

# A LESSON FROM BROTHER TOM.

BY AGNES LOUISE PROVOST.

"I CANNOT understand what has changed Nelli so."

Mrs. Howard spoke in troubled tones, her eyes on her daughter's empty place at the table. Her husband shook his head. He was getting a trifle impatient with Nelli. Tom snatched his second plate of griddle-cakes and intimated that he would dispose of a third. Then he announced his views on the subject:

"Now, mother, there's nothing the matter with Nell but pure airs. She has been away to school these two years, and last vacation she traveled with Aunt Nell and was waited on until she was completely spoiled. Now she feels a little too large for the house. This morning she's late for breakfast again, and when she does come trailing in she'll have on that dressing-jacket thing that looks like a bath-robe cut in half. It gives me the blues to look at it. I hate those floppy things! I suppose she doesn't think it's worth while to dress up and be entertaining at home."

"Now, Tom dear!" admonished his mother gently. "You must not be uncharitable with Nell. Remember that she has studied hard all these years. We'll give her a chance to rest and I think she will soon come back to her old self."

Tom shook his head unconvinced. He was a lively young gentleman just returned from his sophomore year at college, and his patience with his sister's new attitude was limited.

"It's a good thing to vary brain-work with physical exercise," he suggested wisely. "She crawls down late mornings, and if there is anything she might do around the house, she half does it and forgets the rest, or else she gets a headache and can't do anything. But she can spend hours writing fat letters to those girl friends of hers. When the Ellis boys come you'll see her down stairs early, and not wearing that loose rag, either."

"Tom, be careful!"

Mrs. Howard's word of warning came just in time. The dining room door opened and Nellie entered, looking a trifle sleepy about the eyes. Her hair combed somewhat less carefully than for more public occasions, and she wore the short, voluminous dressing-sack which was Tom's pet abomination.

"Good morning," she said, smiling, but stopping to cover a bit of a yawn with her hand. "I'm sorry I'm so late."

Nellie had been sorry a good many mornings, since her return, but her regret had not carried her to the point of prompt attendance. She was a plump, pretty girl, with a face usually sparkling with animation; but just now she looked rather listless, perhaps a trifle bored. Formerly she had found it a pleasure to exhort herself to entertain her own family. Mrs. Howard, with a mother's charity, had been attributing her lack of animation to delicate health, but had been slowly forced to admit that when strangers were with them, her young daughter was as bright and charming as ever. Doubtless Nellie herself had little idea of how far she had let herself drift into this indifference.

There was a letter at Nellie's place, and as she opened and read it she gave an exclamation of pleasure.

"Oh, how lovely! It is from Jean Fairfax, mamma, and she says she can come Saturday afternoon—that's to-morrow. Why, that is when your college friends come, isn't it, Tom? Oh, I am so glad she can come! She is such a dear!"

Nellie sat up straighter and evinced considerably more interest in life, but Tom, gravely finishing his coffee, apparently forgot to answer her question. His critical eye roved severely over the wide-spread little dressing-sack, which ended in a few fringes below his sister's naturally slim waist, and Mr. Howard, watching him, smiled significantly across the table at his wife.

After breakfast Tom hunted up his mother as she was busy about her household duties.

"Now," he said, "if you have a lot to do, make Nell work. I hear her at the piano this minute. Oh, yes, I know she doesn't mean anything, but it's high time she did mean something. She's all right, really, only she's careless and spoiled, and you always did let us impose on you."

Mrs. Howard shook her head and smiled, but she loved the affectionately scolding tone which her big son occasionally adopted toward her. Tom had not finished yet.

"Now, mother, let's make a bargain, honor bright. If I undertake to cure Nell with heroic treatment, will you aid, abet and encourage my nefarious schemes? You need not do much; just stand by me. For instance, I didn't tell her, but I have received word that the Ellis boys will get here late to-night instead of to-morrow afternoon. I want to smuggle them in so that Nell won't know they are here. Will you help me?"

Mrs. Howard looked at him seriously. "Tom, I do not wish to do anything to humiliate Nellie, at least unnecessarily. Still, I think you are right. It hurts me to think of causing her pain, but I do think it will be the best thing for her. I have tried to speak with her gently, but I know she merely thought that I was carping and unkind and that she did not quite understand her. She does not realize how careless she has grown. Now, be careful, Tom!"

