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If God with all heaven is thus in sympathy with us, defeated in our defeat, triumphing in our victory; if the cause of love and moral order is one throughout the universe, we have every encouragement to play our part well. It is no short and easy passage of arms we are called to; we are wearied and often overcome by the constant accompaniment of sin, weakness and folly in all we do; but in all this evil and conflict there is material for victory and joy. Are you weighted by nature with a poor craven spirit, a vain selfish heart, sordid or gross passions, a feeble inconstant will, a nature that often causes shame? Humbly recognise all this as what you are actually called to master; do not waste your energies envying those who have a better nature and an easier task, but face the conflict that actually awaits you and carry into it the assurance that every stroke for the right and every defeat of evil you accomplish has an echo of the truest kind in heaven. Remember the greater joy God has in the painful, difficult, penitential return of a lost soul than in the easy righteousness of the naturally pure.

MARCUS DODS.

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*DEAN CHURCH.*

THERE is a mountain which divides the Austrian and the Bavarian Tyrol, the top of which is a narrow, level, undulating ridge about the width of a London pathway, and as easy walking, where you may go on and on for miles. Right and left the ground falls away sharply enough to leave the view clear, and is not steep enough to trouble the nerves. Each side the prospect stretches far. On one side lawns and woods and lakes lead the eye to purple glimpses of the wide horizon of the great plain that is so

poetical at a distance ; on the other there are peaks and snowfields and glaciers. One side of the way is often in cloud, and the other in sunshine, and perhaps there are clouds in the valley close below, and gleams of sunlight on the distant heights. Those who know that strange and pleasant mountain path will be reminded of it again and again in reading the works of the present Dean of St. Paul's. There is the same sense of moving easily at a level which it is generally hard to reach and to maintain. There is the same sense of treading safely between unmeasured depths, of looking out from the dividing line into regions of unexplored space. It is not easy to survey the questions of the day clearly or calmly while one is on a level with them or, it may be, below them, while the dust of the battle beats in our faces or the roar of the combat is heard overhead. The conflict between the Church and the world takes many forms. Civil and ecclesiastical law come into collision in civil courts ; scientific discoveries, and still more scientific tendencies, come into collision with dogmas and traditions,—which may or may not be as sacred and unalterable as dogmas. Civilization and religion develop upon different lines, and to keep up with the development of either is enough and more than enough to tax the measure of the strength of one generation. It is easy to heat and confuse ourselves over such issues, especially easy for non-combatants, who go down in the pride and naughtiness of their hearts to see the battle. It is easy, too, to keep ourselves at peace by cultivating a lazy belief, which grows apace like an ill weed, that nothing which is disputed or disputable matters ; and not very difficult, if so much concession makes some residue of conscience troublesome, to verify the importance of what will hardly be disputed in our time, and persuade ourselves we value it as it deserves by all means, even by acting upon it.

In a sense, it may be said that these questions are Dean

Church's speciality. Whenever they are solved—in the measure, in which Clement, Augustin, Aquinas solved them, each for his own age and for a long posterity now gone by—some of the praise of the solution will be due to him, on the principle *Prudens interrogatio dimidium scientiæ*. He will never allow us to heat or confuse ourselves; he will never allow us to be indifferent. He is as sobering as Bishop Butler, and he is not so depressing or perplexing. Bishop Butler leaves us under the impression that there is no more thinking to be done; that we have only to accept a digest of scriptural teaching as probably true, and act upon it as a matter both of prudence and conscience. Dean Church never loses hold upon the great sayings, "Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." If he does not teach us what to think, if he has been hindered by health or other occupations from thinking out the questions which have come before him, he has set an example, which will be followed in time, of the way in which it is well to think of delicate and difficult matters.

