

THE
FAMILY TREASURY

OF

SUNDAY READING.

EDITED BY THE

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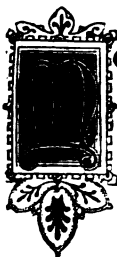
READING.

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).

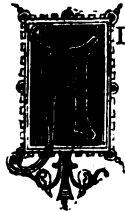
It made me wonder if Mother too had her hard lessons to learn, and I longed to peep and see. Yes, there were certainly tears on Mother's Diary. I wonder if there will be any on mine.

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

THE COST OF SERVING CHRIST.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.



ALL the most valuable things are dearly won. Scientific discoveries lie at the summit of a hill which no man reaches without hard climbing. A nation's liberty costs treasure, toil, and blood; it is paid in widows' tears and consecrated graves. What so precious as a soul's redemption? Yet by one price only could it be secured—the "blood of the LAMB without blemish or spot."

When Christ offered the rewards, and enforced the duty of discipleship, he put in the careful injunction to "count the cost." The man who would not bear a cross for him and follow him "is not worthy to be my disciple." Let me remind you, my friend, what you must reckon upon if you attain that pearl above price, a Christian character. Count the cost; what is it?

1. Count on a fearful stubbornness in your own heart. It is by nature at enmity with God. Paul had to give battle without quarter to the "old man" of sin unto the last, so must you. Every sin-insurrection must be met with vigilance and prayer.

2. There are many unwelcome truths in the Word of God for you to swallow. The Bible is sent to save you; not to please you. It has no mercy on a sinner's sins; but it has unbounded mercy for a sinner's soul. When an ungodly man takes the vivid lamp of Bible-truths down into the dark vaults of a depraved heart, it makes terrible exposures. But the sooner they come the better. Sooner find out your sin by that light than by the lightning-flash of God's wrath at the judgment-seat. God will not compromise with you. Count the cost of submission. He demands the whole heart; but he offers in return a whole heaven.

3. If you expect to follow Christ, you must deny your selfishness, and take up every cross that Christ appoints. Count the cost! The simple, inexorable rule is, Give up nothing that is innocent and right; but *give up everything that is wrong*. You now love to have your own way; you must consent gladly to let God have his way. You have

favourite pleasures that are sinful; find a higher pleasure in abandoning them. Count the cost of loving God more than you love money. Count the cost of offending some of your friends. Christ is a better Friend than they. Count the cost of quitting "profitable" sins. Count the cost of some sneers, of a great many hard knocks, and still more hard work. Count the cost of a noble, prayerful, unselfish, godly life. It will cost dearly; but, thank God, *it pays!*

When you get to be a Christian, you will find that the clearer and stronger you are, the happier will be your conscience. But the better you are, the more dearly you will pay for it. Study in your Bible what it cost Paul to become all he was. Does he begrudge now one single self-mortification, one crushing of his selfish lusts, one stripe of persecution's lash? Not he! He gloried in every tribulation that burnished his piety, and brought honour to his Redeemer's name. The best part of a Christian's character is that which costs the heaviest price. Patience (for example) is a beautiful trait; but it is not oftenest worn by those who walk life's sunny side in silver slippers. It is the product of dark nights of adversity and of many a cross-bearing up the mount of suffering. The "*trial* of your faith worketh patience." The bruised flower emits most fragrance. And a bruised Christian puts forth the sweetest odours of humility and heavenly-mindedness.

4. Let me offer you four brief encouragements I drop them as diamonds in your pathway to the Cross. Here they are:—

Firstly, The service of Christ pays a magnificent percentage of *usefulness*. A working Christian never can be wretched. He gathers his sheaves as he goes.

Secondly, A man is always happy *when he is right*. He is happy in doing right—happy in feeling that he has done right, and happy in the approval of his Master's heavenly smile. Im penitent friend! you have never felt *this!*

Thirdly, God will sustain you, if you try to serve him. His grace is sufficient for you.

Finally, There is a heaven at the end of every faithful Christian's journey.

"Our knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ is there,
And we shall be like him."

My friend, are you ready to follow Jesus? Count the cost. But I warn you tenderly that, if it costs much to be a Christian, it will cost infinitely *more* to live and die a sinner? Religion costs self-denial; sin costs self-destruction!

To be a temperate man costs self-restraint. To be a tippler costs a ruined purse, a ruined character, a ruined soul. The sensualist pays for going to perdition by living in a sty. The swearer

must pay for his oaths; and the Sabbath-breaker for his guilty contempt of God's law.

To lead a life of impenitence costs a dying bed of remorse. Count the cost. To go up to the judgment seat without Christ will cost you an eternity of despair. Count the cost. Sit down, and make the honest reckoning. Put into one scale, life; into the other, death. Put into one scale, heaven; into the other, hell! Weigh them well! Weigh for eternity! And, while you sit weighing anxiously, Christ whispers into your ear the thrilling question, "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? what shall a man give in exchange for his SOUL?"

"IT'S ALL PEACE NOW."



If you please, ma'am, there is a soldier at — Battery who is very ill, and his wife says if she had some cod oil it might do him good."

These words were addressed to me one cold morning in March in a seaport town in Ireland in which I was staying.

"What is the matter with him?" I asked.

"Oh, ma'am, he is far gone in consumption, I hear, and his poor wife and little children will be left alone."

I thought of the Father of the fatherless, but did not at the moment form any very distinct purpose of visiting the invalid immediately. But God directs the small as well as the great events of our lives. That afternoon I went to see a friend who had long been in great trouble; her only daughter had died of consumption some time before, and between grief and ill health the mother had fallen into a most unhappy state of mind. I found her peculiarly depressed upon this occasion.

"Oh," she said to me, "if I had something to do, I think I should be better, but I sit and think of my troubles until they seem so heavy that it makes me ten times worse."

"Will you come and visit one or two sick people with me?" I asked, and suddenly the thought of the dying soldier passed through my mind, and I told her of his wish for cod oil.

She clasped her hands saying, "I have had two bottles full of it ever since my daughter's death, and I asked the Lord to let me give them to relieve some poor sufferer, and now he has sent you for them.

I felt very thankful at this little incident, and we arranged to take the medicine the following day. We found the poor invalid lying on his bed dressed in his uniform; he was evidently very ill, and he had an anxious,

restless expression on his face. After some inquiries about his health I asked him if he was fond of reading.

"I cannot see to read here, it is too dark," he carelessly replied.

"May I read you a little story?" I said, taking out that beautiful tract, "Grasping the Promises."

"If you like," was the somewhat indifferent answer.

Earnestly praying for a blessing I read the story, occasionally referring to my Bible to illustrate it. He listened attentively, but when I gently asked if he knew "Willie's" Saviour, a violent fit of coughing prevented a reply, and I thought it better to come away though feeling but little comfort in my visit.

But the Lord had blessings in store for C—. The oil had been gratefully received, and my friend was so much interested in the invalid that she went again the following day with some little delicacy that he fancied. He expressed to her his pleasure in the reading, and hoped the young lady would come again. I accordingly went to see him, and after reading the story of the raising of Lazarus I took out Miss Elliot's well-known hymn,—

"Just as I am, without one plea."

C— started up in his bed to listen, and as I finished the last verse, he exclaimed,—

"That's a most splendid hymn."

"It is very large print," I said, "I think you can see it."

"Oh, yes," he replied, and eagerly read it to himself. "That's just what I want, to go 'just as I am,' to have my sins pardoned,—'O Lamb of God, I come.'"

I told him of his loving, waiting Saviour, and of his complete atonement, and left him full of thought and prayer.

He had always been a steady man, and had borne a