"All right," said Tom, cheerfully, and he was off like a whirlwind.

Nellie was not quite so late as usual to breakfast on Saturday morning, perhaps because she was expecting Jean Fairfax, and had awakened with a more lively interest in her every-day life. Her hair was a trifle reckless, and she wore the short, pink dressing-sack as she came into the dining-room. The door she started guiltily, and a wave of warmer pink swept over her face as she looked and glimpsed in the very edges of her hair.

Two strange young men sat at the table, laughing and chatting with her

father and mother and Tom. They were tall,—Nellie particularly admired tall men,—one of them slim, with glasses and shrewd, twinkling eyes behind them, and the other broad and heavy, with a head of hair which proclaimed him to be none other than "Billy" Ellis, Tom's football hero.

Tom looked up innocently at Nell, of cruel necessity, came forward and took her place, giving an apprehensive twitch to her spreading draperies and wishing fervently that she were at the north pole, with that wretched Tom and his friends at the south pole. Tom apparently was utterly oblivious that anything was wrong, and cheerfully introduced his friends with an explanatory, "They came last night, you know."

Nellie sat through her breakfast in a far from happy frame of mind. Tom was horrid not to tell her, and she hated that dressing-sack! The Ellis boys were nice, though, and she brightened and tried to talk, but in some way Tom kept the conversation going so rapidly, only including his parents, that she found it difficult to say anything. Billy Ellis thought Tom's sister was "jolly pretty," only he didn't care for that loose thing she wore, and he wondered why she was so quiet. His brother Preston watched her reflectively from behind his glasses and concluded that there was some electricity in the domestic atmosphere, and that Tom was probably the cause of it.

Breakfast had never seemed so long to Nell, and as soon afterward as she could find her brother alone, she cornered him indignantly.

"Tom Howard, I think it is perfectly horrid of you! Why didn't you tell me, instead of letting me come down to breakfast looking like this?"

There were volumes of scorn in the tone in which she designated her general appearance. Tom looked at her in injured surprise.

"Why, I thought you liked it, although I must say I don't think much of it myself. Of course, I could have let you know, if I'd known you felt that way. They just came late last night. Beside, if that rig is good enough for me, I guess it's good enough for other people."

Brothers can sometimes be brutally frank. Nell colored, feeling that the conversation was taking an unfortunate turn, but she had another, and to her a very real, grievance.

"And you were actually rude, too! You never gave me a chance to say a word, and I had to sit there like a wooden doll. I know they thought me queer and stupid. You never used to act that way."

"Well, I can't seem to suit you," said Tom, resignedly, and his sigh was eloquent of injured virtue. "I thought you were so worn out and everything from school, and you've been so mopey all along, that I just exerted myself to take your share of the conversation off your shoulders. You haven't talked much to us during breakfasts, you know."

"Oh, you needn't bother explaining," Nell interposed, and marched away with all the dignity she could command under such trying circumstances. But there was a choking feeling in her throat, and once out of her brother's sight she fled swiftly to her room and wept.

"Oh, oh!" she wailed in the depths of a pillow. "Wasn't it just too horrid of him? And I saw the football one looking at this d-dreadful thing! I know he thought it wasn't nice, and I looked just like a balloon!"

A flushed and tear-stained face rose suddenly from the pillow, the objectionable garment was whisked off, rolled into an ignominious ball, and viciously stuffed behind the bureau.

"Oh, I just hate you, and I'll never wear you, again outside this room, never, never, never!"

The recollection that Jean Fairfax would be with her that noon was a faint comfort. Nell bathed her face and began to prepare for her friend's coming.

At lunch Tom obligingly let the conversation go where it would, and Nell's spirits rose until Billy Ellis concluded that Tom's sister was a "jolly little thing," and turned his head in her direction so frequently that her brother's eyes gleamed with delight. But the wound still rankled, and Nell could hardly wait to get Jean Fairfax home from the station before she poured her morning's woes into that sympathetic ear. Jean looked a little blank and paused with hat-pins half off.

"Oh, do you wear your dressing-sack at breakfasts, Nell?"

"Why, yes, just at home. Don't you?"

