God's vision of hope, and works for the poor and the outcast, never discouraged, because they see what God sees in humanity.

Having seen this possibility, God determines something. Having foreseen a possibility, he forms a purpose to realize it. It seems to me that in reading this text many of us have stopped with the word "predestinate"—"whom he did foreknow, he did predestinate." What did he predestinate? "Whom he did foreknow, he did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be firstborn among many brethren." I rejoice in that predestination. If my becoming Christlike depends on this, that I have planned it, I will give up life; but if my hope that I may by and by become like Christ rests on this, that God has planned it, I will not give it up! That is Paul's predestination. He has seen in you, he has seen in me, the possibility of being made into a being something like Christ, and, having seen it, he says, "I will transform him; I will accomplish by my work in him that which I see can be accomplished by my work in him." It is a great thing when a man comes to get a glimmer of God's plan for him, and then to plan for himself that which God plans for him. The greatest cause of unhappiness in life lies in this: that we and God are continually working at cross-purposes. God means one thing for a man, and he means another thing for himself; and when a man means for himself something that God does not mean, he is going to have a hard time. Clay in the hands of a potter, said Jeremiah. Oh, how easy God's work would be if we only were clay in the hands of a potter! The clay is plastic, and the potter can do with it what he will; but suppose it were endowed with a soul, and when the potter put it on the table and said, "I am going to make a pitcher," the clay were to say, "No, but I will be a plate," and when the potter began his work, the clay began to alter it. This is what we do in the hands of God. If, when the leader gathers his orchestra before him and says, "We will play such a symphony of Beethoven's," the flute should say, "No, I do not want to play that, I am going to play Schumann;" and the oboe should say, "I will play Wagner;" and some of the violins should say, "We will play Weber;" and some of them should say, "We are going to play Strauss;" and, when the leader gives the signal, they should play each what pleased him, what kind of

music should we have? The kind of harmony we get in life. We ask, not what God will do with us, but what we will do with ourselves. When you pray, what do you pray for? Do you pray that your will may be conformed to God's will, or that his will may be conformed to yours? Do you pray that God will help you in his business, or do you pray that God will help you in your business? Do not you see the difference? We work at cross-purposes, and so we spoil the web of life.

Now Paul has hinted here what is God's great purpose. The great, the divine, end of life, he says, is this: "I have put you in life that out of such men and women as you are you may make men and women imaged after Christ; what I have seen in you is the possibility of divinity; what I have purposed for you is the fulfillment of divinity; and I am going on with this work until, one after another, you shall have been made in the image of Christ, and he shall stand, not a solitary figure in human history, but a first-born among many brethren. Always first-born! but still a first-born among many brethren, like him, sharing his lineaments, made in his image. Oh, if we could get this conception of life! But we work at cross-purposes. We ask for ourselves and for our children that we may have wealth, and God says, "I am trying to conform him to one who had not where to lay his head." We ask for ourselves, and we ask for our children, tearless lives and joyous, and God says, "I am trying to conform him to one who was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." We ask for ourselves a good name, that no one shall speak ill of us, that all men shall applaud us, and God says, "I am trying to conform him to one who was despised and rejected of men." We are laboring for what we call success, and God says, "I would conform him to one whose splendid victory was founded on what seemed to be the most tragic defeat in human history."

What God sees in us is the possibility of a divine manhood. What God determines for us is to work out in us that divine manhood. And, having foreseen and having determined—these might be called pre-natal influences of a human soul—He calls and then we are born. For the man is really born when he hears God's call and begins to answer it; up to that time his real life has not begun. "Whom he foreknew, and whom he did predestinate, them he also called." And He called them because they were to have a part and a share in this work. He called them, in the first place, to a larger and a diviner life. He called this soul to life, as the sun calls the seed to life when it shines upon the place where the seed lies buried, and the seed, answering the summons, breaks from its husk and begins to push its way up into a glory it knows not of. He calls this soul, as a teacher sometimes calls a favorite pupil, looking upon the boy or girl and saying, "I see in you, girl, the possibilities of such a character; I see in you, boy, the possibilities of such a destiny; what can I do to work it out?" And he begins to plant the seeds of hope and to inspire noble ambition in the pupil before him. For this, after all, is the sublime function of a teacher. It is not to pour a certain amount of knowledge into the pupil; it is to inspire the pupil with a new ambition, by calling him to a new life, a new and divine service. For the most part, we sit at a loom, and the shuttle plays back and forth, and we do not know what we are weaving. Blessed is the man who understands the pattern of human life and adjusts the threads according to that divine pattern; who has heard the call of God, and is attempting to work out his own life in answer to the divine invitation. Every aspiration in the heart is a call of God. Every dissatisfaction with the past is a call of God. Every voice that sounds in your ears from preacher or from friend, stirring some impulse to a noble life, is a call of God. Every heroic life lived alongside of you, which makes you sometimes ashamed of yourself and sometimes long to be a better man or better woman, is a call of God. Every heroic figure in human history inspiring to nobler achievements and grander deeds is a call of God. And, most of all, the secret, uninterpreted, uninterpretable emotions of your own soul, like the flutterings of a bird before it is fledged and dares launch out upon the atmosphere, are calls of God.

