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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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## Select Sermon.

### The Lord's Supper: simple but sublime.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come."—1 Cor. xi. 25, 26.

It would be a waste of time, and would tend to mar our fellowship with Christ, were I to attempt an enumeration of the errors and misapprehensions into which men have fallen concerning the object of the Lord's Supper. There are some communities of men among us—and they seem to be multiplying—who turn the table into an altar, and convert the bread and wine, which are but a memorial, into the semblance of a sacrifice. I will only say, into their secret may we never enter, and with their confederacy may we never be united; for their table is the table of idolatry, and their altar is little better than a sacrifice unto devils. Such offerings cannot be acceptable unto God, for those who observe them turn aside altogether from the simplicity of the truth unto the cabalistic devices of Antichrist.

This simple feast of the Lord's Supper, consisting of the breaking and eating of bread and the pouring forth and drinking of wine, has two objects upon its very surface. It is intended as a memorial to us; and it is intended as a showing or a manifestation of our faith in Christ, and of Christ's death, to others. These are the two objects: "This do ye in remembrance of Me;" and "Thus ye do show the Lord's death until He come."

I. First, then, we view the Supper of our Lord as being a memorial; and as such it is simple and very significant.

How plainly it sets forth the incarnation. We take the bread. That bread upon which we feed, and which becomes assimilated with our flesh, is the type of the incarnation of the Saviour, who veiled his glory in our human clay. The same bread broken becomes the type of that body of the Saviour rent and torn with anguish. We have there the nails the scourge, the cross, all set forth by that simple act of breaking the bread. And when the wine is poured out, there is no mystification, but rather the disclosure of a mystery. It represents the blood of Him who took blood in order that He might become one blood with us, his incarnate people; and who, "being formed in fashion as a man," suffered, "became obedient to death, even the death on the cross." So that, just as the wine is pressed from the cluster, and is poured forth into the cup, so was his blood pressed from Him in the wine-press of Divine wrath, and poured forth that He might make atonement for the sin of men. A child, standing by the table, and asking the question of his father, "What meanest thou by this ordinance?" might very soon be told "My child, we break this bread to show how Jesus Christ's body suffered; and we pour out this wine in token that Jesus Christ poured forth his heart's blood for the sins of men." It is marvellous that men should have added so many things of their own invention to screen and veil this very simple, and, therefore, very sublime matter. Brethren, be it ours to come to those two symbols, and here to discern his body broken for our sin, and view his blood streaming forth for our redemption.

The type, however, is suggestive, because it not only sets forth the suffering of Christ, but also the result. It pictures the end as well as the means; that is to say, when I take that bread and eat it, and take that cup and drink from it, I bring to remembrance—to my own remembrance and the remembrance of those round about me—not merely the fact that Christ suffered, but that He suffered for me, and that I had an interest in Him. Believe me, beloved, this truth is so simple, that while I speak, I can half fancy some of you saying, "Why does he not tell us something new?" But let me say to you, it is always a new truth; and there is no truth which the Christian's heart more readily forgets. Oh! that I could always feel, He loved me, and that He gave Himself for me. I know He did. It is long since I had a doubt about it, but I do not always remember it. Going abroad

into the world, how apt we are to let the Saviour's love slip. The love of wife and husband follows us like our own shadow; the love of our dear child seems to encompass us like the atmosphere in which we live; but Jesus Christ is not here, and therefore the remembrance of Him requires spirituality of mind, and we are carnal—too often but babes in grace, and so we forget his sufferings; and worse still, we forget our interest in them. Oh! that I could have the cross painted on my eyeballs, that I could not see anything except through the medium of my Saviour's passion! O Jesus, set Thee thyself as a seal upon my hand, and as a signet on mine arm, and let me wear the pledge for ever where it is conspicuous before my soul's eye! Happy is that Christian who can say, "I scarcely need that memorial." But I am not such an one; and I fear me, my brethren, that the most of us need to be reminded by that bread and wine that Jesus died; and need to be reminded, by the eating and the drinking of the same, that He died "for me." I do not want to say a word to-night that shall have any oratory in it—any elocutionary display about it. I want to be so plain, that those of you who do not enter into it will say it was a dry and dull sermon. I shall not care what you say and what you feel, if I can get believers now just to think over that thought, and to remember it. "The Lord of Glory loved me, and gave Himself for me. That head which now is crowned with glory was once crowned with thorns—and crowned with thorns for me. He whom all heaven adores, who sits upon the loftiest throne in heaven, once did hang upon the cross, in agony extreme, for me—for me." I know you are apt to think that He died for so many—that He had not a special end to serve in redeeming you; but it has very beautifully been said that, as the love of Christ is infinite—if you divide infinite by any number you please (I do not care what the divisor is, whether it is ten, or whether it be twenty millions), the quotient is infinite; and so if the love of Jesus Christ, infinite as it is, can be supposed to be divided among us, we should all have an infinite love—each one of us. It is our arithmetic that teaches us this. But, oh! if we do but know it by experience—the infinite depth, the wonderful abyss of the love of Jesus to each one of us—our souls will be comforted, and rejoice with joy unspeakable. The sign, then, is significant.

