

# The Breeze.

THEY RECEIVED THE WORD WITH ALL READINESS OF MIND, AND SEARCHED THE SCRIPTURES DAILY, WHETHER THOSE THINGS WERE SO.—Acts viii. 11.

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## THE TRUE GLORY OF PRINCE ALBERT'S ANCESTRY.

From the Ode composed for Prince Albert's Installation as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, set to music by Dr. Walmisley, and sung in the Senate House, on Tuesday, 6th of July.

Albert, in thy race we cherish  
A nation's strength that will not perish  
While England's scepter'd line  
True to the King of Kings is found;  
Like that wise ancestor of thine  
Who threw the Saxon shield o'er Luther's life,  
Whom first above the yells of bigot strife  
The trumpet of the living word  
Assumed a voice of deep portentous sound.  
From gladdened Elbe to startled Tiber heard.

• Frederic the Wise, Elector of Saxony.

## PERVERTED USE OF THE SACRAMENTS.

From Bishop Meade's Review of the Pr. Ep. Tract Society's publications.

If there be no moral regeneration except in baptism, and this be indispensable for Heaven, it is to be expected indeed, that those so believing, should not only feel the utmost anxiety to have their children baptized, (and they ought to be, under any view of it, rejoiced at the privilege, and hasten to its performance as a bounden duty,) but suffer painful apprehension, lest, if it should be for any cause omitted, perdition might be the certain consequence to the child dying unbaptized. In some of their books this is manifest. In the Children's Magazine volume 31, page 200, a mother is represented as sitting in great unhappiness by the side of a dying child whose baptism had been neglected, and only intent upon having water brought against the minister should come. "With this water by her, she sat watching her child, and listening to see if he still breathed." A question is then asked, "and if the poor baby had died unbaptized what would have become of his soul?" Answer: "It is not for us to say; we know that God's mercy is infinite, even beyond his promises, but his promise of eternal life is made to those who are baptized in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost." If this poor mother had failed through any neglect of her own to have her child baptized, she would have left undone that one thing which could make him, according to God's promise, "a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom." Now, before proceeding further with this question, we pause to make an objection to the language here used, and used in many other of these volumes, and which ascribes to the Scriptures of God what are only the words of the Prayer-book, however faithfully they may represent, when properly understood, the meaning of God's word. In the first place it says, "that God's promise of eternal life is to those who are baptized in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost." This is not so. This promise is to those who believe and are baptized. So that we cannot plead, in the way affirmed, the certain promise of life to baptized children dying in infancy; however surely, on good grounds, we may believe it. In the next place, it is said, "she would have left undone that one thing which could make him, according to God's promise, 'a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of Heaven.'" Now this is our confident hope, that children, whose baptism is to be retained, as our article says, "because most agreeable to the institution of Christ," are thus united to Christ's body, his Church; thus acknowledged as his covenant children; thus promised the kingdom of Heaven; but to affirm of these words of the Church, that they are the certain promise of God, is to confound together what in the preface to the Prayer-book are called human writings, and therefore fallible, with the words of the Holy Ghost. Such an error as this, I say, is often seen in the books under consideration. We now proceed with the account of the child's baptism. "But the child did live to have those drops of water sprinkled on his forehead, and those holy words pronounced over him; and when he drew his last breath, and fell asleep on his mother's knee, she knew (by reason of his baptism) that he was gone to join the rest of Christ's faithful departed." It may not be amiss to add here, what is said of the mother herself, after having become religious, and being on a certain occasion dangerously ill. "The one thing she cared for was to have her strength and senses spared, that she might receive the holy communion of the body and blood of Christ. That was her wish until she received it, and her comfort afterwards."

"Faith taught her that no food, to lengthen her life on earth, could be worth that Heavenly food to preserve her soul and body to everlasting life; that no medicine, to relieve her pain, could be worth so much as the precious body and blood of Christ, which could heal the soul."