To take the smallest question first. Dean Church was always on the side of ecclesiastical liberty. In his early articles on St. Anselm, he went so far as to idealise the dispute about investiture. He assumed that a saint must have been interested in a cause in which he was content to suffer. Later he came to see that St. Anselm only obeyed orders. He had heard a pope at the head of a general council pronounce Anathema on those who thenceforward accepted lay investiture; that was his answer when Henry invited him to work with him as Lanfranc had worked with his father; that was his answer when St. Ivo of Chartres, himself a learned canonist, argued that the point was not worth a schism or even a persecution; this made him as rigid as he had been flexible and indulgent in the training of his monks, as he had been large-hearted in the question of Henry's marriage. He suggested no

compromise, though when a compromise was arranged over his head he was perfectly willing to accept it. He showed no exultation in the victory, which Dean Church still assures us he had gained. On the question of appeals, the later monograph decides against Anselm; not on the ground that no English Archbishop—with the doubtful exception of St. Wilfrid—who has gone over sea for help has ever found any, but on the ground that the cause of national independence was the right cause, even when asserted by a brutal king and barons. At most it might be maintained that the cause of Anselm against Rufus, like the cause Pius VII. against Napoleon, was the cause of law against arbitrary will. It is characteristic that the question whether Anselm was as unequal to his position as he had thought himself, is never raised by an author always loth to sit in judgment. One thinks a stronger man might have held his own after such a moral victory as Anselm had gained at the head of the barons over Rufus and his servile bishops.

But long before these reserves were formulated, when everybody was scared with the first of the famous Privy Council judgments, Mr. Church, as he was then, stated the case for state interference with a force and breadth that Stanley could not have surpassed. He proved that Henry and Elizabeth and the Privy Council had done nothing but what Theodosius and Justinian and Charlemagne and other emperors had done without a word of protest; and yet he was as strongly in favour of abolishing the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of temporal courts as anybody. Only he would not heighten or encumber his case with a theory that the jurisdiction was an usurpation or a sacrilege not to be tolerated without apostasy. Indeed, when the nation was unanimous, when the state was Christian, it might not be without advantages; only when the nation was divided, when the state was secularized, it became a grievance, to be

got rid of like other grievances, by constitutional agitation. And the agitation was to be temperate. It was well always to remember that the Church of England, the clergy as an estate of the realm, had been less oppressed, less humiliated, less plundered than in any other part of Christendom (how far is this true of the states of the house of Hapsburg?); that Christianity was still part and parcel of the common law to a much greater extent than elsewhere. One does not know which is most remarkable: to admit so much just after the Gorham case, when the article was written, or to maintain so much after the Ridsdale case, when it was republished. Happily, litigation is not life, and it is in regulating the temper in daily life that Dean Church excels. What can be subtler than the warning to the clergy not to be led away by feminine influence, reinforced by the example of Port Royal, which proves so conclusively that mere discretion, mere austerity, are not safeguards? And few things are more impressive than the warning against the temper of those who think they do well to be angry. The warning is more impressive because it is so sympathetic; the apparent justification for the temper is put so strongly, the sense of almost prophetic insight which goes with it is recognised so frankly, that we seem to be reading an analysis of a temptation overcome in secret. Is it thankless to add that the analysis hardly gains by the illustrations? Did Lacordaire really effect so much more for the French Church than Lamennais or than Veillot? For some twenty years he half persuaded a section of the educated public to hope that the Church was going to be what it never has been or can be. This made a great many believers happy for the time, and even disposed unbelievers to hope that whenever the Church was like that they too might be converted. Lamennais and Veillot taught the faithful to know their strength, to choose their ground and close their ranks, and fall fighting if they fell.

Again, the late Mr. Sibthorp was very heavenly minded, and consequently very amiable; he was also very undecided. Mr. Allie's very candid autobiography shows that his temper was difficult, but he knew his mind. What does the contrast teach? That it is worth while to drill oneself into gentleness at the risk of indecision? Perhaps it is natural to one exquisite character (one may venture to speak of it after the late Rector of Lincoln's posthumous testimony to his living friend) to think that another must be attractive to all.

And our author seems to hold that, after all, the power of the clergy for good does not depend so much upon their knowing their own minds as upon their knowing their own hearts. If theology for him is still the queen of sciences, she is almost a constitutional queen, and therefore the more inviolable.

