



THE LOST, FOUND.

BY CHARLES CULLIS, M. D.

"And when he cometh home he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost." — LUKE XV. 6.

WE want by God's grace to talk about the lost sheep, the one who has wandered from the good Shepherd, and is lost from His heart and arms. The charge against our Lord Jesus Christ which brought out these three parables was that of fellowship with sinners, eating and drinking with them. This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them, associating with the common people of the earth, who were shut out of the synagogue, who were not recognized as belonging to the sheepfold.

Digital Copyright © 2009 by Healing and Revival Press.
All rights reserved. Duplication strictly prohibited.
www.healingandrevival.com

Digital Copyright © 2009 by Healing and Revival Press.
All rights reserved. Duplication strictly prohibited.
www.healingandrevival.com

But they were the people whom the Lord Jesus Christ came to save, as they are the people He comes to save, to-day, and to bring home the lesson of His love and power. He brings this lesson before them. The piece of silver was trampled in the dust, and trodden upon, the image of the king rejected, refused, spurned beneath the feet of those who spurned Him. And the Lord brings out, to day, in the teaching of the lost sheep, His love as the Shepherd, and His kindness toward those who are wanderers; His one desire to save them.

He brings to us the type of man who wanders from God willingly; who is tempted of Satan, rejecting Him who has given His life for him, preferring to wander in the wilderness, seeking his own pleasure, and not the will and pleasure of the living God.

You notice that the one animal of all animals which is never able to find its way back to the fold is the sheep. He wanders from the fold and wanders

on, but never turns his face towards home: he has no power to do so. He wanders into the thicket and forest until he becomes torn and bleeding, and lies down exhausted to die.

Man always does that; he never finds his way home until the Spirit of God comes upon him. He wanders from his Father's house, and becomes a wreck like the prodigal son in this very chapter, who, after spending all his substance, was fain to eat the husks that the swine fed upon, and no man gave unto him. Not until the Spirit of God touches a man's heart does he turn his face towards his Father's house, and cry, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

And so the sheep wanders from the fold. Does he wander in the footsteps of the other sheep? No; he wanders far from them, seeking forbidden paths, a type of the man out of Christ, utterly lost no hope in himself; no hope

outside himself, in all the surroundings of life; no hope as he goes on from brambles to forest, and becomes lost in the wilderness world, its rugged paths and precipices, destroyed at last, unless the Spirit of God reaches out His hand and saves him.

This parable brings out the truth, I am sure, of the goodness of the good Shepherd, who knows His sheep and goeth before them, the One who laid down His life, not only for a lost world, but for lost individuals. He gave the world not His riches, not His wealth, but Himself, His very being, His blood upon the cross, that we might be cleansed and saved and brought back into the fold at last.

Man wanders and wanders on till he hears the voice out of heaven by the Spirit of God, and that leads him out of the thicket to the good Shepherd who leads him gently back to Father's house. I know the type brought home to us in the parable of the lost sheep must come home to

every heart that is lost, that wanders on step by step in his own sins, with no friendly hand to reach him, till the Shepherd comes and seeks him, for that is what the good Shepherd always does. He gathers his flock at night and if he finds one of the number missing, He leaves the ninety and nine, and goes to seek the lost one. No sacrifice is too great, no toil too severe, until He finds that lost sheep, and putting it upon His shoulders carries it back again.

Our Lord left all, His Father's house, the society of angels in heaven, the songs of the redeemed in paradise. He left home and all its beautiful surroundings that made life joyful, that He might come into this wilderness world to save you and me and all who will hear His voice. He calls to-day to any wandering soul, and says, "This is the way; come unto me, and be saved, all the ends of the earth."