"Well, no, not out of my room. You see, papa and the boys hate those loose things—so most men do, I guess. Besides, there are a good many of us and only one servant, so I am pretty busy helping mother mornings. If I didn't dress before breakfast, I shouldn't get time afterward. You don't have to do anything but amuse yourself, do you, you lucky old dear?"

Nell did not have much to say. She was looking doubtful.

By Monday morning the family had already fallen into the habit of lingering at the breakfast table. There was much to linger for. Three times in succession Mr. Howard had put his coffee down unstarted, to laugh heartily at a lively skirmish between Preston Ellis and Jean Fairfax.

"Would you two mind suspending hostilities for a few moments?" queried Tom. "I should like to plan a little gathering. How about a tally-ho party for Thursday? We don't own one of those swell things ourselves, but I know of a first-class one we could hire, and pretend we owned it when once we were out of town."

"Oh, good!"

Nell's eyes shone with excitement, but Tom suddenly looked doubtful.

What nonsense!" Nell turned to her brother in incredulous astonishment.

"Well, if you really think it wouldn't exhaust you," he said dubiously. Then, turning to the others he added, in grave explanation:

"You see, Nell's health has been very delicate since her return from school. I suppose she studied too hard, but she seems all worn out—just hangs around without any ambition at all, and we want her to be in better shape before she goes back."

He said it with such frank innocence of manner, and turned toward her with such a touchingly solicitous air that it was out of the question to take exception to this remarkable statement. Nell's cheeks burned as she remembered that she had never looked plumper and healthier in her life. She felt a hysterical desire to laugh as Billy Ellis turned to her with a wondering, "is that so? Why, now, that's too bad." But after all, it was no laughing matter. Billy was reflecting that it was extremely disappointing that Tom's pretty sister should be one of the eternally tired kind.

"Well, then, the tally-ho goes for Thursday," continued Tom, equably. "And Billy and I were saying yesterday that it would be jolly to have an all-day, out-of-doors, do-as-you-please trip down the river, a sort of picnic with modern improvements, and take a load of things for the inner man. How about that, mother? Is Kate too busy? Would it be much trouble to get us up some stuff for to-morrow?"

"If it is going to make Mrs. Howard any trouble," announced Billy Ellis, decidedly, "it won't come off, and that settles it."

"Why, I can do it!" quickly interposed Nellie. "Mother needn't do anything."

"Yes, and I'll help. Mrs. Howard mustn't do a single thing but sit in a big chair and give orders. Nell and I can do it all."

Jean nodded her head conclusively as she made this statement, but Tom's anxious gaze was again bent on his sister.

"Don't be reckless, sis. There will be a lot of extra cooking to do, you know, and it might give you one of your headaches. I know you're not used to it now, and we don't want you to overdo yourself."

"O, Tom, how utterly ridiculous! Why, I am just as well as—as you are!"

Nell tried to speak lightly, but she could have cried then and there. It was too humiliating for a plump, rosy girl of nineteen to be held up before strangers as a dejected invalid.

Tom's medicine was by no means exhausted, in fact, he considered that his heroic treatment was just begun, but Mrs. Howard had keener eyes than he for signs of distress, and she felt that Nell had been punished enough. Her eyes conveyed a quiet warning to Tom, who responded gallantly to less personal topics.

When Mrs. Howard went into the kitchen a few moments later, she found her daughter and Jean already there, attired in voluminous aprons. Kate, more than ever busy with this household of young people on her hands, had thankfully improved the opportunity to slip up-stairs. Nell was busy collecting materials for her cakes, but there were signs of a storm in her flushed face and unsteady lips. As Mrs. Howard opened the door, she recklessly dropped an egg and buried herself temptuously into those ever-ready arms, which closed warmly about her.

"O, mamma, mamma, I think Tom is just too horrid! I know I've been a mean, selfish thing, and I just hate myself, but I will help you all I can, and I won't wear that horrid sack, or come down late, or be lazy and careless, or—oh, dear!"

Mrs. Howard bent tenderly over the brown head laid in wool and reposed on her shoulder. Tom came swinging in at the back door, thinking remorsefully that perhaps he had been a little hard, and wanting to make peace with Nell. He stopped short as he saw them. Jean, ever tactful, motioned him to come in, and slipped quietly out of the door—

Yours truly, Tom.

While waiting for the train the bride and bridegroom walked slowly up and down the platform.

"I don't know what this joking and giggling may have been to you," he remarked, "but it's death to me. I never experienced such an ordeal."