Now, what we object to in this narrative is, not that the mother was anxious to comply with what she believed to be God's will, and her duty and privilege—the baptism of the child—but that she lost sight of all else, and seemed to attach salvation to this alone, and considered the failure of this as the loss of her child's soul. Could she not have been made to think and say something of Christ's death for her child as its atonement; of Christ's tenderness to children, taking them into his arms—not to baptize them as necessary to their salvation—but to bless them, saying "of such is the kingdom of Heaven!" Could she not, by faith, have carried her child and put him in the arms of Christ, while preparing for its baptism? And as to her partaking of the Lord's supper, as the one thing she cared for, in the prospect of death, was there no exercise of faith in Christ which might have comforted her; might she not, had the minister failed to come, have, according to our Rubric, partaken of Christ's body and blood as really and effectually in the holy exercises of her soul, and might she not as a Christian, have cared how she might die, so as to glorify God and bless her surrounding friends? In these respects, we consider the account very defective, as laying undue stress, the whole emphasis on the participation of outward ordinances, and making a wrong impression on the reader as to our blessed religion.

## THE PROTESTANTISM OF THE LITURGY.

From "Ancient Christianity" by Isaac Taylor (a Non-Episcopalian.)

The actual character of the English Liturgy, we mean the offices of congregational worship, including the "Communion," furnishes an infernal argument of the most decisive kind, as showing what is the spirit of the Church. To perceive the force of this argument, the facts should be considered, which are these:—

A disposition not to depart unnecessarily, or except at the demand of principle, from existing modes, is manifested throughout the structure and offices of the Episcopal Church. Moreover, it is known that the English Reformers—and of this tendency they have left indications enough—inclined to follow the Church of the mid period of the third century, as far as might be practicable:—dropping its errors, when perceived. The ancient was the model of the English Church; any instance therefore of wide departure from that model, affords a proof of the presence of some controlling law or rule, always held paramount to the rule of following Antiquity.

These facts are scarcely disputed. But in expunging from the existing, and most of them, very ancient liturgical models, what was regarded as offensive, or as incompatible with the spirit and the professions of the Church, some distinctions were to be observed; and these should be taken into our account, in estimating the Protestantism of the Church.

If the mind of the Church had indeed been what it is now affirmed to be—Catholic, in the sense of the sixth or seventh century, it would have stopped short in rejecting from its devotional offices these shameless expressions of the polytheistic delusion, and in discouraging those enormities of image-worship, which distinguish the middle from the earlier ages.

The Church did indeed reject these enormities;—but did it stop there? On the contrary, it removed—root and branch—the entire scheme of the ancient demology:—it abolished the shrine-and-relic offices—and the pilgrimages—and the celebrations, which are the broad characteristics of the religion of the Nicene age. Nay, it actually put a stop to saint-and-martyr miracles! cashing these divinities, at a stroke, of their honours, of their revenues, and of their wonder-working powers! And all this was done, and this vast clearance was effected, notwithstanding the reverence which the Reformers professed to entertain toward those very Fathers, who had been the authors, or the zealous promoters of this worship, and of these nefarious delusions!

Here then becomes manifest the presence and operation of some very powerful counter motive. The Church of England, breaking its way through the entanglements of antiquity, has held another path! But this is not all, for we have next to notice an instance still more decisive in relation to the question, as to the Protestantism of the Church; and this is, the absolute rejection of prayers for the repose of the Dead.

The case, in this instance, is of the most convincing kind; and it may justly be regarded as an experimental crucis, in our present argument. In disallowing the image-worship, and the saint-worship, of the Romish and Nicene Churches, the Reformers were easily determined by the gross offensiveness of these superstitions, and their glaring contrariety to the language, and to the spirit of the Scriptures. But it was otherwise in regard to the apparently innocent, and the more ancient practice of praying for the peace of souls departed. This usage—the fond superstition of the heart, enters into, and forms a prominent feature in all ancient Liturgies; and it is unquestionably of as high antiquity as any element of christian worship which is not authorised by the inspired writings. In a word, the practice of praying for the dead, is wanting in no kind of support—except that of Holy Scripture! Here then we come to a crisis of that PRINCIPLE which is the paramount Law of the English Church.

If the question be put—Why should we not pray, in the congregation, for the repose of the deceased, inasmuch as the practice is catholic, and primitive; and as ancient as the earliest existing monuments of christian worship? Why?—For this one and sufficient reason:—It is destitute of "warranty of Scripture." The adherence then of the Church to this Rite, in such a case, where all secondary reasons weighed on the other side, is a proof incontestable—it is a flaming proof of its Protestantism.

