

He is its Lord. We obey his authority. We inquire his will. "The word of Christ" is its one theme. On "his day," to the solitary captive, was the vision of the candlesticks and the stars. Still that day witnesses the vigilant care of his churches and his ministers. He walketh among them. He holdeth them in his right hand. If it can dawn without bringing his person and his work fully before us, if its moments be not instinct with his redemption, if he be not our one thought and image, the bond of association is broken and the tablet of memory erased. Alpha and Omega of mediatorial dispensation,—he is the beginning and the ending, the first and the last, of his own consecrated day. He is its bright and morning star. He is the Sun of Righteousness that gilds it. His All hail meets us with its earliest beam; and when its shadows lengthen, our prayer is not in vain, "Abide with us: for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent!"

Specially should this day be given to the Commemoration Feast. It was of old called, the Day of Bread. Unworthy is our regard to it, low is our state of devotion, if its weekly repetition could pall. It is unimaginable that the early churches ever assembled and this was not the act of their highest transport,—that Christian strangers when they met, found not in this their familiar home-feast and endeared banquet,—that martyrs, ever took their last embrace of each other without being fortified by the holy signs. They died in a profession of which they were not ashamed. Amidst the gorgeous but monotonous ceremonies of a Paganized Christianity, we behold the foremost rank which the Lord's Supper held in primitive times. It was the nucleus of all worship and instruction. It gave significance and weight to all. The table of the Lord was ever spread. There the saints discerned

the Lord's body, and had communion of his flesh and of his blood. It was the feast of charity. Blessed scenes! Why past ye so soon away? Why do not our hearts burn within us? Why is not this the never-failing staff of our pilgrimage? Why is not this the characteristic haunt of our discipleship? It cannot return too frequently. "As often as ye do it!" Do we not mock that word? "Remember Christ Jesus." This is to be "done in remembrance of him."—"Ye do show the Lord's death till he come." "Before our eyes He is evidently set forth crucified among us." The practice of the first churches should be revived: the Spirit, who sat upon them, might then visit us with their pentecost.

Oh Sabbath! needed for a world of innocence,—without thee what would be a world of sin! There would be no pause for consideration, no check to passion, no remission of toil, no balm of care! He who had withheld thee, would have forsaken the earth! Without thee, He had never given to us the Bible, the Gospel, the Spirit! We salute thee, as thou comest to us in the name of the Lord,—radiant in the sunshine of that dawn which broke over creation's achieved work,—marching downward in the track of time, a pillar of refreshing cloud and of guiding flame,—interweaving with all thy light new beams of discovery and promise,—until thou standest forth more fair than when reflected in the dews, and imbibed by the flowers of Eden,—more awful than when the trumpet rung of thee on Sinai! The Christian Sabbath! Like its Lord, it but rises again in Christianity, and henceforth records the rising day! And, never since the Tomb of Jesus was burst open by Him who revived and rose, has this day awakened but as the light of seven days, and with healing in its wings! Never has it unfolded without some witness and