He is calling you to a better life, and he is calling you to a higher service. He is calling you as he called Moses, as he called David and Isaiah, and Paul and Luther, and Washington and Lincoln. He has something for you to do. You may have your share in the world's redemption, and to this it is he summons you. There is no more reason why a minister should be asked about his call to the ministry than a lawyer about his call to the law, or a doctor about his call to medicine, or a merchant about his call to the mercantile profession. Every man is called of God to some service. All life is divine. God calls the lawyer, saying to him, "I want justice in this world; to secure it is what you are set to do;" he calls the merchant, saying to him, "There are goods to be distributed, hungry to be fed, naked to be clothed; you are a distributor of the world's wealth—that is what I call you to do;" he calls the politician, saying to him, "I want a government whose foundations shall be like the foundations of my own—everywhere judgment and justice: to accomplish this is what I call you to do." And the lawyer, perhaps, says, "Justice is very well, but I want my fee;" and the merchant says, "Distribution of wealth is very well, but I want my profits;" and the politician says, "Justice and judgment are very good ideals for the future, but I have some friends for whom I want places when this election is over." Blessed the man who hears the call, receives it, responds to it, and enters on the service to which he is thus called in the spirit with which he is then inspired. "Whom he called, them he also justified"—what does that mean? The word justified is best rendered by an old English word now nearly obsolete—rightened. Whom he called, them he also prepared; that is the meaning—prepared by bringing them to himself; prepared by taking out all obstacles between himself and them; prepared by forgiving their iniquity and inspiring them with a new life, but also prepared by the whole ministry and education and discipline of life. The United States Government calls a boy to the army through some friend, saying to him, "Would you like to go into the army and serve your country?" The boy replies, "Yes, I would like to, but I am not fitted." "We know you are not fitted, but we have established at West Point a school for the purpose of fitting you; if you want to go into the army and serve your country, you can go to West Point, and we will prepare you for the work you are to do." That is what God does. He says, "Do you want to serve me?" "Yes, I would like to serve you, Lord, but I am not fit." He says, "No, I know you are not fit, but I will fit you; I have called you, now I will justify you—that is, I will prepare you." He called Moses. Moses said, "I cannot; I am not eloquent; you would better get Aaron." The Lord said, "I know whom I am calling, and I will be a voice to you, and will fit you for all the eloquence I want of you." He called Paul, and Paul said, "Do not send me to the heathen, Lord: I am not the one to send to the heathen; you want to send me to Jerusalem, to the Pharisees, who know me; I can work a great deal better in Jerusalem than among the heathen." The Lord said, "You are not to work at Jerusalem, you are to work among the heathen; I will fit you for it, I will prepare you, I will make you ready." He called Jeremiah, and Jeremiah said, "I am a mere child;" but the Lord said, "I can fit a child to bear my message." Whom he calls, he prepares. It is astonishing how he makes the very things which seem obstacles to be the instruments of success in service; how, when a man has been a drunkard and known delirium tremens, he calls him—a John B. Gough—to be the apostle of temperance in two continents, and makes his very experience of drunkenness equip him for a temperance campaign; how, when he wants delivered in this country the message that God is love, not law—or, rather, that all law is love and all love is law—he takes the son of a Puritan father, bred in an atmosphere of Puritanism, under a father one of whose greatest sermons is "The Bible God's Book of Laws," and sets him to preaching "God is love;" how, when he wants to summon Europe out from its monasteries and convents and call it to the freedom of spiritual life, he calls a monk to do it, and makes the very monastic experi-

ence the preparation for the preaching of the Gospel of Christ; how, when he wants to take that Gospel and carry it to the very lowest strata of society in Great Britain, he calls to the High Churchman, John Wesley, and says, "You are the man," and makes the very High Church training of his early days help to fit him for the Methodist service which the High Church sets itself to destroy if it can. You do not know what God can prepare you for. Do you suppose Abraham Lincoln, when he was splitting rails, thought that he could be emancipation President of the United States? You are wanted to teach in the Sunday-school. You say that you cannot. How do you know? You never have tried. You cannot tell what you and God can do together until you make the experiment. God will prepare you for whatever service God calls you to. The rule of life—I will not say there are no exceptions—is this: Let other men determine your abilities, and when the call comes, come how and as it will, if it is a call to beneficent service, do not be afraid to enter upon it because you think you are not competent. Service makes men competent.

