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approach Moses, and he put the veil on his face only when he had finished his formal address, and resumed his ordinary every-day relation towards them. The Hebrew is literally, *And Moses finished* speaking with them, *and put*, etc., which in our idiom (which prefers to treat the temporal clause as subordinate to the principal statement in the sentence¹) becomes, *And when* Moses finished speaking with them, *he put*, etc. *By reason of* for *while*, in v. 29, is another alteration which helps to make the narrative plainer.

xxxv.-xxxix. These chapters are principally a description of the execution, nearly in the same words (the tenses, of course, being changed) of the instructions given in chaps. xxv.-xxxi.

xxxvi. 1. The verse is the end of Moses' speech, xxxv. 30-35.

xxxix. 33 ff.; xl. 17 ff. After the distinction explained above between the "tabernacle" and the "tent," these notices will be understood without difficulty by the reader.

S. R. DRIVER.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

THE late Dante Gabriel Rossetti saw one day upon a book-stall some small engraved illustrations of the Bible; struck with their originality, he took them home, and showing them to a friend, said, "See, what fine things; who is this Isaac Taylor?" a question which his friend, a man of thought and reading, was able to answer. Afterwards, in a notice of Blake, Rossetti wrote of them as "seldom equalled for imaginative impression," and as in simplicity, dignity,

¹ So constantly: Exod. xvi. 21, "and the sun waxed hot, and it melted" = "and when the sun, etc., it melted;" Gen. xlv. 27, etc.

and original thought, bearing a close affinity to the mass of Blake's works.

Of these illustrations, commissioned by Boydell, who had recently published the Shakespeare Gallery, and engraved by the designer's father, Isaac Taylor, of Ongar, those belonging to the Old Testament are what attracted Rossetti's attention ; they are far the best, but throughout, the drawings, delicately finished in Indian ink, are much superior to the engravings. One of the most striking represents the two parents of the race wandering forth hand-in-hand into the dark wilderness, a faint blaze athwart the sky as of a shaft of ethereal fire, indicating the sword of wrath. In the deluge, the flare of a huge comet, the supposed cause of the catastrophe, illuminates the waste of waters, in the midst of which the ark, a solitary speck, floats without sign of life. To Abraham, the three angels clothed in white appear as if, having ascended from the distant plain, they had suddenly stepped into sight on the edge of the hill. In the Egyptian subjects, Pharaoh on his throne is surrounded by the colossal forms of sphinx and column ; and in the desert scenes, the innumerable host, and the lonely dignity of the great leader, are finely contrasted. In all these the realism, and at the same time the grandeur of conception, are conspicuous, but are perhaps nowhere better shown than where the headless body of Saul hangs suspended on the wall of Bethshan, vultures careering round it whose flapping wings catch light from a low moon breaking through heavy clouds. Two of the designs he enlarged into coloured drawings : the finding of the body of Samson among the ruins ; and the troops of Darius entering Babylon along the dry bed of the river on that night when Belshazzar was slain. This last however was not engraved.

Haydon had fallen in with another series of Isaac Taylor's designs, and, like Rossetti, had been greatly struck with them. These were slight things illustrating his

father's *Early Ages*, a book for young people. Among them, "Alaric entering Rome" particularly impressed the painter. The barbaric car of the conqueror is seen crossing a bridge over the Tiber amidst a conflagration that casts a lurid light upon the mighty mausoleum of Hadrian, towering in the distance. Besides the imaginative power displayed in these designs—Biblical and other—the historic insight is remarkable. There is no conventionalism, but a genuine attempt, by truth of costume and of surrounding landscape, to represent the scene as it really was, yet from a point of view that revealed its innate grandeur of suggestion. One might regret that Isaac Taylor's pencil found no larger scope, had not the same imaginative insight presently inspired his pen.