The sheep wanders on, day after day and year after year, till the Fath-

er's arm is stretched out to redeem and save him. You notice in the previous verse it says, "when He hath found His sheep He layeth it on His shoulders rejoicing, and calls his friends and neighbors, saying, "Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost." The shepherd does not rejoice, although he has ninety and nine sheep, until the lost one is found. There is no gladness and merry-making when one has wandered from the fold, until he has left the ninety and nine safely housed and goes in search of the lost one. Father's house is never happy, never full of joy and shouts of praise if there is one out of the family, one unsaved out of Christ.

I remember a few years ago a whole household were rejoicing in the love of Jesus, but one. Father and mother, brothers and sisters knew the love of God in their hearts, but there was one out of the fold. And the one desire was, "Won't you pray for brother?"

and there was no real rejoicing in that family until that one knelt and gave himself to Jesus, and found the blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed him. Then the whole fold was in gladness and rejoicing, for the lost sheep had been found, and brought home safely in the Father's arms, and laid at the feet of Jesus. And then that family rejoiced together; not one out of the fold, but all washed and made clean by the precious blood of Jesus.

So our Saviour bringing up this parable says there was rejoicing when the sheep was found; not before. It does not say there was anything but sadness and sorrow when that one sheep had wandered into the wilderness. But when it was found, he called his friends and neighbors, and said. "Come and rejoice with me; my heart is glad, now; my lost one is found. He is brought to us safely; his sins are blotted out. Come and rejoice with me!"

Then I want you to notice how per-

sonal everything is in God's Word, and how wonderfully personal God makes salvation. He brings it down to the thought of one lost one. He lets the whole world go to bring an illustration of how dear one soul is to Father's heart, that the one out of Christ, wandering in the wilderness, living in sin, is personally dear to Him. Oh, if there is a soul to-day who says, "God does not care anything about me, He does not hear my prayers, and I am not worthy that he should," listen to Him when He says: "Rejoice with me that I have found my lost one." He says there is joy in heaven over one sinner repenting and turning to God!

Christ walked and talked with the woman at the well, the one lost soul, living in sin, and told her all her life. He went through Samaria to meet that one soul. Zaccheus hid in a tree that he might look at Jesus; there was the one soul again. Oh, let us have our own individuality then, brought out

clearly in the light of the Scriptures, and know where we stand to-day, know whether we are among the lost ones who have not been gathered into His fold, the one He is still seeking after, stretching out His arms of love, as the father ran to the prodigal son, put his arms around his neck and kissed him.

Oh, I am so glad it is for *one* that Christ died and that I am that one! When I turned my heart and face toward Him, His heart and face were already there. For one soul Christ died. Is it your soul? Oh, answer the question before Him! Did Christ die for me? Let that be the question, and let the answer come home to your heart.

Oh yes, there are multitudes of people. Millions upon millions have passed on to glory, but Christ died for me! Millions will come upon the scene of this earth's history, and yet Christ died for me. The world is full of life in the springtime of the earth and the world was made that God

might be glorified in it, and yet Christ died for me. Oh, praise His name!

A man came to me yesterday, hoping and simply hoping that he was a Christian, looking at himself continually and talking about his own weakness and inability to serve God as he wanted to, with no joy in his life and no peace in his heart. I brought to him this text: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin." It does not say it is going to cleanse, but it does it, now. I told him to say it a dozen times between then and the same time the following night, aloud. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin," praise the Lord!

Oh, I am sure if there is a soul anywhere, who has given himself to Christ, and yet whom Satan tempts and tries to pull down into the old life of doubting and despair—if that soul would say a dozen times at least, "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me," he would feel the blood trickling over his sinful heart and doubting soul, and

feel it grow whiter and whiter. Such a joy would fill him that he would be able to shout, "Praise the Lord!"

Oh, try it, beloved, for He who died and gave Himself, did it for one soul as much as one million of souls! He died for me, He died for you. I was a wandering sheep, and He saved me. You were a wandering sheep, and He saved you; and He called His friends and neighbors to come and rejoice with Him that His sheep that was lost had been found, and there was rejoicing in heaven over it.

