

THE
FAMILY TREASURY

OF

SUNDAY READING.

EDITED BY THE

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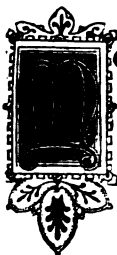
READING.

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

church, with about 1500 Christians, and now there are 2800 in the Panneivilei district. By these statistics it will be seen that during my residence in India I have received from heathenism and Romanism 3100 souls.

Heathen in various parts of the district have been persuaded to destroy upwards of forty devil temples and all the idols in them. I have been permitted at different times to establish sixty schools for the instruction of Christian, heathen, or Mohammedan children, and I

have built sixty-six churches, of various dimensions, during my residence in India.

I have thus given the Committee the statistics of my success (outwardly), because so much has been written lately in newspapers about the want of mission success. Moreover, here I am, and in this district are to be found the native Christians according to the numbers above mentioned.—*From Letter by the Rev. J. T. Tucker of Tinnevely, in Church Missionary Intelligencer.*

GOD'S FRUIT-TREES.



BEFORE our boyhood's home, stood a stately pear-tree. The branches of that broad beautiful tree used to be bent down—nearly every September—to the very ground with the overload of luscious fruit. It stooped its golden store of ripe pears to the reach of us hungry boys, and patiently allowed itself to be plundered by our eager hands. Through the warm nights we used to hear the heavy thump of some monster pear which had silently unloosed itself from a topmost bough, and came rustling down through the branches—perhaps knocking off two or three more by its fall. That tree was a wonderful bearer; it was to us, in childhood, a favourite type of Christian fruitfulness; we thought of it when we heard the minister read, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear *much fruit*."

I. Great stress is laid here upon the word "much;" but *how* much is it? The word is comparative. What would be much with one person would be very little with another. The single hour which the overworked seamstress snatches from her ill-paid labour to devote to her prayer-meeting or her tract distribution is more than whole days devoted to God's service by the monied man of leisure. And her shilling—given at the cost of a supperless night's rest or a fireless room—really outshines the hundred pounds which the millionaire flings into charitable treasuries from his enormous heap. The thorough teaching of a mission-school class by some pious mechanic is a full match, in God's sight, with the delivery of one of those great sermons with which even Chalmers used to "make the rafters roar." It costs quite as much labour for one to teach three boys as it did for the other to teach three thousand men.

"Much fruit" means simply the giving to Christ the best we have got. It is the lading of every bough on life's tree—be that tree a giant or a dwarf. He who, in the humblest walk of life, walks according to the Bible, employs his time, controls his words, directs his choices, and regulates his conduct so as to glorify his Saviour, and make his religion clear and legible to all about—such an one bears much fruit. Sweet "Daughter" of the Isle of Wight's poor "Dairyman!" in thy lonely sick-chamber thou didst yield ripe clusters of grace that have refreshed many a dweller in lordly mansions and

in college halls! She "did what she could." Fellow-Christian, when you have done as much as that, Christ may say to you, "Herein am I glorified, that ye bear much fruit."

II. When a Christian is well grafted into Christ, he will bear a great variety of fruits. Paul tells us that the choicest yields of the Spirit are "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance and faith." A healthy Christian will yield all of these in full measure. Others will excel in some special grace. We know of certain church-members who are so completely under the cold shade of the world, that the half-dozen sour dwarfish apples they yielded are not worth any man's gathering. We know, too, of others so laden that you cannot touch the outermost limb without shaking down a golden pippin, or a jargonelle. Such trees make a church-orchard beautiful. They are a joy to the pastor who walks through them. Every stooping bough and every purple cluster that hangs along the walls bespeaks the goodness of the soil, the moisture of the Spirit's dews, and the abundance of God's sunshine. In glorious seasons of revival, we realize old Andrew Marvel's description of his garden:—

"Ripe apples drop about our head;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine."

III. We have but one other thought to offer in this brief paper; it is this: Living to God in small things, and living to God every day, is the secret of large spiritual growth and fruitfulness. A pear-tree does not leap into a bounty of ripe fruit by a single spasmodic effort; an orchard does not ripen under one day's sun. Every sunbeam and every raindrop does its share. A Christian character is a *growth*. "To finish it on a sudden," says one, "by a mere religion of Sundays and birthdays and revivals and large contributions and special reforms," is never to be done. A man may be converted suddenly; but he must ripen gradually. Every prayer that is breathed, every cross that is carried, every trial that is well endured, every good work for Christ that is faithfully done, every little act that is conscientiously performed for Christ's glory, helps to make the Christian character beautiful, and loads its boughs with ripening fruit.—*T. L. Cuyler.*