And how happily, how wisely, has the Church of England thus kept itself free from an error, apparently innocent; but which is in fact the germ of every species of superstition! The practice of praying for the Dead, albeit not explicitly forbidden in Scripture—any more than authorized, is clearly incompatible with evangelical doctrine; and it has in fact always supplanted the doctrine. The transition, moreover, from such a practice to that of praying to the Dead, is natural, and easy; and it has been constant. The process of this transition may readily be traced in several passages in Augustine, and other Nicene Fathers.—"We pray for the common Dead; but not for the Martyrs, who have already reached a height of felicity where they need no such aid—instead of wanting our intercessions: they enjoy so much favour at Court, that they are able to benefit us, by their intercessions: far from needing the suffrages of feeble mortals—they are themselves the princes of heaven! If so, how great are the boons they may be able, by their powerful supplications, to obtain for us.—Let us then court their favourable regards, with this very view. But where should we do this with so good a prospect of success, as at their shrines—even those holy coffers, where their sacred dust is conserved? Then, how well shall our wandering thoughts be chained to the meditation of the virtues of these our celestial patrons, while we gaze upon an image or picture, fairly representing the visible graces of the glorified being!"

Thus step by step, and each step easy, did the ancient Church descend from the natural, but unwarranted practice, of praying for the dead, to the last degradations—to the extreme blasphemies of idolatry! On this devious path the once Christianized nations speedily reached the very lowest level to which human nature has ever sunk!

The Church of England, under the strongest inducements to the contrary, has purged its Liturgy most completely of this offence. Every Sunday,

and in every parish church, does the Liturgy, by its exclusion of these pernicious superstitions, bear witness against—not Romanism only, but the corruptions of unanimous Antiquity.

## SOOTHING REFLECTIONS UNDER THE AFFLICTION OF BLINDNESS.

I have sometimes thought, when I have heard so much pity expressed for those who became blind, that it was not so great a calamity as it is generally supposed to be. If they lose some enjoyments, they have others to replace them. Excluded from the excitement of outward objects, the mind itself is a kingdom of light; memory recalls all that it has heard or read, and pictures the scenes of beautiful nature it once loved to look upon. It has been blest, and the remembrance is a continual feast. If destined no more to view the bloom of summer, it escapes the mournful sight of winter's desolation. The blind may feel the balmy of refreshing breezes, the soothing melody of sweet sounds; the charms of friendship, and of literature; to them the perfume of flowers and the fruits of autumn are not denied by the author of all good gifts. Indeed, it appears to me that the blind live in more perfect communion with Him. How many great men have been blind! Homer was blind and Milton also owed most of the touching sublimity of his unequalled poetry, to his abstraction from outward objects. Who ever described light in more eloquent or affecting strains? He raised the soul to the ancient days, dwelling in eternal, uncreated light. The blind live in an atmosphere of tenderness. All who address them speak in the soft tones of compassion: there is something sacred in the misfortune; the very consciousness of submitting to it unrepiningly, gives a dignity to helplessness, and diffuses a Heavenly calm over the soul. Even the aged beggar, led by the innocent child or faithful dog, becomes an object of interest: all step out of the way of the dark, and address them with kind and gentle words; and in the beautiful language of Scripture, would keep them from hurting their foot against a stone." What heart so savage as to injure the blind, or draw tears from the sightless eyes. It has been remarked that the dreams of the blind often present what they most wish to see, and if dreams come from God, it is no illusion: we cannot resist these impulses of a better nature. The imagination of the blind often recalls the loved features of friends, always as they once beheld them; the withering hand of time falls unregarded; they see not the decay of all that was once so lovely; if pain or sorrow shade the countenance, it is by them unheeded: they are surrounded only by those occupied in administering to their comfort: even sin has less power to tempt. They possess, in some degree, the fresh feeling of early youth, in being the anxious care of all around them. Then the transporting thought, that those eyes for ever closed to earthly objects, shall first open on a glorious world of eternal brightness. We sail on the ocean of life, sometimes in the deep gloom of night, but "morning breaks on shores of beauty;" and once having seen all things here below, we acknowledge that "there is nothing new under the sun." Even the most magnificent scenes of nature are the same, only varying their positions, as the colours in the Kaleidoscope. And then, when God is going to recall the spirit He has given, and the last hour arrives, the blind will be spared the sight of sorrow in the faces of the friends they are leaving: the voice of grief will be stilled, as they know angels shall come and administer unto them; and "God, even our own God, shall wipe away all tears from their eyes" for ever. Amen!—Letter from Mrs. O—y, to Mrs. L—n.

