

I talked for three or four hours, and dictated hundreds of pages." The famous Bonaparte, whose career is without a parallel, has fallen sadly in the public estimate since the letters of certain members of his official family have revealed the fretfulness, the impatience and the vulgarity of the Emperor. In the year 1856, Count Von Moltke went to Russia to attend the coronation of the Czar. While there, he visited palaces and churches, and was the honored guest of the court. Nothing, however, impressed him as the little vaulted room in the winter palace at St. Petersburg did. There Nicholas lived and died. "The room," wrote the German soldier, "has been left as the Emperor last saw it. Here is his little iron camp bed, with the same sheets, the coarse Persian shawl, and the cloak with which he covered himself. All the little toilet articles, the books and maps of Sebastopol and Cronstadt, all lie unchanged; even the old torn slippers, which I believe he wore twenty-eight years, and always had mended. The almanac, which was set every day, marks the day of his death. And here lived the man whom his people loved; whom Europe hated because they feared him, but whom they were forced to respect; whose personal appearance calmed the wildest insurrections; at whose order, in the first cholera epidemic, the frantic multitude sank upon their knees, begged pardon of God, and delivered up their ringleaders; who, by his will, entangled Europe in a war, which broke his heart." What a contrast was presented between the barbaric splendor of the autocrat and the common simplicity and the frugal tastes of the man!

A single passage of Holy Scripture conducts us to the private room of an Oriental statesman, and permits us to observe his daily life. We are transported to ancient Babylon, and are carried back to the fifth century before the coming of our Lord. We enter the palace of a Prime Minister, and venture to stand at his open door. There a reasonable curiosity is gratified, while

we receive instruction from what we see. For,

I. As we look into the chamber of Daniel, we behold a statesman at prayer. Prayer is the best evidence of religion. The man who truly prays is a religious man; and the man who does not pray cannot be a religious man. Ananias of Damascus did not hesitate to go to Saul of Tarsus when he learned that he was praying. For he knew then that the heart of the fierce persecutor must have been changed. Religion begins with the prayer of penitence, and it culminates in the prayer of "fellowship with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ."

Therefore we have a right to conclude that Daniel was a religious man. He would not have been praying if he was destitute of religious principle. The cares of state were his, and the temptations of a luxurious and immoral court were on every side of him. He was in a strange land. His honors had been won while he was in captivity. Yet he had ever been loyal to God, and had ever enjoyed the restraints and encouragements of religion. His head had not been turned by the flattery which he had received, nor had his heart been chilled by the uncongenial atmosphere of a heathen country. He held firmly to the religion of his ancestors. He was not ashamed to be known as a godly man.

His career was certainly a remarkable one. Born in Judea, perhaps in Jerusalem, he was taken to Babylon in his youth. There he was educated in the palace, and there he became a witness to the excellence of the Mosaic law as it affects the conditions of health. For Daniel and his Hebrew friends, who declined the dainty meats and the rich wines of the king's provision, became strong and fair by the use of pulse and water. Thus he declared himself at once as a young man of firm and intelligent convictions, who was not to be easily influenced. This first step was prophetic. He continued to advance in the direction which he then faced. His studies fitted him for public duties.