That his thoughts should at one time have found expression in art was no doubt due to the fact that both his father and grandfather were artists—eminent engravers of their day. His grandfather, who was also an art-publisher, designed book illustrations as well as engraved them; of his father's engravings after Stothard, Opie, and others, some were of large size and admirable quality, and he had also a considerable art ability of his own, excelling in landscape and in miniature painting. All his children, daughters as well as sons, were employed in the engraving room, and the young Isaac among them; no separate work however appears to have been engraved by him. He early took to drawing in water colour or Indian ink, small subjects but highly finished, and at one time began the practice of portrait painting in miniature, as a profession. To the last the influence of his art training and taste were manifest; before the days of pre-Raphaelitism his original and independent mind had led him to propound very similar theories. He especially enjoyed pure light and colour. One of his latest essays had for its subject "The Ornamentation of Nature;" but characteristically it led up to the consideration of form

and colour as expressions of the Divine mind, indications of an hitherto unnamed attribute. The spectacle of nature was to him a subject of endless meditation.

To such a mind, equally contemplative as imaginative, the means of expression afforded to the artist soon became insufficient. His sisters Ann and Jane had shown that with the pen they could do better than with the burin, and he was not long in finding his true vocation as a writer.

George Eliot wrote of Isaac Taylor as "one of the most eloquent, acute, and pious of writers," and though in after years she regarded him as one who had fallen behind the age, she had then resigned her belief in Christianity, and it may well be asked whither had those advanced whom she had come to look upon as the new leaders of thought? Judging from the mournful cries that reach us, it is a barren wilderness in which they find themselves, enveloped in a darkness which may be felt—that which to some is a horror of great darkness. Listen to Carlyle, surrounded by his dim infinitudes and fathomless abysses, clinging as in death grip to the one awful Being in whom he still strove to believe, yet to whom he dared not utter one word of prayer, and of whom he once exclaimed with a bitter cry, "He is a God who does nothing"! Listen to George Eliot's sterner, sadder, more hopeless declaration, that of the three great powers that had hitherto ruled human thought—"God, Immortality, Duty"—there remained only the last! Shall these voices of the night tempt us to follow where one by one they die away and are lost? Surely Isaac Taylor did well to remain within the bounds of that heaven-illuminated region—the Gospel Revelation; no narrow space, and opening like everything Divine, interminable avenues on every side for thought and speculation.

He may indeed be called the evangelic thinker of his time. The oracular transcendentalisms of Coleridge, by which he sought to re-inaugurate the Christian Church, do

not fairly entitle him to that position. The earnest special pleadings of Maurice, sarcastically described by Carlyle as attempts to prove that "black is white and that white is all the whiter because it is black," do not justify such a claim. The gentle musings of Erskine of Linlathen, who, according to the same caustic authority, was almost inclined to admit that the Christian story might be a myth, so that the spirit of Christianity were retained, do not qualify him for such an office. Isaac Taylor, unlike these, having founded his belief upon the historic truth of the events recorded in the Gospels, which he held to be irrefragable, and upon the Apostolic teaching, which he accepted as of absolute authority, devoted himself in the first place to the analysis and the history of those morbid emotions which had perverted Christianity, and then to the elucidation of the Divine economy in its threefold grandeur—as disclosed in the material universe, in the capacities of the human soul, and in those "insulated revelations of things necessary to be known by mankind," which the Scriptures hold forth. Thus he occupied at once a more definite and a wider field than any of his contemporaries—more definite, as it was concerned with facts, material, historical, revealed; and wider, as it embraced the whole of the Divine order of things, visible and invisible, so far as it can be known to us. The range of thought was indeed vast; portions only of the great subject could be dealt with, but these did not fail in breadth and elevation of treatment.

It was this wide range again that separated him from Chalmers, Robert Hall, and Foster. The first two were essentially preachers, treating of the common salvation, the one with fervent iteration of its chief doctrines, the other with pure and elevated diction. They did not seek to explore new regions under the guidance of evangelic thought. With Foster's style of mind, his originality, power, force of expression, and searching analysis of human motive, there

was much similarity. But here again, with regard to extent and variety of thought, there can be no comparison.

