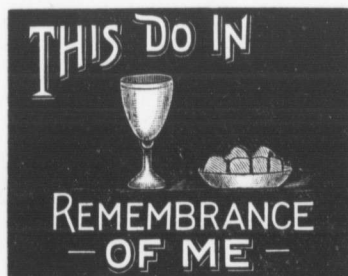


Blackboard.



THE PASSOVER FEAST.

THE SLAIN

LAMB. | LORD.

ATONING

FOR THE JEWS. | FOR THE WORLD.

REMISSION OF SIN

THROUGH

THE SHEDDING OF BLOOD.

"Without shedding of blood is no remission."

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

IN REMEMBRANCE

OF THE

GREAT SACRIFICE.

BODY BROKEN AND BLOOD SHED

FOR ME.

"This do in remembrance of me."

OPTIONAL HYMNS.

No. 1.

Jesus, where'er thy people meet.
Jesus, the very thought of thee.
More love to thee.
Jesus my all.
Whiter than snow.

No. 2.

Jesus, these eyes have never seen.
At the Lamb's high feast we sing.
Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast.
Come, let us use the grace divine.
Jesus, we look to thee.

The Lesson Catechism.

[For the entire school.]

1. Where did Jesus eat his last passover? **In the city of Jerusalem.**
2. Who made all the needful preparation? **Peter and John.**
3. In what did this supper end? **In the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.**
4. Of what was it to be a perpetual sign? **Of the remission of sins.**
5. What was the Saviour's command concerning it? **GOLDEN TEXT: "This do in remembrance of me."**

CATECHISM QUESTION.

22. What, then, is your hope for the pardon of past sins?

That, trusting in the merits of Christ, as a helpless, guilty, and undone sinner, I shall obtain the remission of all my past offences.

Thoughts for the Quiet Hour.

— Rise, happy bells of Easter time!
The world takes up your chant sublime,
"The Lord is risen!" The night of fear
Has passed away, and heaven draws near;
We breathe the air of that blest clime,
At Easter time. —*Lucy Larcom.*

— We should meet Christ by keeping innocency; bear olives by doing works of mercy; carry palms by conquering the devil and our vices; green leaves and flowers we carry if we be adorned with virtues, and we strew our garments in the way when by mortification we put off the old man.—*St. Bernard.*

— The Lord does not want splendid workers so much as he wants simple and loving souls that are altogether given up to him. It was the song of the little children that he would not suffer to be silenced, and it was the mite of the poor widow that he commended more than all the golden gifts of the rich. Our Master has a wonderful eye for the service of the little and the lowly.—*Pearse.*

— O fountain of everlasting love, what shall I say of thee, or how can I forget thee, that hast vouchsafed to remember me?—*Thomas à Kempis.*