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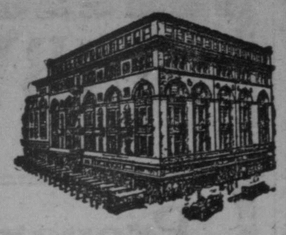
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# SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

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## LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 28

### REVIEW: JESUS OUR SAVIOUR AND KING, OR PARABLES OF THE KINGDOM.

The method of review should be determined by the grade of the class. For the Primary the review should center in the topic, "Jesus and the Children;" the Junior, "Choosing Jesus as Saviour;" Intermediate, "Accepting Christ's Program for Our Lives;" for the Senior and Adult grades the subject of the church, noting its membership, ordinances, worship, and service. A better way would be to study more fully the parables of the kingdom as set forth in Matthew 13:44-50.

**I. The Parable of the Hid Treasure** (v. 14).

The usual interpretation of this parable, making Christ the hid treasure for which a sinner must give up everything in order to buy his salvation, must be rejected for the following reasons: (1) Christ is not hidden in a field, but has been lifted up and made a spectacle to the world. (2) Nobody has ever been obliged to buy the world in order to get Christ. (3) Salvation cannot be purchased, for it is God's free and gracious gift. (4) No warrant is ever held out to a man to conceal his religion after it is obtained.

1. The field. This is the world (v. 38). Fortunately this landmark has been made by Christ himself.

2. The treasure. In Psalm 135:4 we are told that Israel, the chosen people, is his treasure. The same truth is set forth in different places and ways (Deut. 7:6-8; 14:2; 26:18; 32:8, 9). When Christ uttered this parable the ten tribes were already concealed from human observation, and as to the rest of Israel it was a prophecy of that which was to follow. The kingdom as to its relation and bearing is now hidden. Christ was primarily sent to the Jews; for their sake the field was bought.

3. The Purchaser: the Son of God (John 3:16).

None but the Son of God had such resources to buy the world.

4. The purchase price. This was the precious blood of the Son of God, which is worth infinitely more than silver and gold and the treasures of the earth (I Peter 1:13, 19; Isa. 53).

**II. The Parable of the Merchantman Seeking Goodly Pearls** (vv. 45, 46).

1. The merchantman. He is actively engaged in search for pearls. In this search he discovers one pearl of great price. This merchantman is none other than Christ himself. The whole activity of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, since the fall of man, has been seeking those who are lost.

2. The purchasing price. The merchantman sold all—impoverished himself in order to buy the pearl. The poor lost sinner could not buy Christ. His salvation is without money and without price. Christ did impoverish himself, turned his back upon the heavenly glory (Phil. 2:6-8) to purchase the one pearl of great price by his own precious blood (Eph. 5:25; I Pet. 1:18, 19).

3. The pearl of great price. This is the church. The merchantman will find other pearls of value, but the peerless gem set above all others will be the church which he has purchased with his own blood.

**III. The Parable of the Drag Net** (vv. 47, 50).

This gives us a picture of the consummation of the kingdom. No one can mistake the meaning here. Note: 1. The sea. This word when used in a figurative sense denotes peoples and multitudes (Dan. 7:3, Rev. 17:15).

2. The drag net. The word "net" in the authorized version is properly translated "dragnet."

3. The net drawn to the shore when full.

4. The assortment made by the angels.

5. The destiny of the bad fish, or wicked men.

**He Draws Hearts of Men.**

On that day when our Lord Jesus Christ was lifted up, all sorts of people were drawn to him. There were those who loved him dearly at the foot of the Cross. There were scribes, and learned men, and aristocrats, and priests and common people. There were simple peasants from the country, shepherds from the hills, and a motley crowd from the city streets. There were Roman soldiers and Galilean pilgrims. It was a crowd representative of all the world's people, and today when he is lifted up even as of old, he draws to himself the hearts of men.

**The Work That God Appoints.**

I am not bound to make the world go right, but only to discover and to do with cheerful heart the work that God appoints.—Jean Ingelow.

**Pass That Day in Peace.**

You have only a day to pass on earth; so act as to pass that day in peace.—De Lamennais.

**To Live in Peace.**

Peace is the fruit of love; for to live in peace, we must learn to suffer many things.—De Lamennais.

## Rich Man, Poor Man

By ELIENNE ST. CLAIRE

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Rich man, poor man." It always ended there. Harriet let the daisies in her arms fall to the ground, and stamped her pretty foot with annoyance. It was much better to remain a stenographer and earn her own living than inflict herself upon some poor hard-working man, she had decided long before. If it had to be a poor man or no man, then it would be no man, of that she was confident.

"Look out!" The cry came across the field, but before Harriet could scream out she was lifted in two big arms and carried over the fence, just in time. The infuriated bull that she had mistaken for an inoffensive cow had been maddened by her red sweater and would have trampled or gored out her life had it not been for her rescuer.

"There!" The man panted as he placed her on the grass, "we are all safe now."

Harriet had closed her eyes, but she opened them now. The man was just as she had been picturing—tall, big, brawny and handsome.

"Oh, thank you," she breathed. "However did you carry me over that fence?"

He looked down at the demure little person of ninety pounds on the grass before him and smiled. "It was just like carrying a baby," he replied, amused.

That was a shock to Harriet's dignity. Sitting so serenely on the grass after such a thrilling rescue she had felt like a heroine in a novel, but now she rose sheepishly and brushed the grass from her skirt. It was difficult



She Looked After Him Longingly.

to appear tall and dignified for a person five feet in height, but she attempted it bravely.