We have seen that historical insight was a leading characteristic of Isaac Taylor's genius in design; that insight is conspicuous in all his literary work, which, in the first instance, was almost entirely historical. An early volume entitled *Elements of Thought*, was due probably to the educational bias of his family; a second, the *Characters of Theophrastus*, translated and illustrated by careful drawings on wood by himself, showed alike his interest in mental analysis, and in the pictorial expression of his ideas; but the *History of the Transmission of Ancient Books to Modern Times*, the *Process of Historical Proof*, the *Translation of Herodotus*, were the first serious labours of his pen; while an anonymous romance, the *Temple of Melekartha*, published in the same year with the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, the book (to quote Sir James Stephen) from which he derived his "literary peerage," exhibits, especially in its earlier chapters, all that realization of history which the practice of historical design had taught him.

Though *Melekartha* failed as a story, as it was sure to fail, encumbered as it is with philosophical disquisition and lengthy speeches, it is well worth perusal, not only for several powerful scenes, but for the early expression it contains of most of the author's leading ideas. It opens with a vivid description of a Phœnician galley, "deeply laden with jars of Grecian wine for the market of Memphis." The Sidonian master, the Greek seamen, the Egyptian merchants, the "complement of slaves in the lowest part of the hold, huddled together like eels in the basket of a vendor of fish," are depicted with the fidelity of actual vision. Then follows a brilliant picture of a Greek trireme, glaring in scarlet, its golden carvings glittering in the sun, its "bright lines of blue and yellow running from prow to poop," its "three

beaks of brass now dipping, now weltering from the wave," which suddenly "stared upon the sight against the deep azure of the sky, and gained a grace and lightness from the snowy foam caused by the sudden backstroke of two hundred oars."

In such pictures, and they are many, we have the feeling of the artist inspiring the learning of the scholar. The supposed narrator, a learned Greek, describes his landing at Old Tyre, then subject to the "Great King." He tells of the innumerable lanes and alleys, the blind walls and lofty balconies, the sacred animals, "bloated divinities," that wander through the streets, "or lie coiled and basking dusty scales in the sun;" he watches the travellers—Armenians, Caucasians, or long visaged Indians—that pour ceaselessly through the gates, or the occasional passage of a Persian satrap's train, the great man borne in a close litter, his guards attired, to the contempt of the Greeks, in the "sublime of military millinery." Insular, or New Tyre, with its magnificent colonnade encircling the harbour, furnishes equal material for precise description; but the chief object of the Greek traveller is to visit the venerable Temple of Melekartha, in the midst of its sacred grove, at some distance from the old city. There he associates with the priests, witnesses the mysteries, and finally obtains leave to study the ancient records preserved in the "House of History."

These relate to the original settlement of the Phœnician people on the island of Ormus in the Persian Gulf, under a wise ruler, the hero of the race, to the development of their commerce in the Eastern seas, and to the eventual migration of the people to the Mediterranean coast under stress of a vast Asiatic invasion. This is the story; but the chief purport of it is to depict the rise of superstition, and of a priestly order devoted to the blood-stained worship of Molech, which gradually saps the strength and depraves

the intellect of the nation. The period supposed is of high antiquity, where historical details fail, and the writer is therefore at liberty to present something of an ideal picture. Yet the historical instinct still finds place, as in descriptions of Nineveh (written however before the Layard discoveries), of Babylon, the wreck of the "Tower of Pride," or of the march of the great destroyer, with his innumerable hordes, from the Asian steppes.

This story of the baneful rise of superstition no doubt assumes the possession by mankind of an original inheritance of truth; reference is made to traditions of a great catastrophe, and to the dispersion of mankind from the Babylonian plains; but the Biblical account is not directly made use of, out of place as it would have been in Phœnician records. The work seems to have been the joint result of the study of Herodotus, recently translated, and of the train of thought which was producing the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, and which issued later in *Fanaticism*, and *Spiritual Despotism*, that series of works illustrating the principal forms of spurious or corrupted religion, of which, as he has stated, he had many years before contemplated a comprehensive view. Earlier still the subject seems to have occupied his mind, if the anecdote be true, that when all but a boy, his mother observing him leaning his head in a pensive way against the mantelpiece, asked about what he was thinking, when he replied, "I am thinking of the evils that have come upon Christianity."

