

its still more subtile fluids, have been so wondrously preserved throughout the mighty convulsions of nature for a thousand ages, that in these last days the anatomist and the optician can, at least with due regard to their own professional reputation, decide, with the reckless fearlessness assumed by the Reviewer, upon the exact relation which this most delicate organ bore to light, *or its equivalent*, in the awful past of nature's remotest dynasties. Verily, it appears to me that the good old woman, who declared that she could believe that Jonah swallowed the whale, if the Bible said so, knew nothing of the power of faith, when compared with these learned sceptical geologists!



In the number of the *Westminster Review* (July) now under notice, there is another striking instance of learned fallacious arrogance; and of what appears to be pharisaic, sceptical humility, for the sake of serving a purpose. That arch-enemy of the faith, Chevalier Bunsen, has lately published a work on Egypt, antagonistic to the integrity of Holy Scripture; in which, amongst other speculations, he assumes the probability of our race having been on this earth for *upwards of twenty thousand years*, and then modestly intimates that no one is at liberty to condemn his theories, who has not read his book, and is not, also, deeply learned in Egyptian lore! To this the reviewer meekly assents, and declines, therefore, to criticise the work. But mark the cunning of both the Chevalier and the reviewer. For if the principles they thus lay down, with such apparent innocence, be correct, the evidences of our Christianity and of the truth of its Volume of Inspiration, are so feeble and uncertain, that, unless we have read the work on Egypt, and are, in addition, thoroughly versed in the language and antiquities of that country, we must be completely at sea as to whether Chevalier Bunsen has not succeeded in entirely uprooting their foundations.