

miles west of Jerusalem, at the foot of the Mount of Olives. A colt whereon never yet man sat—a young ass unbroke for riding. It was the law that the animals used in God's service should never be employed in servile work, Num. xix. 2. Horses were little used in Judea except for war. It was customary for kings to ride on asses or mules, Judg. x. 4; 1 Sam. xxv. 20.

*The Lord hath need of him.* Probably the owners of the colt knew Christ, and readily granted the request. They cast their garments on him, thus making a saddle for Christ, and expressing their allegiance to Him. So Jehu, 2 Kings ix. 13.

All that Christ used, in this the only time when He assumed some outward dignity—the only time when on His weary journeys He used any animal to ride on—was borrowed.

II. Christ begins His entry, ver. 36-40.

*Spread their clothes in the way,* expressive of the highest degree of reverence and loyalty. *Now at the descent,* as they turned the ridge of the hill, Jerusalem burst on their view; and the enthusiasm of the disciples rising to its pitch, they exclaimed, "Blessed is the King that cometh in the name of the Lord!" They evidently thought Christ was the Messiah, Psal. cxviii. 26; Zec. ix. 9; and His wondrous miracles had excited their highest hopes, John xii. 11, 12.

The exultation spread through the multitude; and the Pharisees seeing that none but Christ could control their zeal, called on Him to restrain what the Pharisees thought dangerous impiety. Christ answered, that now if such homage were awaiting from men, the very stones would render it, ver. 40.

#### APPLICATION.

1. *How humble Christ is!* He had nothing of His own—no cradle—no money—no home. He borrowed all the materials of His triumph. He neither came in the splendour of earthly kings, nor in His own glory with heaven's hosts, Psal. cxviii. 10. Come to this meek and lowly Saviour, Matt. xi. 29.

2. *When Christ's time comes He will triumph.* The very "stones shall cry out," Psal. xxii. 27; lxxii. 11; ex. 3. He can turn the hearts of all; He can make children praise Him, Matt. xxi. 15; Psal. viii. 2. The world shall yet receive Him. If He was so mighty and benevolent in His humility, what shall He be in His glory!

3. *Have you welcomed Christ as your King?* Has He entered your heart in triumph, as He did Lydias, or Zaccheus? Psal. xxiv. 6, 7. Have you received Him joyfully—saying like Paul, "What wilt thou have me to do?"

4. *Have you given your all to Christ,* thus

proving your loyalty? The disciples had nothing but their clothes; they stripped their outer garments off, that He might walk on them. Christ says of the humblest, "the Lord hath need of thee." The poor widow's mite; Zaccheus; the apostles, Mark x. 28.

5. *Beware of despising this lovely King.* The Pharisees, Herod, and Pilate did so—they crowned Him with thorns—they will yet see Him come in power and glory. Rev. i. 7.

All who do not obey Him despise Him. Beware lest you do so!

6. *Does your religion displease the world?* would they say of you to Christ, "Master, rebuke thy disciple"? Do they think you too strict—too zealous—too generous—too humble? It is a good sign of your religion; Christ wont rebuke you. But if your religion pleases the world, take care lest it displeases Christ, Luke vi. 26.—*Edin. S. S. Lessons.*

#### THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

The late Dr. Chalmers is said to have been the author of the following beautiful lines, written on the occasion of the death of a young son whom he greatly loved:—

I am all alone in my chamber now,  
And the midnight hour is near  
And th' fagot's crack, and the clock's dull tick,  
Are the only sounds I hear;  
And over my soul in its solitude  
Sweet feelings of sadness glide;  
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think  
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—  
Went home to the dear ones, all;  
And softly I opened the garden gate,  
And softly the door of the hall.  
My mother came out to meet her son—  
She kissed me, and then she sighed;  
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept  
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come  
In the garden where he played;  
I shall miss him more by the fireside,  
When the flowers are all decayed;  
I shall see his toys and his empty chair,  
And the horse he used to ride,  
And they will speak, with a silent speech,  
Of the little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house—  
To our Father's house in the skies,  
Where the hope of souls shall have no blight,  
Our love no broken ties;  
We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,  
And bathe in its blissful tide;  
And one of the joys of life shall be,  
The little boy that died.