

little orphan urchins, who bore the litter, small Union Jacks and Canadian flags waved.

Again the procession halted, while Jack and Otto Fleming stepped forward, and uncrowning themselves, placed the wreaths on the heads of a widow and orphans; the first of many, who with the crippled and beggared, made up a lengthy train.

Then came each colony bearing its own emblem in the fore, followed by many likewise distressed.

The soldiers, who heretofore had stood aside, guarding the way, now filed in; but first cast their swords aside, and knelt before the Golden Gate, unarmed, before walking in.

When all this varied throng had passed in, the King took his place as the last in the ranks.

As he reached the entrance, lights of many colored hues streamed from within, and two golden-haired winged boys, wearing a golden breastplate, with "Love" and "Duty" engraved, respectively, on each, descended slowly and lightly lifted the crown from his brow, and soaring upward, placed it beneath the inscription, "King of Kings," which blazed in diamonds over the gate.

A group of little winged boys and girls, wound in gauzy sashes, sailed down from above, and hovered over him.

As he entered a great halo encircling his head, lit up, and from within a distant aeolian strain, most dulcet and sweet, caught lightly on the ear of Otto, who alone without the