The *Natural History of Enthusiasm* had an extraordinary success; but a book of a different order, the meditations entitled *Saturday Evening*, attracted perhaps no less attention. After dwelling upon the perversions and abuses of Christianity, Isaac Taylor's mind seems to have sought rest and refreshment in turning from those "things which are seen and temporal," with all their imperfections and accumulated evils, to contemplate those which are "un-

seen and eternal." Of these, unseen as they might be, he was convinced that the Apostolic writers afforded authentic intimations, glimpses into the spiritual world which would amply reward the fixed and inquiring gaze of a devout and philosophic mind, and reveal ever more of the majesty, beauty, unity of the Divine order, of which the destinies of man form a part.

The firm confidence he felt in Apostolic testimony was only enhanced by his prolonged study of the heated fancies, illusions, malignant and corrupt imaginations, that filled the brains of enthusiasts, fanatics, and arrogant pretenders to invisible power. To such, the calm "good sense" of Apostles and Evangelists, a quality he often insisted upon, presented a striking contrast. "Exaggeration and inflation have their own style, it is not difficult to recognise it," he says; and having had abundant opportunity for judging of that style, he finds none in the writings of those who tell of "all that Jesus began to do and to teach until the day in which He was taken up," nor in the revelations that afterwards were "received of the Lord." But, consistently with the historical bias of his mind, it was the belief of facts, not an "opinion of the truth of principles" upon which he laid stress. Upon facts all his speculations rested; these betrayed no trace of mysticism, while equally free from a dogmatic or systematizing tendency, to which he had a strong aversion. "The dogmatist," he says, "puts in movement the irresistible engine of his logical apparatus, and nothing can withstand the stress and power of this machinery. In fact, absolutely nothing retains its native form after it has passed under the tooth and lever of metaphysical compression. Forth comes orthodox divinity; not indeed the sublime and mysterious divinity of the Scriptures, but that of the chair."

Yet he must not be mistaken. Distributing the study of Holy Scripture under three heads—"the devout or practical,

the critical or verbal, and the scientific or theological"—he says: "If the third be at a low ebb, there is no intelligence, no advancement, and therefore, by necessity, a retrogression and decay in that kind of knowledge which should furnish guidance and motive both to devout and critical studies."

It was natural temperament, therefore—a temperament which found in tranquil meditation its congenial element—that had most to do with his avoidance of theological discussion. His attitude towards a now much debated question is characteristic. "To what extent the Sacrifice once offered for the sins of mankind has actually taken effect, we neither know, nor have the means of surmising. The world of spirits is veiled; the inspired writers are silent; and on such a theme theological rigidity, together with bold conjecture, should be checked. Meantime it is certain—as certain as the Gospel—that the mercy of God has had no other channel, and that to each of us severally there is hope in Christ, and no other hope." The Essay which opens with this statement is entitled the *Means of Mercy*, but it is occupied with no theological exposition. Taking the fact of sin, "this companion of our existence," it dwells upon "the sense we have of the fitness of retribution" as it "flashes upon us in some form every hour;" upon "the record" of sin, which on each individual "table of memory, like the face of an obelisk thickly inscribed, and fronting the sun, may one day be read by all!" and advances thus, in a final paragraph, to the Pardon of the Gospel, as "A PARDON FOR A REASON."

Of these *Saturday Evening* meditations, marked by a philosophic breadth, dignity, and richness of diction new to evangelic thought, George Eliot's admiration is recorded; and though with the singular, and as it seems, sudden loss of Christian belief that befell her—so sudden as to indicate a radical infirmity of mind—the groundwork of that admiration was, no doubt, in the end swept away, minds that

enjoyed a more deeply founded belief in Christianity, and capable of appreciating Isaac Taylor's largeness of view, felt that they were lifted into a serene and noble region of thought, where yet there was solid footing.

