

"This is my blood." He told the disciples to meet after his death, and eat the bread and drink the wine in this same way in memory of him. And so the new feast which Jesus told his disciples to keep is now called the Lord's Supper, and is kept to show that we remember him.



3. Tell that the blood of the lamb slain so long ago in Egypt did not help those who did not believe in it. Only those who let their doors be touched by it could hope to be passed over when the destroying angel came. Jesus is the Lamb of God, and he shed his blood for us. If we let that blood be sprinkled upon our hearts, we are safe. But if we think that we do not need it, O, what danger we are in! If his blood is on our hearts, then the destroyer will pass over us, and say, "I cannot touch him, for the blood is upon his heart." Any one who wants this precious blood to save him must feel the need of it and care enough to ask for it.

Lesson Word Pictures.

Philoxenos, that lover of hospitality and friend of the Messiah, is walking on the house-top. He meditates upon passover, for passover is everywhere about the holy city. He can look over the battlements of the roof and see the great passover crowd down in the street. He can look over to Olivet and catch the gleam of the white tents pitched by passover pilgrims upon the slope of the mountain. And there are the temple's sacred heights! How solemn is the passover ceremonial! But Philoxenos is called down from the roof. There are messengers who want to see him. They bear a message from a King, one of David's line, who this day would keep the passover feast beneath that very roof.

"He shall come!" says Philoxenos. "I am a true Hebrew. My house is my Lord's."

With his own hands he helps make ready the guest chamber. He arranges the long table. He brings soft couches for the royal Guest and his courtiers. He sees that the feast is ready; the bitter herbs, the unleavened bread, the paschal lamb, the cup—all things. And Philoxenos means to serve at the table, for this is the King who comes to-night. And as the shadows lengthen over the holy city, and begin to weave their drapery of purple for the western hills, lo, the royal Guest enters the guest room afoot, and all his courtiers are afoot. You can tell the King, for with his followers he seems not to be of them, but one apart by a very look of majesty. But O, what sorrow shadows his face! Under the crown are the hidden thorns. As they recline upon

the couches you can see the faces of the attendants. Philoxenos had seen them before, out in the street following their Lord and Master. There is John, and Philoxenos ever has loved to look upon the face that is a kind of door opening into a beautiful spiritual life, and bearing its impress. There is Peter, who is brave and warm-hearted, but impulsive, and sometimes not reliable; one quick to make friends and sure to keep enemies. The eyes of the observant Philoxenos go down the line of guests. Ah, he does not like that one who grips a money-bag, that Judas! What thoughts are behind that dark, unhappy face! And what does the King say as the feast goes on—that one of them shall betray him? Be a traitor to this great King? Be false to their dearest Friend? Philoxenos hears the outburst of indignant denials. There is a quick, confused inquiry breaking out all along the line of guests:

"Lord, is it I?"

"Lord, is it I?"

How Peter's face flames! Of course, Peter would not be false to his King.

Hear John's impassioned appeal. "Is it I?"

But where is the voice of Judas? Is Judas gone, or is Judas dumb?

But hear the Master so calmly saying that the traitor is he that shall dip with him in the dish; the hand of treason going down side by side with the hand so soon to bleed for Judas and all the world. And now, hark! All alone, sullen, cold, half-suppressed, somebody says, "Master, is it I?" That is the traitor! It is Judas. Philoxenos during the feast sees him slipping out of the room like a shadow that would get away from the light. Philoxenos sees something else. He sees the King with bread in his hands, looking up in infinite trust and gratitude, and then looking down with measureless compassion, breaking and giving to his disciples. It is his body. To be broken? How? He takes the cup. He looks up in thanksgiving, looks down in love and gives the cup. It is his blood? To be shed? How? Not again to be drank with them upon the earth? O! what does he mean? The last time? No more to meet in the temple, on Olivet, at Bethany, in Galilee? As he rises to go, who sees that he, the King, throws a shadow of a cross on the floor? It is all so strange. They sing a hymn—somehow, lift an old passover psalm, and are gone forever.

Philoxenos looks about him, sees the disordered table, the deserted couches, and wonders if it is a dream. Hark! Is it the echo of the passover-psalm he catches? No, only the moan of the night wind. It is all so strange. Jesus a King, yet to be betrayed, and then to die! O, Philoxenos, love is his throne, and to die is to reign.

A. D. 30.]

Matt. 26. 36-46.



[Commit to memory verses 36-39.]

36 Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Geth-sem'a-ne, and saith unto the disciples, Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder.

37 And he took with him Peter and the two sons of Zebe-dee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy.

38 Then he saith unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me.

39 And he went a little farther, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.

40 And he cometh unto the disciples, and findeth

LESSON VIII. JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.

[May 20.]

them asleep, and saith unto Peter, What, could ye not watch with me one hour?

41 Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

42 He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done.

43 And he came and found them asleep again: for their eyes were heavy.

44 And he left them, and went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words.

45 Then cometh he to his disciples, and saith unto them, Sleep on now, and take your rest: behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.

46 Rise, let us be going: behold, he is at hand that doth betray me.