

Good Words for the Family.

JOY OF SAVING THE LOST.

In Mr. George Kennan's fascinating "Tent Life of Siberia," is a very thrilling account of a search made by the author for a party of his lost countrymen on the Anadyr River. After a journey by dog-sledge for two hundred miles over drifted snow, they reached the spot where they conjectured the missing Americans to be buried away under the snow. Mr. Kennan and his companion are well-nigh perishing themselves from a cold which has sunk the mercury to fifty degrees below zero! The feet of their poor dogs spot the white snow with blood at every step. One of the two brave explorers has already sunk exhausted on his sledge, and is fast falling into the sleep of death. Suddenly at midnight, Mr. Kennan hears a faint, long-drawn halloo across the wintry waste. It comes from one of his "Chookchee," who has gone on in advance. He hurries to the spot, all the blood in his veins throbbing at his heart. As he comes up, he discovers the Chookchee standing by a small black pipe projecting from the snowbank. The lost wanderers must be under it.

"Thank God! thank God! I repeated to myself softly," says the heroic writer, "and, as I climbed upon the snow-drift and shouted down the pipe, 'Halloo the house!' I heard a startled voice under my feet reply, 'Who's there?' As I entered the snow-cellar, and seized hold of my long-lost friends, my over-strained nerves gave way, and in ten minutes I could hardly raise my hand to my lips."

Reading the above thrilling scene in my friend Kennan's book, I found the tears steading down my own cheek in sympathy with the brave fellows who had perilled their lives in order to rescue their lost friends from death by cold and starvation. After concluding the narrative, which had almost the sweet "lineament of a Gospel-book," I opened my Bible, and read this parable which Jesus spake:

"What man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth

not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness and go after that which is lost until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing." With this vivid scene of Siberian search fresh in my mind, I read this exquisite parable with new delight. I seemed to see our Divine Shepherd starting off after the lost sheep. He knows the thickets or the quagmires into which the silly truant must have strayed. He may hear its bleatings afar off. He goes until he finds it. He does not beat it for straggling; but pulling it out of the mire or drawing it from the tangled thicket, he layeth it on his shoulders—the clean carrying the unclean, the holy carrying the unholy. Beautiful picture of Jesus the sin-bearer! Every saved soul has been upon Christ's shoulders. When he "bare our sins," and "carried our sorrows," then was the befouled yet precious load upon Jesus's shoulders. Yes, and he bids us "cast our cares upon him too! The whole load he takes up joyfully.

The transcendent joy in heaven over a saved soul is not confined to the angel bands. It is only witnessed by them, and partially shared by them. It is "in their presence" that the celestial rapture breaks forth. But the supreme joy is in the bosom of the *enthroned Redeemer!* His was the sorrow, when he was "exceedingly sorrowful unto death." His is the joy, when he presents even one repentant sinner "before the presence of his glory." He sees of the travail of his soul and is sacrificed.

O, beloved Saviour! When we behold thee on thy throne, the Shepherd amid his ransomed flock; thy victories complete; the last wandering sheep brought home; the last recovered jewel glittering in thy crown: then we will confess that the triumph was worthy of the toil, and the ransom of thy glorified Church was worthy of all bitter agonies of Him who came to seek and to save the lost! "Worthy the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing, forever and ever."—*T. L. Cuyler.*