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"IF I FORGET THEE, O JERUSALEM! LET MY RIGHT HAND FORGET ITS CUNNING."—Ps 137, a. 6.

SERMON.

"When Jesus had thus said, he was troubled in spirit, and testified, and said, Verily, verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me."
—JOHN xiii. 21.

THERE are many excellent and most Christian men who think that the feast of the Lord's supper should never be sullied or interrupted by allusions to those who may be eating and drinking unworthily. They think that when men have, by their own solemn act and deed, deliberately seated themselves at the table of the Lord—that table to which none but believers in Jesus are invited—they think that, for the time being, at least, it is the part of that charity which hopeth all things, to address them as if all were the genuine disciples of Jesus, and children of God. These good men know well that there are always many intruders into that holy ordinance; they know that many come from mere custom, and a sense of decency, and from a dislike to be marked out as openly irreligious and profane; and though they feel in addressing the whole mass as Christians, many a rise of conscience within, many a sad foreboding that the true guests may be the little flock, while the intruders may be the vast majority; yet they do not feel themselves called upon to disturb the enjoyment of the believing flock, however few they may be, by insinuating any such dark suspicion as that there may be some there who have already sold their Lord for their sins—some who, though they may eat bread with him, yet lift up the heel against him:

Now, a most complete answer to the scruples of these good men is to be found in the

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example of our blessed Lord. In that night, so much to be remembered, in which he instituted the Lord's supper—a night in which nothing but kindness and tenderness flowed from his blessed lips—we find that no fewer than five times over did he begin to speak about his betrayer. In many respects that was the most wonderful evening that ever was in the world, and that upper room in Jerusalem the most wonderful room that ever was in the world. Never did the shades of evening gather round a more wonderful company—never did the walls of an upper chamber look upon so wonderful a scene. Three strange events were crowded into that little space. 1st, There was the washing the disciples' feet—the Lord of glory stooping as a servant to wash the feet of poor worms! 2d, There was the last passover—eating of the lamb and the bitter herbs—which had been the memorial of the dying Saviour to all believing Jews, but which was now to come to an end. 3d, There was the first Lord's supper—the breaking of bread and pouring out of wine, and the giving and the receiving of it; which was to be the memorial of his dying love even to the end of the world. Oh! what an assemblage of love was here!—what a meeting together of incidents, each one more than another picturing forth the inexpressible love of Jesus! Oh! what an awfully tender hour was this! Oh! what an awfully tender joy was now thrilling through the bosoms of his believing disciples! Oh! brethren, what an exulting gladness would now fill the bosom of the courageous Peter! what an adoring love the breast of the Israelite indeed, the simple-hearted Nathanael!