But, in the next place, it is worthy of notice that the memorial which we are about to celebrate to-night is a joint one. There is something painful, but pleasing, when the father dies, for the children to come together at the funeral, and to go together to his grave. Many family heartburnings have been healed when they have joined in a memorial. The poor man's grave, especially, has much charm in it to me. There come the sons and daughters, and club together their shillings to buy the coffin. Often over the rich man's grave there is a squabble as to who shall share his wealth; but there is not any in this case. The man has died penniless, and John, and Mary, and Thomas, all come; and they all see who can do the most in providing the patriarch's grave; and if there be a tombstone it is not one that pays for it, but they all put their moneys together, so that father's memorial may be shared in by them all. How I like that thought! We being many are one bread, and we being many are one cup.—Brethren, I cannot do without you. If I want to celebrate the Lord's death, I cannot go into my chamber, and take the piece of bread and the cup, and celebrate the ordinance alone. I cannot do it. I must have you; I cannot do without you. And you, the most spiritual-minded of you, if you shut yourselves up in a cell, and try to play the monk and super-excellent, cannot keep this ordinance. You must have fellowship; you must come down among the saints; for our Saviour has put this as a memorial which cannot be celebrated except jointly by the whole together to break this bread. "This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me." Did He know that we should be so apt to be individualized till we forgot to bear one another's burdens? And did He, therefore, while He made baptism the personal, solitary confession of faith, make this Communion to be a united joint memorial in order that we might be compelled to come together—might by sweet con-

straint be driven to meet in the same place with one accord, or else be unable to make a memorial of his death? It is a joint memorial.

You have thought that over. Well, now, let us try and link hearts together. Are there any differences to-night? I am not conscious, my beloved, of any difference with any one of you. If I were, I would seek grace to shake it off; and if you to-night are conscious of anything against any brother with whom you will commune at the table, I pray you now put all away before you come hither. Remember you must eat jointly with that very friend with whom you are offended now, and therefore make up the offence together. God has forgiven you so much, that you may well forgive your brother this little, supposing him to have offended you. Come, then, together, beloved—together let us keep the feast.

At the same time I must not forget to remind you that, while a united memorial, it is most distinctly a personal one. There can be no Lord's Supper, though we all meet, unless every man put the bread into his mouth, and unless each of us for himself should drink the wine. That cannot be done as a joint act. The bread is passed round, and there must be a several and distinct reception on the part of every person here. So let us not lose ourselves in the crowd. We are drops in one great sea, but still we must remember that we are drops, and, as no drop of the sea is without its salt, so let no one among us be without the salting influence of true communion with Jesus. Dear friend, I cannot commune for you; you cannot commune for me. If you are all happy, I shall be glad, but it will be little benefit to me unless I can see the Saviour too, and so with each one of you. Therefore let me pray you cry unto God that He would give you now personally to remember the Lord Jesus Christ—his love for you, his death for you, his rising for you. "He loved me and gave Himself for me;" be that uppermost in your mind now.