In the very remarkable sermon on the twofold debt of the clergy—to the wise and to the unwise—we find an admission which would have been paralyzing to many. "We cannot stop this great movement of men's minds; we ought not to wish to stop it if we could, for we should certainly not know how, and should only do harm. Directly I suppose we cannot do much to control. It will take its course." Are not the clergy bankrupt, and therefore out of debt? No. "We owe the debt of keeping from ignorant and indiscriminate hostility, of not assuming to ourselves and to our own persons with empty and boastful impertinence the supremacy and sacredness of our cause, of keeping clear of that dreadful self-complacency which so often goes with imperfect religion. We owe the debt of not raising false issues, of not meddling with what we may know we do not understand, of not darkening counsel on matters on which truth is hard very often to reach at best, with a multitude of ill-considered words." And again, "Let us not get into the way of frightening one another and

exaggerating what may be or may seem unsatisfactory and dark. I know there is enough to make the stanchest and wisest minds feel sometimes anxious." So in a sermon on Responsibility, we read of "future possibilities impending over our children which one does not like to think of." And yet these are not the only difficulties. "We often associate self-wisdom, self-conceit, self-will with activity of mind and love of knowledge: we shall see that they dwell in equal measure with entire incapacity to know, and that to be ignorant is not to be teachable." Are the teachers and guardians of truth to be trusted? We are told, there is no more pathetic sight than to see a gifted mind "pressing, honestly pressing, on others the lesson which it will not learn; profitable to the general order of the world, and mischievous and even fatal to itself." Is tradition a safeguard? No. "We must not fear to confess our ignorance, though it may be said to be retreating from positions which great men, great teachers, great schools of theology, have agreed to maintain at very different times and with opposite tendencies."

The real safeguard is sobriety and elevation of character. One of the first observations which the author presses upon the perplexed is that it is a mistake to be in a hurry; time is such a large element in all growth, and if we could believe, opinions to be worth anything must be allowed time to grow. Arguments ought to be looked at all round, in all lights. The weight of an argument may be very different before and after foreign travel, with its enlargement and its dissipation. So, too, if it is easy to be too ready to crush an antagonist with "statements of effects and tendencies," and to deal recklessly in "rash contrasts, rash disparagements," there is encouragement in the rule to "suspect whatever has the mark of insolence, wherever you see it, as much as if it had the mark of untruth or of impurity." There will be very little need to surrender anything at the

call of criticism if we wait to be challenged by critics in whom we can recognise all the marks of the wisdom which cometh from above.

And one is led to another question: Are apologetics the real safeguard of fundamental truth? Are not foundations perhaps safest when they are out of sight, when the building that rests on them is inhabited and adorned? It certainly seems to be Dean Church's habit to assume orthodoxy rather than to state it, to illustrate it rather than to defend it. The question with him is not what is true, but truth, the highest truth, being what it is, how ought it to regulate our character and temper, in action and in speculation, in feeling and in conduct. Perhaps, too, there may be another reason for dealing less in pure than in applied theology. Long as Christianity has been accepted, it has been so little practised that many disputations are still doubtful, and many are weak in the faith. Was this the reason—there must surely have been a reason—for a remarkable omission in the volume on St. Anselm? There is a description of most of his treatises, a sufficient and sympathetic explanation of his fundamental position—faith seeking understanding—there is a clear description of the way in which he came to his famous demonstration—so admired and so ineffectual—of the Being of a God, which can hardly be said to have influenced thought at all, at the time or since. The theory of Satisfaction, to which St. Anselm was led in his efforts to explain the Incarnation, has reigned in all orthodox schools from the days of St. Thomas Aquinas hitherto; but we learn nothing about it one way or other from Dean Church. Perhaps he is of the mind of the writer of a very remarkable review in the *Guardian*, on one of the late Dr. Bushnell's statements of *his* theory of the Atonement—that the Atonement is a mystery—of which one thinker may hope at most to apprehend one aspect, while such a grasp of the doctrine as a whole as may be

possible to theology upon earth must be the work of many ages and of many minds.

A theologian who makes reserves is generally rather unsettled himself; he is apt to be very unsettling to others. But this does not hold of Dean Church or of his predecessor Dean Milman. Unlike in much else, they are alike in their attention to the severer facts of life and the lessons they drew from them. Both think that Christianity will last as long as sorrow and sin; it may be said of both, especially of Dean Church, that they distil a tonic from the bitter herbs which were Pascal's daily meat. Dean Church is eloquent upon what Pascal could never discover, the simple pleasure and the delight in work which have been granted to many, great and small; but he appeals with confidence to "the contingencies too terrible to speak of, the dread certainties which nothing can avert." He quotes as if it were an oracle, the famous saying, "The last act is always tragedy." Perhaps it is as a rule; we cannot all expect to find the promise of Eliphaz the Temanite true, "to come to the grave in full age as a shock of corn cometh in in his season." The son of Sirach did not count upon it; yet he saw nothing tragical in the common lot, whether we have lived ten, or a hundred or a thousand years, so he asks, "Why art thou against the pleasure of the Most High?" One would not set the son of Sirach up to rebuke the passionate cry against death that meets us on the lips of righteous Hezekiah, and of so many psalmists, who all lived before His coming Who, tasting death for every man, purchased for all the right to look upon death simply "as the last in the round of nature's tasks." On such a subject the authority of Coleridge is as high as Pascal's, and Coleridge, who did not make light of judgment, has left it on record that he did not fear death. True, none who contemplate death at a distance with equanimity can be sure that they will die easily or meekly when their time comes; yet this does not prove that such peace

