

Serial 53:1-3

Fiber with
Rosa 5:6-9

SUBJECT: ^r Same body Real
A you

Serial
7/87

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Ps. 53:1-3

SUBSTITUTION

I. Stoic Read an day and: 1. Day of all
miserable. left
1. Smogot with 2. Stare: take
a substituted with stare for son by
stare leave

2. Day down to for with.
(a) " and no for with. "
Translation, "the die for me "

II. Barabara
{ Mt. 27:16 " substituted person "
Mk. 15:15, 17 " substituted person "
Lk. 23:18, 19 " substituted person "
Jn. 18:40 " substituted person "

{ Acts 3:14

(a) " Somebody die for you. "

Substitution: The person land
: Ps. 22 Abraham, not my land, Ps. 22

The Story of Barabbas

It was night. Another day had gone, and all was still. But what matter—it was always night in the cold, clammy dungeons where Barabbas lay. The sun now and then did manage to penetrate the inky blackness that ever reigned beneath the surface of the ground. But even then it could not be called light; it was only less dark.

And yet there was a difference, for this particular night was the night of doom for the murderer who awaited the execution of his awful sentence. It was the last night on earth for him, and well he knew it. His career was ended; his last crime committed.

Back in the darkest corner he crouched, deep in thought. A few more hours and all would be over. Ah, but would it? In the morning he would hear the footfall of the death warden as he came along the corridor. Then for a moment it would cease as he paused before the door of his dungeon. The great key would clank in the lock, the bolt fly back, and the heavy door swing slowly open. And then he would be dragged out, led to the fatal spot, and nailed to a cross. And there for hours he would suffer the most excruciating agony that Roman ingenuity could devise, exposed to the public gaze of an indifferent populace; for he must pay the penalty of his crimes.

In the morning he did hear the steps of the jailer coming along the corridor. The key was placed in the lock. The bolt did fly back, and in another moment the great door was opened. And Barabbas still crouched in the darkest corner as before.

"Barabbas, have you heard the Good News?" It was the warden's voice, jubilant and strong.

"What Good News?" responded the condemned man in a bitter tone. "All I know is that this is the day

of my execution, and that you have come to lead me out to be crucified for my crimes." And he shrank farther back against the cold, wet wall.

"Ah! but you don't know," replied the warden in the same triumphant tone. "Listen, Barabbas: **Somebody died for you!**"

"Somebody died for me! What do you mean?"

"Come, and I will show you, Barabbas."

Through the door, along the corridor, past numerous cells, into the street, and beyond the wall of Jerusalem, they made their way, the jailer forging ahead, hurrying his dazed prisoner along. At last they paused.

"Do you see yonder cross?" he inquired, placing his hand on the shoulder of the other, and pointing to a hill some distance away.

The condemned man looked, but it was a few moments before he could comprehend the scene before him, so unaccustomed were his eyes to the light of day. But at last he saw and spoke:

"Yes, I see. There are three, are there not?"

"But do you see the centre one?"

"Yes."

"Well, Barabbas, that centre cross was made for you, and you were to have died on it this morning."

Slowly the light dawned and broke on his beclouded mind.

"Then—then that Man hanging on it is dying in my place, for me!"

"Yes, Barabbas, for you. Did I not tell you that **Somebody died for you?**"

"Can it be possible! For me, dying for me; taking my place! But yes, that cross was made for me, and I should have been hanging there now. And yet He is dying in my stead. He has taken my place. I can't understand it. I don't know why He did it. But He did,

and I can't help but believe it. He is really and truly dying for me."

"Yes, Barabbas, for you."

Yes, and for **YOU, too**, sinner friend! The Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, hung there that day for you, as well as for Barabbas.

He took your place.

He died in your stead.

He became your Substitute.

His death was **your death!**

He bore your sins, in your place.

He gave His life that you, a poor, lost and guilty sinner, might live.

Isn't that Good News? You deserve death, but you do not need to die. You ought to pay the penalty for your sins, but Another had paid it for you. Yes, **Somebody died for you**, and that Somebody—God's only begotten Son. Will you now accept Him as your Substitute?

Christ also suffered for sins once, the righteous for the unrighteous, that he might bring us to God.

(I Peter 3:18 R.V.)

Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree.

(I Peter 2:24)

In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace.

(Eph. 1:7)

By his own blood he entered in once into the holy place (heaven), having obtained eternal redemption for us.

(Heb. 9:12)

Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.

(John 6:37.)

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Jesse J. Cobb, 1577 Sutter, Dallas, Texas 75216