His hand and the "rod," the "axe" and the "razor" are but instruments in his hands.

The vividness of Isaiah is marvelous. A few strokes and it done and we stand in amazement at the result so simple, so complete, clear-cut and so suggestive, not unlike some of those pen strokes of Whistler—bare, but, oh, so real!

A silent booth with a deserted vineyard for a background stands before us and we are lonely. A storm cloud, calling to its fellows with distant mutterings, piles high its anger in the gloom and with a roar, stroke after stroke bursts upon a smiling valley and a fruitful plain. A barren, blighted land is seen when "the storm" has passed and in the overhanging gloom an angry God stretches forth a quivering hand.

With this great power of depicting, we find a marvelous power of condensation. In a single phrase we have delineated the Eth-fleet of papyrus canoes. How much space is required to depict the overthrow of Sennacherib's army? "It is one of his most striking miniatures." The view is wide, the detail exact, the coloring unique and all expressed on a mere scrap of canvas. Then who pipes to bees, his call goes out across the Euphrates and the swarm of foes are mustered. Arrows are sharpened, bows are bent and soon we hear the din of trumpets and the steady beat of ultant over their prey, or the wild cry of a tossing sea booming over the helpless beach.

Isaiah is second to none in dramatic power. The Assyrian army sweeps on exultingly—the trumpets vying in empty boasting power pride, then God steps out before the host and their the King and the Judge, also where the Egyptian embassies are felt.

His use of contrast is very forcible. Now he pictures the degradation and homage, subjection and veneration are in close jux-