"Whom he justified, he glorified." This is the climax in the divine life. He glorified him while still on earth. This sainted man, who saw a little what God saw, purposed a little what God purposed, heard God's call, trusted God's preparation, what a glorious life this man has lived! What a splendid thing it is to live in this age of ours, and do something for God and for humanity! What a splendid thing to have lived here and left your home happier because you have lived in it, your neighborhood better because you have lived in it, your community richer and better equipped for time and eternity because you have served your age and your calling! It is glorification here and now, but this is only the beginning of a glorification. God has not foreseen this blossom in the bulb, and has not called on the bulb to break forth from its coffin, and has not surrounded it with sunshine and poured his rains and his dews upon it, only to leave two little leaves just above the soil to be nipped by the frost and die. God has not foreseen this possibility of a divine nature in this child; he has not predetermined that he will make a son of God of this boy; he has not called this grown man to enter his service and live for him; he has not, through all the discipline of life, prepared him for greater things and still greater things, only to let his life sink away and be snuffed out like a candle at the end. There is something beyond, something higher. You go into an artist's studio, and all about the walls are fragments of pictures, blotches of paint, suggestions of scenes, mere hints, and you say, "You call this man an artist?" but your friend replies, "You are only in his studio; these are only his sketches, these are his unfinished works; if you want to know what he means, you must go to the galleries where his finished pictures are gathered." This world is God's studio. There are sketches, blotches of color, hints and suggestions of what is to be, but the finished work is gone, it is not here, and when the picture is ready it is taken to a higher gallery and a nobler service. The best saint on earth is like a potted plant; when the roots get too great for the pot, and the gardener sees that the pot, which was intended to preserve it, is dwarfing and killing it, he breaks the pot and takes the plant out and transplants it.

To those everlasting gardens
Where seraphs walk and angels are the wardens.

Whom he did foresee, he did determine should be in the image of his Son; and whom he did determine, he called; and whom he called, he justified; and whom he justified, by death, he glorified. No! not by death, but through the gates of death—by the translucent atmosphere that lies beyond.

Oh, what a splendid life this is! To have God see in you a possibility that far transcends your highest hope and divinest ambition! To have God say, "I will make him like Christ!" To have God summon you to work with him in making you like Christ! To have God put forth all his power in preparing you for Christlikeness, and to have God finally translate you glorified by him, whose

work began before you were born, and was carried out all through the processes of life until your translation! How many of you is this spoken of? Who are thus God's elect? I will tell you. God sees this possibility in every one of you. How many see any such possibility in themselves? God determines this for every one of you. How many of you are making it your will and purpose? God calls you to this, every one of you, but other voices are calling. How many hear his call, and answer? How many hear other calls and are going in other directions? God is preparing you for what eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor it hath entered into the heart of the imagination of man to conceive. How many are working along his line and trying to prepare themselves for what he is preparing for you? Those who thus see and purpose and hear and answer are his elect. How terrible is death! How splendid is death! To have lived half a century or more upon this globe; to have lived and never seen in one's self anything more than an earthly creature; to have lived and never purposed anything diviner or better than an earthly life; to have lived and never heard a summons to a nobler hereafter; to have lived and never prepared one's self for divine service here or an immortal life hereafter; to have lived and gathered all the fruits of one's work in houses such as a boy builds on the seashore, and then see death like a tidal wave come in to sweep it all away; to have lived so that all which one has gathered will be taken away when death comes, and then to hear his knock at the door, and know that he has come as a thief to take all one has lived for—how terrible is death! And how splendid is death! To have seen this possibility in myself; to have seen in some measure what my God saw in me and for me; to have purposed for myself what he has purposed for me; to have pushed forward earnestly, and with determination, that I may be made in the image of God himself, to have heard his call and answered it; to have tried at least to work with him in preparing myself for that immortal and eternal future; to have ministered something to justice, to righteousness, to purity, to love, to truth; and then, at last, when the body begins to fail, to look with smiling face on dear friends and hear the sweet music of the other world, and know that father and mother and child are waiting on the other side; to look back all along the line of life and be able to say, I have tried to see what God saw, I have tried to will what God willed, I have tried to hear God's voice calling me, I have tried to work with him for his true ends, and then to hear the knock on the door, and to hear the voice of death saying this: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, enter into the joy prepared for you from the foundation of the world"—how splendid is it thus to live and thus to die!

