

THE
FAMILY TREASURY

OF

SUNDAY READING.

EDITED BY THE

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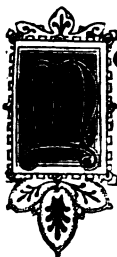
READING.

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

and now my mother, and these four young men, have become Christians, and wish to be baptized in the name of Jesus.' The four young men stood by.

"I said to the mother, 'What have you done with your idols, Ammah?' 'Oh, I have thrown them all away. They were no good, I did not want them.' 'If you have one left, I should like to have it.' 'I threw them all into the well, let them go. Now I have found Jesus, I have no more to do with idols.' 'Do you pray, Ammah?' 'What shall I say? I don't know how to put words, I have never learnt; but inside my heart I tell Jesus all day what I want.' Who shall say this 'unexpressed desire' is not prayer? I believe it is so, and her bright, calm face seemed to show it was heard and answered. A good deal more passed that I have

not time to write. . . . We have about ninety or a hundred girls under instruction, including those in the villages. I must entreat your prayers that our strength and our prayers fail not. Sometimes I feel very weary, not *of* but *in* the work. . . . But our great Master has never left me, and never will, and we feel he cannot confer a greater honour upon us than to keep us at work for his cause, and the benefit of these people."

"Now, Lucy, is not this letter encouraging?"

"Yes, but very humbling too."

"It is *always* good to be made more low in our own esteem, provided that does not lead to despondency, but to more simple 'looking unto Jesus,' and taking hold of his promised grace and help. Now go to rest, and you will feel better and more hopeful to-morrow."

J. L. B.

THE SOUL NEGLECTED.

BY THE REV. T. L. OUYLER.



IMPENITENT friend! you are in danger from an unexpected quarter. If you are finally condemned by the righteous Judge, it will not probably be on account of the sins that have swept multitudes into perdition. You are not likely to be condemned as a blasphemer, or as a slave-driver, or a highway-robber, or a drunkard, or a scoffing sceptic. Of none of these shameless outrages against sense and decency are you likely to be guilty. Nor is it *necessary* for you to be a scoffer, or a sensualist, or a sot, or a swindler, in order to be shut out of heaven. The abodes of despair are not reached alone by the impious and the reckless devotees of vice. You need not break openly every law of God in order to reach perdition.

You will simply have to persist in your present course. Simply go on as you have begun—simply "*neglect* the great salvation"—and you will make your everlasting ruin sure. Many foolish, faithless parents have stood by the grave of a child which they dug with their own hands. How? Did they administer slow poison, or strike an assassin-knife through the young heart? No; but they killed their child just as surely, by simple neglect of the first laws of health. Many a father, too, has wrung his hands in agony before the prison-cell which held a ruined son, or over the letter which told him of a son's disgrace, and on those very hands rested the guilt of that boy's

ruin. Why? Had they led that son into Sabbath-breaking, or theft, or profligacy? No; but they had let the youth alone, and left him to rush into them unrestrained. *Neglect* was the boy's ruin. There is no need that the man in a skiff amid Niagara's rapids should row toward the cataract; resting on his oars is quite enough to send him over the awful verge.

It is the neglected wheel that capsizes the vehicle, and maims for life the passengers. It is the neglected leak that sinks the ship. It is the neglected field that yields briars instead of bread. It is the neglected spark kindling near the magazine whose tremendous explosion sends its hundreds of mangled wretches into eternity. The neglect of an officer to throw up a rocket on a certain night caused the fall of Antwerp, and postponed the deliverance of Holland for twenty or more years. The neglect of a sentinel to give an alarm hindered the fall of Sebastopol, and resulted in the loss of many thousand lives.

And, my friend, it will be the stupendous aggregation of all your fatal neglects—of all the neglected Sabbaths, joined to the neglected offer of grace, and added to the neglected duties, and multiplied by the neglected drawings of God's Spirit—that will sink you (if you die impenitent) into perdition. When you neglect a Sabbath, you bar up an open door into the pathway to heaven. When you neglect an inward call of God's Spirit, you extinguish the flame on which

as much may depend as on the last match or tinder in the possession of an Arctic traveller amid the icebergs. The Spirit gives last knocks at sinners' hearts; the neglect to open leaves "the house desolate." When you neglect the offers of Christ's atoning love, you cast away your only hope. You insult the long-suffering mercy of God. You put the crucified Saviour to an open shame. You voluntarily put yourself into the complete power of the Adversary. You waste your only life of probation, and fling away all the good that a godly life might accomplish for truth and humanity. You damn your own soul! All these are the simple, inevitable consequences of "neglecting so great a salvation!"

It matters not that, while neglecting your soul, you are engaged in other and honourable pursuits—in merchandise, in literature, in agriculture, in science, or in statesmanship. Right in their proper place, all these high callings become wrong when they crowd out all thought of God and eternity. Even they are infinitely more dignified and ennobled by true religion. But they cannot save the soul.

If a vessel were to spring a leak from striking on a sunken rock, what matters it that the captain should take to studying his charts, or the pilot to noting his compass, or the sailing-master to

making up the log, or the marines to their accustomed drill? These are all proper occupations at the proper time. But they don't save the ship! How can they escape, if they neglect to stop that leak? Oh! unforgiven, unconverted reader, what shall it profit thee to enjoy all art, and all polite letters, and revel amid wealth uncounted, if at the last thou awake amid the agonies of the lost?

The only remedy for neglect is immediate devotion to your eternal welfare. The past is gone. The future may be but a handbreadth. The present is in thy hand. *Use it.* Let no sin, no Satan, no selfish interest hinder thee. If business press, say, "Now it is my business to seek God." If pleasure beckon, set your heart on the loftier pleasure of pleasing God. Let your soul-cry be, "Oh, neglected, forbearing Jesus! I neglect thee no longer! Give me that sacred hand, so long refused. I am ready to grasp it in faith, and trust thee to save me, and to guide me to the pathway of eternal life. Be merciful to me a sinner!"

'Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling,
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to this fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!'"

UNDER THE LEAVES.



MICK, green leaves, from the soft, brown earth,
Happy Spring-time hath called them forth;
First faint promise of Summer bloom
Breathes from the fragrant, sweet perfume,
Under the leaves.

Lift them! what marvellous beauty lies
Hidden beneath, from our thoughtless eyes;
May-flowers, rosy and purest white,
Lift their cups to the sudden light,
Under the leaves.

Are there no lives whose holy deeds—
Seen by no eye save His who reads
Motive and action—in silence grow
Into rare beauty, and bud and blow
Under the leaves?

Fair white flowers of faith and trust,
Springing from spirits bruised and crushed,
Blossoms of love, rose-tinted and bright,
Touched and painted with Heaven's own light,
Under the leaves.

Full fresh clusters by duty borne,
Purest of all in that shadow grown;
Wondrous the fragrance, that, sweet and rare,
Comes from the flower-cups hidden there,
Under the leaves.

Though unseen by our vision dim,
Bud and blossom are known to Him:
Wait we content for His heavenly ray,
Wait till our Master Himself one day
Lifteth the leaves.

M. E. W.