

International Sunday School Lesson For Sunday, May 17

JESUS ENTERS JERUSALEM AS KING

Printed Verses: Luke 29:42, 45-48

Golden Text: He Is Lord of lords, and King of kings.—Rev. 17:14.

The Lesson

And it came to pass, when He drew night unto Bethphage and Bethany, at the mount that is called Olivet, He sent two of the disciples, saying, "Go your way into the village over against you; in which as ye enter ye shall find a colt tied, whereon no man ever yet sat; loose him, and bring him. And if any one ask you, 'Why loose him?' thus shall ye say: 'The Lord hath need of him.'" And they that were sent went away, and found even as He had said unto them. And as they were loosing the colt, the owners thereof said unto them: "Why loose ye the colt?" And they said: "The Lord hath need of him." And they brought him unto Jesus; and they threw their garments upon the colt, and set Jesus thereon. And as He went, they spread their garments in the way. And as He was now drawing nigh, even at the mount of Olivet, the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works which they had seen; saying: "Blessed is the King that cometh in the name of the Lord; peace in heaven, and glory in the highest." And some of the Pharisees from the multitude said unto Him: "Teacher, rebuke thy disciples." And He answered and said: "I tell you that, if these shall hold their peace, the stones will cry out." And when He drew nigh, He saw the city and wept over it, saying: "If thou hadst known in this day, even thou, the things which belong unto peace! But now they are hid from thine eyes." And He entered into the temple, and began to cast out them that sold, saying unto them: "It is written, 'And my house shall be a house of prayer,' but ye have made it a den of robbers." And He was teaching daily in the temple. But the chief priests and scribes and the principal men of the people sought to destroy Him; and they could not find what they might do; for all the people hung upon Him, listening.

Comments on the Lesson

The triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem is our study today. We have watched the Master as He entered Jerico, healing the blind men on the outskirts of the town; we saw Him as He went into the home of the despised Publican, Zacchaeus, and learned the words of wisdom that fell from His lips while speaking from that home, and last Sunday we were given an insight into the manner in which He holds us responsible for our part of the world's work, as He gave the parable of the pounds.

Had this story, which we are studying, the book of Luke, been produced a New York writer, the press of the nation would have vied with pulpits in singing its praises, and critics would have worked overtime and would have used up all the descriptive adjectives in their vocabularies in trying to tell of its beauty, and in describing the matchless manner in which it fulfills the prophecies that had been made five hundred years before the time of its actual occurrence. Every man, woman and child who claims to be well read would have had the story so perfectly memorized that its re-telling could have been glibly done in any social group wherever gathered. Yet, we permit the book that contains this beautiful story to lie undisturbed on our tables or in our bookcases for years and years without reading it, unconscious of its fine beauty, unaware of its powerful appeal, unmindful of its great importance in our own lives.

M-O-V-E-D

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NEWS-STAND

We are doing our very best to serve the people of this section and invite you to give us a trial.

claimed as a king. Loved and hated, looked down upon by some, and looked up to by others, none of whom, however, friend or foe, recognizing in Him the Son of God. To some, He was king; to others He was an impostor, but to none was He the Son of the Living God.

Let us think for a moment of the manner and method of Christ's entry into Jerusalem. First, it was the fulfillment of the prophecies of the coming of the Messiah, the Saviour. In the Orient, the horse was regarded as the beast of war. Soldiers used the horses, and the chariots of the rich and powerful were drawn by horses. The ass was the animal of peace, and was used by the common people. Can we ever know how much it has meant to the world that Jesus selected the ass upon which to ride into Jerusalem, instead of sending for the finest horses that could be obtained? This manner of entry declared at once that Jesus Christ is an advocate of peace, and, although King, is of the common people. It is one of the tests of Christianity today that the man who lives in the mansion must serve the same Jesus who was a guest in the humble home of Mary and Martha, and is today in the humble home of the poorest factory worker or the most destitute tenant farmer. Had the disciples been able to dictate to Jesus as to His entry into Jerusalem, they would have had Him clothed in purple and linen, decorated with flashing jewels, seated in a great chariot or astride the finest horse in the Orient. He, then, would have been king-like indeed. We feel much the same way. If we could look upon Jesus as we see the Prince of Wales, heir to the British throne, or a Rockefeller, king of finance, He would have many more followers today than He has. Our vision is just as narrow and limited as was that of the followers of Christ into Jerusalem. They had not, even at that moment, recognized Him as the Son of God, the greatest power that has ever touched man's life. Nor do we fully appreciate all the great, deep meaning of His life and being. He took every opportunity to demonstrate His love for the common people, the great mass of humanity, saying over and over to us that we could be brothers to the great King of all kings, therefore becoming members of the finest Royal family in all the world's history.