COME TO JESUS.

"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Mat. xi. 28.

Have you sinned, or have you none?—If you have, whither should you go, but to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world?"

Have you souls, or have you none?—If you have, whither should you go, but to the Saviour of souls?

Is there a life to come, or is there not?—If there is, whither should you go, but to Him who only hath the words of eternal life?

Is there a wrath to come, or is there not?—If there is, whither should you go, but to Him who only can deliver from the wrath to come? And will He not receive you? If He yielded Himself into the hands of them that sought His life, will He hide Himself from the hearts of them that seek His mercy? If He was willing to be taken by the hand of violence, is He not much more willing to be taken by the hand of faith?

O! come, come, come! I charge you to come. I beseech you to come. Come, and He will give you life. Come, and He will give you rest. Come, and He will receive you. Knock, and He will open unto you. Look to Him, and He will save you.

Come as you are; come poor, come needy, come naked, come empty, come wretched; only come, only believe; His heart is free, His arms are open, it is His joy and His crown to receive sinners.

O! did we but know ourselves, and the Saviour! We are poor, but He is rich; We are dead, but He is life; we are sin, but He is righteousness; we are guiltiness, but He is grace; we are misery, but He is mercy; we are lost, but He is salvation.

He ever lives, ever loves, ever pities, ever pleads. He loves to the end, and saves to the uttermost, all that come unto God by Him.

Nothing grieves God more than to have His love slighted; nothing pleases Him more than to have it accepted.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." (1 Tim. i. 16.)—Hand-bill printed for J. Groom, Birmingham.

## RUINS OF MALINDA, IN EAST AFRICA.

From Dr. Kraepf's Journal, Church Missionary Record.

We walked about twenty-five yards over the low and sandy beach, and then entered the forest, which is so thick that at first we were at a loss to find an entrance. Even when we had found one, opened by apes and other wild beasts, we could only proceed in a crouching posture, lest our garments should be torn to pieces at the very outset of our

undertaking. Silently, as though we were on the forbidden ground of an unrelenting enemy, we entered the thicket, each following the other's footsteps. But I can truly say, that nearly all apprehension of an enemy was absorbed by the interest which I felt in seeing the town, which I had ever borne in remembrance since reading the excellent work of Prof. Ritter on Africa, when there was not the least prospect of my personally visiting Malinda. At first we walked over level ground, overgrown with thorns, trees, and bushes. Then we ascended about twenty feet, and at once came to a mass of ruined houses. Never has a ruined place produced such a melancholy feeling in my mind as the first view of the ruins of Malinda. Whole stone walls remained standing; others were either in part or totally demolished; and others, again, were buried beneath a mass of rubbish. The walls of several houses were so well preserved, that a roof would render them complete and habitable dwellings. In other cases, entrance gates of stone, in the Arabic style, needed but the wooden doors. Even the planks of doors were discovered perfect. Numerous windows were open, through which one might look into the dreary interior of the rooms, which are partly the hiding-places of wild beasts. What especially increased my sad feelings was the sight of immense trees—out of any one of them the largest log could be hewn—rising from the middle of the apartments. This kind of tree, a sort of Abyssinian Date, thrives very quickly; but 150 years, at least, would be required for the growth of such gigantic trees. It may be that the town was destroyed at various periods; and the history of Mombasa, so far as it can be considered correct, points to such a fact. Frequently there is no approach to the houses, owing to a mass of thorns, trees, and rubbish. The elephant, however, seems to care little for these hindrances; for we found traces of this animal on the level ground already mentioned.

