

Judas. His love was stronger than death:—many waters could not quench it. Nay, all the combined powers of earth and hell could not make the slightest impression upon it. He knew who was about to betray Him,—that it was one of the twelve. He knew that He should have to endure the impious jests of the infuriated populace thirsting after His blood,—that the dreadful agony of Gethsemane awaited Him,—“when his sweat was as it were great drops of blood;”—that “many bulls should compass Him,” yea, that “many bulls of Bashan should beset Him round;”—that “He should be poured out like water,” and “all His bones be out of joint;”—“His heart like wax be melted in the midst of His bowels;”—“His strength be dried up like a potsherd;”—“His tongue cleave to the roof of His mouth;”—above all, He knew that the work which His Father had given Him to do should be accomplished; and, after praying for His murderers,—He should say, “It is finished;”—that Father who had said,—“Let all the angels of God worship Him,” would hide His face from Him, so that He should be constrained to cry from the depths of His mysterious humiliation, “My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?” And yet, having all these, and ten thousand other sources of indescribable—incomprehensible anguish of soul clearly delineated before His mind, resulting from the accumulated burden of a world’s apostasy, guilt, and ruin, laid upon Him; He faltered not; He winced not; He forgot Himself, that he might furnish a table for the consolation and benefit of those for whom He was about to shed His sin-atoning blood! Love unparalleled—ineffable—divine—past finding out!

It was on the eve of the completion of these heart-rending agonies, about to be endured upon the accursed tree by Immanuel for sinful men, that He, with divine dignity and sublime composure instituted that Supper which was to be the memorial of His death, till His second coming, without sin unto salvation.—Is it possible to conceive of events and sufferings more fraught with mighty import,—more big with immortal consequences,—more majestic in their character,—more spirit-stirring,—more heart-melting than these? Where is the soul then, that will not eagerly respond to the appeal from the Saviour’s lips:—“Drink ye all of it, for this is *my* blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins,” remembering that Jesus also said:—“I will not drink henceforth of *this* fruit of the vine, until the day when I drink it new with you in my Father’s Kingdom?” It has been shown above what *my* blood is sacramentally, viz: the unfermented fruit of the vine in its fluid form, as indeed is here clearly expressed, the only word prefixed by me, being *unfermented*, and this cannot be said to be an interpolation, because it exists in what may be called the titles to the accounts in the different chapters of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, where the subject is treated of, by the respective evangelists, and has only been transferred from one part of the chapter to another, (just as the character of a class or genius may rightly be applied to all the individuals included in it), in order to bring out the meaning most unambiguously. For, I trust, it has been proved beyond the power of sophistry to gainsay, that the true rendering in the places referred to should be “unfermented things,” and not unfermented or unleavened bread. Thus there was in the garden of Gethsemane, and upon the cross of calvary, to be perpetually associated with the celebration of the Lord’s Supper, upon all future occasions after Christ’s ascension into heaven,—a falling out of events the most mysterious and impressive,—and a pouring out of Divine emotions, in language the most pathetic, heart-rending, and conscience-

smiting which ever has occurred, or ever can occur, in the universe; and with these events, these emotions, and this language, of infinite compassion for lost mankind, stands inseparably associated that lovely fruit of the vine exalted immeasurably above every material object by Immanuel’s sovereign choice representing in the most significant manner His blood; “that blood which cleanseth from all sin.”

What marvel then that to this sacred liquid which Jesus Himself has designated “*my* blood” an interest attaches far surpassing that which belongs to any other inanimate substance, in the estimation of His true followers? In it all the diversified rays of His stupendous love, infinite wisdom, and matchless condescension are concentrated—mingled with all the spiritual temporal and eternal blessings purchased for His disciples, by His sacrificial death. He has given it a name above every name, amongst things without life. He being the true vine, it is the true blood of Himself, the true vine, and all alcoholic mixtures are base counterfeits. He has raised it to a dignity beyond that of the spheres which irradiate the firmament, even than the Sun, in his meridian splendour;—in short there is nothing to compare with it “in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth,” because Immanuel hath said, “This is *my* blood,”—the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish, and without spot, that is to say, His life, which He, the good Shepherd, laid down for the sheep.” True it is, Jehovah hath said, “the heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool,”—but there is nothing in the sacred scriptures, or in the wide universe, which, to the penitent, heart-broken sinner, possesses half the attraction of the blood of His Redeemer; (for in truth it is Jesus dying for him,) which, even in heaven, will occupy the chief place in his affections while he gazes upon the Lamb as it had been slain, and finds his robes made spotless white with the crimson current of that blood, never to be soiled any more! O yes, there is an infinite disparity between the heaven my throne, and the earth my footstool; the throne and footstool of Omnipotence, honored though they be, and “*this* cup”—the fruit of the vine, “*my* blood” the blood that speaketh better things than that of Abel, the blood which has reconciled God to man, and man to God! This then is the precious liquid which Christ’s disciples are called upon to drink in remembrance—that Jesus died for them, the pure,—unfermented fruit of the vine, *not* the wine which is *not* to be looked upon,—which at the last biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder,—*not* the wine wherein is excess, —*not* the poison of dragons, or the cruel venom of asps,—but the cup of Salvation, the cup of blessing,—symbolically the blood of the Lamb, the blood of peerless excellence—the blood of God manifested in the flesh.

This is the wine which wisdom, that is Jesus, hath mingled, and which He invites His redeemed ones to drink. He sends out His ministers for this purpose, and His cry through them is, (or ought to be,) “Come drink of the wine which I have mingled.—Forsake the foolish and live, and go in the way of understanding.” (Prov. ix. 5, 6.) This is the wine referred to by Solomon in his Song of Songs, where he puts these words in the mouth of the church respecting her spouse, “Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth, for thy love is better than wine.” Canticles, 1: 2.—and again, where Immanuel says, “Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse, thou hast ravished my heart with one of thy eyes, with one chain of thy neck. How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse, how much better is thy love