If we spent one fractional part of the time and energy in aligning ourselves with this great King that we do in trying to climb one rung higher on the social ladder, the Kingdom of God would now embrace many more millions of happy hearts than are registered therein today. When Jesus said that a rich man could hardly enter the Kingdom of Heaven he had in mind the blinding influence of wealth and the arrogant spirit that wealth produces. He knew how hard it would be for rich men to worship a Christ who preached simplicity and humility, and practiced these things by choosing the lowly ass upon which to ride into the city that He was to conquer through death, burial and resurrection.

As Christ's entry into Jerusalem was emphasized by simplicity and humility, it is a striking lesson to us that our entry into the New Jerusalem must be in the same manner. Our pride, our arrogance, our ignorance, will not open the gate of the city to us. "I am the Way, the Truth and the Light," says Jesus, "and no man comes unto the Father except by Me." Pride of family name, ambitious achievements, arrogance of wealth and power, social leadership, genius, neither can be substituted for the humble spirit that Jesus so many, many times emphasized as being necessary to salvation.

"Who is this?" the milling throngs in Jerusalem asked, when Jesus entered into their midst, and for two thousand years men everywhere have been asking this same question. Those who followed Him on that day said He was a prophet, a great leader, a King. He then was standing on the other side of the grave from our time and day. Surely, then, we who claim to be his followers today can see more in Him than a mere prophet, a great King. We can see Him as the Son of God sent into the world to save men and women from sin and Satan. We know from experience that when He enters into our hearts, as He entered into the city of Jerusalem, we are stirred even as the whole city was stirred on that day.

"Who is this?" We know Him as a Jesus whose cleansing power sobers the drunkard and makes an honest, righteous man of the crook, even as He cleansed the leper and made the lame to walk in the days that He trod the earth and proved His Messiahship.

"Who is this?" We know Him as the one who comes into the room where a precious child is lying on a sick bed, with fevered brow and racing pulse, a child that soon was to die, the doctors say, and by the power of His unseen but well known presence bids the fever leave that child and its pulse beat to slow down, and quietly leaves it in peaceful slumber from which it awakens, and in good time be at play again about its mother's knees, even as He raised the daughter of Jarius in that day one score of centuries ago.

"Who is this?" We know Him as the Presence that comes to the man whose soul is sick of sin and shame, whose life is miserable and unhappy, whose load is heavy and whose feet are faltering at every step, and this presence whispers unto that man, saying: "Cast your burdens upon me, and I will carry them for you," and peace comes to that soul even as peace came to those who were possessed of evil spirits which He cast out back yonder before Calvary.

"Who is this?" We know Him as the one who stretches forth a saving hand to him who is sinking, and leads that one to safety, even as He stretched forth His hand to Peter back yonder when the disciple was about to be engulfed in the turbulent sea, and called to the Master to save him lest he sink.

"Who is this?" If you wore the white flower Sunday, Mother's Day, you will know Him as the One who came in the last moments to the bed-

side of that Christian mother of yours, and by His presence implanted that wistful, happy smile upon her face, as her form was released from its physical pain and suffering at the instant her soul began to wing its way to the mansions in His Father's house.

"Who is this?" If you wore the red flower on Mother's Day, look into her eyes and ask her about this Jesus, and she will take you as in the days of your childhood, and tell you about Him, even as she taught you the little prayer in days ago when you learned to say: "Here I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

"Who is this?" you ask, even as the people of Jerusalem put this question. You often ask this question in those moments when you know that all is not well with you, when you feel that the very ground under your feet is slipping, when you feel as though you are falling, and you throw out your hands to catch at some support, and all that you can accomplish is the swishing of your arms through empty space. You ask the question, "Who is this?" as you gaze into the blue sky of the day or the star-bedecked heaven in the night time, and you know that a power with no limit to its reach created and controls this east and perfectly fitted universe, yet, big as it all is, vast as the space that has no ending, this One you are asking about notices even the falling of the sparrow, and loves you with matchless passion, and wants you to place your hand in his, and be with Him when He comes again in all splendor, this time to enter into the city of the New me."

Lake Toxaway News

Rev. and Mrs. S. B. McCall and family moved last week from the Gillespie cottage to the Burgess cottage at Oakland.

Misses Mildred and Mary Caroline McIntosh of Brevard spent the week-end with their aunt, Mrs. L. C. Cass. Mrs. C. L. Saunders spent several days last week with her sister, Mrs. Grover Woodard, at Rosman.

Mrs. Charlie Lee visited Mrs. Guy Whitmire Wednesday, who is sick at the home of her mother, Mrs. Coleman O'Neil.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Arrowood and children, Virginia and Charles, left last Friday for Tuscola, Tenn., on account of the serious illness of Mr. Arrowood's parents.

Ralph Fisher of Brevard, was in Toxaway last Sunday.