The Eternal Comforter

Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.—Psalm cxlvii., 8.

Volcanic fires, shot from earth's bursting heart,
Rend her smooth round with many a ragged ridge;
Then grinding glaciers, rock from rock apart
Tearing, with ruin strew God's heritage.
But fire and ice, His plow and harrow, cease
Their deathlike work for life's beginning: Peace!
Speaks He to lava-floods, to frost-winds, Peace!
Then quickens tender grass the scars to hide
That seam the mountain's darkly furrowed side;
Bleak ruin smiles in joyous wealth of green;
Beauty transforms stark Desolation's scene.
Thus God His mourners ever doth restore,
And eyes in tears once drowned grow glad once more,
And hearts by troubles broken heal their sore.

J. M. W.

The true calling of a Christian is not to do extraordinary things, but to do ordinary things in an extraordinary way. The most trivial tasks can be accomplished in a noble, gentle, regal spirit, which overrides and puts aside all petty, paltry feelings, and which elevates all things.—Dean Stanley.

The Lavender Legs of the Dragon

By C. F. Holder

Lum Sing was the China boy of a certain rose-embowered home in Southern California. He was the cook, the gardener; he made marvelous kites, representing unheard-of animals of the air, for the two boys. In short, he attended to all the household duties, as a Chinaman can, and was highly esteemed by the entire household.

Lum had been in the family for several years, and, so far as known, was happy and contented; but one morning, to the amazement of all, he appeared dressed with more than ordinary splendor, with a long, shiny black bag in hand, evidently prepared for a journey. He wore silk trousers of a very peculiar lavender tint, pink silk stockings, a blue silk jacket, with round gold buttons, and an oval hat surmounted by a mandarin's button.

Lum was evidently not merely going away, but was bent upon some important mission, and for once, either purposely or otherwise, he failed to make himself understood, and the cause of his abrupt departure remained a mystery which the boys and their elders vainly endeavored to solve.

"You sabe dlagon?" he said. "Me heap leg dlagon. You sabe clentapede? Me alle same clentapede. Come back bime bye." This was all, and as the boys saw the lavender trousers disappear down the narrow street they concluded that Lum's mind must be affected, and that they had seen the last of their faithful servitor.

A gala time was approaching in Southern California—the annual fiesta of the City of the Angels. It was spring, the time of the flowers, though through the winter the country had been covered with wild varieties—poppies running over the fields and hillsides like flame; snowlike masses of forget-me-nots filling the air with fragrance; yellow violets, "baby blue eyes," and others fringing the fields of grain and waysides. The roses of the gardens seemed to make a special effort at this time, and so remarkable was the array that one of the days of the fiesta was to be given up to a display of flowers. The carriages and horses were to be decorated with them, and would pass in review before the queen of the fiesta, who would witness a battle of the roses. Another day was to be devoted to a revival of Spanish games and other pastimes, in which all nationalities were invited to participate.

Lum had been gone about a week when the fiesta of Los Angeles began, and the young people of the little cottage were preparing to go into the city for the day, regretting the absence of Lum, as the Chinese merchants had promised to participate in the parade and bring out all the gorgeous objects which they were known to possess, making an exhibit far more gorgeous than had ever before been seen in Los Angeles; but not a word had been received from the missing Chinaman. Mounted on a drag, they rode into the city early in the morning, the driver securing a position on a side street, where the boys could command an extended view of the line of march.

The city was crowded with a moving mass of humanity that filled the streets and sidewalks, housetops, overhanging balconies, and windows. The buildings were decorated with the fiesta colors—red, green, and gold—making a most brilliant spectacle, and a mass of vivid tints as far as the eye could reach in every direction.

The boys kept a sharp lookout for Lum, hoping to see him among the throng, as gayly dressed Chinamen, all in holiday attire, were conspicuous, while here and there were Chinese women shuffling along with their clumsy short feet, often deformed so that they could hardly walk, dragging wide-eyed children dressed in gorgeous garments covered with gold and filigree.

A shout from far up the street and the appearance of a cavalcade of mounted police announced that the procession had started. First came the troops, mounted and on foot; then Spanish cavaliers on prancing, dancing horses, rich with silver equipment; then Indians from Acoma and the famous cities of the plains of New Mexico, followed by wonderful floats, representing the wealth and productions of the land. Finally the boys heard the loud, discordant jangle of a Chinese band, and a few minutes later the