

Alas! are ye all dumb? and do ye fail, With all your vaunted wisdom, to explain Those bright mysterious words imprinted there Ineffable by fate's dark, boding hand ? Avaunt ! ye fail me in my direst need. Is there not one within vast Babylon More wise, more honored of the gods than these? If there be such a one, let him be called." "O King, forever live and cease to fear !" Exclaimed the Mother-queen in soothing tones. " Let dread of evil pale thy cheeks no more. There dwells in thy domains a captive Jew, In whom abides the spirit of the gods; For light and wisdom shine within his soul. When evil dreams disturbed thy father's sleep-When direful visions haunted him by night, And other wisdom failed to make them known, That prophet told them and their dread portent." "Call him," the King exclaimed, "Ye slaves come

Search every avenue and court, and find Without delay let him be hither brought.

"Oh why this long suspense ? can they not find The Jew ? or have my slaves in terror fied ? Long hours I've stood amid this voiceless th rong, And nothing heard save beating hearts, by tear Made audible ; long hours, and nothing seen Save the dark hand of fate writing my doom In words above the reach of earthly lote ! Bot ah ! he comes. Behold the trembling guests Give way to let him pass. I long, yet dread To hear the fearful sentences revealed. O worthy seer ! art thou that Daniel whom Thy God hath gifted with supernal lore? It so, reveal those dreadful characters, As east thou didst my father's visions, and I will invest thy limbs in scarlet robes, And hang around thy neck a golden chain, And give thee power to rule third in my realm." Unawed the prophet stood before the king And fearless looked upon those awful words, Then gravely spake :--

And let another share thy rich reward, The God who rules the destinies of men Gave this unbounded kingdom to thy Sire; All nations were submissive to his power, And thrones and kingdoms trembled at his nod. At his desire, he killed or kept alive, And by his word, exalted or debased. But for the pride and hardness of his heart, They took from him his power and kingly throne, And sent him forth from 'mong the sons of men, To dwell an outcast with the meanest brutes, Unsheltered from the chilling dews of Heaven, Until he learned that God ruled over thrones, And whom he would He chose to rule o'er men, Thou too, Belshazzar, lifted'st up thy heart The vessels of His house. Thou and thy lords, Thy wives and concubines did drink therefrom, And praised those gods insensible and mute. Within His hand, thou didst not glorify, And thus He writes thy sentence on the wall :---Numbered thy kingdom is-thy reign is done, "Thou'rt in the balance weighed and wanting

For conquering hosts thy kingdom shall divide And Mede and Persian shall thy secptre sway.'"

worth while to dress. Who will see us? Who "Yes 'm," replied the boy, his chin sinking into will notice ? Who will care ? hollow place in his neck.

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