For there is nothing vague, transcendental, or of the nature of rhapsody in these speculations; many are directly practical; in others, if there is imagination, it is imagination roused, as in his historical designs, by the grandeur of the facts before him, and exercised strictly within the limits of those facts. It is interesting, too, to note how the style, not only of this, but of all his writings, indicates an imagination accustomed to pictorial expression. It is not luxuriantly picturesque, but full of imagery in which the conception proper to the artist is apparent. We may gather a few examples. He is speaking of the mind as passive in dreams—"while through the hushed palace of fancy a vast or threatening pageant moves on." He describes those who, "by the ladder of reason have gone up to behold the Most High,—the Spirit of Grace takes us by another path." He speaks of "the sons of immortality that awake to their lot in the future world," and "the child of heaven breathes at length his proper element, looks without amazement over the endless road that lies outstretched at his feet." Or again, "Let it be supposed that a rational spirit, . . . after just tasting the fruits of heaven, and drinking of the cup of immortality, should find itself fast floating on to the brink of extinction! . . . should look down and see the abyss of death!" These, all within the compass of a few pages, illustrate this quality of his style—pictorial, ornate, but stately.

The solid footing of fact, from which he never strayed, whatever might be the nature of his speculations, is very apparent in, perhaps, the most original of his works, the *Physical Theory of Another Life*. When he turned his contemplations towards that great future, it was a "*physical theory*" which he constructed respecting it. "If," he

says, "the human family is to live anew, the future stage of its existence offers itself to our curiosity as a proper branch of the physiology of the species." He approaches the problem, therefore, on that side; but then, throughout his enquiry, he keeps "an ear open to the Apostolic voice," and especially takes as the text for his dissertation the assertion of St. Paul, "there is a spiritual body."

But if a "body," what are the necessary conditions of a corporeity endowed with higher powers? This enquiry occupies the larger part of the book, several chapters towards the end being devoted to "conjectures concerning the correlative construction and reciprocal destinies of the material and spiritual universe."

Here we may note another side of Isaac Taylor's mind. He was as much interested in the facts of science as in any other, and kept himself accurately informed of the progress and results of scientific research. The greatness and wonder of the facts disclosed by science inspired, and at the same time strictly controlled, his imagination, which found no interest in cloudland of any kind; while the quickness of his mental insight enabled him often to anticipate or forecast an eventual line of discovery. The different conjectures concerning the nature and destiny of the visible universe show a thorough acquaintance with what, up to the date of writing, was the teaching of science respecting it, and are thereby, however startling, saved from all vagueness or incongruity. That "the visible and palpable world . . . is *motion*, constant and uniform, emanating from infinite centres," is one of those ultimate conclusions of science upon which he founded a conjecture which is at once widest in scope and the most strikingly supported by the language of Scripture. "If," as he argues, "motion in all cases originates from mind, or in other words, is the effect of will—either the Supreme Will, or the will of created minds," then "the instantaneous cessation of this energy, or its reaching its

close, is abstractedly quite as easily conceived of as its continuance." "Then the annihilation of the solid spheres, the planets, the suns, . . . would not be an act of irresistible force crushing that which resists compression—it would not be a destruction, but a rest; not a crash, but a pause;" and "all the host of heaven would be dissolved"—"the heavens vanish away like smoke!"

He never feared the result of purely scientific investigation, but he repudiated the interference of one path of enquiry with that of another essentially different. In *The Temple of Melekartha*, a sage, in an ideal city of learning, insists strongly upon the perfect independence allowed to each line of investigation, "resting," he says, "upon the thorough conviction entertained by our society of the imperfection and febleness of the human mind as compared with the *infinitude* and the *secrecy* of nature." "Those," he continues, "are deemed alike unworthy members of our community who, on the one hand, hesitate on the path of investigation, in apprehension of the supposed dangerous consequences of the principles they are pursuing; or who, on the other, eagerly pursue certain principles in the hope of acquiring the means of demolishing the convictions of other men—founded on other evidence. The one sort are too superstitious, the other too opinionated and malignant, to be successful labourers on the field of science; and we discard both."

