

THE  
FAMILY TREASURY

OF

SUNDAY READING.

EDITED BY THE

REV. ANDREW CAMERON,  
(FORMERLY EDITOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN TREASURY.")



LONDON:  
THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;  
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

MDCCCLXIV.

For 1119. J. 38

# THE FAMILY TREASURY

OF

SUNDAY



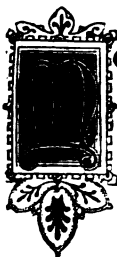
READING.

## DIARY OF MRS. KITTY TREVYLYAN.

### A Story of the Times of Whitefield and the Wesleys.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

*Wednesday, May the First, 1745.*



OTHER always said that on the day I became sixteen she would give me a book of my own, in which to keep a Diary. I have wished for it ever since I was ten, because Mother herself always keeps a Diary; and when anything went wrong in the house,—when Jack was provoking, or Father was passionate with him, or when our maid Betty was more than usually wilful, or our man Roger more than usually stupid,—she would retire to her own little light closet over the porch, and come out again with a serenity on her face which seemed to spread over the house like fine weather.

And in that little closet there is no furniture but the old rocking-chair, in which Mother used to rock us children to sleep, and a table covered with a white cloth, with four books on it,—the Bible, Bishop Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," Thomas à Kempis on the "Imitation of Christ," and the Diary.

The three printed books I was allowed to read, but (except the Bible) they used in my childish days to seem to me very gloomy and grave, and not at all such as to account for that infectious peacefulness in Mother's face and voice.

I concluded, therefore, that the magic must lie

in the Diary, which we were never permitted to open, although I had often felt sorely tempted to do so, especially since one morning when it lay open by accident, and I saw Jack's name and Father's on the page. For there were blots there such as used to deface my copy-book on those sorrowful days when the lessons appeared particularly hard, when all the world, singing birds, and bees, and breezes, and even my own fingers, seemed against me, and I could not help crying with vexation,—those blots which mother used to call "Fairy Fainéante's footsteps," (for Mother's grandmother was a Huguenot French lady, driven from France by the cruel revocation of the Edict of Nantes,—and Mother taught us French).

It made me wonder if Mother too had her hard lessons to learn, and I longed to peep and see. Yes, there were certainly tears on Mother's Diary. I wonder if there will be any on mine.

So white and clean the pages are now, and the calf-skin binding so bright and new! like life before me, like the bright world which looks so new around me.

How difficult it is to believe the world is so old, and has lasted so long! This morning when I went up over the cliff behind our house to the little croft in the hollow where the cows are pastured, to milk Daisy for Mother's morning cup

to write to you. It has pleased God to call me to himself, in the way which you will hear, and which may appear hard and bitter to you. But if you consider well, and remember that it is my greatest pleasure to conform myself to the will of God, you also must submit. I leave you, for a patrimony, virtue and industry, with the little property which you have. . . . Bring up your young sister as God shall give you grace. Salute Aspasia and Aonilla, my beloved daughters in the Lord. My hour approaches. May the Spirit of God comfort you, and preserve you in his grace.

"Your father, AONIO PALEARIO."

After having thus taken leave of all whom he loved on earth, Paleario was ready to die. With the eye of faith he saw, with increasing clearness, his merciful Saviour waiting to receive him, on his entrance into another life, and the humble prayer of the Christian was turned into the ecstasy of the martyr. Who can fathom these mysterious glories!

The way was short from the prison to the bridge of S. Angelo, where the scaffold was erected. Paleario trod it with a firm step. He calmly contemplated the preparations for his death. When the first rays of the morning sun coloured the city and the Tiber, he expired on the scaffold. His body, still palpitating, was cast into the flames.

Thus perished, by the same death as Savonarola, a man who felt no less keenly than he did the two great evils of his time—the decay of religion, and the corruption of manners. But whilst the eloquent Dominican, living in a cloister, sought in the monastic institution the ideal of a regenerated Church, and of a society renewed by asceticism, Paleario, brought up in the schools, uniting the enthusiasm of a literary man of the Renaissance to the fervour of the first Christians, sought in the apostolic age for the model of a free and holy Church, having no law but the gospel, no head but Jesus Christ. A reformation was necessary; he never wearied of in-

voking it. He hoped for it, in turn, from a council, representing the whole of Christendom, and from princes equally interested in repressing the abuses, and in limiting the power of the Papacy. His hopes were deceived. To his noble aspirations, to his pure dreams of Christian democracy and spiritual liberty, the Council of Trent replied by an anathema, the Holy Office by proscription. He did not attempt to escape from it. In a land sadly enslaved, with the Papacy triumphant, and the Inquisition dominant, he could not be a reformer; he was a witness, or, so to speak, a herald of Christ. He confessed him by his life, he glorified him by his death, which seems a page taken from the apostolic martyrology.

The fate of Paleario did not touch his contemporaries. No cry of sympathy or of pity responded to his sacrifice. He was but one victim the more in the immense hecatomb, immolated to Romanist unity by Philip II. and Pius V. The victory of Rome appeared secure. For three centuries Italy has known the much-vaunted benefits of religious absolutism consecrating political absolutism, and the silence of oppression which would resemble the peace of the tomb, if it were not sometimes interrupted by the whisper of a free soul. Better days are come at length, and the Reformation, so long proscribed, has obtained a legal right in the Peninsula. It is no stranger in the noble country, where the purest blood has flowed in its cause, and its followers may everywhere find traces of its ancient martyrs. Rome alone has maintained the old anathema. But the reign of intolerance is nearly at an end; the temporal pontificate is hopelessly condemned; and the hope of Paleario will be realized, when, from the summit of the capitol, the words spoken by a great Italian shall resound over the Eternal City:—

LIBERA CHIESA IN LIBERO STATO!  
A FREE CHURCH IN A FREE STATE!