is false while it lasts. Children are often fractious as bedtime draws near, troublesome to themselves and to others—shrinking from the change they need—in some difficult or ill-managed nurseries the trouble comes round night after night, but even there it does not overshadow the day; children learn and play without a thought of the bad half hour which in the worst nurseries does not always come. Is it really wise to make a bulwark of faith out of the fear of age? a bulwark sure to fall if ever hygiene improves so far that most men live out their time, and fall asleep at last full of days. Perhaps this is imputing too much. Hygiene is not perfect yet; till it is the possibilities and probabilities which haunted Pascal are certainly enough to make reasonable people serious, and if the faith is rejected in our time it will be rejected without consideration—in other words by those who are not serious or reasonable; for if the majority were serious and reasonable, the currents of thought which carry men of science, now and again, away from traditional Christianity, would at worst be dangerous to a minority of students; as it is, they carry away those who dabble in them.

And seriousness and spirituality, if they could only be had, would be a protection not only against the frivolity which is in haste to apostatise, but against the curiosity which is in haste to dogmatise, the cruel cowardice that finds it a relief to be sure of its fears; which will press such questions as, the number of the elect, which the Lord did not answer, though, as Dean Church observes, any other teacher would certainly have been made to answer if he knew—and it is more reasonable to ask, “Can we really know?” than “on hints and notices which we cannot fully understand, to undertake to complete that which He left unfinished.” The preacher is impartial in his reticence, he refuses to minimise as he shrinks from expanding and systematising: it is noteworthy that so clear and keen a thinker should

refuse to discuss one of the burning questions of the day, and shut us up to ignorance and trust in the justice and mercy of God.

Another burning question is inspiration—the relation between what Christianity has done for the world and what the world has somehow done for itself. Here our author has something more positive to say. The comparison of the Gifts of Civilization, to the Gifts of the Spirit which edified or did not edify the Church of Corinth, is as luminous in its way as Chamfort's title page, which contained all the substance of Sieyès' epoch-making pamphlet on the *Tiers Etat*. For those who have not forgotten what it was to believe, it is obvious that the gifts of science, like the gifts of tongue and of prophecy, have to be subordinated to faith, hope and charity. The suggestion is interpreted by the two lectures on Civilization before and after Christianity, and by the tantalising lectures on the Effects of Christianity on the Greek and Latin and Teutonic races. There is no doubt, of course, that the civilization which grew up in the Name which is above every name, is higher than the civilization which sprang up in the name of Apollo, and flourished and abounded and ran to seed in the name of Juppiter Optimus Maximus. It has been fuller, richer, it has reached farther, it has lasted longer, and it is by no means certain that we are come to the gleaning of the grapes even yet. If we could follow this out in detail, considering one by one each of the races which have gone to make up Christendom, and ascertaining what each has gained, the inquiry would be interesting, and the results convincing. It is a plausible view that Christianity has redeemed the Teutonic race from what the Latin races call brutality, for they are apostatising from it in such numbers that we can argue with some confidence that the brutality into which they relapse is hereditary.

But in the present state of historical science one can-

not be sure that Christianity cured the Greeks of levity and sensuality. Was not Plutarch as staid and steadfast and respectable as any Phanariot? Was there any perceptible difference between the Græculus esuriens of the days of Juvenal, and the *Grec* of Paris, or the Riviera? or again, between Greek fishermen in the days of Lucian, and now? Was not the same hard, simple, innocent life led under the shadow of the same fancies and the same fears? Again, while we keep to the East, what reason have we to say that Christianity is for sincere believers a far more spiritual and inward thing than Islam? Could one say that the difference existed in the West even in the days of Joinville—one can judge by his book of the character of his piety—in what is it unlike the piety of a good Mussulman, except in that it was more happily directed? So, too, it would be interesting to know that Christianity endowed the Latin race with the spirit of tenderness, but what is the extent of the Latin race? Does it include Francis of Assisi—his family name was Bernardone, which points to German descent. Can it include St. Augustine—surely, in spite of an excellent Latin education, he belonged to the Punic race—itself a mixed one.

