

world.

Do we diminish the importance or sweetness of this institution? Quite the contrary; we hinder the materialising of it, and we insist that the spiritual realization, or that which it represents, be in the heart, instead of that which is called an *opus operatum*, (mere outward work) which is purely material. We are united to Christ glorified; this is the point of departure: there is no longer a dead Christ: death has no more dominion over Him. I enjoy communion with a glorified Christ; I am one with Him; I shall be like Him. I rejoice; my heart is full of love at the thought of seeing Him, at the hope of the glory of waking up in His likeness. Shall I, therefore, forget His death and His sufferings? God forbid! It is precisely this which binds us to Christ by the most tender affections. There where He had to suffer and to do everything, He was alone; my heart at least will be with Him. He does not ask me to be one with Him there; I could not have been. There He was willing to be alone—blessed be His name!—and He has accomplished all. But the heart which would give itself for me there is the same which thinks of me now, and which loves me. In remembering His death, His love, His sufferings, what shall I say?—divine though human! I am united in heart with Him there, where He is, on high, it is not another person, another love. Whether in the Supper, where we remember Him in such a peculiar and touching way, or whether at other moments, when I think