## CHRIST A SERVANT.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.



HERE is one character in which Christians too seldom think of their Divine Redeemer. It is that of a disinterested SERVANT, ever serving our highest interests. We call ourselves Christ's servants. Do we constantly think of Him as ours?

At the last supper, we read that Jesus rose from the table and laid aside his robe. He takes a towel, and girds himself after the manner of an attendant in a guest chamber. Pouring water into a basin, he washes the disciples' feet, and wipes them with the towel wherewith he is girded. After the surprising act of self-humiliation is over, he says to them, "Know ye what I have done to you? Ye call me Master and Lord; ye say well, for so I am.

If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done unto you."

Then he tells his disciples for what paltry distinctions the Gentiles and the worldlings crave. But they were to aim at a nobler, sublimer supremacy—the supremacy of disinterested love, and devotion to the wants of others. "Let him who would be chiefest among you become *servant of all*." The feet of his followers were scarcely dry from the washing he had given them, as he says, "I am among you as *he that serveth*."

Run your eye, my brother, over the whole earthly career of our blessed Lord, and you will find in it a

beautiful illustration of the truth that the loftiest post of honour is the lowliest post of service. Every word, every act, is inspired by disinterested love. He condescends to teach the most ignorant, for they have the deepest need of light. He condescends to feed the hungry poor out of his miraculous basket. He condescends to sit at meat with despised publicans—to heal wayside beggars and outcast lepers, the children of poor, heart-broken mothers, and the servants in noble-men's kitchens. More than one fallen woman, whom most parents would have thrust out of doors, he allows to come into the sunshine of his presence, and does not let them go until they are penitent and pardoned. And so all through that three years' pilgrimage of love—instructing the benighted, comforting the afflicted, pardoning the guilty, healing the sick, stooping to wash disciples' feet and to cleanse their still more polluted hearts—Jesus is everywhere the "servant of all." The years of penitent, self-denying service culminate in the grandest, most stupendous, and sublime service of all—the service of suffering on the cross of Calvary! Oh! self-indulgent Christian, who art unwilling to lift a finger to relieve a fellow-being or undo his burthen, look on the wondrous spectacle of an incarnate God stooping to the lowliest offices of love—bearing poverty, and ignominy, and toil—bearing the curse of the broken law—bearing your sins in his bleeding body on the cross—look at this, and hide your selfish head in shame!

Nor did the service of our Divine Servant end with the cross and the new tomb in the garden. When he ascended to heaven, he only ascended to new departments of service for us. He ever liveth there to make intercession for his people. He is our "friend at court." He is our Advocate to plead our suit. He hears our complaints, and gives a ready ear to the faintest prayer which the feeblest faith breathes forth in its closet.

Does he not gird himself as with a towel, to wash away our impurities? Not once only, but constantly. One cleansing of a soul at the time of regeneration will no more keep a Christian for ever pure than a single ablution of his face or form would make his body clean for a life-time. The world soils our souls every day. Each unholy thought, each angry word, each act of deceit, each covetous touch of gold, each insincere, unbelieving prayer, each cowardly desertion of duty, leaves an ugly spot. "Create in me a clean heart" is an every hour's prayer for a Christian's whole life. And he who girded a towel about him, and washed his disciples' feet from the dust of Jerusalem's streets, is ever beside us, ready to wash away the moral defilement which our

daily walk on the world's highways brings upon our souls.

How many other services too our Saviour is rendering us! When starved on husks, he gives us the bread of life. When faint in spirit, he brings us into his orchard, whose apples of delight cause our lips to sing. Many an obscure saint in a smoky hovel has yet dwelt in the King's banqueting-house. The holy Rutherford, when in prison for Christ's sake, testifies that his prison-cell was "the King's wine-cellar" to his thirsty soul, in which every taste of the divine love only made him more hungry for the "supper-time" in Heaven. He says, "I get sweet *tastings* of my Lord's comforts; but the cause of that is not that our steward, Christ Jesus, is niggard and narrow-hearted, but because our stomachs are so weak, and our souls are narrow; but the great feast is coming, when our hearts shall be enlarged to take in the fulness of the marriage-supper of the Lamb."

Time would fail us to tell in how many ways the loving Jesus serves his people—as their physician, their protector, and their guide through the valley of the death-shade. And one of the great practical teachings of Christ's sublime, self-denying service for us is that the lowliest post of service is the loftiest post of honour. If Jesus was a servant, who shall be ashamed to serve?

Why is it that so many professed Christians "feel above" undertaking humble work for God and humanity? We have heard of a minister of Christ complaining that his station was "beneath his talents!" As if the soul of a beggar were beneath the genius of a Paul! Some are unwilling to enter a mission-school, or to distribute tracts through a poor district—strangely forgetting that their Divine Master was himself a missionary.

Have such never learned that the towel wherewith Jesus wiped his disciples' feet outshone the purple that wrapped Cæsar's limbs? Do they not know that the post of honour is the post of service? "My seat in the Sunday school is higher than my seat in the Senate," said an eminent Christian statesman. When we take the lowliest place of sacred service, we find ourselves in the best society—in the society of mothers serving their children, of patriots serving their country, of pastors serving their flocks, and of ONE who is ever the gracious servant of his people. Heaven is but a higher sphere of service. For in that realm of unwearying activity and blissful worship we read that "they *serve God* day and night in his temple; his name is written on their foreheads;" and "they follow the Lamb wheresoever he goeth, and he leadeth them to living fountains of water."

