

The Fall of Babylon.

(Daniel 5. 1-30.)

BY GEORGE CROLY.

On the rushing, mighty river,
On the wide, night-covered plain,
Sounds the rattling of the quiver,
Sounds the trump, then dies again.
There, in numbers without number,
Persia's hordes are pouring on.
Thou hast slept thy final slumber,
God-defying Babylon!

On the city's thousand towers,
Blaze a thousand festal fires!
Squandering his hour of hours,
Guilty son of guilty sires,
There Belshazzar, with his lords,
To the timbrel's silvery chime,
Shoutings wild, and clash of swords,
Holds high feast to Baalim.

Tyrant, thou art in thy glory,
Asia's treasures round thee blaze,
Princes proud, and sages hoary,
Like a god upon thee gaze:
Harmonies around thee

winging;
Beauty in her brightest
bloom,
To thy golden footstool
clinging,
Yet that throne shall
be thy tomb!

Hark! What sudden burst
of thunder
Shakes the hall, and
heaves the ground!
All are hushed in fear
and wonder;
There is judgment in
the sound!
Conscience-struck, the
crowned blasphemer,
Wild and wilder quaffs
the wine:
"Shall I turn a coward
dreamer,
When the living world
is mine!

"Bring the golden cups!"
he cries,
"Purchased by my
father's sword.
High to Baal fill the
prize,
Spite of Israel and his
Lord!"
Still, with mortal an-
guish saddening,
Pledged he round his
nobles all.
Ha! but are his senses
maddening?
Clouds have filled the
mighty hall!

Tyrant! Now is run
thy sand!
Tyrant! now is wove
thy shroud!
Sees he now a giant
hand,
Darting from a fiery
cloud;
Through the midnight,
murky air,
Flashing ghastly on the
throne,
Like a comet's blasting
glare,
Mene, Tekel, Peres,
shone.

Now is heard his cry of
terror:
"Bring the priest, and
bring the seer!"
Crowding came, with
magic mirror,
CIPHERED scroll, and
mystic sphere,
All the sons of sorcery!
With the idol in their van;
Dark Egyptian, wild Chaldee,
Rushing on with shout and ban.

"Let the foul imposters die!"
Swell the roar from prince to slave.
But before their startled eye,
Like a vision from the grave,
Comes the man of Israel.
Still the fetters round him cling,
Yet his words like arrows fell—
Woe to people, woe to king!

"Number, number, weight and measure!
Thou art numbered, weighed, undone.
Life and empire, blood and treasure,
All are lost, and all are won."
Instant on the dazzling wall
Stooped the cloud's supernal gloom,
Instant on the mighty hall
Sat the darkness of the tomb!

Then the thunder pealed again,
But came, mingled with its roar,
Clang of cymbals, shouts of men.
From Euphrates' hollow shore
Comes the rushing charioteer;
Showers the torch on shrine and throne.
Dark Belshazzar, lie thou there!
Persia tramples Babylon.

THE EXTRA LESSON.

BY PRESCOTT BAILEY BULL.

Recitations were finished early in Miss Whitney's room, and she told the children that they would have twenty minutes of "don'ts and do's."

"You know, children," she began, "the school-room is our little world and we are all citizens. Tell me, Mary, one thing that good citizens don't do."

Mary spoke with feeling as she replied: "Miss Whitney, they don't rub the girls' faces with snow."

"And," put in Harriet, "they don't rush to the dressing-room so fast after school that they push down smaller children."

Jeanette's hand was up, and she added: "They don't snatch the first rubbers or mittens they see, no matter to whom they belong."

"I know," said Ernestine, "that polite children don't take the biggest piece if they are invited to share some one's luncheon at recess."

"Very good," said Miss Whitney. "I

teacher is here to help you and not as a police-officer; and for the sake of your school be sure to tell the exact truth about anything that is done in the school-room or on the playground."

When the children were dismissed, Edward said: "Oh! Miss Whitney, nobody said, 'Don't chew gum.'"

"No," said Miss Whitney, quickly, "that, like eating with the knife, is not necessary to mention to well-bred children."

Arthur Emerson told his father all about the "extra lesson."

"That's sensible!" exclaimed Mr. Emerson. "Live up to that lesson and it will do you more good than a week's arithmetic."—Youth's Companion.

OPIUM.

