

eyes of her dear scholar to see Jesus as *her* substitute, the weeping girl, in broken words, said—

“Lord Jesus! I thank Thee that Thou didst die for me, that Thou didst take my punishment;” and then the sweet calm of conscious acceptance in the Beloved stole into the broken heart, and peace with God was sweetly realised.

Rising from their knees, the teacher saw a troubled look pass over the bright face upon which “the light of His countenance” was shining, and in deep distress the poor child said—

Oh! My father, my mother, my brother! they do not know this joy.”

So they knelt again to plead for those still “far off,” and rose up comforted.

The joy of resurrection life filled the heart of that young girl with unspeakable joy, but it was only when by faith she could say, “It was for me, it was for me.”

Till the disciples saw for themselves that the grave of Jesus was empty, the words of the women who returned from the sepulchre were like “idle tales.” Have you, who it may be are reading these words ever known the joy of the realisation, that “He was wounded for *your* transgressions, that He was bruised for *your* iniquities, that the chastisement of *your* peace was upon Him?”

If not, you are far from God; outside in the darkness of unbelief and death; and till you accept the love