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Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day & Date	MORNING	EVENING
Aug 7	11 Bond of Truth	2 Kings 5, Acts 5
8	Jerem. 43	Jerem. 44
9	45, 46	47
10	44	49
11	50	51
12	72	Lam 1
13	2	11

Poetry.

THE DUMB CHILD.

Sue is my only girl:
I ask'd for her as some most precious thing;
For all unfish'd was Love's jewel ring,
Till set with this soft pearl.
The shade that time brought forth I could not see;
How pure, how perfect, seemed the gift to me!

And many a soft old tune
I us'd to sing unto that deaden'd ear,
And suffer'd not the lightest footstep near,
Lest she might wake too soon;
And hush'd her brother's laughter while she lay—
Ah, needless care! I might have let them play!

'Twas long ere I believed
That this one daughter might not speak to me!
Waited and watch'd, God knows how patiently,
How willingly deceived:
Vain Love was long the untiring nurse of faith,
And tended hope till it was quench'd in death.

O if she could but hear
For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach
To call me "mother," in the broken speech
That thrills the mother's ear!
Alas! these seal'd lips never may be stirr'd
To the deep music of that lovely word.

My heart it sorely tries
To see her kneel, with such a reverent air,
Beside her brothers at their evening prayer;
Or lift those earnest eyes,
To watch our lips, as though our words she knew,
Then move her own as she were speaking too.

I've watch'd her looking up
To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,
That I could almost hope
The struggling soul would burst its binding cords,
And the long pent-up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,
The chorus of the breezes, streams, and groves,
All the grand music to which nature moves,
Are wasted melody
To her; the world of sound, a tuneless void,
While even silence hath its charm destroy'd.

Her face is very fair;
Her blue eye beautiful; of finest mould
The soft white brow, o'er which, in waves of gold,
Ripples her shining hair:
Alas! this lovely temple closed must be,
For He who made it keeps the master-key.

Will He the mind within
Should from earth's Babel clamour be kept free,
Even that His still small voice and step might be
Heard at its inner shrine.
Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer
thrill?
Then should I grieve? O murmuring heart, be
still!

She seems to have a sense
Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play;
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,
Whose voiceless eloquence
Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear
That e'en her father would not care for her.

Thank God it is not so!
And when his sons are playing merrily,
She comes and leans her head upon his knee.
O, at such times I know—
By his full eye, and tones subdued and mild—
How his heart yearns over his silent child.

Not of all other gifts bereft
E'en now. How could I say she did not speak?
What real language lights her eye and cheek.
And renders thanks to Him who left
Unto her soul yet open avenues
For joy to enter, and for love to use!

Religious Miscellany.

LAYARD'S LAST DISCOVERIES.

On the 10th of May, after a rapid journey, most graphically described, to the Khabor, Mr. Layard returned once more to Mosul. During his absence the excavations at Konyunjik, as usual, had been proceeded with, and fresh discoveries, as usual also, had rewarded the treasure-seekers. The mounds were now like productive rivers. The fishermen had but to cast their nets to be certain of a haul. Another chamber had been explored, ninety-six feet long, and panelled with sculptured slabs about six feet high. On the north side of this chamber were found two colossal bas-reliefs of Dagon, or the fish god—Lo may be seen at the British Museum—and the doorway, guarded by these deities, led into small chambers opening into each other, and once panelled with bas-reliefs, the greater part of which had been destroyed. These small chambers were nothing less than the chambers of records of the Assyrian kings. The public documents of the Assyrians were kept on tablets or cylinders of baked clay. 'Many specimens,' writes Mr. Layard, 'have been brought to this country. On a large hexagonal cylinder presented by me to the British Museum are the chronicles of Esarhaddon; on a similar cylinder discovered in the mound of Nebbi Yunus, opposite Mosul, and formerly in the possession of the late Colonel Taylor, are eight years of the annals of Sennacherib; and on a barrel-shaped cylinder, long since placed in the British Museum, and known as Bellino's, we have part of the records of the same king.' The chambers in the palace of Nineveh were literally filled with these documents.—They were of different sizes; the largest tablets were flat, and measured about nine inches by six and a-half inches; the smaller were slightly convex, and some were not more than an inch long, with but one or two lines of writing. They were likewise of various kinds. Many are historical records of wars and expeditions; some are royal decrees, stamped with the name of a king, the son of Esarhaddon; other certain lists of the gods, and the register of offerings made in the temples. One presents a table of the value of certain cuneiform letters, expressed by different alphabetical signs; another gives a list of the sacred days in each month; a third is a calendar. Many are sealed with seals, and will turn out to be as Layard conjectures, legal contracts, or conveyances of land. Fortunately for the world, these most extraordinary relics have been secured and are already in the British Museum. Their value, as Mr. Layard justly asserts, cannot be over-rated. They supply materials for the complete decipherment of the cuneiform character, for restoring the language and history of Assyria, and for arriving at a satisfactory knowledge of the customs, sciences, and literature of the Assyrian people. Mr. Layard appeals to the authorities of the British Museum, and entreats them to undertake, without delay, the publication of these important documents. We sincerely trust that his words may not be uttered in vain, although addressed, we lament to say, to the least public spirited and energetic body in the kingdom. Years must elapse, as Dr. Layard freely admits, before, under the most advantageous circumstances, these inscriptions can be deciphered, and thoroughly understood. But it is of the highest consequence that the materials should be placed, without one hour's unnecessary delay, in the hands of all—and they number but a few—who, whether in England or else where, are engaged in the difficult study of the cuneiform character.