Yet further. We would not fail to remind you that, as a memorial of Christ, while it is very solemn, it is singularly happy. Christ has ordained, as a memorial of his death, what? Why, a feast. Not a funeral, not a meeting together to sing dirges over his mangled body, or to go to a grave to weep there. That might have been a memorial, but we have a better one; we have a happy one. It is very significant that it is written, "After supper they sang a hymn." Singing then? Oh yes, singing. Joy becomes a feast, and joy is to attend our recollection of the woes of Jesus. The position which we ought to occupy at the Lord's table suggests also that Christ meant us to be happy. Did He ordain that we should kneel? No, not a word of it. Did He intend us to stand? Not a syllable about it. How was it originally received? The guests lay along upon the table, leaning their heads in each other's bosoms. It was the easy posture of the ordinary feaster in Oriental nations. The most proper posture for us, seeing that we could not well lie along, is to sit in the easiest posture conceivable. Choose for yourselves. Never mind what people say about reverence—familiarity with Jesus is the highest reverence. Put your body at the communion table into the easiest possible position that you can rest, and you have then reached Christ's idea. It is a feast where you are to be perfectly at ease, in contrast, mark you, with the passover. There they stood, with their loins girt about, with their hats on, and staves in their hands, and they ate like men in haste, who had to go through the wilderness. Now, we have gone through the wilderness. We that have believed have entered into rest—our passover has been eaten. We fear not the destroying angel, he has passed over us. We are out of Egypt; we have entered into Canaan, and, though the Canaanite is still in the land, we are driving him out. We are not now keeping the passover with haste, and hurry, and fear, and confusion; it is the Lord's Supper of rest, and joy, and peace, for, "being justified, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." It is a happy memorial. Joy becomes the face of every one who shall come to the table to-night, or at any other time.

Well now, brethren, if to remember Christ be the object of the Lord's Supper, then you will not have come here to any purpose unless

you remember Him. Now I pray you put away every other thought. Have you doctrinal difficulties? Leave them till to-morrow. Have you a sick child? Does business go amiss? Well, well, you will not relieve your cares by violating this sacred hour. Let these burdens be cast on Him who careth for you. One thing you have to do with, it is Jesus Christ crucified—crucified for you, received by you. Now blot out the other stars, and let one star alone shine in the sky—the Star of Bethlehem. Bid farewell now to every love but the love of Jesus, and to every fellowship but fellowship with Him. Ask the Lord to take your heart as an arrow, and fit it to his bow, and shoot it right up to where Christ is in heaven: "Set your affection upon things above." People quote that, "Set your affections." No such thing! "Set your affection"—tie your affections into one bundle, and make them one affection, and then set it upon things above. Let the whole heart, tied into one, lie in the bosom of the Saviour. Oh I pray the Master that we may not hold back; not even you, Mrs. Much-afraid; nor you Little-faith; and you, Ready-to-halt, oh, may you forget your crutches, and may you now remember only Him who is all in all of both the strong and the weak—

"The strong, the feeble, and the weak,  
Are one in Jesus now;  
and let them know it as they sit here, and remember Him.

(Concluded in our next.)

## Progress in India.

The Rev. A. R. R. Crawley has sent us the following, copied from the *Friend of India* of June 14, 1866, published in Calcutta.

Nothing strikes the visitor to Bombay so much as the friendly and, but for caste, intimate relations between the leading English and Native residents. This is due to the presence of the Parsee element, and to the fact that a great part of the trade is in the Hindoo as well as Parsee merchants. Of such desirable intercourse there is little in Calcutta. Lord and Lady William Bentinck, Sir C. Metcalfe and the band of earnest reformers who surrounded them, did much to create it, but with the visits of Rammohun Roy and Dwarkanauth Tagore to England it passed away or degenerated into relationships such as are marked by men like Captain D. L. Richardson. The Bishop of Calcutta has successfully attempted to revive the friendliness of thirty years ago. The Palace was on Friday evening last the scene of a very successful conversation, in which some eighty native and English gentlemen met each other on the footing of social kindness. There was no attempt to lecture or patronise on the one side, nor any suspicion of patronage on the other. The Bishop and the Missionaries chatted with orthodox Brahmins and Moulaves on the events of the day, the High Court Judges discussed cake and champagne with vakeels, English ladies smiled on educated Baboos from Benares and Lucknow as well as from Calcutta, who were not yet so far advanced as to bring their wives with them; and several Native Christian gentlemen—one with his wife—completed the collection of creeds and classes. Music, pictures and other works of art lent a grace to the whole. The conversation and quiet excitement flagged much less than at many a weary "At Home."—The gathering represented in miniature the results of our English civilization from the fluent Hindostani of the Moonshie who expatiated on the advantages of female education and the earnest talk of the Baboo who glories in the fact that Christ was an Asiatic, to the quiet intelligence of the Native Christian family who have thrown off caste and idolatry without being denationalized. By a succession of such meetings, imitated by other leaders of English in Calcutta, and a series of such lectures as, in common with Judges and Officers he has recently been delivering in the Bethune Society, the Bishop of Calcutta will do much for educated India both politically and socially.

A man passes for a sage if he seeks for wisdom, if he thinks he has found it he is a fool.  
Old young-men generally preserve their constitutions, and make young old men.