

feasts and festivals pale before it. Jesus was about to suffer a painful and ignominious death. Yet, how calm and dispassionate—how like a God! As He supped as usual with the Twelve, who of them thought of what was about to be established?—a feast that should go on till the end of time; so simple, yet so sublime—that breaking of the bread and drinking of the cup which the Church should repeat with holy solemnities, not only “often,” but ever afterwards. The great artist has tried to place on canvass the glory of that moment when, “Lord, is it I?” was upon every lip, but not until we reach the other shore, and see the King in His beauty, shall we wholly realize the full majesty of that hour in which the solemn Institution was divinely established. The glory of the rising, and the clouds of the setting, sun, are both about it.

*As a Commemoration.*—What commemorative occasion may be compared unto the Last Supper, and unto what other may it be likened? “In remembrance of Me.” In “remembrance,” not of My life and death only—not of My teachings and doings, merely—but of Me; of a Personalty, your King and Saviour; of “Me” who did declare Myself to be that which I truly am, the Son of Man, the Son of God. To memorials, the Jewish mind had ever been accustomed; at Gilgal and elsewhere; appeals to the eye of sense—an easy and most graceful channel of reaching the religious susceptibilities of a simple-minded, nature-loving, people. But, never had been such a Memorial as this. In it, all through, spoke the God; its simplicity was its credentials; its tenderness, its glory.

*Frequency.*—In “do this, as oft as ye do it,” we have both liberty and law. How thankfully the true Christian obeys the command, and also embraces the privilege of personal choice as to time and occasion. If he would “do this” even *very* “oft,” he does it under the Egis of the large liberty of his Lord: “as oft” as he may find, by experience, that it is best to “do this.” How gracious was Jesus, who, thus, neither enforced a rigid law of stated observance either as to time, or as to times, nor yet restrained any soul to *less* frequency than it might find helpful. And so, in the ages of early Church, the Daily Celebration became the Rule; though, beyond doubt, individual liberty was no more restricted by her than it had been by her Lord; all might “do this oft, or less oft, or more oft, as each should elect. And still it is so. None may, in anywise, curtail the liberty given by Him who said only “do this, as oft as ye do it, in remembrance of Me.”

*An Office unique and Divine.*—The Communion, mark, is the *only* divinely appointed service of all the offices of the Church. It is not only the highest Act of ritual worship, but the only one prescribed by the Son of Man. With what tender solemnity this fact invests the Lord's Supper. The order of Morning Prayers, the office of Holy Baptism, and all the other public services of the Church, are meet and decent, many of them grand and imposing, but this is Divine. Its central thought is sacrifice; its essential words are those of the Christ Himself; His lips moulded it; He speaks in it, and is in it.

*As a Means of Grace.*—1. A