

Sabbath School Teacher.

LESSON XLV.

November 2, '73 } HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID. { Matt. xxi. 8-16.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 15, 16.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Luke xix. 37; John xii. 17.

With v. 8, read Lev. xxiii. 40; verse 9, Ps. cxviii. 25, 26; with verses 10 and 11, Matt. ii. 23; verse 12, Mark xi. 16-17; verse 13, Deut. xiv. 22-27; verse 14, Jer. vii. 11; with verses 15 and 16, Ps. viii. 2.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Christ's King in Zion.

INTERNATIONAL TEXT.—Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest. Matt. xxi. 9.

Some of Christ's acts were not understood at the time, but became intelligible afterwards. (John xii. 16.)

Some of them were done in direct and intentional fulfilment of the prophecies. (John xix. 28.)

Some of them had a symbolical character, the outward act being of no consequence, but as it showed an inner meaning (John xiii. 5). All these features mark, in some degree, the incident we are now to study, the entry of Christ as a King into Jerusalem.

We shall do well to note the time and the place.

1. The time. The closing days of our Lord's ministry—the Saturday (as we now call it) before the crucifixion—the Sabbath spent in rest at Bethany, and the Monday morning (as we say) when he visited the temple and cleansed it.

2. The place. The people were assembling for the Passover. The company of which Christ was one comes from Jericho towards Jerusalem; approaches by way of Bethphago and the Mount of Olives, enters the city, and the temple; the Master looking round about on all things (Mark xi. 11), then returns to Bethany for rest (as above), and then on the Monday re-enters the city and the temple, blighting the fig tree on the way. It is by comparing one with the other, the Gospel accounts, that we see this connected order.

A series of questions will best bring out the points on which attention should be fixed in this lesson.

1. "Why should the Redeemer encourage this popular movement?" He did nothing in secret. He was not a dark conspirator. He had nothing to conceal. He taught the people, and the people let alone, heard him gladly. He had disciples whose duty and privilege it was to show they were on his side. It was a joy to them to own him. He does not repress this joy. So "a very great multitude," &c., v. 8.

2. Why should he "arrange for entering the city thus, riding on a colt or foal, with the mother-animal beside."

First, because it was proper to take the appearance of a leader and commander among the people. And riding enabled him to do this; the simple arrangement was easily made, vs. 2, 3. But he does not ride as a proud conqueror, or a common warrior, on a horse "out of Egypt," but on "the foal of an ass." This act of his was obscurely alluded to in Isa. liii. 11. and Zec. ix. 9. So obscurely that only the event could make it plain. No impostor could have copied from this prophecy and prepared a scene from it.

3. But why should such an act find a place in prophecy? Not on its own account but on account of its significance. Jesus held himself out as a king, but with a kingdom not of this world. (John xviii. 36.) He also claimed to be the Son of God. The temple was "His Father's house." He had authority and commandment from His Father. He was to cast out the evil, and to reprove the ungodly. He had been doing all this in words. The people only hear in part, and of those who hear, only a few believe. There shall be one public, open testimony to his claims before he closes his ministry. It is at the Passover; at Jerusalem—moves "the whole city" (v. 10), excites the utmost inquiry, is carried onward to the temple, before his most decided opposers, leaving them without excuse. It is a display of authority, which men feel and obey. It is saying in a way proper to the time and place, "All power is given unto me." All this was besides attended with displays of miraculous power which could not be gained; in judgment, as on the fig tree (Mark xi. 12-14, a sign of coming curse on a barren nation), and in compassion, when v. 14, "the blind and the lame came unto him in the temple, and he healed them all."

4. Why did the people move in this? Possibly they did not understand it all themselves. But they were roused by the raising of Lazarus. John ix. 9, 10, 17, 18. Those who belonged to Galilee were not without some enthusiasm for their prophet (v. 11). Enthusiasm easily spreads. They knew how kings used to be honored by cutting down the branches (2 Kings ix. 13), and spreading the garments. They remembered the hopes of the nation. With views more or less clear they hailed in Jesus the Messiah, and cried, "Hosanna!" v. 9 and v. 15, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" (this from children's voices, and in the temple).

5. How could it be fitting for Jesus thus to enter the city? He rode on a colt never ridden before. A new king, a new kingdom, a new way of entering. He entered his own city and his Father's house. He knew the malice of the chief priests and scribes. He knew this would further arouse it. But he intended to bear their malice. He steadfastly set his face to go toward Jerusalem. He entered it in triumph, though knowing well that he entered it to die.