All over the southern slopes of the Himalayas and across the northern plain of India there are acres and acres brilliant with poppy blossoms. It is one of the most beautiful sights in the

oil can be made after the opium crop has been collected.

A BIG REWARD.

Stephen Sparks is too old for any long fishing trips now. But there is nothing we boys like so well as to hear his sea yarns. You can't get him to talk by asking for a story. But we all get around him on the beach, and beat about one subject and another, until he catches up some thread and begins.

"There's a big reward offered in the papers for a lost boy," said Fenner Lee one day. "He was kidnapped, or something, and they have put up ten thousand dollars for him."

"Not much for a life, boy," said the old fisherman. "What is a pile of money like that to a life that came from God Almighty? I saved a life once, myself; but I wouldn't 'a' done it for any siller like that."

"How much did you get, Steve?" said Phil Shanks, gaping with surprise.

"Well, it was a smart while ago," said the old man. "My missus and me was young then, and we had two babies in our cabin on shore. I set a heap of store by them little fellows, and I stayed at home when skies were black; at least, in general I did."

"But one rough night there came a sound of guns over the water—boom! boom! boom! It was a ship in distress. We could see her, when the wind blew the cloud from off the moon's face. She was water-logged, and driving before the wind."

"Three boats put off for her, and I offered along with the rest. 'No, Steve,' says the big, tender-hearted fellows, 'what calls yer to risk all the father them babies hev got? So I stayed behind."

"The boats managed to get to the wreck, as we could see by our glasses, for the moon was now shining bright in the west. But a queer thing happened then, the like o' which I had heard of, but never chanced on before."

"While the western sky was silver bright with the moon, a thick black welt sprang right up out of the east, and sheets of flame broke out of it, followed up by a roar like a thousand cannons. The waves rose up white and hissing, and then the whole sky blackened over, the wind rushed around to the north, and for two hours we saw nothing more than if we had been looking into a stone wall."

"The storm left on a sudden, like it had come, and there was the wreck, still on top of water, tossing up and down, but lower than she had been. She was slow at sinking; and there, clinging to her, was the figure of a man—just one man."

"We come to know later on that our gallant boys had made off for a lower and safer coast with the rest, and this one had somehow been missed."

"Well, lads," said old Steve, getting up in the most provoking way, and cutting his story off short, "I ain't one to brag o' my own doin's, but I fetched that chap off single-handed, I did; and right proud I was o' the job. Good-day to ye."

