

them. But I hope the time is not far distant when we may lay aside all our arguments — “when all shall know Him from the least to the greatest.”

I remain, Sir,

Yours, &c.

Montreal, August 1.

J. S.

TRAVELS.

RUINS OF ANCIENT BABYLON.

On the northern front of the Kasrah, or great western palace, upon an artificial pyramidal height, stands a solitary tree, which the natives call Athleh. It appears to be of the greatest antiquity: perhaps the scion of the monarch of the hanging gardens. Its present height is only twenty-three feet. Its trunk has been of great circumference. Though now rugged and rifted, it still stands proudly up; and, although nearly worn away, it is of sufficient strength to bear the burden of its evergreen branches, which stretch out their arms in decaying greatness. The fluttering and rustling sound produced by the wind sweeping through its delicate branches, has an indescribably melancholy effect; and seems as if it were entreating the traveller to remain and unite in mourning over fallen grandeur. I scarcely dared to ask why, when standing beneath this precious relic of the past, and prophet of the future, I had nearly lost the power of forcing myself from the spot.

“It is a tree which I brought, to those it could not bring.”

Proceeding two hundred and four feet east of the old tree, and on an uneven piece of ground, surrounded by vestiges of buildings, is to be seen, lying on its right side, a lion: beneath him is a prostrate man, extended on a pedestal, which measures nine feet in length, by three in width. The whole is from a block of stone, of the ingredient and texture of granite; the scale colossal, and the sculpture in a very barbarous style. The head of the lion has been knocked off by some modern Vandal. When Mr. Rich visited Babylon,

this statue was in a perfect state. In his interesting investigations he remarks, of the lion, that “in the mouth was a circular aperture, into which a man might introduce his fist.”

From its vicinity to the river, (within five hundred yards,) little toil and expense would enable the antiquary to remove it from the mutilation of barbarians; and boats are procurable at Hillah, which would convey it to Bassorah. I trust that I shall be believed when I state, that the want of funds was the only reason that prevented my transporting this valuable relic of antiquity to India; where no great expense would attend its embarkation for England.

Beauchamp, in speaking of this ruin, says. “On this side of the river are those immense ruins which have served, and still serve, for the building of Hillah, an Arabian city, containing ten or twelve thousand souls. Here are found large and thick bricks, imprinted with unknown characters. This heap, and the Mount of Babel, are commonly called by the Arabs, Makluboh, that is, turned topsy-turvy. I was informed by the master mason employed to dig for bricks, that the place from which he procured them were large thick walls, and sometimes chambers. He has frequently found earthen vessels, engraved marbles, and about eight years ago, a statue as large as life. On one wall of a chamber he found the figure of a cow, and of the sun and moon, formed of varnished bricks. Sometimes idols of clay are found, representing human figures.”

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

The following story from the Jewish Talmud, inserted in “Hurwitz’s Hebrew Tales,” appears worth, inserting as, although it may be a legendary narrative, it may excite the Christian, who has a fuller hope than the Jew, to ask himself, “Do I sufficiently look at my