That Malinda must formerly have been a large and important town could scarcely be disputed, even if history were entirely silent. The Aborigines, Arabs, Portuguese, again Arabs, and at last fierce savages, have moved over this country. Where are the former now? Their bodies sleep in the silent graves—partly filled with the rubbish of their former habitations—while their departed spirits are before the Judge of quick and dead. Whenever, in the prophecies, allusion is made to a ruined town, the most emphatic language is used; and truly he who has an opportunity of witnessing such a town must acknowledge the literal truth of the Prophetic Word. A town of ruins in the midst of a dark and almost impenetrable forest, the trees of which arise from within still standing walls, is truly an awful sight. But shall the country remain in its present state of devastation and wilderness? Is not all Christendom called upon to convert the wilderness into a garden of the Lord? It is true that the towns which have now perished have at various periods carried a curse over all continents; but it is now the duty of Christians to carry to East Africa the blessings which must ultimately, as intimated in Isaiah xviii. 3-7, overflow the whole of this benighted land.

## THE CITY OF OOROOHIAH, IN PERSIA.

About twelve miles back from the lake, and about two miles from the mountains, is the city of Oorooohiah. It is the ancient Therama, the birth-place, as tradition says, of Zoroaster. It contains about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and is four miles in circumference. Like other cities of Persia, it is surrounded by a mud-wall and a ditch; and most of its houses are built of unbaked brick. Its markets are good for this country; its streets are wider than is common in the East; and it has quite an air of comfort, from the great number of shade-trees interspersed among the dwellings.

From elevations back of the city, the beholder, as he looks down upon the smiling gardens below him—then on the city, half buried in shubbery—next on the vast plain, studded with its hundreds of villages, and its thousands of orchards and hedges of poplars, willows and sycamores, and gleaming with its almost limitless fields, waving a golden harvest, and farther still on the azure bosom of the placid lake, beaming and sparkling like a mighty mirror, under the brilliancy of a Persian sky,—and finally on the blue mountains, away in the distance—has before him one of the loveliest and grandest specimens of natural scenery that was ever presented to the eye of man. And forgetting for the moment the moral night that broods over so bright a scene, it is easy for him to conceive that he is surveying the garden of Eden.

The climate of Oorooohiah is, naturally, one of the finest in the world. It resembles, in its temperature, that of our middle States. Unhappily, however, artificial causes are at work, which render this climate unhealthy, particularly to foreigners;—such as the constant irrigation in summer of the almost numberless fields and gardens; and, still worse, the extensive pools of stagnant water, that stand most of the time in different places, particularly in the ditch which surrounds the city. The reforming hand of a good government, controlled by the redeeming spirit of christianity, is all that is needed to drain and dry up these pools, and remove other nuisances, and soon restore the climate to its native salubrity.

The Nestorians of Oorooohiah have a tradition that their immediate ancestors came down from the mountains, at a period rather indefinitely known, but about five or six hundred years ago; and that this plain was then but very little inhabited. It is quite probable that the Nestorians were entirely swept away from this province for a season, during the devastations of Tamerlane. But there are some monuments of their earlier residence here.—The largest and oldest mosque in this city, for instance, was once a christian church. In repairing it a few years ago, a vault was found under it containing ancient relics, and among them a manuscript in a tolerable state of preservation, purporting to have been written in that church about eight hundred years ago.—Not more than six hundred Nestorians reside in the city of Oorooohiah. These are principally in a compact position, adjacent to which the premises of our mission are situated.

There are about two thousand Jews in the city, and the remaining part of the population are Mohammedans. The Nestorians are numerous in the surrounding villages, in some cases living by them-

selves, and in others, intermingled with Mohammedans. Most of them are employed in the cultivation of the soil, of which they are sometimes, though rarely, the proprietors. A few are mechanics, as masons, joiners, &c. Their common relation to the Mohammedan nobility in the tenure of the soil, is that of serfs to lords.—The Mohammedan peasants sustain nominally the same relation to the higher classes, though their rights are better respected than those of the Christians. The Nestorians often suffer lawless extortion and oppression from their Mohammedan masters. But their circumstances on the whole are quite tolerable for a people in bondage. Their fertile country yields such overflowing abundance, that, so far from being pinched with want, they are always surrounded with plenty.—Rev. J. Perkins.