6. What effect did all this produce? It vindicated Christ. The common people heard him gladly. He was a king; but no one pretended that he made himself a king like the Caesar. It honored Christ. The voices of the disciples on the way, and the chil-

dren in the temple honored him. Hear his quotation from Ps. viii. 2 (which study, and see the rest of it, "that thou mightest still the enemy.") It roused the fear and anger of the chief priests and scribes, and so hastened the betrayal, trial, and death of the Redeemer. The guilt, however, was all theirs, the grace all Christ's.

7. What may we learn from all this?

(a) There is a plan running through the life of Jesus. Nothing is of chance or accident. Even the animal on which he rides: a matter of arrangement and perfect fitness. He who sees the end from the beginning settled it all. Acts ii. 23.

(b) There is a plan running through all Scripture. The Old Testament and the New are from one hand. The history is in the prophecy. What is now obscure will one day be clear. 2 Pet. i. 19.

(c) Jesus Christ did "nothing amiss." No violence in taking the ass and her foal. The hearts of the owners were disposed to agree. No unseemly display in his "triumphal entry." He was the "king, meek and lowly," "having salvation." No violence in the temple. His personal authority was enough to overawe the intruders. No resentment of the chief priests' injustice. "He reviled not again."

(d) We should praise Him—teachers, children—all of us. "Our goodliest trees are best used when laid under his feet, our richest possessions to swell his triumph. He will come again! The triumph will then be complete, and for ever. He will purge all His temple of all that lurks or annoys, and they who were with Him in the humiliation shall reign with Him for ever!

ILLUSTRATION.

"The people of the East," says Roberts, "have a robe, which corresponds with the mantle of the English lady. Its name is Salva, and how often may be seen, spread on the ground, when men of rank walk! I was not a little surprised soon after my arrival in the East, when going to visit a native gentleman, to find the path through the garden covered with white garments. I hesitated, but was told it was for respect to me. I must walk on them, to show that I accepted the honor."

SUGGESTIVE TOPICS.

Importance of Christ's public entry into Jerusalem—prophecy concerning it—the time of the entry—name of the great feast about to take place—why made near the close of his ministry—the Mount over which he came—the acts of the people—why Jesus encouraged them—the significance of riding upon an ass—prophecies in regard to this—the obscuring of these allusions—the probable reason for it—why an impostor would have missed fulfilling them—the cry of the multitude—the inquiry from Jerusalem—the reply of the multitude—why displeasing to the chief priests and scribes—Christ's acts in the temple—his authority for them—the miracles attesting his authority—the classes healed—the complaint of the scribes—Jesus' reply—the fitness of this prophecy as a rebuke to them—the lessons we may learn.

Price of a Soul.

It was a Kentucky home, and the abode of wealth and plenty. The joy of the home was an only daughter, the pet and pride of her father's heart. Lately sadness had come over her. She felt her sins before God, and was trying to be reconciled to him. The father tried to divert her. Scheme after scheme was tried, but none were successful. She still felt the burden of her sins, and could not find pleasure in the lightness and tolly in which she formerly delighted. A dancing party was approaching. Her father wanted her to attend. She declined. He urged, but she would not consent. He offered stronger inducements. He would get for her dress the finest silk that could be obtained. He would put around her neck the most beautiful gold chain and watch that could be bought. A new set of diamond earrings and bracelets should sparkle on her person. He would adorn her with all she desired, and she should be as beautiful as the sun. Her father's offers were tempting, and she wavered. Her wonted lightness and mirth returned, and the proud father felt, for a little time, that he was fully paid for all that the dance had cost him. But there was one fearful item yet to be paid. The daughter took cold on the night of the dance. It was slight at first, and nobody thought anything of it, until weeks passed and it still lingered with her. Then the hectic glow was seen on her cheek, and the transparent paleness was in the skin, and the more than natural brightness and beauty beamed from her eyes. The physician whispered that there was no hope, and a settled gloom spread over the face of the dying one, and an awful awe comes down upon the heart of the almost frantic father. Physician after physician called, and expense after expense incurred, but disease marches steadily on, until it is plain that his work is well nigh done.

One morning she revived a little; she called for her beautiful dress and had it spread out in all its beauty on a chair before her. Then she called for the watch and the chain, and the diamond earrings, and the sparkling bracelets, and had them laid on a table beside her dress, where in all their loveliness they could shine upon her. Then she sent for her father. He came into her room. He stood by her bedside. Her feeble voice gathered its last strength. "Father, three months ago I felt the burden of my sins. I determined to seek a Saviour. You persuaded me to put it off and lured me to go to the dance. I want God's Spirit left me. My impressions vanished. Then, stretching forth her transparent hand, and pointing with her bloodless finger at the gaudy toys that lay before her, she said: "Father, there is the price of my soul," and with a gasp or two for breath she was gone.