"It's perfectly dreadful," she answered, "I shall be so glad when we get away from everybody we know."

"They're actually impertinent," he went on. "Why, the very natives—"

At this unpropitious moment the wheezy old station-master walked up to them.

"Be you going to take this train?" he asked.

"It's none of your business," retorted the bridegroom, indignantly, as he guided the bride up the platform, where they condescended with each other under the impertinence of the natives.

Onward came the train, its vapor curling from afar. It was the last to their destination that day, an express—nearer, nearer, it came at full speed, then in a moment it whizzed past and was gone.

"Why in thunder didn't that train stop?" yelled the bridegroom.

# THE CONSCIENCE FUND

HAS MANY INTERESTING TRADITIONS BUT NO DISTINCT HISTORY.

To Get at the Total Amount of It Requires a Thorough Research—Earliest Constitution in 1811—Named by Treasurer Spinner.

The so-called "conscience fund" of the United States Treasury has many interesting traditions, but no distinct history. Even to get at the total amount of it requires a tiresome research, so this is rarely attempted. No separate account of it being kept, each item has to be separately dug out from the pages of "miscellaneous receipts."

The earliest contribution to it is believed to have been received in 1811, when the Register of the Treasury recorded an item of income as "money received from a person unknown, stated to be on account of imports and tonnage." It remained for Treasurer Spinner, more than half a century later, to give a name to this indefinite resource of the Government. As the story goes, a draft for \$1500 came in the mail one day from a person who said that he had been a quartermaster in the army, and had misappropriated a large sum. The clerks into whose hands the draft passed were in some perplexity about disposing of it, and appealed to Spinner. "Let us call it a contribution to the conscience fund," he suggested, "and publish it in the newspapers, and perhaps we shall get some more." His judgment proved correct. The era had been one of pickings and stealings, and the publication had its influence, apparently, in stimulating the public conscience, for a number of persons who had been guilty of frauds upon the Government, some deliberate, some impulsive, and some which might almost be described as accidental, began to make restitution when they found that the Government was ready to say "Thank you."

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"Cos you sed 'twarn't none of my business. I has to signal if that train's to stop."

And as the old station-master softly stroked his beard there was a wicked twinkle in his eye.—London Spare Moments.

All She Saw.

"If not delivered in ten days, return to Box 158," etc. One woman who had done some petty smuggling sent a \$10 note, saying that she had no idea how much duty she owed the Government, but giving the date and the value of the goods, so that it could be readily computed, and requesting that if the amount enclosed were not right, she should be informed at a specified address. The duty was figured out at \$7.03, and the change, \$2.97, returned to her.

Many of the writers of letters containing remittances are illiterate persons, and their struggles with the word "conscience" have evolved such phonetic forms as "konscience," "konsins," "consions," "consults," "consens," and "gongens." Uncle Sam never quarrels with the spelling, however, if the writer's heart is evidently in the right place.—Francis E. Leupp, in Harper's Weekly.

EGYPTIAN MEN AND WOMEN.

What We Learn of Them From Ancient Drawings.

In face the men and women were very much alike, but there is a subtle charm about the female faces that is replaced by a placid dignity in the male. In both the features are delicate and of a somewhat aquiline type, and the figures are tall and slight. There is very little indication of muscle, but the men are broad shouldered and thin flanked, while the women, in spite of their stiff attitudes, are graceful and refined. In both the forms are soft and rounded. The resemblance between the men and the women is, of course, increased by the men being always clean-shaven.

In the paintings and bas-reliefs there are certain conventions which do not apply to the statues, and for these due allowance has to be made.

In early times all drawing and painting on the flat (and has relief is but a form of this) had to serve two purposes. One was to convey information, the other to be ornamental. It is doubtful which is the earlier of the two. The man of the Stone Age, when he scratched his realistic mammuth on a piece of reindeer bone, either wanted to convey to his brother, man that he had seen a fine specimen of this interesting animal, or else he did it because he thought it pretty, or he may have had both motives. In any case, we have here the common origin of art and writing.

