

present purpose is to trace the steps by which she was led to believe in that which was of such momentous import and so contrary to her own expectations. Let us observe then :

1. She loved Him. If her love cannot be said to have found Him it at least started her on the search. When Jesus was ultimately removed from her sight it left an awful blank in her life, a blank that nothing else could fill. She was like the bereaved one beholding the vacant chair and then starting out with a basket of flowers to adorn the little mound in the churchyard. It is a picture true to life which the writer has drawn. A devoted woman going in the early dawn to the tomb of her Master. We say it was love that impelled her; but perhaps we should go a step further back. Whence came that love? It was doubtless produced in part by the lovely character of Jesus. Who has ever beheld that character without feelings of admiration? But there was something else that made her love him. He had had personal dealings with her. He had purified her life and had saved her from the anger and malice of demons. Her deepest longings, her greatest human need had been met by Him. This was the starting-point of her faith in Him and of her love for Him. From this starting-point of deep human need she will advance to ever higher satisfactions in spiritual things, to ever higher attainments, to ever increasing knowledge of the deep mysteries of God. Others will start out to explore that sacred tomb and will come back disappointed, without seeing Jesus as Mary saw Him. They may be men of greater intellectual parts; they may have better head-lights; but the path to the discovery of spiritual truth must be travelled under the illumination of the heart-light as well as of the head-light. After all, it is the conscious need of the human heart that opens to us the treasures of Divine grace. Our knowledge of God expands as the consciousness of our great need deepens. Not that the need is the necessary course of the knowledge. But it leads us to the fountain of knowledge as thirst leads to the water brooks. A deep heart-longing