J. H. Breedlove, better known as "Uncle Jim" Breedlove, is very sick at his home.

Mrs. Frank Nichols of West Asheville, spent the week-end in Toxaway with her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Patton and children of Andrews, N. C., spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Scruggs.

Miss Mildred Williams, who has been teaching school at Dillsboro, N. C., came home last week.

Mrs. L. C. Case, who has been sick, is able to be out again.

Mrs. Fred McNeely and children of Oakland, spent last Friday in Brevard.

Mr. and Mrs. Roberts left last week for a visit in Texas.

H. G. Rogers, who spent last week with his family, left last Saturday for Asheville.

Mrs. C. C. Hall and Mrs. Fannie McCoy spent Monday with Mrs. S. L. Sanders.

Harry Rother of Waynesville was a Toxaway visitor last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Kim Miller and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Chris Fisher.

Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Gillespie and daughter Virginia spent last Sunday in West Asheville.

B. T. Egerton spent last Sunday in Brevard.

Lucy Hall was the guest of Little Bettie Fay Rogers, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Ray were Brevard visitors Tuesday.

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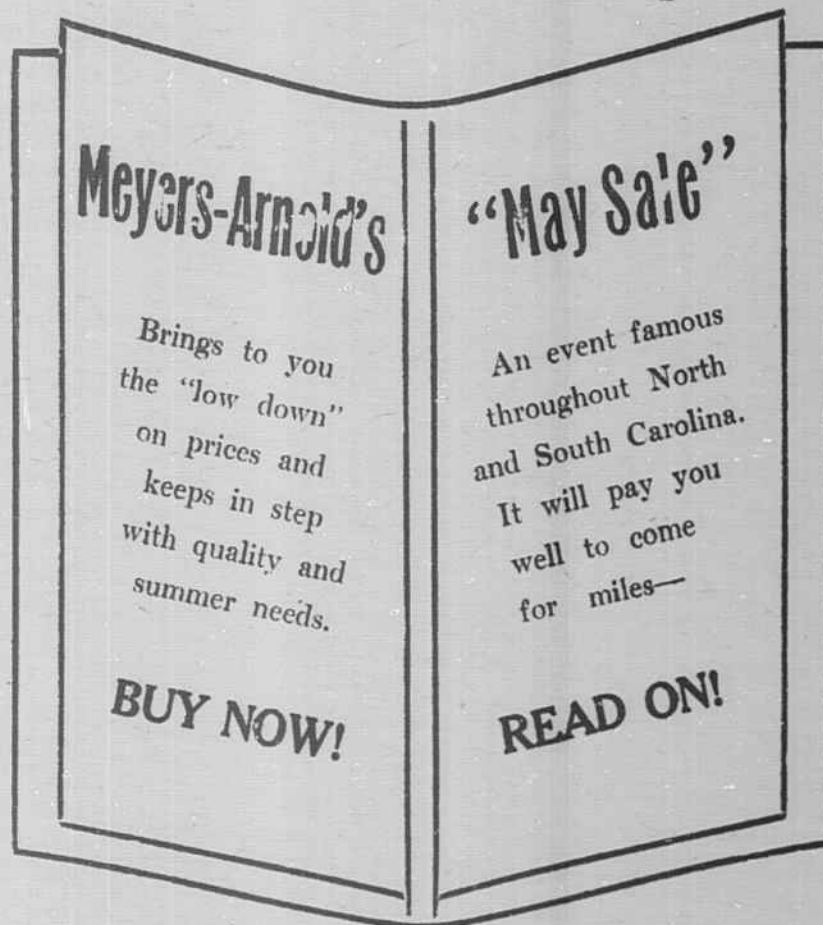
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Never Before—Perhaps Never Again
Will Prices Be So Low

Lack of space here forbids mention of all the different items which this money saving occasion presents—qualities of Meyers-Arnold Co.'s traditional high standard—assortments new, excellent, seasonable and in the height of fashion—never before, perhaps never again will prices be so low for quality merchandise. This mere announcement should crowd the store to its capacity with eager shoppers from far and near. Here are a few instances. Come! Come! Come!

Special Groups Table Linens	10% to 25% off prices
Special Groups Luncheon Sets	10% to 50% off prices
Special Groups Wash Fabrics	10% to 50% off prices
Fibre and Rush Rugs—All sizes	1-3 off prices
India Rugs, 2 1-2x5 to 6x9 ft.	1-3 off prices
Values to \$16.50 Silk Dresses	\$9.75
Values to \$29.50 Silk Dresses	\$16.50
Values to \$25.00 Wool Coats	\$16.50
Special Groups Spring Hats	1-4 to 1-2 off prices
\$22.00 Printed Dress Silks	\$1.75 yard
\$2.00 Printed Dress Silks	\$1.48 yard
Extraordinary Values in Silk or Cotton Lingerie.	

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