The information picture dwindles down through hieroglyphics to mere symbols of sounds, the pictorial origin of which is entirely lost. The decorative picture gradually loses all wish to convey information, and subsists entirely for its pleasure to the eye. But the Egyptians had not got so far as that; when they drew a man, there had to be no mistake what it was. He had all to be displayed, as it were, to the best advantage. The legs were drawn as straight as the legs of the whole length of the foot, and one leg was put in front of the other, so that neither should be concealed. The body was a rectangle, but not a square, for there came a difficulty about the body; if that were sideways, too, one shoulder would be lost; so the body must be seen frontwards. The arms, again, are best seen sideways; fortunately, as both shoulders are shown, they do not interfere with one another. Again, a profile is more characteristic than a full face, but a profile eye is a poor, foreshortened thing. So in this profile we insert an eye seen to its full extent, and then we really have done the man justice. This eye, seen full face while the head is profile, gives naturally a peculiar expression, which makes people talk of the long, narrow eyes of the ancient Egyptians. They were likely had nothing of the kind, but, again, the twisting of the body makes the shoulders seem too broad.

The ideal is certainly broad shouldered, but not so much so as this would make it appear.—Nineteenth Century.

A Sister of the World. A sister of charity, with a long black veil and a serene expression, was gliding along the street with the swift, silent tread peculiar to the soft-shod sisterhood. She looked neither to the right nor left, and her face was one of serene peace, of almost celestial calm.

A frowzy boy with a bundle of dirty newspapers under his arm appealed to her, first to buy a paper, then to give him money to "get something to eat." She was a well-looking boy, with a sleepy face. The sister glanced at him, shook her head and walked on. The boy pattered beside her, whimping a tale of woe in a whining voice. As they neared the corner the sister turned her serene face toward him for an instant, and in the softest voice, with an expression of wondering sorrow, she said:

"And I suppose you lost all your money playing craps?"

Then, as the startled boy fell back, she glided silently on her way.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Domestic Episode.

There are women, so it is said, who search their husbands' pockets when conditions are favorable for so doing. Some wives have to find what they are looking for, and others are looking for what they sincerely hope they won't find. But up to date the last-named class of finds has not included a dynamite cartridge. That explosive will have to go on the list of things not desired in the future, however, with women who never neglect this "duty" of pocket rifling, as a woman thus engaged somewhere in Connecticut the other day was greeted with one so warmly that she lost several fingers by the contact. There seems to have pervaded this domestic circle a mutual knowledge of habits not uncommon perhaps, though the manner of correction employed by one member of it is rather too summary to promote the quiet and confidence supposed to characterize the home atmosphere.—Boston Transcript.

Investments of Royalties.

American securities have become a favorite medium of investment in the royal families of Europe. The German Emperor has about \$750,000 in railroad bonds, and the Czar over \$1,000,000, besides large sums in British securities. The kings of Sweden and Belgium are largely interested in breweries. Austrian royalties have investments in England and Germany, while the Italian King's surplus wealth is largely in England.—New York Press.

# THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

International Lesson Comments For June 2.

Subject: Jesus Our High Priest in Heaven, Heb. ix, 11-14; 24-28—Golden Text, Heb. vii, 25—Memory Verses, 24-26—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

11. "But Christ having come" (R. V.) Although Christ be but one, yet He is understood in a variety of forms. He is the "tabernacle" on account of the human body in which He dwelt. He is the "able," because He is our bread of life. He is the "ark" which has the law of God enclosed within, because He is the Word of the Father. He is the "candlestick," because He is our spiritual light. He is the "salt" of incense, because He is the sweet-smelling odor in sacrifice. He is the "altar of burnt offering," because He is the victim by death on the cross for the sins of the whole world. The apostle does not in any way refer, distinctly or to the Jewish institution, for they were ordained of God, but he endeavors to show those who were writing that inasmuch as the great Antitype was so perfect, the types would necessarily be done away. "An high priest." The work of the high priest was threefold. 1. To offer sacrifice for the people. 2. To consecrate the people. 3. To offer to God. Christ had to do so to offer an acceptable sacrifice, and this He did by offering Himself. As the Great High Priest, He acted as mediator, because through His divine nature He can approach the court of heaven, and in His human nature He is touched with the feeling of other men's infirmities, and having been tempted in all points like as we are, He is able to succor them, and is the sympathizing High Priest, and in His blood He cleanses us from all unrighteousness. More perfect tabernacle. Authorities seem about divided as to the meaning of these words. Some think they refer to the Christian Church, and that His body is the tabernacle; others think the tabernacle not made with hands refers to heaven, representing the spiritual sphere. "Not making any part of this lower creation."

