

THE
FAMILY TREASURY

OF
SUNDAY READING.

EDITED BY THE
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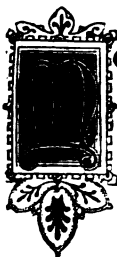
READING.

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

life of fighting. "It's my ain heart that bothers me," he would say, "my ain bad heart."

Another passage of Scripture to which he constantly referred was, "Thou art *my* hiding-place" (Ps. xxxii. 6). "It's wonderfu'! most wonderfu'! *my* hiding-place! *mine*! I used to hide *frae* God; but noo, I hide *in* him. I used to be fear't for him; and noo, a' my comfort is to be beside him."

One day I found a young man at his bedside, and spoke to him; but he avowed unbelief.

"Ah," said Philip, "James's great loss is that he's far owre wise. He kens a heap; but, puir man, he does na ken that he's a *sinner*. That's his want. Yesterday he rose and gaed out, saying, 'Hoots! Phil; what way are ye aye harping on thae gloomy subjects? Think o' something cheerie, man.' And what think ye were the gloomy subjects he spak o'? The love o' God, the blood o' Jesus, the blessedness o' salvation, the glory o' heaven. An' he ca's thae *gloomy*!'"

"Weel," said the young man, "they are gloomy enough to me."

"Ah! James," said Philip, "my warst wish for you is that the Lord may mak' them as sweet to you as to me. Man, they mak' this bed the very gate o' heaven."

His disease progressed, but his confidence never faltered. It was all based on free, full grace, through the precious blood of Christ. One evening a neighbour of his who was ailing in body, and also exercised about his soul, said to him, "Yes, Philip, I believe God is willing to forgive me; but you see, I'm bound to be terribly scourged, I have been such a sinner."

Philip's reply was, "No, no, man, that won't do.

Nane o' ye a', ye ken, hae a richt to speak about sin an' scourgin' like me. But my comfort is that the Lord Jesus took a' my sins, an' was scourged himsell for them eighteen hunner years since. It's his scourgin' gets them forgi'en to me. As for this illness o' mine, I look on't as God's dealin wi' me in love for my ain guid."

Philip's end drew nigh; it was perfect peace. Psalm xxxii. 6, and 1 John i. 7, became more and more precious to him.

The last time I saw him he was sorely distressed in body, but calm in soul. With great effort he gasped out, word by word, slowly and painfully, "When—ever—I breathe—my—last here—I just—drap—drap—into—Christ's—arms." He clearly wished to say more, but could not. He took my hand, gave it a gentle squeeze, smiled with a happy smile, and glanced upwards. We met no more.

"Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" And is not the gospel of the grace of God still, as in the apostles' days, the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth?

Careless reader! The man whose story is here briefly told was no *worse* than you; and oh, if his sins so distressed him, why is it that your sins do not distress you?

Troubled and anxious reader! This man was no *better* than you. Will you not, then, be encouraged by the ready welcome and the abundant mercy which he received to go at once to the same Saviour? Listen to that Saviour's loving words: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).—*From Tract just issued by the Religious Tract Society*

JESUS ONLY.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.



It is very probable that Christ's transfiguration took place upon Mount Hermon. The outlook from that summit carried the eye from Lebanon, with its diadem of glittering ice, southward to the silvery mirror of Gennesaret; but it was not that vision of natural beauty that the disciples looked at chiefly; they saw "Jesus only." Two illustrious prophets, Moses and Elijah, had just made their marvellous appearance on the top of the mount; but neither of these mighty men appeared any longer to the disciples' view; they "saw no man save *Jesus only*."

In this expression we find the clue to the power of apostolic preaching. That solitary figure on the mount became the central figure to the eyes and hearts of the apostles. One Person occupied their thoughts; one Person filled all their most effective discourses. It was no such benevolent charlatan as poor *Renan* has lately

attempted to portray; it was the omnipotent and holy Son of God. They saw in him "God manifest in the flesh;" they saw in him an infinite Redeemer, a divine model, an ever-living intercessor and friend. And they saw no one save *Jesus only*. Paul gave utterance to the heart of the whole apostolic brotherhood when he said, "I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." Has not this been the key-note to the best sermons of the best ministers ever since? Is not that the most powerful sermon that is the most luminous with Christ? Depend upon it that the pulpit, the Sabbath-school, and the volume which God honours with the richest success are those which present "no man save *Jesus only*."