We may make one more quotation here in illustration of the influence of that art-feeling upon which we have laid stress. "Finally, the observer of nature should be keenly alive to that sentiment—an instinct not to be defined or described—which fills the soul with delight in the presence of material beauty;—beauty in its large sense, the infinite combinations of uniformity and difference." Science is not apt to take cognizance of this department.

If in dealing with the problems of a Future Life, Isaac Taylor started with a *Physical Theory*, he no less did so in considering the phenomena of mind. Yet not in a materialistic sense. On the contrary, he asserts that "we shall have made an acquisition worth the labour it has cost us when we have brought ourselves to acquiesce—fully and freely—in the belief that MIND and MATTER are both of them real existences; not one the product of the other, but each absolute in its own manner." What he meant by a "Physical Mental Philosophy," as he calls it, is thus explained in the early work just quoted:—

"Learn to discard the delusive distinction between Instinct and Reason, or at least learn to seek a better distinction between man and the inferior tribes. . . . Whatever possesses the power of voluntary locomotion and in virtue of its possession of that power is entrusted with the care of its own life, reasons." And among the arrangements of the "City of Sages," there is this: "We are especially careful to preserve the important distinction between the proper physical science of human nature, and those abstractions metaphysical, which have often and injuriously been mingled with it." "Our science of mind rests upon the broadest possible basis. . . . We begin this difficult study, not in its most finished and elaborate, but in its simplest combinations. We work upwards—we learn mind more in the way of observation than of analysis; and before we presume to speak of the intellectual conformation of man, carefully study that of the oyster and the earth-worm."

This conception of the subject reappears in his *Physical Theory of Another Life*, and is pursued at large in one of his latest works, *The World of Mind*, in which a striking chapter, entitled "The Breadth of the World of Mind," sets forth the vastness of this field of contemplation as it regards animal life alone: "a scheme of existence the length

and breadth, the height and depth of which surpass all powers of thought, but throughout which good prevails; upon which evil makes no inroad; and upon which organic pain glances only for an instant." But there is "a point of divergence of the higher and lower forms of mind." The higher soon declares itself; first, in a consciousness of personal identity, as "impressions, images, ideas are tending to fall into chronological order." "Man is not man until the moment when he learns to look upon himself from the historical point of view." But this divergence appears more decidedly as the human mind arrives at a consciousness of freedom—freedom of volition and act—"a freedom apart from which there could neither be intellectual expansion nor moral progress." "Human nature and the brute nature *diverge at this point*, and henceforth are separated by an ever widening interval." The enquiry is pursued through the various faculties and relations of mind, in this the highest form known to us, till it touches its relations to the unknown and the infinite.

Here we meet with an instructive instance of his use of science. "Science," he says, "which within a fifty years has made an outburst upon the fields of infinite space and infinite time." It is astronomy, the revelations of the microscope, and geology which have done this. Of the latter he says, it "begins its boundless course in a garden or a gravel-pit, or by the roadside; . . . and it goes on, . . . treading forward in the midst of things that are visible and palpable—stedfast in its adherence to the surest principles of inferential reasoning; it goes on until it has made good a standing at a point so remote from the present moment that the mind averts itself from the thought of the awful intervening lapse of cycles of ages." Thus he comes to the proposition that, "The Infinite, although it is not to be comprehended by the human reason, may be infallibly apprehended by it, or may be brought within

its cognisable range, and may be known as *unquestionable* though it is not known as to its constituents or its conditions."

So far science, but "the only form of truth moral and spiritual concerning the unknown and the infinite which in this age we need be concerned with . . . has come to us in the categoric or peremptory form of an attested utterance from the unseen world. Thus reaching us, this body of religious truth takes its position alongside of our modern physical science in this way: The two revelations, the physical and the religious, both of them lead on toward the infinite and the unknown, and both alike take their departure from that which is intelligible, and definite, and certain."