This is no fancy sketch. It was too sadly true as more than one can testify.—*Memphis Presbyterian.*

Our Young Folks.

Careful and Kind.

Pray be gentle, 'till a sister! Softly touch those painted wings; Butterflies and moths, remember, Are such very tender things!

Carefully, my pretty wee one, Press the sheltering twigs aside, Just to view the naked nestlings Safely sleeping side by side.

Gently stroke the playful kitten; Kindly pat the patient dog; Let your unmolested merriness Spare the wren, the snake, the frog!

Wide is God's great world around us; Room enough for all to live; Mar no creature's brief enjoyment; Take not what you cannot give.

—S. H. Browne.

Trust.

Nat crawled out of his poor little bed, which hardly deserved the name of a bed at all. The room was very bare and very cold. As Nat slipped on what remained of his only pair of shoes, a heavy cloud seemed to settle down on his face. His mother, a little woman with a face pale and worn, but cheerful nevertheless, was putting a few crusts of bread with three or four cold potatoes upon a plate.

"I do say, mother," said Nat, shivering and looking about the room, "it is no sort of use, we shall have to give up. I don't see but we shall freeze to death, with no fire, and starve besides;" and Nat sat down upon the side of his bed and leaned his face upon his hand. "I can't get a bit of work to do, and there isn't a person in the world that cares a cent about us," he continued, dejectedly. "It seems as if I should not care so much if it was just myself; but to see you cold and hungry, mother, is more than I can bear," and Nat burst into tears.

"Why, my boy," said his mother cheerfully, "don't give up so. Don't you remember that we have a Father who sees all our troubles, and if we only trust him he will help us."

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," is the trust we want to have, Nat," said his mother, sitting down by his side and putting her arms round his neck. "We have each other left yet, and we are not really sick"—her eyes grew a little dim as she looked at Nat's pale, thin face—"and there is that nice teacher at the mission school, you know, who thought he could do something for you."

"Yes," said Nat, wiping his eyes with the back of his hands, "but I have not seen him, and don't know as I ever shall; my clothes have got so bad now that I can't go to the school."

"Well, dear," said his mother, "we will eat what we have and be cheerful. We shall not starve to-day, and maybe you may get a few pennies for sweeping, and I may find a little washing to do; at any rate we will try hard one day more. We must look as cheerful and pleasant as we can, too, for people will be more likely to help us if we smile and look pleasant than they will if we look cross and sour."

Nat tried hard to smile and eat his share of the scanty breakfast. Bidding his mother good-by, he took his old broom and started out. He walked painfully up street after street, for his feet were covered with chilblains, and his old shoes were hard and full of holes. At last he selected a crossing to sweep where he thought rich and fashionable people might cross, and patiently waited, trying to look cheerful and smiling. During the forenoon he got a few pennies; but as the afternoon wore on he felt very faint and hungry, and leaning on his broom he began to think of what his mother had said in the morning. "Though he slay me" kept ringing in his head.

"Ah," he thought to himself, "I have not really trusted. When everything goes well, the trusting is easy enough; but when it comes to the 'slaying' I give in." Hearing voices near him he started, and looking up saw the mission school teacher. Such a gleam of hope shot through his heart that it lighted up his face, and he felt as if help had come.

"Ah, Nat, how do you do?" said his teacher pleasantly, while the gentleman who was with him looked on with some surprise. "How are you getting on now?" "Not at all," answered Nat, trying to smile.

"I'm sorry," said his teacher. "I hoped I was going to get a chance for you last week, but I lost it. Well, keep up your courage, I think we will find something yet," and the gentlemen walked on.

Nat looked after them with tears all ready to come into his eyes. "Courage, with nothing to eat," he thought, leaning on his broom again; "but that is not trusting, and I really mean to trust, for there's nothing else I can do;" and shutting his eyes for a moment he sent an earnest little prayer to the loving Heavenly Father who is just as ready to hear us when we call to him from the noisy street as from the hush of the church.

"Hullo, there, youngster," said a hearty voice. "Hold my horse, here, and I'll give you a quarter."

Nat dropped his broom and ran eagerly to the horse. A portly gentleman stepped with some difficulty from the carriage. Nat looked at him and smiled pleasantly. "You think I am rather awkward, youngster," he said; "but I'm only just off the water, and your miserable hand traps I can't manage."

