

Writer Explains New Covenant

ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Alfred J. Buescher

Scripture—Hebrews 8:1-10:18.



In the first Hebrew tabernacle was the candlestick, the table and the shewbread, which is called the sanctuary.



Next the tabernacle called the holiest of all which had the golden censers and the ark of the covenant.



Into the second went the high priest, once every year, with blood offered for the sins of the people.

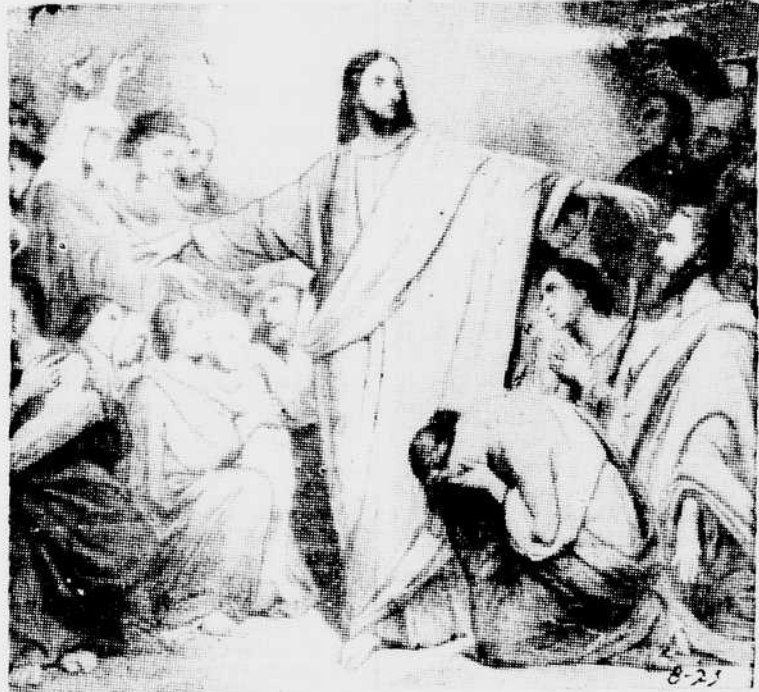


But Christ came and by His own blood He obtained eternal redemption for us all. (GOLDEN TEXT—Heb. 9:9)

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"BRASS TACKS" ON THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

The Golden Text



Christ the remunerator

"Having been made perfect, He became unto all them that obey Him the author of eternal salvation."—Heb. 5:9.

By NEWMAN CAMPBELL.

(The International Sunday School Lesson on the above topic for Aug. 24 is Hebrews 8:1-10:18, the Golden Text being Heb. 5:9. "Having been made perfect, He became unto all them that obey Him the author of eternal salvation.")

the ark of the covenant overlaid with gold, wherein was the golden pot that had manna, and Aaron's rod that budded, and the tables of the covenant.

"And over it the cherubims of glory, shadowing the mercy seat."

Only High Priest Enters

He then explains that no one but the high priest ever went into the holy of holies, and he only went once a year.

When the high priest went into the holy place that once, and in that year he made atonement for the sins of all the people, he did so by offering the blood of calves and goats, with water, and hyssop, and bryson, and sprinkled both the book and the people.

The writer points out the old covenant in the land with Moses was not a new covenant, as God had made a new covenant with Christ as the mediator between Himself and man.

He describes the old tabernacle, which was built after Moses' talk with God in the Mount.

"And after the second veil the tabernacle which is called the Holiest of All. Which had the golden censor, and the table of the shewbread, which is called the sanctuary."

ing away of sins, and which had to be repeated each year.

Christ's death and shed blood atoned for all the sins of the world, and made it possible for any truly repentant sinner to take his repentance straight to God, his Father, and gain forgiveness.

Whereas in the old covenant sacrifices might be offered every day in the year, Christ's sacrifice was made once for all.

A & P'S PRODUCE PURCHASES UPPEDED DURING CAMPAIGN

Jacksonville, Fla., Aug. 22—A 20 1/2 per cent increase in purchases of fresh fruits and vegetables for sale in A & P Tea

Company stores during a ten-week national "Nutrition—In Defense" campaign was reported today by the food chain's producing arm, the Atlantic Commission Company.

The extra sales effort and consumer-education activities, first marked the campaign will be continued at the request of growers.

The company's purchases for A & P—amounting to 33,293 carloads of fruits and vegetables from the opening of the drive on May 19 to its close on July 26—represented a 3,629-carload increase over the 27,771 carloads bought during the corresponding period of 1940.

The results achieved by the A & P in its campaign to cooperate in the federal government's Food for Defense program indicate strongly what can be done to help out the proper nutritional needs of the dining tables of the nation.

Negro Escapes Hail Of Shots

Clarksville, Va., Aug. 22—Fleeing in a hail of bullets from a police officer's gun, Frank Ransom, 35-year-old Negro railroad maintenance worker, apparently had made good his escape.

Ransom fled early Wednesday night from Stone, where Police Chief P. P. Rainey, of Clarksville, Va., attempted to detain him for questioning in connection with killing of a mail pouch at Clarksville, Va., July 26.

A check stolen from the mail, which a Negro man attempted to cash this week at a Henderson store, furnished the clue that led to Ransom.

Bloodhounds brought here from Greensboro trailed the Negro for about 12 miles yesterday morning before he got the track.

