

# The Church Times.

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## Calendar.

### CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day & date		MORNING.	EVENING.
S. Aug. 21.	13 Band of Truth.	2 Kings 19, Acts 10.	2 Kings 23, 2 Pet 1
M. "	"	Daniel 6	Daniel 7
T. "	"	"	"
W. "	24 St. Bartholomew.	Eccles. 24	Eccles. 24, Job. 1
T. "	"	Daniel 10	Daniel 11
F. "	"	"	"
S. "	"	Hos. 2, 8	Hos. 4

## Poetry.

### THE MINISTER'S QUARTER PAY-DAY.

The following scene, taken from the landscape of New England, with some slight shades and varieties of colouring, we believe may be witnessed throughout a great portion of our country. We leave our readers to adapt it, as they fancy, to their own localities.

As the parson sat at his books one day,  
A rap at his door heard he;  
The Parish Collector had called to pay  
The Society's Quarter fee.  
A hundred dollars, and fifty more,  
Were counted the parson's due,  
Though small sum this, for half a score  
To victual and clothe and shoe.

But the day had come, and for youthful sport  
The parsonage ne'er displayed  
A day like that, when his scant support  
Was about to be promptly paid.  
The children danced, and giggled, and grinned,  
And wriggled like eels in oil;  
And smiles broke forth on the visage thinned  
By fasting, and tears, and toil.

The Parish Collector sat him down,  
And out of his pocket took  
The tithes he'd gathered about the town,  
Crammed into his pocket book:—  
It was not much of a cram, at that,  
Though honey and milk indeed,  
Not milk enough for a starving cat,  
Nor honey enough for need.

But such as it was, without much risk,  
The Collector poured it out;  
He spread it round on the parson's desk,  
And scattered it all about:—  
But little of shining gold was there,  
And less from the silver mine,  
And bank bills,—they were exceeding rare!  
Alas! for the poor divine.

First came a note for a little um,  
Which the poor man late had given  
To a rich parishioner, near his home,  
Whom he hoped to meet in heaven:—  
Ten dollars was all,—not much, I know,  
But an order followed the note,  
With butcher's bill, and a bill or so  
For butter and bread to boot.

The doctor had drawn for his small amount,  
The grocer had filed his claim,  
And all intended their bills should count,  
Whenever his pay-day came.  
The good Collector reckoned them up;  
The minister stood aghast!  
Twas a bitter drug in his brimming cup,  
To think he had lived so fast.

Who knows what pain the parson endures,  
As the good man hands them o'er,  
And says with a hem, "Sir, these are yours,  
And they should have been paid before:  
For a scandal it is to religion, Sir,  
Which the world can never forget,  
When a man of ease like a minister  
Is unable to pay a debt.

"And here, besides, is a lot of cash,  
Three fives and a lusty ten;  
Your daughters in calins now may dash;  
And your boys dress up like men.  
But allow me to say good Parson Gay,  
You'd better just lay aside  
A little of this for a rainy day,  
By a walk instead of a ride.

"For money is scarce, and the times are hard,  
And you, sir, are getting gray,  
And you may not fare as you here have fared,  
Should the people turn you away.

We've given you here a large support,  
And the farmers all complain  
That the crops this year will be dreadful short  
If we don't soon have some rain.

"We can't long pay such enormous sums  
As we have to pay you now,  
For you know that the pay-day often comes,  
And the Squire has lost a cow;—  
And one of old Godwin's sheep is dead,  
And he feels poor this year."  
The tender shepherd here turned his head,  
To drop—for the sheep—a tear!

Of this the Collector no note took,  
And gabbled his story through,  
Then slowly folded his pocket-book,  
And looked as if he knew.  
He took his hat, with a cheerful smile,  
Rejoiced in a duty done;  
Then rode away to his home, a mile,  
At set of December's sun.

The parson rose, as he left the room,  
And bowed with a smile of grace,  
But his heart resembled a ruined tomb,  
In spite of his smiling face.  
He closed the door, and resumed his chair,  
Till amid his griefs and fears,  
He seemed half-choked for a breath of air,  
Then burst into a flood of tears.

He thought of his children's needy feet,  
His barrel of meal was gone;  
And the question arose "What shall we eat?  
What raiment shall we put on?"  
He thought of the ravens, how they're fed,  
How the lilies' garments grow;  
But when was a raven's rent unpaid?  
Or a lily arrayed for snow?

With tender emotions all astir,  
In the parson's heaving breast,  
His children's mother—he thought of her—  
How she, who had done her best,  
Still needed a hood, and cloth, and thread,  
A dress and a thicker shawl—  
Till, pressed in spirit, he knelt and prayed  
To the glorious Lord of all.

The evening came, and he met his wife,  
And his blooming children nino;  
Yet not they saw of the inward strife  
That harassed the sad divine:—  
He sat serene in the central seat,  
And his wife sewed near his side,  
His children hovered about his feet,  
And he to be cheerful tried.