"Oh, no, sir, I did not think so at all," said Nat, looking at him wistfully, for his own dear father died at sea, and there was a charm about anybody who had been on the water.

Something about the smile on Nat's wan face must have attracted the gentleman, for he turned back after he had started up the steps of the house.

"See here, my boy," said he, "what were you thinking about when I drove up?"

Nat blushed faintly and hesitated a little.

"You looked as if you were up in the sky, or somewhere else, and I had to scream at you as if you were a mile off. I should like to know what you were at."

"I was trying to trust, sir," said Nat, softly, looking down.

"To what," exclaimed the gentleman, looking at him in astonishment.

"To trust in God, sir," said Nat, looking up in his face. "Mother and I are very poor and have no friends, but she feels sure God will help us if we trust in him."

Captain Reid, for the gentleman was a sea captain, thrust his hands into his pockets and whistled a little, looking hard into Nat's face.

"What's your name?" he asked suddenly.

"Nat Raymond, sir," was the answer.

"Raymond," exclaimed the captain, "was your father's name Nathan?"

"Yes, sir," said Nat in some surprise, "and he died at sea. Did you know him?"

"Know him?" said Captain Reid. "Bless your heart, boy, he saved my life once, when we were both before the mast. Here, tumble into my carriage, and show me the way to your mother, quick!"

Nat would not have been more astonished if the sky had fallen. He glanced at the carriage and then toward his room.

"Let your old broom go to the dogs," said the captain; "you won't need it again; get in quick, and tell me where to go."

"I do say, mother," said a young lady who was looking out of the window, "Uncle Reid is the queerest man. He has been talking with the most miserable-looking boy out here, and now he has actually taken him into the carriage and gone off with him."

"He is always doing queer things," said her mother. "He is just as likely to pick up a ragged boy as the Vice-President."

Two or three hours after, Captain Reid came back to his sister's house.

"Where did you go with that ragged boy, uncle?" asked his niece.

"That boy?" said her uncle, "why, that boy's father saved my life once. He died on shipboard on his way home from Australia, more than two years ago. He was going captain next voyage. He touched at Liverpool going out, and I saw him there. He told me if I got home first to see that his wife and boy were getting on well. I have not been here since that time till to-day, and should never have found them in the world, poor things, if that boy hadn't smiled his father's own smile into my face. He and his mother were about starved, I should say, and half frozen, too. But," he added, rubbing his hands together and chuckling to himself, "I guess they will be warm to-night, and if they are ever hungry again it won't be my blame."—*Congregationalist.*

The Mysterious Helmsman.

With a thundering crash that sent fear and terror to the hearts of the bravest men, the mammoth was torn from the deck and became the victim of the fury of the billows that went mountains high and swept the decks at every lurch of the gallant schooner.

The helmsman, with his stiff hand grimly catching the wheel, was swaying like a flag to and fro by the fury of the tornado, and at last, unable to defend his life any longer, he relaxed his hold, and with a blood-curdling yell of despair and agony, was thrown far out upon the raging waters to find a grave at their bottom at last.

In the hold, holding on to the walls so as not to be dashed upon the floor every moment were the seven unhappy survivors of the wreck, who consisted of Captain Blake, first mate Saunders, two seamen, and three passengers, myself among the latter.

"Where are we now, Captain?" I asked, during a momentary cessation of the furious pitching of the schooner.

"Off the coast of Madagascar, I should think," was the reply. "We have drifted at least two hundred miles from our route, I should say."

"Impossible!"

"Fact! I am expecting to go aground every second."

"Why not venture on deck, and ascertain?"

"You would be washed off before you know it."

"But we shall be saved from destruction if we could reach the wheel and stick to it," I persisted.

"Try it, if you think so, but I know I shall never see you alive again," replied Captain Blake, knowing the obstinacy of my nature.

"Well, then, gentlemen," said I extending my hand, "adieu—it may be for a while and it may be forever."

The others did not intercept me, and, after a solemn leave taking, I scrambled up the companion way and reached the top after being twice precipitated to the bottom.

Frantically I held on to the sides of the entrance as an enormous billow suddenly dashed over the side and threatened to tear me away.

It passed me, however, and by the occasional flashes of lightning, I discovered that we were some two or three miles from shore, and headed in a south-easterly direction, although the storm was blowing hard from the northeast, and our course seemed unaccountably opposite from what it should have been.

