

## TREMBLING AT JUDGMENT.

FROM A SERMON BY THE REV. J. HARRY EUCHANAN.

UNTIL a man has been brought face to face with his own sins, there is little hope of reasoning with him, with any success about judgment to come or anything else. I grant that to one who is pure-minded the recollection of past sin causes mental pain of the most acute description; I know also that the feeling of being awakened to sin for the first time comes as a shock often so severe as to make a man most intensely miserable for days or weeks, or even more. Many people have, alas! been brought to insanity by the vehemence with which their whole nervous system has been upset from this cause. I am not at all sure that it was not a shock of this kind that overcame Judas Iscariot after his base betrayal of our dear Lord, and so drove him to despair and to self-destruction. It is undoubtedly an awful thing to discover ourselves as being rebels against God, despisers of His goodness, wanton rejectors of His mercy. But I will tell you what is more awful still. It is—*Not to feel your sin!* The poor sinner just roused to a sense of his miserable state may indeed with reason feel great dejection, but the man who ought to tremble is *you* who are still unconscious of your peril, *you* who have remained so long insensible to every argument that has been addressed to your mind, and to every effort that has been made with a view to rescue your perishing soul. It is to you that I speak, and that not in anger, but in love, when I say—*Face your sin!* It is of no use trying to run away from it. The "trees of the garden" (Gen. iii. 8) are not thick enough to hide your sin, though they may serve for a moment to hide the shame expressed on your face. You have played the coward too long. Like the vagrant thief who skulks behind the hedge at the sound of the policeman's step, so you have over and over again fled from the warning voice of conscience which would arrest you and bring you to book. You put on an air of unconcern which is *unreal*, and hide yourself from yourself (but oh! remember, not from God!) in order to avoid *facing* the sin that has separated you from God.

A priest one day watched from his sacristy the people as they came into Church. One face arrested his attention. It was that of a man who plainly bore the mark of Cain upon his brow. Sin, shame, and woe were all plainly revealed in the lines of that face. "I will seek him after service" said the good priest to himself, "and see if I can help him." Service ended, the man of God went into the porch and awaited his friend. He approached. But only by his clothes could he be recognised. The face was *not the same*. Every trace of shame and woe was *gone*. An air of calm and manly humility lit up the features which had been so dark. "Nevertheless, I will speak to him:—Friend, a word with you if you will. Step in here. When you came into church you were miserable. Is it not so?" "Even so, sir, very miserable." "And now you are happy?"

Is that so?" "Very happy, sir, very happy." "And may I ask what has wrought the change in so short a time?" The priest's kindly manner bespoke confidence, and the other replied, "Sir, I have been during the last half-hour *face to face with my sin*, and I have found strength to resolve to go forth and fight it. Hitherto I have been *afraid of it*. Now, I begin to think it is *afraid of me*. Pray for me, that I may overcome." Oh! brethren, *face your sins*, and *pray*. Then fear not. For the battle is not yours, but His!

All religion has this object, to bring men face to face with God. Indeed, I might define religion as being a revelation from God how to face God. If man had never sinned, there was nothing in God to make Him repellent to man. Far from it. Adam feared not to meet God's face—till he sinned. But sin has brought it about that "no man can see God's face and live." So plainly are we taught how awful a thing it is to meet God. My brethren, shrink not from the ordeal. In every means of grace you may find Him. In the Holy Eucharist He specially manifests His presence, and to his great Sacrament I lovingly bid you, and suggest to you that the spirit in which you should come to that Feast of Love is best expressed in the Psalmist's words, "Thy face Lord will I seek." (Ps. xxvii. 9.)

Most earnestly do I beseech you who are here to-day to ponder well and often throughout your life, the great *fact* that "It is appointed unto men once to die; after this the Judgment." Well might poor Felix tremble at the thought of it. Would that his trembling had had some good result. But it had not. It was two whole years after this that he "left Paul bound—to show the Jews a pleasure." So do men too often allow the precious moments of conviction, the passing throbs of religious emotion to glide away, unaccepted, and therefore unblest. Then are their hearts harder than before, their life more careless, their chance of Salvation more hopeless, their doom more certain. As with Felix, so with them, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still." (Rev. xxii. 11.) So that the last state of that man is worse than the first.

## ADVENT COLOURS—THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

(COMMUNICATED.)

IT requires some effort on the part of those who have been slavishly and blindly following the Roman use of the Lenten colour, Violet, during Advent, to throw themselves into the attitude of mind which must be typified by the regulation at Westminster Abbey in the 14th century, that White Copes, White Chasubles, White Dalmatics, and White apparels for the Albes even "on the First Sunday in Advent, and on other Sundays" from that day up to the Purification, or up to Septuagesima, if it happens before the Purification." What sentiment does it indicate as prevailing in the celebration of Advent at that time and place? Certainly, that of Joy and Innocence: the frame of mind in which *the Church* should

meet her Bridegroom, while the world is in deepest mourning of despair, or at best of Penitence almost too late! In Monasteries and other such Communities, (Amalarius tells us in the 9th century) a different type of observance was in vogue, largely partaking of discipline and austerity almost Lenten; but this was not general. It does seem, however, to have become more general afterwards—this austere observance of Advent: a sad commentary on the loss of the vivid and joyous expectation of the 2nd Coming which seems more natural to the season. Hence the use of Red, Blue, Violet, and even Black in some parts of the Church. How much better to use the "Armour of Light" not only in reality, but in Symbol, by the use of the bright rather than the dark color. How absurd to be surrounded with every emblematic color of mourning while we sing: "We must hymns of welcome sing in strains of Holy Joy." Why, on such an occasion, should "gloomy fears our soul dismay," while we sing: "Hark the glad sound, the Saviour comes?" Yet one cannot, of course altogether set aside a certain fringe of gloom: a dark border to a silvery cloud. Such a feeling may be represented in the apparels, orphreys or Stoles of the White "Campus" of the season, making these secondary tints of Red, Blue, Violet or Black. Thus, we should be sufficiently in *harmony* with the divergent uses of Sarum, Rome, and the Eastern Church, without abandoning the time honored tone of the season in the Catholic Church at large. If we wish to get one step nearer the system which is *juxta morem curiæ Romanæ*, we can use the Wells' Diocesan prescription of Blue—Indian, Cerulean, *aeri coloris*—or even the favorite Red of Sarum. The former will at least, according to the Scriptural and primitive interpretation of the color, speak of Heaven and Hope, instead of confusing Advent, as if it were, like Lent, a Fast—which the Church of England distinctly does not make it. Purple and Violet are sometimes confounded with one another and used interchangeably, whereas Purple is Royal Red tinged with Blue, while Violet is the reverse:—Blue tinged with Red. Of the two, therefore, Purple is the less penitential because less dark; while Violet almost as much as Black, is sombre with a feeling of mourning and sorrow. This last, therefore, the special Roman color, is of all colors the least appropriate for joyous Advent-tide.

## DIVINITY AND THE MEDICAL ART.

BY THE REV. H. SCADDING, D.D.

NATURALLY, as allied to my subject, the wonderful acts of healing accompanying the first introduction of Christianity here occur to the mind. How completely in accord were they with the practice of employing terms of hygiene in Christian teaching! The whole drift of these phenomena, so numerous, so publicly displayed, so widely attested, was in one direction, viz., the recovery of human beings from physical disablement, from paralytic affections, from mental derangement, from prostration under the power of evil in

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