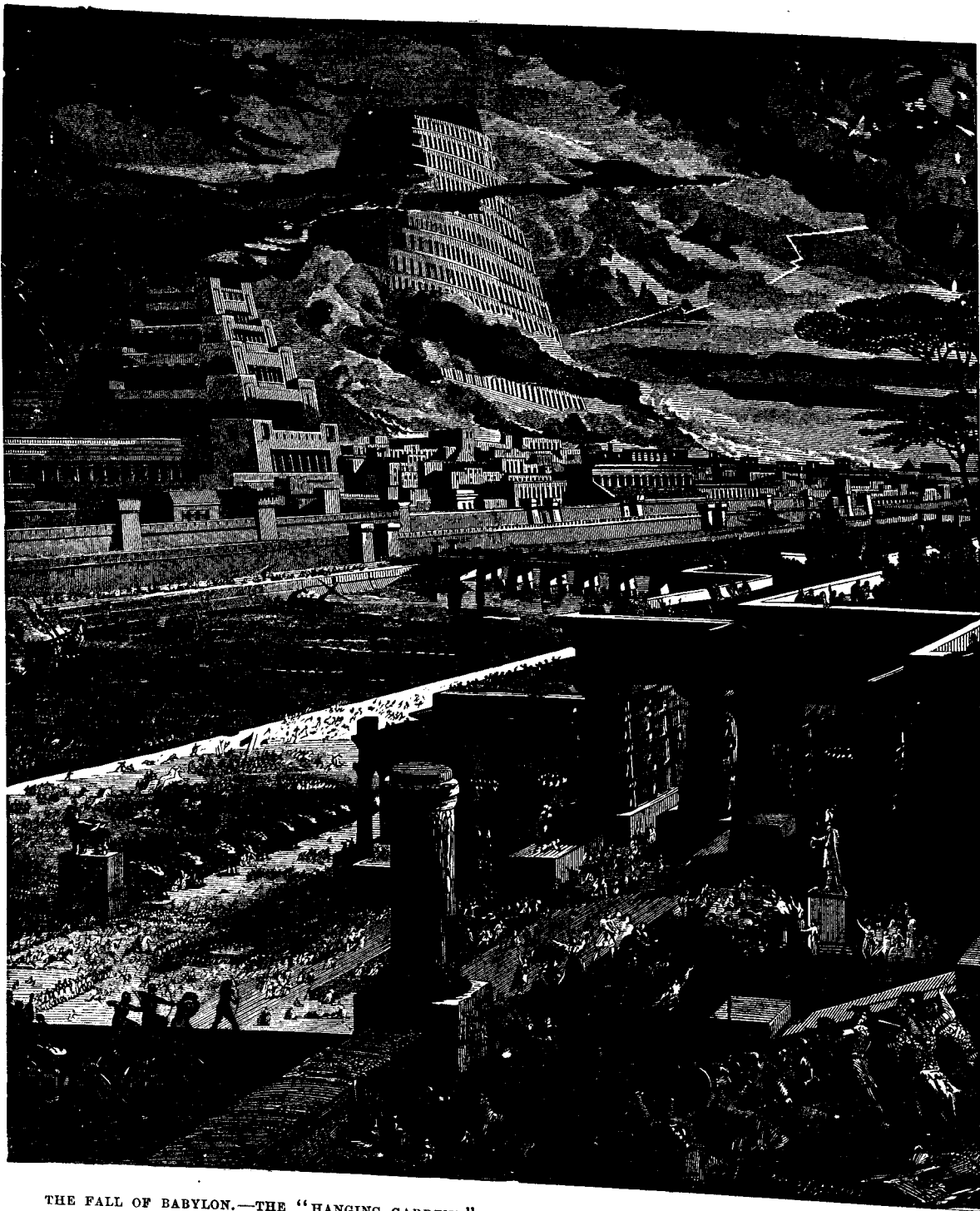
"But, Steve, Steve!" we screamed after him, "what was your reward? Did you get ten thousand dollars?"

The old fisherman stopped, and looked back at us in scorn. "Dollars!" he said. "Do you think I would take money for such a job as that? Reward? Yes; I got a reward that shiploads of money couldn't equal. I got a fellow-creature's life!"

We hung our heads, and went back to the sands with a new thought about rewards, and what a life was worth.

Little Tommy—"Why does the leader of the orchestra wave his stick about in that manner, mommer?"

His Mamma—"To keep the flies off the music, I suppose."



THE FALL OF BABYLON.—THE "HANGING GARDENS" TO RIGHT; THE TOWER OF BABEL IN THE BACKGROUND.

would like to add that loyal scholars don't stay on the playgrounds till the last minute; they come in and hang up their wraps as soon as the first bell rings. And certainly kind children, in school and out, don't make fun of any peculiarity about another child, or criticize any dress not as good as their own. Now for the do's!"

Fred spoke up: "If there are visitors we place chairs for them and we do try never to pass in front of them; if absolutely necessary, we say, 'Please excuse me.'"

"I think," put in Arthur, "that good school citizens keep their books clean and their desks free from marks."

Morris had a "do" ready. "They behave just as well when the teacher is out of the room as when she is with them, that's honour."

Miss Whitney now remarked: "I hoped that some one would say that our model citizen stands straight when he recites, instead of leaning against the desk; and he does not put his hands into his pockets."

She finished with one of her sweet smiles: "Please remember that the

world, and one can hardly believe that all that brilliant beauty is but the first step in the preparation of deadly opium.

It is so, however, and several times a day two long lines of natives will be seen slowly traversing the poppy field. The first man carries a sharp knife, called a natshur, and where a pod has filled out sufficiently, he makes several cuts along the sides. By the time the man who follows him comes up, a little drop, creamy-white, has run out from each slit, and he carefully scrapes it off into a cup which he carries. It grows darker as it dries and becomes crude opium.

It seems a very slow way of collecting it, drop by drop, yet such vast amounts are collected, in the end, that the tax upon opium exported from India has been more than fifty million dollars a year.

Although all our supplies of opium are imported, it has been successfully produced in the United States. Some people think the opium poppy could be cultivated in this country on a large scale, both for the sake of the opium as well as for the poppy seed, from which a fine