Perhaps it is hardly worth while to argue such points; it would be better, if one could, to keep to the method of the review of *Ecce Homo*, and Dr. Newman's *Apologia pro Vita*, which appeared in the *Guardian*, where the reviewer, instead of wrangling with his author, draws out from him what it is well to press. In a book like *Ecce Homo*, which, magnificent as it is, bristles with questionable points, it was really a triumph to keep from discussion without sinking into a *précis*; giving the full force of the book, and turning it in the direction which the critic thinks desirable. It was easier, in reviewing the *Apologia*, to show how much in Dr. Newman belonged to those whom he had left, but this too is done as few could do it. Perhaps the masterpiece

of this method is the famous essay on Dante—on which there is little to say, because it is so perfect. A classical introduction to a classic. No doubt Zoilus was the father of all critics who criticise for the sake of criticising, as Dr. Church says in his book on Spenser, "There is no great work of art, not excepting the Iliad or the Parthenon, which is not open, especially in point of ornament, to the scoff of the scoffer, or to the injustice of those who do not mind being unjust." If the Faery Queene is more open than the Iliad or the Parthenon, we need not ask, how much? It is more instructive to compare Spenser with Pindar (one is a survival of the age of chivalry, one a survival of the heroic age), and to observe that of Spenser's two great interests, love and manliness, "we still think with Spenser about manliness, we have ceased to think with him about love;" shall we cease to think with him about manliness, too, when we cease to conquer or to colonise? Side by side we have a recognition and an explanation of the vein of coarseness there is in Spenser, and an emphatic rebuke for the flattery of Queen Elizabeth, which in its whole range and extent was certainly unique in history.

If one wishes to see how severe Dr. Church can be, one must turn to the essay on Montaigne, who "keeps religion at arm's length as long as it is safe to do so;" who "felt the attractions of truth, but none of its obligations." And the critic feels the charm of Montaigne; he does not seem to feel the repulsion towards him which he feels towards De Maistre and the Puritans. No doubt De Maistre was often tempted into the falsehood of extremes; he was a self-educated man, which is the same as saying that he was not an accurate scholar; he was too ready to ride a theory hard over a country he did not know; he was the first modern writer to discern the immense services the Papacy had rendered to Christendom on the break up of the Roman Empire, and it seems likely that he made the same mistake

as Rienzi, and took memories for hopes. But after all, he was transparently honest, anxious to look facts in the face, to know and own the worst, and make others own and know it too. He was not responsible for the insincere optimism of his French disciples, who undertake not only to refute the Provincial Letters, but to prove that Leo X. was an exemplary Pope because he observed chastity and read his breviary.

As to the Puritans, we must measure Dr. Church's distaste for them by his admiration for Hooker and Andrewes. He contrasts Andrewes' rich patristic illustrations of pure theology, and the mystery of the Incarnation, with the anxious, scrupulous Puritan scholasticism, that turned exclusively on soteriology; he contrasts his high and liberal devotion—while reminding us that devotion has been yet keener and soared yet higher—with all the jealousy of self and others which seems to lose sight of the salvation of the world. One wishes that he had been led to deal with Puritanism more largely. It would be interesting to know his mind on the subject of Puritan discipline—the discipline of Geneva, of Scotland, and of New England. It is incomparably the heaviest yoke the human spirit has ever worn—the Inquisition let the herd go free. Wherever it has had its perfect work, it has brought about the euthanasia of Puritan theology, which built upon the remorse of the undisciplined conscience—in Unitarianism, which the founder of Puritan theology fondly hoped would perish with Servetus. On the other hand, no community, no class even, has worn that yoke without profit; it might even be asked whether any community which has not worn it has been unmistakably the better for what is called the Reformation, or can ever be fit for Parliamentary government? It is easy to say too much about the unloveliness of Puritan asceticism; after all, the romance and glamour of mediæval asceticism was mostly glamour and romance. Clairvaux, when St. Bernard

was there, was uglier than Littlemore. Still, when all is said, it does seem that the Puritans failed beyond most ascetics to observe the great precept, "to anoint the head and wash the face." They were of a sad countenance. The world had some excuse for taking them for hypocrites.

