

can lead me to grasp more firmly what is precious in this dead Saviour, in the death of Him who is the eternal Son of God; if you can make me eat Him with more faith, more spirituality, more divine intelligence, more heart—ah! I shall be very grateful to you; but let it be my dear Saviour that is left to me! When one is in communion with Him living, there is nothing so precious as His death; yes, precious even to God. “Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again.” For my spiritual intelligence it is the end of, or rather the proof and the consciousness that I have done with the first Adam; that the first creation no longer exists—blessed be God!—for faith; for the heart it is the tender and perfect love of the Saviour. I am no more either Jew or Gentile, or a man living on the earth; I am a Christian. The death of Christ, Head of all, has put an end to the first creation. He has introduced us into a new creation as firstfruits united to Him.

I discern then the body of the Lord *broken*—His blood shed—His death. It is not an ordinary repast, a simple remembrance, if you will, but an institution that Christ has given to His own; not that they may find in the element anything else than the bread and the fruit of the vine, but that their faith may, in the sweetest way, by the power of the Holy Spirit, nourish itself by Jesus, by that which He has been for them when He died upon the Cross—a work of which the efficacy remains eternally, even to the Father’s eye, but of which