

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lost and Found.

Lesson for July 27, 1896—Luke, xv, 1-10.

[By Professor T. S. Dunlop, D.D.]

Golden Text: "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke, xv, 10.

Jesus is still in Jerusa, near Bethabara

("the place of a ford"), on the east bank of

the Jordan, where John had baptized, and

the time is still December, A. D. 29. He

Pharisees by associating and even dining

with publicans and sinners.

The publicans (from publican State

revenue) were tax-collectors under the Ro-

man Empire, who paid the Government for

the privilege of holding the office and in-

demanded the tax by cruel extortions from

the people. There were two classes of

them. The first class were the general col-

lectors, who had charge of the revenues of

Provinces and accounted directly to the

Emperor. These were men of enormous

influence, and among them "were the

flower of the Roman knights, the ornaments

of the city and the strength of the commu-

nity." The second class were the depu-

ties of the first, and were looked upon as

so many thieves or pickpockets. Any of

them who became particularly

testified in general to the people, and

and violently hated any of

them happened to be a Jew. A Jewish

publican was regarded as a renegade, who

had turned traitor to his country and apo-

state to his God. He was so looked upon

by the Jews that they would not accept

money from him for charitable objects, nor

justice, nor allow him to enter the temple

for prayer and salvation.

Nor was the word "sinner" hardly less a

term of reproach. It was a technical name

for the especially vile and outcast, so that

to associate with "sinners" was to forfeit

one's respectability. The Jew did not think

himself a sinner. Paul could speak of him-

self and brethren as "sinners," as are not sin-

ners, as are the Gentiles.

How, then, a professed teacher in Israel,

who, by his very office, was supposed to be

immaculate, could sit at the same table

with publicans and sinners, was a mystery

to the self-righteous Pharisees and scribes.

They were filled with scorn and contempt

at Christ for doing this. It is difficult for

us even to imagine at this day the malignancy

and bitterness of their murmuring. Our

Lord did not, however, apologize, nor

change his conduct. On the contrary, he

justified himself by uttering the parable of

the "Lost Sheep." "The Lost Piece of

Silver" and the "Prodigal Son," showing,

Saviour to all men, how he came to be

in absolute denial of Jewish prejudice.

Christ chose Matthew, a Jew publican,

and one of the lower order at that, to be

one of his twelve apostles. How brave

Jesus was for the right. Who ever

displayed such supreme moral courage,

mingled with tenderness and redemptive

love? It must, however, be always borne

in mind that Jesus, in thus mingling with

sinners, had no sympathy with their sins,

but only a desire to make them conscious of

their sins and to purify and exalt their

purposes and character. The motive with

which we mingle with certain people must

be our vindication from calumnies. The true

disciple can, like his master, do misan-

thropic work among the degraded and pol-

luted without forfeiting his reputation

among others or becoming contaminated

himself.

THE PARABLE OF THE LOST SHEEP.

1. It reveals Christ's personal and

specific knowledge of his followers. He is the

Good Shepherd, whose affectionate care and

gracious protection extend to each one of

the flock. Although 99 are at his

side, safe and sound, yet he misses the

100th unfortunate one that is

astray, and not only misses him, but

yearns for his restoration. This

corresponds with Christ's representation in

John of the Good Shepherd, who knoweth

his sheep by name, in this definite and

individual acquaintance we have a most

convincing view of a particular and ever-

lasting Providence. No person can be-

come such a wretched, self-will, or refuse

himself to such small importance, as to

be beyond God's sight or beneath his redem-

ing influence.

2. Christ here presents himself as seeking

the sinner. The Good Shepherd goes up

and down through the wilderness, by which

is meant a sparsely inhabited region filled

with ravines, wild passes, rocks and rushing

streams, in search of the lost one, and at

the risk of his life. He has to face the

heaviest storms and plunge through the

darkest nights and thickest thickets in

order to find the wandering sheep. And all

this is a type of Christ's atoning work.

He came of his own will to atone for our

sins, and to take the place of the sinner.

His very life, in order to redeem the wan-

dering transgressor. The condescension and

grace with which Christ seeks us ought to

win our souls at once to a reciprocal and

trustful following of him.

3. Notice the persistence with which

Christ seeks the sinner. The Good Shep-

herd does not give up the search, but con-

tinues until he finds the lost sheep.

4. The custom of the shepherd in lifting

the poor, fatigued or wounded sheep to his

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

The Maine State Prohibition Convention

was of the opinion that "as the liquor

traffic deals its severest blows and lays its

heaviest burdens upon the women and

the homes, the right of suffrage on moral

and educational interests is but simple justice."

More than half of the Catholics who,

during the last few years, died in the

almshouse of Buffalo, were killed by the

direct or indirect effects of alcoholic ex-

cess. The saddest cases of death in that

institution during the same period were

of young men ranging from 15 to 45

years of age, who had contracted diseases

whilst sleeping on the ground in a drunken

state. With splendid earnings and

friends estranged, these dreary remnants

of youth soon longed to be carried to a bed

in the almshouse, where mute walls would

shelter them during the last few days of

their wasted lives, no less from the scorn

of mankind than from the inclemency of

the weather. [Handbills for Alcoholism.

Rev. Geo. Zuercher, Buffalo Plains, N. Y.]

Three men stood together on Monroe

avenue yesterday. All were sweating and

messing. "It was hot—awful hot."

"I've got to have a glass of beer to cool

off," remarked one. "You fellows have

some?"