We look over the world and see the multitudes of souls who are to-day being born into the kingdom of God, —for the promise is that wherever the the Word is preached it shall not return unto Him void. So we can look out, up and down the earth with the eye of faith, at this place and that place, Christian lands and heathen countries, and see souls being washed, and hear the redeemed singing their songs of joy, and the shout of victory

among the angels as they rejoice together over one sinner repenting and turning unto God.

I am sure, then, in the type of a lost soul wandering from God we have the parable of the lost sheep, to-day. He makes it so clear, too, in the parable of the lost piece of silver, the king's image trampled under foot, as well as the parable of the sheep wandering from the fold, with no power to go back of himself until the good Shepherd wanders after him up and down the earth, stretching out his hand, telling his ministers to preach the Word, and tell of His love and blessing and blood that should cleanse and put His own crown upon them.

We have the trinity of grace, the trinity of God's love, the Spirit's love, and the Son's love. God the Father in all, God the Spirit in all, and Jesus in all, who came to save the lost, and who saves all who will come unto Him.

The shepherd when he has found the sheep putteth it upon his shoulders,

rejoicing. He forgets the weariness he has had, and the hours he has spent among the thickets in searching for the lost sheep. He puts the sheep upon his shoulders, the place of strength. The government of the world is upon the good Shepherd's shoulders; the government of my life and your life that brings peace and joy from the wonderful council of the Lord, rests upon His shoulders of love who has been able to bear the sins of the whole world, who has borne the iniquity of us all.

He places the sheep upon his shoulders, for that is where a man is strong. A man can look in the face of trials and difficulties, and realize as he looks into the face of God that the One who lives within us is stronger than he, and he says, "Yes, He who is my wonderful Counsellor, my Prince of Peace, bears me upon His shoulders, and I sing the song of praise and thanksgiving to the Lamb forever."

I am sure the thought must come to

you as it did to me, that we are upon the shoulders of Him who is so strong, and able to keep us from falling. He never falls, and He holds us safely upon His own broad shoulders of love and strength. He to whom we have committed ourselves is able to keep us safely to the end, to guide us and keep us from falling.

The thought of this lesson is the lost found, the personality of each individual before God, the cleansing blood of Jesus Christ, the strength of Him who holds us upon his shoulders, and the joy of the Lord in that the one who was lost has been found, redeemed, and is now safe upon the strong shoulders of Him who gave His life for us.

Oh, beloved, let the lesson come home to you that Jesus the good Shepherd gave His life for the sheep! Look right up and say, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He leadeth me in green pastures and beside still waters." My cup runneth over, for it is peace with Him. There is

the wilderness life on one side, and strength and joy and love upon Christ's strong arms on the other. The glory of God rests upon your brow. The shadow of that crown falls upon you, and you are to know the halo of His presence and love and power.

Before Garibaldi became the famous military hero of Italy who freed his country, he, like David, and others of old, took care of sheep upon the mountain side. One day as he gathered his sheep to the fold, one was missing. It was almost sunset when he went with his friends to seek the sheep. It became dark, and the friends said, "It is no use, we shall never find him." Garibaldi said, "You go to your homes, and I will make one more effort to find him." And that hero spent the night going among thickets and thorns and rocks to find the lost sheep. Toward morning, weary and exhausted, he wandered homeward with the sheep upon his shoulders, safe and saved.

Oh, beloved, the good Shepherd

came down to this world, and wandered in the wilderness to find you; He has put you upon His shoulders, bleeding and torn perhaps, but safe. Oh, praise Him then that He who gave His life longs to be your Protector, your Saviour, your eternal Salvation!



WILLARD TRACT REPOSITORY.

Digital Copyright © 2009 by Healing and Revival Press.
All rights reserved. Duplication strictly prohibited.
www.healingandrevival.com

Digital Copyright © 2009 by Healing and Revival Press.
All rights reserved. Duplication strictly prohibited.
www.healingandrevival.com