With these words, the key to all his thinking, we might fitly close our remarks upon the mental attitude of Isaac Taylor. We have not indeed even mentioned several of his works, bearing testimony to the wonderful activity and range of his intellect, but which do not carry further the illustration of its leading characteristics. *Ancient Christianity*, for instance, while it exhibits the wealth and soundness of his patristic lore, is controversial; so also in a manner is the *Restoration of Belief*. To both he was urged by a sense of the supreme importance of the points assailed, in the one case, the purity of Apostolic Christianity, in the other Christianity itself. His usual habit was to hold in suspense controverted matters, and this not only from personal distaste, but from a desire not to encumber certainties with uncertainties. "Nothing can be more unwise" (we find him saying) "than to entangle the firm principles either of morals, or of religious belief, with films of conjecture." And again, "many questions, deep, perplexing, interminable, and unproductive also, start up and would disturb our meditations," and are therefore dismissed. Some of more vital import he foresaw as coming forward

for determination. Among them was the question of Inspiration, the settlement of which he said "will involve changes." Upon the mode of understanding the early chapters of Genesis he was content to await light. Upon the "wider hope" he was silent, though not without glances into the great future. His natural sphere was meditation, lofty and tranquil. Once, when told of the grand solitude of Cape Wrath, he exclaimed, "Say no more, or I must pack up and go." "But what would you do there?" "Do! why meditate, meditate, meditate!" As it was, he was content with the woods and field-paths round Stanford Rivers.

We have endeavoured to give some slight idea of the original character and large scope of Isaac Taylor's thinking; to trace the evidences of a powerful historic imagination, first displayed in pictorial design, but finding its proper sphere in separating the real from the spurious and corrupt in the history of Christianity; to show that his most far-reaching speculations always took their departure from that which was "intelligible, definite, certain;" that however daring they might be with respect to things unseen, they were supported always by Revelation on the one side, and by the facts of science or of human nature on the other—that they were the speculations of a strictly scientific imagination.

It would, we think, be difficult to point out in modern religious literature a more extensive or more varied mass of thought than in Isaac Taylor's writings, nor any that, setting forth the grandeur of the Divine economy as a whole, better fulfil his desire of "confirming the faith and corroborating the religious sentiments of those who still adhere to the *Christianity of the Scriptures*."

If it be asked how did one to whom "things not seen as yet" were a subject of profound contemplation, comport himself when the gates of the unseen world were opening

before him? let two brief dying words suffice for answer. "I would be content," he said, "to reach the humblest place in the outermost circle of heavenly blessedness." And within a day or two of the end, after settling a small matter of business, he added, "I desire now to have nothing before me but an unclouded view of immortality."

JOSIAH GILBERT.

THE EPISTLE TO THE COLOSSIANS.

VIII.

JOY IN SUFFERING, AND TRIUMPH IN THE MANIFESTED MYSTERY.

"Now I rejoice in my sufferings for your sake, and fill up on my part that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for His body's sake, which is the Church; whereof I was made a minister, according to the dispensation of God which was given me to you-ward, to fulfil the word of God, even the mystery which hath been hid from all ages and generations: but now hath it been manifested to His saints, to whom God was pleased to make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles, which is Christ in you, the hope of glory."—Cor. i. 24-27 (Rev. Ver.).

THERE are scarcely any personal references in this Epistle, until we reach the last chapter. In this respect it contrasts strikingly with another of Paul's epistles of the captivity, that to the Philippians, which is running over with affection and with allusions to himself. This sparseness of personal details strongly confirms the opinion that he had not been to Colossæ. We come however here to one of the very few sections which may be called personal, though even here it is rather Paul's office than himself which is in question. He is led to speak of himself by his desire to enforce his exhortations to faithful continuance in the Gospel; and, as is so often the case with him in touching on his apostleship, he, as it were, catches fire,