They too were of those who think they can do well to be angry. They took heavily the contrast which most Christians take so lightly, the contrast between Christ's words and Christian society, a contrast to which Dr. Church has devoted one of his most luminous sermons, which leaves us after all perplexed. We come nearer to a solution—almost as near as it seems possible to come—in a passage like this, in a sermon on Christ's Example: "These higher ends of life may be the object of deep and fervent effort, where the eye of a looker-on rests upon what seems too busy to be exalted—to be the scene of the greatest of earthly endeavours in the discipline of the soul. Surely it may be there, where to the outward eye nothing is the token of its presence—may be there, with its bitter surrender of illusions, its keen self-control, its brave and deliberate welcomings of pain masked behind the turmoil of public life or the busy silence of study—it may be there, stern and high in its scheme of life, stern in its view of the world, stern in its judgment of self, stern in its severity to sin, yet nothing appear without but the performance of the common round of duty, nothing be shown but the playfulness which seems to sport with life.

*"Se sub serenis vultibus,  
Austera virtus occulit.  
Timens videri ne suum  
Dum prodit amittat decus."*

This is hardly doctrine for all; it is not for all to follow, still less for all to utter. In one sense it is true, as he

tells us, there is only one standard for Christians, the standard of heroism, but it is reflected on very different levels. After all, it is impossible for the Church and civilization to live at peace if we will not recognise that there are counsels as well as precepts. The saints do more than is required of all; even they hardly do all that is required of them. No one could suspect the magnificent sermon on the Servants of God (which was preached before the University of Oxford on the death of Dr. Pusey), with being tainted with the clumsy mediæval theory of works of supererogation, but it expresses all the schoolmen meant. "Certainly in the New Testament, over and above the ordinary and true Christian life, the life of those who invariably use this world without abusing it, and live soberly; righteously and godly in it,—who in honest duty and self-discipline, and self-denial willingly accept their Master's yoke, and whatever comes on them of His cross, there is exhibited a pattern of life, and type of character in which the common interests and objects which attract and occupy us are not only subordinated, but given up and put aside for a greater and more exacting service. . . . Have we learned that it is a fiction permitted only in simple times, to imagine a man really living his daily life as the servant of an unseen Master; living only to please if it may be, and to do the work of the unseen Power, who brought him into existence, and whom he believes to be his Preserver and Redeemer and Saviour, who loves him better than he can ever know or realize here, for whom he can never do service enough, and for whom he is willing to give up that men most care for, to endure trouble, and hardship, so that in his inner and secret experience, the life of joy and hope and trust and liberty of the heart, which is impressed in all its shades and contrasts in the book of Psalms." Of that book Dr. Church has said elsewhere, "to pass to them from many a famous book of modern speculation is like passing into the

presence of the mountains and the waters, and the mid-night stars from the brilliant talk of London drawing-rooms."

G. A. SIMCOX.

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## THE EPISTLE TO THE COLOSSIANS.

### VII.

#### THE ULTIMATE PURPOSE OF RECONCILIATION AND ITS HUMAN CONDITIONS.

"To present you holy and without blemish and unreprouceable before Him: if so be that ye continue in the faith, grounded and stedfast, and not moved away from the hope of the gospel which ye heard, which was preached in all creation under heaven; whereof I Paul was made a minister."—*COL.* i. 22, 23 (Rev. Ver.).

THE Apostle has been sketching in magnificent outline a vast system, which we may almost call the scheme of the universe. He has set forth Christ as its Lord and centre, through whom all things at first came into being, and still continue to be. In parallel manner he has presented Christ as Lord and Centre of the Church, its lifegiving Head. And finally he has set forth Christ as the Reconciler of all discords in heaven and earth, and especially of that which parts sinful men from God.

And now he shows us here, in the first words of our text, the purpose of this whole manifestation of God in Christ to be the presenting of men perfect in purity before the perfect judgment of God. He then appends the condition on which the accomplishment of this ultimate purpose in each man depends—namely, the man's continuance in the faith and hope of the Gospel. That leads him to gather up, in a series of clauses characterizing the Gospel, certain aspects of it which constitute subordinate motives and encouragements to such stedfastness. That is, I think, the outline