"You bet," promptly replied one.

"Excuse me," said the other, who was a

doctor. "Now, then, let me show you

something. You, Tom, let me feel your

pulse. Now you, Henry. Now, then, Tom,

get your beer."

All three entered a saloon. While Tom

was drinking his beer the doctor seated

Henry in a chair and gave him a fan. At

the end of five minutes Tom joined them,

saying:

"Ah-h-h! but that touches the spot. I

feel cool now. You fellows have some?"

"Do you?" queried the doctor. "Your

pulse has increased just eight beats to the

minute, while Henry's decreased six, mak-

ing a difference of fourteen in his favor."

Wait a bit."

It wasn't over three minutes before

Henry laid down the fan, feeling cool

enough, while Tom pulled out his handker-

chief and said: "See here, doctor, I feel

cool. For heaven's sake let's get out of this

or I shall roast! I'm wet all over!"

There's the case I want to make out,"

said the doctor. "You are far warmer

than before, and will be for an hour to

come. Our friend here has lost his thirst

and is cool enough for a foot race." [De-

troit Free Press.]

I have been thinking about the losses I

have met with since I signed the total

abstinence pledge. There isn't a man who

has lost more by stopping drink than I

have. Wait a bit, and I will tell you

what I mean. There was a job of work to

be done in the shop and the boss called for

me. "Give it to Spencer," said he; "he's

the best man in the shop."

Well, I told my wife, and she said:

"Why, John! he used to call you the

best man. You've lost your bad name, haven't

you?"

"That's a fact, wife," said I. "And it

isn't all I've lost in the last six months,

either. I had poverty and wretchedness,

and I've lost them. I had an old ragged coat

and a shocking bad hat, and some water-

proof boots that let the wet out at the

toes as fast as they took it in at the heels.

I've lost them. I had a red face, a trem-
bling hand and a pair of shaky legs that

gave me an awkward tumble now and then.

I've lost those. I had a habit of cursing

and swearing, and I've got rid of that; I had

an aching head sometimes and a heavy

heart, and, worse than all, I've lost a guilty

conscience. Thank God, I've lost them

all!"

Then I told my wife what she had lost:

"And you had trouble and sorrow, and a

poor, wretched home, and plenty of heart-

aches, for you had to have a nervous drink

for a husband. Mary, thank the Lord for all

that you and I have lost since I signed the

pledge." [The Agitator.]

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It re-

moved ten corns from one pair of feet with-

out any pain. What is done once it will

do again.

County editor (out west).—This has been

a lucky day for me. Faithful wife—has

some one sent in to put a subscription?

Editor.—Well, no, it wasn't as lucky as

that; but I was shot at and missed.

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates

the popular antidote to pain, throat and

lung remedy, and general corrective, Dr.

Thomas' Electric Oil. It may be used

without the slightest apprehension of any

other than salutary consequences. Coughs,

rheumatism, earache, bruises, cuts and sores

succumb to its action.

Mistress (to new hired girl)—Bridget,

you can go now and put the mackerel in

soak. Bridget (sympathetically)—Sure,

m'am, sir, you're right to that!

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows

An exchange says that "a model wife is

one who thinks her husband knows more

than her kin. This may be true. But to

come up to the requirement would put an

awful strain on the wives of some hus-

bands.

Mr. Job Seales, of Toronto, writes: A

short time I was suffering from Kidney

Complaint and Dyspepsia, sour stomach and

THE LANDLORD'S PRAYER.

William Allan in Dundee, Scotland, People's

Journal.

Lord, keep us rich and free from toil,

For we are honored holders of thy soil.

Which demands we should find dispel

O Lord, our fathers got the land

For serving men whom thy right hand

Had chosen to be great and grand.

Thou' art by strength, we're not by shame.

Thou know'st, O Lord! it is to blame

To say to us of titled name.

Such things.

Lord, let us live in wealth's content,

And more.

Lord, we are by thy mercy meant

To rule mankind, and more our rent

Increase.

The birds that haunt the moors and hills.

The fish that swim in streams and rills.

The beast that roams as nature wills.

We own.

E'en Lord, the minerals that lie

Belong to us—Thou knowest why

Alone.

Lord, on the rugged rubble frown

For they are foes to us, thy Church and Crown;

Lord, bare thine arm and grind them down

Which they reject with scorn and spite.

Be thou a buckler to our cause

O Lord! our God, we make their laws,

Which they reject with scorn and spite.

They scorn our love, thy Name and Word,

Their reverence now no more is Lord.

Lord, then consume them with fire and sword

At last!

Lord, they are poor and ignorant,

And worse.

Compared with us, they are contempt

In manner, garb and lineage.

Lord, never let them get or see

The power which lies in us, thy Church and Crown;

Keep us apart from them, for we

Are men!

Protect us from their vile demands!

Protect us from their vile demands!

Protect us in our wealth and lands!

Amen! Amen!

LIGHT AND SHADE.

An eminent English Conservative, per-

haps Salisbury himself, lately ordered

some gooseberry fool for his dinner at the

London Club. When it made its appear-

ance he did not approve of it, and sending

for the steward indignantly said that he

had ordered gooseberry fool, and not "that

stuff." "Well, sir," observed the steward,

"I can assure you that this was sent up for

a fool."

The following strange history is recorded

by Pennsylvania paper: Hiram Samp-

son, from being a rising lawyer of North-

western Pennsylvania and a man of the

most flattering political prospects, suddenly

abandoned his profession and became a re-