"I am by no means a child," she flashed.

"I did not mean you were," he corrected. "Perhaps you thought I was rough. I am more used to carrying sacks of a grain than ladies, but I much prefer the latter."

That righted him immediately with Harriet. She was soon wondering if it would be proper to allow him to see her home. He seemed to think it would. It seemed no time before she was bidding him good afternoon and inviting him to call again at her aunt's gate in the village.

She looked after him longingly as he went down the road. He was just the type of man she had always dreamed of, but alas! he was poor. His every appearance told her that, and he had said himself that he was working on a neighboring farm—a mere hired man.

If only he had not been! However, she was not going to permit that to prevent her enjoying his company while she was on her vacation, for there remained two months of it. What if he fell in love with her? She would make sure that he didn't—not permanently, anyway. She would invent some yarn that would scare him off.

As Melville Reynolds, Harriet's rescuer, was trudging along the road his mind was on the little girl he had just left. She was a plucky little thing, he thought, and it was hard to keep from admiring her. She was a pretty little country girl—the very kind of girl he had made up his mind to marry some day when he found her. He had found her, he could not help but think it.

But the next day Melville's love ambitions were shattered. Harriet let him know in a very airy sort of way that she was a leader in the very best society of the city, and all that sort of thing.

Whenever a chance offered itself for him to grow sentimental she always managed to bring up something about a ball or an afternoon tea or a yachting trip, or some other thing that he hated the very name of. He went home disappointed in her, but somehow he could not make up his mind not to call on her again. She was a dear little girl even though she was the butterfly type he detested. Of course, he did not guess that Harriet had made up the society role to show him just how impossible love-making with her would be. But despite it all he proposed to her the day she announced her intention of leaving for home.

"I could not think of such a thing," she answered in dismay. "Goodness, no!"

Melville did not wait to plead his cause. He went away without saying a word, leaving Harriet wondering whether to laugh or cry. She did not have time to do either. Just a few minutes remained in which to catch her train, and she hurried to get ready.

The train was late, and as Harriet waited at the station she had an opportunity to think it over. She had been an idiot to act the way she had, she decided. Even if he was poor he was perfect. What was poverty compared to happiness? She loved him. Now she knew it, it was too late. Perhaps it was not too late. Her baggage was checked through, but she did not think of that. She was beside her aunt's hired man in the old ramshackle buggy, and was ordering him to drive to the farm where Melville worked, just as the train whistled at the bend.

"He has gone to the river," the farmer told her.

The river! Harriet's head swam. There was only one thought in her mind. Melville had gone to end his life because she had so cruelly rejected him. She seized the lines from the startled hired man and whipped up the old horse. The beast responded nobly, but to Harriet it was a snail's pace. The river hove in sight. She was out before they stopped at the bridge, and then stopped, panting. On the bank just a few yards from the road sat Melville, calmly fishing. Harriet stopped long enough to get her heart back to its normal beat and then crept silently toward him.

Melville was staring out over the river, a far-away look on his face. The minute her arms encircled his neck he knew who it was, and took her in his arms.

She did not sob until her whole confession of love had been made, but Melville kissed the tears away. The sun was slowly sinking, the shadows were on the river, it would have made a splendid ending had not Harriet remembered her trunk."

"My baggage!" she cried. "It has gone on the train. What will I do?"

"I'll telephone my man in the city to get it at the station, and bring it back here. Or I will get him to come here with the car and we will drive to the city after it."

"Your man, your car!" Harriet gasped. "Do you live in the city?"

"I am president of the automobile firm that bears my name," he smiled. "I am helping out here partly to rest my nerves, but mainly to do what I can to help win the war. My eyesight won't pass me for the army."

Harriet did not seem to be able to believe it all, so quickly did everything happen. There was such an attractive little ivy-clad church in the village they could not resist it. But on the way back to the city Mr. and Mrs. Melville Reynolds had a chance to think it over. As she nestled close beside her husband on the softly upholstered seat of the touring car, Harriet counted the buttons on her dress idly. "Rich man," she started on the second round. There remained one more button. She hesitated to pronounce the next two words. Her fingers closed on the button and she was just going to say "poor man" when the button slipped off into her hand. She sighed in relief. Melville smiled knowingly.

"What if it had been poor man, dear?" he asked.

"It would have been all the same," she answered as she placed the button in his open hand and let his fingers close on hers. "Rich man or poor man, you are my own dear man."

## DREDGING OCEAN FOR JEWELS

### Company Has Faith That Exploration of South African Sea Bed Will Be Profitable.

Word comes from London that a company with powerful financial backing has been formed to dredge the ocean bed along the southwest coast of Africa and the sands along the adjacent shore for diamonds.

The demand for diamonds is now so great that the mines of South Africa cannot supply the market. This is due to the fact that the war crippled the mining industry and at the same time increased the distribution of wealth, especially in neutral countries. Men and women are wearing diamonds today who a few years ago never dreamed of possessing such expensive ornaments.

For some years a large diamond chimney has been known to exist at the bottom of the sea near Luederitz bay, on the southwest coast of Africa. The sand dunes along the shore have become richly imbedded with diamonds washed up from the submarine deposits. These dunes have been mined with fine results.

The new company is prepared to begin mining operations at an early date. The English government will get 40 per cent of the diamonds found. Two well-known South African interests are backing the undertaking. The submerged chimney is the only diamond mine ever located on the bottom of the sea.

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