Involuntarily I glanced over to the helm, and a shudder such as I seldom felt convulsed me, that threatened to make me lose my hold, and it was only through the greatest presence of mind that I did not.

ory of terror, and losing my senses, fell backwards down the companion way.

The tempest was over and the schooner was saved!

And a miracle had saved it!

The main course had been interlashed between the spokes of the wheel at one end, while the other was caught in the mizzen shrouds, thus holding the wheel in position to put the ship astern the shore and heading out for the sea, which was our only safety.

It was the sail I had taken for that fearful figure, and a shroud, torn loose, had fluttered over in the direction where I was standing.

Notwithstanding it is but with terror that I think of that terrible night I spent in the presence of the Mysterious Helmsman.—*The Portfolio.*

The Peasant and the Rose.

A peasant at the foot of the Alps was one day led to accompany an old friend up the mountain-side as far as they could climb. There he lighted on a beautiful rose, such as he had never seen before. It was so delicate in color. And he was surprised to find on examining it that it had no thorn, like the roses that grow in the gardens below.

"Ah!" said he, "this is a prize. A rose without a thorn. Why, that's what folks have been wishing for ever so long. Now I shall have something none of my neighbors will show the like of. It's small, but care and culture can do much for size."

To all this his friend said nothing.

With no little labor, the peasant dug up the plant and carried it carefully home. That very night he tore up his best double rose, his wife's favorite flower, out of the bed before the door of their cottage, and planted this one in its stead.

"The soil is so good there," he said, "it is sure to come to perfection."

So he watched it and watered it, till his proper work was getting to be neglected. And his wife began to hate the sight of the bush, and said so to her husband one night, as they sat together in the lamplight.

And next morning, when the peasant examined his rose more carefully than ever, he found thorns beginning to grow upon it; and accused his wife of winking at a jealous neighbor carrying away the prize and putting a worthless rose in its stead. But he would not be defeated. He set out that very day to climb the mountain and seek for another thornless rose; and, having found it, after much labor, he came home and pulled out the suspected bush, and planted this one in its place. And again he watched and watered till his poor wife lost all patience with him and threatened to tear up the rose-tree. And in a few days thorns appeared once more. There was no peace in the house any longer. The man spent nearly all his time, whilst his wife worked harder and harder for their daily bread, in seeking for thornless roses on the mountain, and he nearly filled his garden with them; and the neighbors laughed as he went about watering them. And when at length autumn came his beds were filled with stunted, thorny bushes, which he was ashamed to look upon. Now he remembered his old friend's silence when he found the first rose on the mountain, and he set off to have his opinion. His friend listened patiently, and then said:

"My dear friend, there's no good in trying to train Alpine dwarf roses; and but little good arguing with a man who fancies he has made a discovery and will outstrip all his neighbors. Let us beware of such vanity. It was there you erred at the first, and see the trouble it has brought you into. Experience is a dear schoolmistress, but a right down good one. Go home, and kiss your wife and set to your old jobs again."

The peasant shook his old friend heartily by the hand, and went home, humbled in heart, and never sought after thornless roses more.—*Good Words.*

"I owe it to my mother, and I mention it with filial piety, for imbibing my young mind with principles of religion which have never, never forsaken me.—*Dishop White.*

As grace begins in God's love to us, so it ends in our love to him. It both makes our comforts greater and our crowns brighter.

He who has one word of God and cannot make a sermon out of it can never be a preacher.—*Martin Luther.*

This is not the time for jest, but for earnest. "Ye are the salt of the earth." Salt bites and pains, but it cleanses and preserves from corruption.—*Martin Luther.*

The service of God should be heart service. That of the lips is only an abomination. We are to "call upon our souls"—to rouse the whole nature in praising and glorifying our Creator and Saviour. He whose heart is full of thanksgiving is living near heaven.

When a believer is in a state of comfort and prosperity, he can read other books beside the Bible; but, when he is in temptation, or burdened with distress, he looks to himself to the Bible alone. He wants pure wine, without any mixture of water.—*This shows the worth of the Bible above all other works.*

Attend diligently on ordinances; yet beware of putting ordinance in God's stead. Hath not thy heart said, "I will go and hear such a man, and get comfort, and get strength?" No wonder that you find yourself weak, barren and unfruitful. How should means and ministers help thy soul, except the Lord help? Christ himself keeps the key of his wine-cellar. His ministering servants cannot so much as make you drunk, when you come to his house; and, therefore, poor soul, stop not short of Christ; but press through all the crowd of ordinance, and ask to see Jesus, to speak with Jesus, and to touch him; so will virtue come out from him to thee.—*Gurwell.*