

at the perfection of the painting as a work of art, the link with my heart is lost.

There is more than this in the Supper of our Lord, because the Lord is really present *with us* in it spiritually, according to the intention of the institution; and this is very precious. But it has pleased Him to give us a physical means by which we may be reminded of Him, so that I am authorized to speak of a portrait by way of comparison.

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The Supper presents Christ in that which is so to speak, central; it presents to us a dead Christ; but this foundation of all, this precious truth, which could be a motive even for the Father Himself to love Christ—this fact, that it is a dead Christ which is presented to us, is the proof that we could not have a living Christ presented to us in the elements. This would be to deny the state of death, and to destroy the object and intention of the institution. This institution presents to us the death of Christ—a dead Christ—His body broken and His blood shed; but there *exists no dead Christ*. He desires that we should *remember* Him: “Do this in remembrance of me;” but I do not speak of the remembrance of Christ living in heaven. I live by Him, He is my life; I enjoy communion with Him; I dwell in Him; He dwells in me; there is no separation. If, through my folly, communion is interrupted, it is no question of remembering Him, but of being with Him anew—with a Saviour who manifests Himself to us as He does not to the