Castle of Contentment BY LORENA CARLETON

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

VERNON STONE met Ylena at LaGuardia field. He grabbed her arm and led her through the wet snowstorm, to his own machine, a chauffeur-driven town car.

"I've always been surprised that she retained you after that scene in the park."

Stone grunted with distaste. "She probably did because she knew I didn't care. I heaved her in her den, you know, and told her everything, handed it to her in my best courtroom manner, jolt after jolt.

"I think so—just don't make plans, Ylena."

The girl watched time drag wearily, on the clock in Vernon Stone's car, on the crystal and silver one in the hotel restaurant, on the antique, gold-tipped one in the shop where they bought her collar.

Stone felt the girl's tightly nervous fingers clutching his arm as they followed Beulah along that gloomy lane of ponderous doors, closed upon lavish, unused musty rooms.

"Then save me, Vernon," she said in a sober, strained voice. After a moment she said, a strangled laugh in her throat, "Do you think she'll try to wallop me?"

Vernon said dryly, "If she does, she'll have about the same luck she had in the park."

Ylena clamped her fist over her mouth, horror-stricken over the words she had just uttered. Stone tapped his fingers against her wrist. "It's a natural emotion, Ylena. God knows you can't be expected to feel sorrow. But let's not talk anymore about it. Let's get you settled in your hotel, have a nice long breakfast to kill time, go shopping for a collar. You might even have a facial just to look more beautiful than you do already, and then we'll make an appointment to see Mrs. Vincent."

"And Carlyle?" Stone gave a doubtful twist of the head. "I don't know, my dear."

"Oh Vernon, surely she intends to let me see her." She was fighting tears.

"I have a more enjoyable ride—let's cut through the park from Ylena's hotel on Central Park-South to the old Vincent residence on East Eighty-third street."

An ugly old graystone house, unchanged from the days the senior Vincent had it built for his bride. The same servants, Old McComb, the knee-bent butler, greeting Ylena as he always had, in that manner of friendly approval hidden beneath fear of the aged Mrs. Vincent.

The nurse led Ylena through the dim upstairs sitting room and on into the bedroom. In the shadowy light Ylena barely could see the aged Mrs. Vincent in her gigantic, antique bed, thinner than when she last saw her. Sick. Beaten. She lay perfectly quiet, except for fighting black eyes that stared balefully at Ylena.

"Come over here and sit down where I can see you." To the nurse she ordered, "Get out!" After a moment of tense silence she questioned Ylena tersely, "Well, why sit there speechless? Why don't you ask me how much longer I'm going to live? That's what you want to know, isn't it?"

"Yes, you proved your eagerness by taking the plane. A train would have been fast enough, but no, you hurried. Well, I'm not dead yet, young lady, and I keep Carlyle until I am. And whether you get her then depends on how she acts when she sees you. First," she said, in her voice that slid continuously and uncontrolably from deep savage tones to quivering helplessness, "let me tell you, you'll never get any of my money. Carlyle gets monthly allowances, also a settlement on her eighteenth birthday, her twenty-first, her twenty-fifth and her thirtieth. But you," she repeated, "get nothing."

Ylena said with pride, "I don't want your money. I make all the money I need."

"That's hell-twiddle talk. I know you sell doo-dads and go around hanging curtains in people's houses, but I happen to be talking about millions. Yes, with the exception of a necessary amount to take care of Theodore, Carlyle gets everything, whether she lives with you, or stays here under a guardian. Now, tell me," she demanded, somewhat scornfully, "what sort of life would she live out there in that God-forsaken country?"

The girl took her wide, green gaze off the old lady's wrinkled features and fixed them on empty space. "She would live in a land of sunshine. She would pick oranges for her orange juice right from the trees. She would have a little pony with a saddle of Mexican silver and fancy fish in a pool in the patio."

From dreamlike fancy, she brought her eyes back to Mrs. Vincent. "And, no matter what my own opinion is, she would be taught to respect both you and her father and the Vincent name."

For quite some time, much to the girl's apprehension, the old woman lay with her eyes closed. Then, after a while, she opened them and looked at her bedside clock. "She'll be back from her morning walk now." She lifted a bell, which in due time brought the nurse. The feeble patient said, "Have Miss Carlyle brought here."

Ylena could feel her heartbeats sending the blood to her head in gushing waves that almost blinded her. Her fingers curved tightly about the arms of her chair as she heard her child's voice, dim at first, louder as she progressed through the oppressive hallway. There was a flurry of greetings between Carlyle and Vernon Stone, still at his post on the Victorian sofa. The blond girl heard Stone give the little girl a pleasantly worded command not to keep her grandmother waiting.

With eager vigilance Ylena continued to watch, her neck rigid, eyes staring, hands still clutching the arms of her chair. And then she gave way to a peaceful, beautiful relaxation. Carlyle was walking through the door, (To Be Continued)

Advertisement for Brookside Milk and Dairy. Includes the slogan 'It's Good!' and 'Brookside Dairy' with a phone number 430-J.

Advertisement for Army Depots in Maneuver Are Checked. Includes text about Brigadier General James L. Frink and the inspection of depots.

Advertisement for A&P Super Markets. Lists various products like dextro Iona Flour, Marvel Bread, Flakes, Cheese, Dressing, etc., with prices.

Advertisement for HARRIS Deviled Crabs, Crab Shells, Meats, Sliced Bacon, and Weiners.

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