

"Bel is dead! O God of the Jews, Thou hast conquered!"

Then came a dazzling bolt. The wide canopy fell. The rush of rain drowned every torch, and all was blackness.

Darius groped his way beside Belshazzar, and spread his mantle across the king's face to shield it from the rain.

"Cruel and 'Lover of the Lie,'" spoke the prince, "he was yet a brave man and a king; therefore let us do the dead all honour!"

Soon the great court was empty, the victors gone, the vanquished cold and still. But till dawn the tempest held its carnival above the towers of the palace. And the winds had one cry, the beat of the rain one burden, to those who were wise to hear, a burden heavy with long years of wrong: —

"Babylon the Great is fallen, is fallen, is fallen!
The Lady of Kingdoms is fallen, is fallen, is fallen!
She will oppress the weak no more, will slay the innocent no more, will blaspheme God no more!
Fallen is Babylon, the Chaldees' crown and glory."

In a greater Book than this is written how Cyrus the Persian made good his vow to Isaiah, and restored the Hebrews to their own land, raising Jerusalem out of her dust and ashes. Elsewhere also is told how Darius and Atossa fared together onward until the son of Hystaspes sat on Cyrus's own throne and gave law to all the nations. And to Isaiah Jehovah