

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[The name of Correspondent must in all cases be enclosed with letter, but will not be published unless desired. The Editor will not hold himself responsible, however, for any opinions expressed by Correspondents.]

## AN OFFER.

## THE SOCIETY OF THE TREASURY OF GOD

To the Editor of the CHURCH GUARDIAN:

SIR,—I have six thousand tracts on systematic and proportionate giving, which can be had gratis by any Rector who will use them for educating his people; also 6 000 leaflets issued by the Toronto Diocesan Branch; these are in a series of six for issue on consecutive Sundays. Six hundred of them can be had by those who first apply, on condition that they will follow up the teaching, and suggest that those who receive benefit from using this means of grace might join the Society and help to extend the benefit to others.

The chief reason for the meanness of our people is that they know no better.

The clergy have not taught them, wherever they do teach the results are very satisfactory in the deepening of the spiritual life, and consequent increase of the offertory.

I shall be glad to supply the members of the Woman's Auxiliary with tracts and leaflets.

Yours, &c.,

C. A. B. POGGOK,

Hon.-Secretary.

Toronto, May 7, 1888.

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

## WORK TO DAY.

"He that now goeth on his way weeping, and beareth forth good seed: shall doubtless come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him."—Ps. cxxvi. 7.

"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God."—Heb. iv. 9.

Man in the morning to his work goes forth,  
And rests at even:  
Christian, remember, labour is for earth,  
Repose for Heaven.

Who now sows precious seed, though it may be  
Too oft with weeping,  
Shall, if he patiently await, see  
A joyous reaping.

Fruit shall be gathered, whose abundant store  
Shall never perish,  
But blissful love, where weeping shall be o'er,  
For ever perish.

Then scatter freely, nor withhold thy hand  
Till close of even;  
Earth is the place of toil—the better land  
Of rest is Heaven.

—Thomas Davis.

## MARTHA'S PATIENCE.

BY LUCY WHEELOCK.

"Martha! Martha! What does keep you so long?" called a querulous voice from the doorway of a little white cottage which stood at the end of the village street.

It was a hot July day, and Martha, who had stopped to rest in the shade of the willow trees, drew a little sigh of discomfort as she hastened to fill the big white pitcher at the spring.

"I wish I could stop just a minute to get cooled off," she said to herself, as she hastened across the sunny, dusty street.

"Well!" complained Aunt Patty, as she took the pitcher, "Did you stop to dig a new spring? it took you long enough."

"I only waited a minute to cool off under the willows," said the girl meekly. "It's so hot!"

"Hot! And you never thought of me, I suppose, ready to perish with thirst," said her aunt, peevishly. "It's always the way; no matter what becomes of an old woman like me."

"Oh, Aunt Patty," said Martha, in the same subdued voice; "I didn't think you would care."

"Oh, I dare say not," was the reply, "you don't stop to think about anything but dawdling; but you won't have much time for that now, if you expect to have your father's dinner by noon. It's eleven o'clock already. And don't forget to have a mess of those late peas," added Aunt Patty, as she hobbled off into the cool sitting-room, leaving Martha alone in the hot kitchen.

"Oh, dear," sighed the girl, wiping her flushed face, "whatever shall I do? She wants peas again, and how can I stop to pick them? There are the peas to finish and the potatoes to wash! I wonder where Tom is!" and she flew to the door and looked up the long, shady street, calling Tom's name at the top of her voice.

"Let me play, I am Tom," said a pleasant voice in the next yard, and Mrs. Drew's summer boarder came to the fence.

"Is it peas you want? Oh, I see the basin! I'm a master-hand at peas."

"Oh, Mrs. Vance," said Martha in confusion, "you mustn't indeed. It's so hot in the garden!"

"Not in the shade of the plum-tree," said the

lady, "and I am longing for a chance to get into your nice garden again."

Before Martha could find words to remonstrate, she had taken the dish and was half-way down the walk.

Martha hurried back to her pies and was putting the last one in the oven, when the kindly voice spoke again in the doorway, "Now bring me a dish, and I'll sit here on the step and shell the peas for you."

"What a busy little woman!" said Mrs. Vance, presently, as Martha went flying from kitchen to pantry.

"Is it hard work sometimes?"

"Oh, I don't mind," was the answer, "when it isn't so dreadfully hot. Oh, there's Aunt Patty calling," and she ran to see what was wanted.

"Don't hold the door open and let all the heat in," cried Aunt Patty fretfully, "I only wanted to charge you not to forget the nutmeg on the custard pies. They were just spoiled the last time."

"She means patience to have her perfect work in you," said Mrs. Vance as Martha closed the door. "I have always had a fancy for your patron saint, Martha, and I know now how much more difficult it is to be an active saint than a listening one, especially in warm weather."

"I always felt sorry for poor Martha," said the young girl, pausing in her work, "I suppose she would rather have been sitting down listening; but somebody had to get the supper."

"But the legends tell us that she did most glorious deeds for the Lord afterwards when she became a missionary, and she has been the patroness of good housekeepers ever since. You must come over and sit under the trees with me this afternoon when your work is done, and I will read you some of the tales Mrs. Jameson gives us of her holy life."

Thus Martha's acquaintance with the summer boarder began, and it grew to be the brightest thing in her poor, barren life.

The pleasant conversations under the elm-trees, the fresh papers and magazines opened a new world to this hungry soul.

There was not much that was inspiring in Martha Bradley's life. The death of her mother two years before, when Martha was only fourteen, had obliged her to leave school and take upon her shoulders all the care and work of the little household.

"Don't neglect Aunt Patty," was one of her mother's parting injunctions. "She has been like my own mother to me ever since I was a helpless child, and now that she is old and sick and feeble, I could not die easy to think that anybody could ever be unkind to her. Promise me to be patient and bear everything Mattie."

Martha promised, and never had she broken her word, however trying and exacting Aunt Patty might be.

It was a hard and confining life for a young girl, and often her whole being seemed to cry out for something more.

"I like to think of the robins that Tom caught last year," she said once to Mrs. Vance. "He shut two half-grown birds up in a cage, and one of them beat and beat itself against the wires, and in the morning it was dead on the bottom of the cage, and the other one never struggled a bit, but just hung its head and moped on the perch. Tom felt so sorry when he saw the dead one, that he opened the cage and let the mate go, and it flew straight up toward the sun and sang the gladdest song. I wonder if it knew the trees and the sunshine were waiting for it, even when it was in the cage. I think that is why it was so patient."

"And do you want to spread your wings, too, and fly into the sunshine?" asked Mrs. Vance. "Well, never forget the patient bird. Wait a little longer and your turn will come, too."

(To be continued.)

To any one sending us \$1.70, with the name and address of a NEW subscriber, we will send a copy of Little's "Reason's for being a Church-