But when he went to his nightly bed,  
To sleep till the waking morn,  
He felt, as he pillowed his aching head,  
That he wished he'd ne'er been born,  
And all that night his pillow drowned  
With the tears no eyes could see,  
But His, who once for the thankless groaned,  
And bled upon Calvary's tree.

## Religious Miscellany.

### LAYARD'S LAST DISCOVERIES.

"Mr. Layard refers slightly in his volume to other discoveries that have been made at Konyunjik since his return to Europe. But since his book has been issued from the press, and since ourselves commenced this notice, intelligence of further restorations reaches us from France—restorations that certainly are not surpassed by any that have preceded them. M. Place who has succeeded M. Botta as French Consul at Mosul, having received instructions from his Government to prosecute at Khorsabad the work suspended by his predecessor, has been for some time past diligently employed in excavating that ruin, and within these few weeks has transmitted to Paris a detailed account of his success. This account, as we are informed, is accompanied by photographs of all the exhumed objects; the photographs are jealously kept from the stranger's eye; but an account of the discoveries has been already published. The reader will form some notion of the nature of these last excavations, and of what may be expected hereafter from further diggings on the site of ancient Nineveh, when we tell him that in one of the chambers penetrated by M. Place, that gentleman found a large quantity of jars about five feet high, all standing in rows, between each of which a

passage was purposely left open. The jars were not resting upon the ground, but were placed upon stages constructed of lime, these stages being themselves attached with the greatest care to a floor of the same material. At first M. Place conceived that he had lighted upon an establishment hitherto hidden from every other explorer—viz, a receptacle for the Assyrian dead, for it is to be observed that up to this moment neither Mr. Layard nor any other traveller has the remotest idea of the method by which the inhabitants of Nineveh disposed of each other's mortal remains. A closer investigation convinced M. Place that he had discovered something hardly less interesting.—At the bottom of the jars, or upon the lime which supported them, a violet-coloured sediment was yet visible, indicating the nature of the liquid which the vessels once contained. He had actually dropped into the wine-cellar of Sennacherib's father.

"Whatever the future may yield, Mr. Layard's share in the acquisitions of the past is not to be mistaken.—Ten years have scarcely elapsed since the first discovery of ruins on the site of Nineveh, and already there lies before us an amount of information, owing regard to the history of the old Assyrian people, of which we had previously not the most distant conception. When Mr. Layard published, in 1849, the account of his first Assyrian researches, the monuments recovered were comparatively scanty, and the inscriptions impressed upon them could not be deciphered. Now, a connected history can be traced in the sculptured remains, and the inscriptions may be followed with the same facility as the Greek or any other character. That they may be read with immense profit and instruction is evident, from the startling facts which they have hitherto revealed. Some of these facts we venture briefly to place before the reader. We have previously hinted that the earliest king of whose reign we have any detailed account is the builder of the north-west palace at Nimroud, the most ancient edifice yet beheld in Assyria.—His records, however, furnish the names of seven, of his predecessors, some of whom, it is believed, founded palaces, afterwards erected by their successors. The son of this king, it is certain, built the centre palace of Nimroud, and raised the obelisk, now in the British Museum, upon which the principal events of his reign are inscribed. Upon that obelisk are names corresponding to names that are found in the Old Testament. The fortunate coincidence furnishes at once the means of fixing specific dates, and enables Mr. Layard to place the accession of the Assyrian monarch who built the oldest Nimroud palace at the latter part of the tenth century before Christ. The builder of the palace of Khorsabad is proved to have been the Sargon mentioned by Isaiah. The ruins of his palace supply the most complete details of his reign; and from the reign of Sargon a complete list has been obtained of all the kings down to the fall of the empire. The son of Sargon was Sennacherib, who ascended the throne in the year 703, B. C. We know from the Bible that Sennacherib was succeeded by his son Esarhaddon, and we now ascertain from the monuments that one of the palaces at Nimroud was the work of his reign. The son of Esarhaddon built the south-east palace on the mound of Nimroud; and, although no part of his history has been as yet discovered, there has been good reason for concluding him to have been a Sardanapalus who, conquered (B. C. 606) by the Medes and Babylonians, under Cyaxares, made one funeral pile of his palace, his wealth and his wives.

"While it is certain that there is no mention of Nineveh before the twentieth century B. C. Mr. Layard is still of opinion that the city and empire existed long before that period. Egyptian remains found at Karnak refer to a country called Assyria, and the enterprising explorer is not without hope that further investigation will supply him with still more ancient records than any he now possesses. The monuments of Nineveh, as far they go, corroborate all extant history in describing the monarch as a thorough Eastern despot, "unchecked by popular opinion, and having complete power over the lives and property of his subjects; rather adored as a god than feared as a man, and yet himself claiming that authority and general obedience in virtue of his reverence for the national deities and

\* Concluded from last week.