

changes did she witness in her lifetime. After the king's meeting with Daniel Amuhia eagerly questioned her mother: "Is not this Daniel's God, Ahuro-Mazdai, the holy God?" "Yes," answered the mother, "there is but one God who has power in heaven and earth."

Years pass away, Nebuchadnezzar and Amyites are dead; their daughter is the wife of a stern, ambitious man, who will not hesitate to murder his wife's brother that he may be king of Babylonia. Poor Amuhia must do her mourning in secret; there had never been much in common between herself and this brother, for she had chosen her mother's God while evil Merodach worshipped all the gods of his father. She had one all-absorbing comfort—her bright loving boy, Laborosoaschod. All a mother's love and tenderness were bestowed upon this child, and so blended is the mother's religion with the teachings of Daniel, who is the boy's preceptor, that the Gods of both are one and the same to him.

After a reign of three years Nerig-issar died, leaving the kingdom to his young son. Conspiracy again lifts its head. The conspirators obtain possession of the person of the young king. As a pretext for setting aside his claim to the crown, they bid him adopt the worship of his father's gods and give up the religion of his mother. But so valiantly does the youth defend the religion not only of his mother but of Daniel, who is despised by them as a Hebrew, that his enemies threaten him with death. Still he will not recant, and regardless of his mother's prayers and entreaties they drag him to the torture chamber. O the horrors of that chamber, from which come groans and shrieks! But the mother cannot tear herself away, and at last she is rewarded by hearing the voice of her now dying son say to his tormentors, "You may kill me but you cannot kill the God of Daniel, and He will be avenged upon this nation for

the crimes it has committed against Him and against His people."

As the torturers leave the chamber their leader, Nabonadious, is startled in the dark passage by the sight of a white face and staring eyes. Why does he not say Amuhia also? Ah! why? He feels that his hold is none too strong upon the throne he is about to grasp, and in the eyes of the people it will go far to prove his right to the crown if his wife is the daughter of Nebuchadnezzar. But will Amuhia accept the hand of her son's murderer? Never! But he will make her appear in public as the queen-mother, and so of as much authority, even more, than if she were his wife. Thus commenced the rein of Nabonadious and Belshazzar.

III. We will again pass over a lapse of years. We see Babylon surrounded by the enemy. Little care the inhabitants, for although in the vicissitudes of battle Nabonadious has been shut into a fortified place outside the walls. Belshazzar reigns in Babylon, and inside the walls food enough can be produced to supply all the inhabitants. Belshazzar makes merry over the situation. The time draws nigh for the yearly feast, kept in commemoration of the conquest of Judea, Belshazzar assembles the lords and great people of Babylon, and with the careful restraint of his father removed he encourages all to follow his example in drinking to excess. In the height of his proud folly he orders his servants to bring the vessels taken from Solomon's temple that they may drink wine in them in honor to their gods. Says he, "It will be a fitting way to commemorate our fathers' victory." By the king's side at this wild scene sits Amuhia. Never has she felt so willing to sit by the side of the usurper or his son; for has she not seen Daniel lately, and has he not told her that God's vengeance is near at hand? Suddenly a silence falls upon the revelers; the king's eyes follow those of his nearest slave, who is speechless