12. "By His own blood." Here the redemption of man is attributed to the blood of Christ, and this blood is stated to be shed in a sacrificial way, precisely as the blood of bulls, goats and calves was shed under the law. "Once for all" (R. V.). The high priest entered into the holiest once each year, but Christ made an atonement that did not need to be repeated. He is the high priest of a sanctuary, situated in heaven. There were two tabernacles to the tabernacle proper; the first, which was situated toward the east, was called the sanctuary or holy place; it was thirty feet long and fifty feet wide, and contained the altar of incense, the table of showbread and the candlestick. The second sanctuary was called the Holy of Holies; it was ten cubits (fifteen feet) wide and high, and contained the ark of the covenant. Into this holiest place, the high priest entered once each year, on the great day of atonement, which was the 10th of Tisri (October), carrying with him the golden censers and sprinkling blood. "Eternal redemption." An endless redemption from sin; it is eternal in its merit and efficacy.

13. "Blood-sprinkled." See Lev. 16: 4, 15; Num. 19: 2, 9. "Sprinkling." Blood was sprinkled on the stones, the altar, the pillars, the people, the veil, the mercy seat, in fact, everywhere we see the names of the high priest, the golden censers, the ark, the table and the table of showbread. These were purified for purification from ceremonial offenses. "The flesh." Purifying from uncleanness according to the Mosaic ritual, having the high priest particularly in view.

14. "How much more." This form of argument is characteristic of this epistle. That which the blood of bulls could never do, the blood of Jesus has forever done. "Through the eternal Spirit." There are two views with regard to the meaning of this: 1. By His own divine nature. 2. By the help and through the power of the Holy Spirit. The latter appears to be the correct explanation. "Without blemish" (R. V.) This is an allusion to the Jewish offerings which, to be acceptable to God, must be without blemish. "Dead works." All sinful works.

15. "Made with hands." He has not entered into the holy places in the tabernacle or temple as the Jewish high priest did, but into heaven itself, which He has thus opened to all believers. "Like in pattern to the true" (R. V.). The sanctuary or temple on earth is a shadow of heaven, and communion with God in His sanctuary is to His people a heaven on earth. "To appear." As our Intercessor; "He sits at the right hand of the Father to present to the Father His own atonement and sacrifice for the sins of the whole world."

16. "Offer Himself often." In this and the next verse the apostle shows that the atonement of Christ once made was sufficient for all nations and all ages. See on v. 12. "The blood of bulls and goats." The blood of bullocks and goats.

17. "Since the foundation," etc. Although Christ offered Himself only once, that offering is in itself an ever-recurring one, that its influence reacheth backward to the beginning of the world and forward to the end of time; on which account Christ is termed "High Priest" (Heb. ix, 11). "Eternal foundation of the world." "Everlasting of the ages" (R. V.). This has reference to the end of the Jewish dispensation. "To put away sin." To abolish sin, ceremonial sin. But in doing away with the sin-offering He made an offering for sin, and is now able to deliver from the guilt and power of sin.

18. "As it is appointed," etc. Inasmuch as God hath decreed that man shall die once, and only once, and after this shall come to the judgment, and be judged once, as Christ, who has been offered once, shall die no more.

19. "To bear the sins." There is an allusion here to the scape goat (Lev. 16: 5-10; 20:22) which, in a figure, carried away the sins of the people into the wilderness, but Christ literally bears away the sins of all who come to Him. "That look for Him." All true believers are patiently waiting and earnestly looking for the appearing of Christ. Titus 2: 13; 2 Pet. 3: 14; 1 Thess. i, 10; 1 Pet. i, 7; Acts 1: 11; 1 Thess. i, 10; 4: 16; 3 Thess. 1: 10. "Apart from sin" (R. V.). When He appears the second time He will come not as sin-bearer for sin, but as judge and savior. "Unto salvation." The coming of His coming will be to bestow complete happiness upon us. He will deliver the bodies of the saints from the grave, and take all true believers with Him to eternal glory. "Even so, come Lord Jesus!"

20. "And I suppose you lost all your money playing craps?"

Then, as the startled boy fell back, she glided silently on her way.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Sister of the World. A sister of charity, with