

THE ATONING SACRIFICE.

1st Cor. 15: 3.

Four thousand years of searching for relief from burdens of a wicked world. Man's life is a long and weary journey. And he is ever seeking for rest and peace. And he is ever seeking for rest and peace. And he is ever seeking for rest and peace.

But now the end of earth is sweetly changed. The promised Saviour surely has appeared. Through all his three and thirty wondrous years. No trial, sacrifice or pain he knew.

And then, according to the Word, He died. He died, and all the pains of earth. He gave a sinless human life for us. The price is paid—the sacrifice must win!

His life upon the cross in helpless shame; Yet men and demons tremble at His name. The work is finished, and His parting cry. The work is finished, and His parting cry.

MARTHA.

"It was such a pretty wedding!" it was Mrs. Jackson's first, but it might have been all the congregation as they poured out into the sunlight that flickered through the fluttering, swaying arches of the church-yard elms.

And it was, indeed, a pretty wedding, as it was in stately Mrs. Northup, sympathetically.

Most of Mrs. Northup's dicta became the opinion of Newton eventually, but to-day she merely voiced the common feeling, and did not have to wait for public sentiment to grow to her standard. And the pretty wedding was a fitting prelude to the cheerful home which Martha made, with her new home as Mrs. Jackson's first, but it might have been all the congregation as they poured out into the sunlight that flickered through the fluttering, swaying arches of the church-yard elms.

From the very beginning Martha had determined that her table should always be spotless and well served. There was no need, she argued, of their meals being any less perfect than those of people who had more money and servants. It only needed a little care and thought on the wife's part to make it so (this she had read dozens of times from the pens of as many domestic writers, and she resolved, with a glow of wifely devotion on her face, that Jack should never find her falling in such small matters. And so their simple meals, cooked and served by Martha's own hand, were as delicate and orderly as those of a richer home. What were a few more dishes to wash, and the extra trip up stairs to slip on the fresh dress, and give the smoothing touch to the fragrant locks, the hurried run out into the garden for Jack's favorite flowers? Just a little here and a little there to make her home the living picture she loved to be painting.

"You'll overwork yourself, my dear, I fear. It's delightful, and you do everything so beautifully, and you must not forget that you are my chief ornament, and I don't want you to get tired with rough work," he said, playfully.

"Oh, nonsense!" Martha smiled, and her heart swelled with pride at his praise. "I am as strong as can be, and I've always worked. I'll look out for myself, never fear," she assured him, while she inwardly resolved to do yet better.

After a few such futile remonstrances, Jack gave himself up to the contented enjoyment of his home, which seemed all the more wonderful and grateful to him because he had passed the last ten years in boarding-houses and students' clubs. "Martha, too," piped up little Amy, but after all begrimed and her light curls straggling out from under her torn straw hat.

"Now, boys, you mustn't mess up the yard so," said Jack, as his eyes fell on the two who sat contentedly whittling with sticks and chips strewn around. "Why, how dirty you are! You run right in and wash yourselves and get clean at the nearest place." "Martha, too," piped up little Amy, but after all begrimed and her light curls straggling out from under her torn straw hat.

"Oh, papa, please—don't," wailed the chorus. "She said we needn't be clean, and it's so lovely. And we haven't quarrelled a bit to-day," said Ned, sturdily.

"Yes, I did say so," said Aunt Mary, to Jack's inquiring look. "I said so, an' I mean it. There ain't a mile of sense fretting at the children. They've got to play, and they've got to be somewhere. They have been good and happy. As for the mess here, far as I can see there's been mess enough in the house," added Aunt Mary, tartly.

"We'll pick everything up," said the boys.

"Yes, truly," added Besy. "You'll see it will just look as good as ever. But let us play, so Maggie can get the house all nice for mamma." Jack laid his hand on the head of the little boy, and then, carrying the two back, he followed Aunt Mary into the house.

"It's all well enough, far as I know, for folks that have plenty of money and nemes to keep their children right up, though the children don't have half so good a time. But for folks like you, Jack, I say, I am going to let the children wear their plainest clothes, and learn to play and take care of themselves, so that when Martha gets round they won't need so much tending. It's ridiculous, I tell you, to make such a sight of sewing and washing in a house like yours. Life's too short," continued Aunt Mary, earnestly. "Beside," she added, gently, "think of the price that has been paid! It makes my heart ache

to think of the flesh and blood and soul folks pay out for fripperies, tucks and frills and fine things, that look fine and take so much time to do, but don't last, and Aunt Mary went on to tell him of the kitchen, her cap strings waving with unwonted energy.

"Aunt Mary, I'm helping," said Besy, jocosely, one morning, as her father and Mrs. Ransom stood talking about the bill, it being decided with duty to the office. "I'm dusting the parlor. I stood on a hassock, and I've reached everything and haven't broken a bit."

"That is nicely done, my dearie," said Aunt Mary, who, being content with dusting it thoroughly, yesterday, so you need not do any more.

"Why, my mamma always dusts the parlor every day, and lots of other rooms besides," expostulated Besy, who didn't care to give up the dust-cloth and the honors of a worker.

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