## ST. JUDE'S, LIVERPOOL.

When I entered St. Jude's, it was completely filled with a most attentive congregation. With difficulty I made my way through the crowded aisle to the pew where I had a seat secured. Mr. McNeile was himself reading the morning prayer. Such finished and impressive reading I had never heard before. But when he entered upon his sermon I was even more amazed. His subject was the offering of Christian sacrifices. In his exhibition of it he was so discriminating, evangelical, clear, and intelligible, that, while a child might comprehend him, the most instructed Christian could not fail to be edified and informed. Were there no attractions of manner, his subject and mode of discussing it, so intellectual, spiritual, and adorned, would have made him the first of preachers. In this aspect of his preaching he is much like our revered friend Bishop McVaine, of whom I was often reminded as I listened to Mr. McNeile. The whole congregation seemed intent upon the subject which was before them. Every one was searching the Scriptures, as he referred to them, to see if these things were so. Even the people who filled the aisles were all holding little Bibles in their hands in the same employment. But great as was this attraction of matter and subject, that of manner was not less. His voice, action, and power of eloquence, certainly transcend all that I had ever heard before. Tall, dignified, elegant in form with a full head of hair, nearly white, graceful and commanding in figure, with an unusual compass and variety of voice, under perfect command, he must have taken the very highest stand as an orator, in any walk of public life. As a preacher, combining the unrivalled excellences of subject, mind, and manner, I should not hesitate to say this is the very highest standard of preaching among men. Nothing can surpass it. And yet I hardly express to you my own feelings or judgment in this high commendation. The Lord's Supper was celebrated after the sermon; and, as Mr. McNeile was alone, I went into the vestry-room to offer him assistance. He had had a previous communion at eight o'clock in the morning, and yet there were probably from four to five hundred communicants present. It was a very solemn and impressive occasion, and reminded me more strongly of similar occasions in my own church, than any which I have elsewhere witnessed. In the evening I assisted Mr. McNeile in the service, and heard another admirable sermon on the use of the law. I shall never forget the solemn and impressive prayer with which this faithful man commended the work before us, and my unworthy self, to God, in the vestry-room, before we went into the church. There is no trifling about him or any of his duties. All is serious, affectionate, and faithful. In preaching, he is wholly extemporaneous. He holds a little pocket Bible in his hand, and from this he speaks with the wonderful power which I have attempted to describe. This evening a crowded congregation hung upon the words which fell from his lips. Perfect stillness reigned throughout the church. Surely, I thought, God is in this place. Oh that I might catch something of this living fire, and gain improvement from the privileges of this day! I had still other occasions to hear Mr. McNeile, and was only confirmed in the opinion which I had formed of his power and influence as a preacher of the Gospel. My private acquaintance with him in personal visits, still deepened the impressions which I had received of his character from his public labours. Another most interesting man in Liverpool, is the Rev. James Haldane Stewart. We have long known him by his writings and his efforts to revive the influence of true piety in the Church. His personal appearance and conversation are most consistent with the beautiful and simple piety of his writings. He is a tall and venerable man, perhaps seventy years old, quite bald, with his scattered white hair giving the aspect of great age, his countenance and manners the very model of meekness and love; in all his conversation deeply spiritual and instructive, proving a most edifying companion to all who are able to appreciate the excellence of his character, and the evangelical purity of his religious sentiments. I did not hear him preach, but I saw him often in private, and felt a growing reverence for his character and influence. Another very interesting man in Liverpool is the Rev. Mr. Jones, of St. Andrew's, for whom I preached on the second Sunday which I spent in that place. I was indebted to him for much attention, his whole manner and character being marked by a kindness and gentleness and affection extremely winning. His church, which is in the centre of the town, is in a most flourishing condition, and he himself exceedingly beloved by the large congregation who have gathered under his care.—Recollections of England, by the Rev. S. Tyng, D. D., Rector of St. George's, New York.

## THE SOURCE OF NATIONAL WEALTH.

When we witness the mighty achievements of art,—the locomotive, taking up its burden of a hundred tons, and transporting it for hundreds of miles, between the rising and the setting sun; the steamboat cleaving its rapid way, triumphant over wind and tide; the power-loom, yielding products of greater richness and abundance, in a single day, than all the inhabitants of Tyre could have manufactured in years; the printing-press, which could have replaced the Alexandrian library within a week after it was burnt; the lightning, not only domesticated in the laboratories of the useful arts, but employed as a messenger between distant cities; and galleries of beautiful paintings quickened into life by the