

it was this prince who conducted the defence of Babylon and was there slain.

Again, we all know the strange wild story of Nebuchadnezzar's madness as told in Daniel. Among the records of this great King's reign a most remarkable inscription, known as the "Standard Inscription," has been found which offers grave matter to the thoughtful. It is written in the first person by the King himself, and tells us that during some considerable time—four years apparently—all his great works were at a stand, he did not build high places, he did not lay up treasures, he did not sing the praises of his Lord, Merodach, he did not offer him sacrifices, he did not keep up the works of irrigation. No explanation is given or cause assigned. But I must not trespass too much on your indulgence in pursuing this, to me at least, singularly attractive theme.

The marvel of Science will always possess a fascination and attraction for a large class of youthful minds. The blue depths of the midnight heavens will attract some, the chronicles of earth's life, cut deeply in her rugged pages will call others to read their story. Modern skill and appliances can unfold marvels from the common sights of nature. "If the stars," says Emerson, "had looked out upon the night but once in a thousand years, how the legend would have gone from father to son, of the City of God thus revealed unto man."

If the vast field of heaven were in like manner unfolded to man's observation as the astronomer has it before him in telescopic vision, the moon mapped out into mountain chasm and arid valley; the planets glorified in size and splendour, girt with luminous bands and "satellites burning in a lucid ring," as glowing a tale of enchantment could be framed for the wonder of the world.

And startling are the hints of things probable, though as yet unproved, occasionally suggested to us. Photography suggests that the image of every scene on which the eye has rested, remains painted on the retina, a vast picture gallery for memory to unlock and gaze on at pleasure. It is hinted to us that nothing once received by the ear is ever lost, but is stamped upon the brain to be recalled or used at will, or to be brought back at the touch of some secret spring. Or, more startling still, that every sound, everything spoken, never dies, but goes forth in a widening circle among the waves of space; that the great cry that went up in the Egyptian midnight, that the