The guardians of our national museums may justly remember, with some gratitude and pride, that their country is indebted to the working men of this world, to the practical minds of a progressive age, for all that we see, read, and know, of ancient Nineveh. Rawlinson was a cadet in the East India Company's service, and when he first traced the cuneiform inscriptions upon the Behistun rock he sent his tracings home, that they might, before publication, be submitted to the intelligent eye of—whom? The Professors of Oriental Literature in the great Universities?—Not at all! A greater authority still was to be found in a *cr-decan*

clerk of the East India House, London—a modest man of the name of Norris, of whom nobody knew anything, yet whose great knowledge actually enabled him to discover, though he might never have seen the Behistun rock, that Rawlinson, who had been in constant communication with the monument, had not copied the puzzling inscriptions with proper exactness. Rawlinson at the instigation of the East India House clerk compared his copy again, with the original, and found that Mr. Norris was right. To make the learning of the two self-taught men of any avail, it is necessary that a third should supply material for the exercise of their ingenuity and persevering skill. A lawyer's clerk came to their help. Austen Layard, if he ever studied Oriental antiquities at all in his youth, must surely have pursued the knowledge under difficulties in the office of his uncle, a solicitor in the city of London.

MELVILLE.

The New York Observer is credited with this sketch of Melville:

I heard Melville in London. It was one of my anticipated pleasures in crossing the ocean. His discourses I had read with excited admiration, and some of my young friends will remember to have heard me reading to them the more splendid passages, as among the finest specimens of the sublime in public eloquence. He preached the "Golden Lecture," so called, every Thursday morning at eleven o'clock. We have nothing in our country on this plan, but I wish we had. A good man in his will, or by gift antecedent, devotes a sum of money, the interest of which is to be paid to some preacher, whom he also makes provision to appoint, on condition that he will deliver, in a certain place, a lecture on a given day in the week. Perhaps he desires to have a certain doctrine defended or system of errors opposed, and requiring them to be the subject of discussion, for successive generations, i. e. being dead, secures the delivery of discourses that propagate the truths he loved, and which he believes to be for the happiness of his fellow men. Error seldom makes such provision for its perpetuation and extension. Some of the most learned and powerful treatises in defence of truth have been procured by this measure.

Melville's lecture is established in this manner, and I was told that he receives £400 or £2,000 per annum for the weekly discourse. It is delivered in a church St. Margaret's, Lothbury, by the side of the Bank of England, in the busiest part of all London, as much in the way of business and out of the way for preaching on a week-day, as the first Presbyterian Church in New York was in Wall Street, before they took it, stone by stone and put it up in Jersey. I suppose a few men and more women would straggle in and make an audience sparse and few, and the lecture would be a *ferre*, elegant undoubtedly, but uttered to empty pews, and therefore cold. The house was crowded when I entered, before service began. In the middle of the day in the rush and maddened whirl of the business, under the eaves of the eight-acre-temple of Mammon, to which all the world sends its daily offerings, this house of God was thronged with worshippers, or at least with hearers, and what was more worthy of remark, the greater portion of them were men. They seemed to have dropped their pens, and rushed from their counting-rooms at the hour of service, to receive the instructions of the preacher, and they now sat reverently waiting to hear his message. The pews were full, the aisles were partially filled, and I expected to stand, when a stranger made room for me on a bench, in a favorable situation, and I enjoyed the service as I could not otherwise have done. For I was not a little fatigued, having come from a public breakfast, given for a charitable purpose, another English notion which I must describe hereafter.

Melville came from the vestry and passed by me to the desk. He was an older man than I had thought, nearly sixty. His hair was quite grey; his face strongly marked with benevolence and thought; high cheek bones and large mouth, tall and slightly bent—his whole appearance fitted rather to impress you that he is a good man than great. He is decidedly both—His lecture was adapted to the day in the Church of