Here too is a clue to the best method of dealing with awakened and inquiring hearts. We are too prone to send the unconverted to a prayer-meeting, or to reading good books, or to listening to some popular Boanerges.

The experiences of many a troubled inquirer have been somewhat like those of the woman to whom a faithful minister once said,—

“Have you been in the habit of attending church?”

“Yes, I have been to every church in town; but the little comfort I get soon goes away again, and leaves me as bad as before.”

“Do you read the Bible at home?”

“Sir, I am always reading the Bible; sometimes I get a little comfort, but it soon leaves me as wretched as ever.”

“Have you ever prayed for peace?”

“Oh, sir! I am praying all the day long; sometimes I get a little peace after praying, but I soon lose it. I am a miserable woman.”

“Now, madam, when you went to church, or prayed, or read your Bible, did you rely on these means to give you comfort?”

“I think I did.”

“To whom did you pray?”

“To God, sir; to whom else should I pray?”

“Now, read this verse, ‘Come unto me and I will give you rest.’ Jesus said this. Have you gone to Jesus for rest?”

The lady looked amazed, and tears welled up into her eyes. Light burst in upon her heart, like unto the light that flooded Mount Hermon on the transfiguration morn. Everything else that she had been looking at—church, Bible, mercy-seat, and minister—all disappeared, and to her wondering, believing eyes there remained no man save *Jesus only*. She was liberated from years of bondage on the spot. The scales fell from her eyes, and the spiritual fetters from her soul. Jesus only could do that work of deliverance; but he did not do it until she looked to him alone.

This incident reached us during the first years of our ministry. With this “open secret” in our hand, we approached the first Roman Catholic that ever attended upon our preaching. He had turned his troubled eye for a long time to the Holy Virgin and to sainted martyrs in the calendar. He had been often to a priest; never to a Saviour. We set before him Jesus only. He looked up and saw the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. “My Romish mother,” said he to us, “would burn up my Bible if she knew I had one in my house.” But she could not burn out the blessed Jesus from his emancipated and happy heart.

Next we took this simple revelation to a poor invalid

of threescore and ten. His sight was failing, and the vision of his mind was as blurred and dim as the vision of his body. We set before him, in our poor way, *Jesus only*. The old man could hardly see the little grandchild who read aloud to him. But he could see Jesus with the eye of faith. The patriarch who had hardened under seventy years of sin became a little child. The scepticism of a lifetime vanished when the Holy Spirit revealed to his searching, yearning look the divine form of a Saviour crucified.

We never forgot these lessons learned in our ministerial boyhood. From that time to this, we have found that the only sure way of bringing light and peace to an anxious inquirer is to direct them away from themselves—away from ritualities and stereotyped forms—away from agencies of every kind—away from everything save Jesus only. John the Baptist held the essence of the gospel on his tongue when he cried out, “Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.” My anxious friend, be assured that you never will find pardon for the past, and hope for the future; you never will know how to live, or be prepared to die, until you look to *Jesus only*.

Here is a hint too for desponding Christians. You are harassed with doubts. Without are fightings, and within are fears. Why? Because you have tried to live on frames and feelings, and they ebb and flow like the sea-tide. You have rested on past experiences and not on a present Saviour. You have looked at yourself too much, and not to Him who is made to you righteousness and full redemption. Do you long for light, peace, strength, assurance, and joy? Then do your duty, and look to Jesus only.

When the godly-minded Oliphant was on his dying bed, they read to him that beautiful passage in the seventh chapter of Revelation, “And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.” (It is the passage which poor *Burns* could never read with a dry eye.) The old man exclaimed, “Perhaps that is so. The Bible tells me that there is no weeping in heaven; but I know I shall cry the first time I see my Saviour!” He was right. The first object that would enchain his view on entering the gates of glory, would not be the jewelled walls, or the shining ranks of the seraphim. It would not be the parent who bore him, or the pastor who taught him the way of life. But amid the myriad glories, the thousand wonders of that wonderful world of light and joy, the believer’s eye, in its first enrapturing vision, shall—“see no man save JESUS ONLY.”

