

THE  
FAMILY TREASURY

OF

SUNDAY READING.

EDITED BY THE

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



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# THE FAMILY TREASURY

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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

"Maderon, the work will take us a year."

"It will not," returned Maderon quietly, "nor even a month."

"'Twill be freezing work too in that ditch these winter nights."

"Better I should freeze than thy father should burn."

"If the sound of thy file should betray thee?" suggested Charlot.

"The rushing of the water will drown it; and lest the light should discover what is done in the darkness (though it be no deed of darkness), I will hide the traces of my work every morning with mud and wax. Charlot, dost thou hesitate? wilt thou make me repent that I have chosen to aid me in this deed, in preference to any

man in Nismes, a lad who has his father to save from the burning pile, or the slow death in prison, which is worse?"

"No, Jacques, no! I will stand beside thee till the last, God helping me."

"God help us both, and establish the work of our hands upon us." Maderon took a file from amongst his tools, saying as he did so, "The Lord hath need of thee, —Monsieur de Rochet was right.—Come Charlot, every moment is precious."

The two young men went out together, and that night they began their work.

(To be continued.)

## WHAT KEEPS YOU FROM CHRIST?

BY REV. T. L. CUTLER.



**P**ERHAPS you are kept from coming to Christ from fear of ridicule. This is not a snare to weak minds alone; to many persons there is more terror in a laugh than in a blow. Yet, from whom do you expect ridicule? From those whose good opinion you ought to value? No; but only from the giddy, the frivolous, or the

profane. How shall you meet it? You may, if you choose, quail before it, and be laughed out of your soul. This will give you but sorry consolation on your dying-bed. At the bar of God it will be a poor amend to you for having lost the favour of God, and the joys of heaven, that you won the applause and feared the laughter of fools. There is but one way to meet ridicule—face it down. It is, indeed, a nettle that if touched lightly will sting thee; but grasped firmly it becomes a "handful of down." A college lad, who scoffed at his room-mate for "saying his prayers" before retiring, was at last so affected and shamed by his room-mate's persistency in doing right, that he was led himself to penitence and prayer. You injure even the sneerers when you yield to their sneers. Pray for more grace, and persevere!

II. Pride has tripped many a soul and kept it back from Christ. Every sinner has his full share of this; some more than their share. Naaman the Syrian had like to have lost his life through this snare. He wished to be saved *like a gentleman*; but he had to give in, and go to the Jordan like a filthy leper. When you undertake to dictate to God just how he shall save you, it is sheer pride that is keeping you back. When you refuse to go down in the dust before Christ's cross and confess guilt, and cry out, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" pride is the lurking devil that is plucking at your skirts. If you are saved at all, it must be on God's terms, and in God's way, and in his good time. Count it the greatest marvel of Divine generosity that

God is willing to save so perverse a sinner at all. But if you are lost, the inscription which truth will write over you will be, "Perished through pride."

III. Several persons with whom we have laboured during the past year, have been kept from yielding to Christ by the passion for the cup. Appetite warred against the Holy Spirit. To such a man a faithful pastor once said, "You must do as you choose; but you must give up your bottle, or give up your soul." The sacrifice was too great; the poor slave of appetite bartered his soul for his dram. The number of those who are held in the snares of secret sensuality is fearfully great. How can a man admit the holy Jesus into his heart, while that heart is a dram-shop or a cage of unclean birds?

IV. Perhaps none of these snares—pride, fear of ridicule, love of gold, or love of drink, or love of sensual enjoyments—may hinder especially your salvation. You frankly say, "I am all wrong; I ought to be a Christian; I want to be one; but my heart is obstinate and I cannot change it." You are right, you cannot change it alone. Do not attempt it. But suppose I hand a note to my servant, and say to him, "Go and deliver that to a gentleman in Wall Street." The lad comes back, and says, "The river is deep and the tide runs; I could not ford or swim the East River." "To be sure you could not; but opposite Wall Street is an established *ferry*; it was made for those who cannot ford or swim the stream; take that boat, and trust it to carry you over." Between you and heaven is a river that no good works can bridge, and no strength of your own can breast. Your error and your sin are that you do not take God's ferry of free grace (pardon the homely allusion), and go over on the merits of the Lord Jesus your Saviour. Christ is waiting to change your heart; he has been ready to do it for many a guilty year of your life; the spirit of love is wooing you; reason unites with conscience in urging you to submit to Jesus, just

as Bartimeus submitted to be cured of blindness. But remember that Bartimeus did three things—he “came to Jesus,” and gave himself up to him without any dictation to be cured entirely by the Divine Wonder-worker. He did not wait; for in ten minutes the passing Saviour would have been out of hearing. He did not attempt to open his own eyes after he came to Jesus; he submitted to be operated on; his faith took him to Christ, and Christ healed him. Precisely this are you to do. Here begins and ends your doing. Don't forget that the blind man *went to Jesus*. Have you done that?

Perhaps you are intensely serious for an hour or two on the Sabbath under the pressure of preaching, but on Monday morning slip back again into the old grooves, and run your whole mind upon money-making, or study, or self-gratification. How long would it take you to build a house if you worked on it one hour each week, and pulled it down the rest of the time? When will you become a Christian by serving the world six days, and then *thinking about* serving God on a small portion of the seventh?

My friend, you are trifling with your soul. You are trifling with God. He offers the new heart; he offers the grace that can convert you. Christ has knocked for many a year at your heart's door; the arm that knocks is not weary yet. But presently you will hear another knock—the hand of *death* will be at the door, and him you cannot shut out. How if he come in and find no Saviour there? It will cost thee an eternity to bewail thy folly in!

Do not stop to pick flaws in others, when God sees in thee the huge sin of rejecting the blood of Jesus. Do not prate about the “inconsistencies of Christians,” when your whole life is one long consistency of admitting that religion is the only *one thing needful*, and yet making it less than nothing. There is no inconsistency on earth that compares with his who knows that Christ Jesus is willing to save him and yet persists in damning his own soul! Whatever you say now in self-excuse, we warn you that at the judgment-seat you will be ready to confess with bitterness of spirit, *God was right, and I was wrong*. Why not confess that now, and act upon it, before it is too late?

## PEACE BY FAITH.



R. SPENCER, in his “Pastor's Sketches,” gives a touching account of a young woman who suddenly obtained peace by faith in Christ, after a long period of gloom. She had clear and pungent convictions of sin, felt the necessity of immediate repentance, and the absolute need of an atoning Saviour to save her from condemnation. She seemed to understand her dependence on the Holy Spirit, and the danger of grieving him, and was earnest in her private devotions, and in constant attendance on the means of grace. But for many weeks she made no progress. Her friends and companions one by one rejoiced in hope of pardon, but she remained in deep gloom. Her pastor had many long conversations with her, but could not understand what obstacle hindered her conversion.

One evening on his way to church he called at her house. He found her just where she had been for many weeks. On leaving her he said,—

“I would aid you most willingly, if I could, but I can do you no good.”

“I do not think you can,” said she, calmly, “but I hope you will still come to see me.”

“Yes, I will,” said I, “but all I can say is, I *know* there is salvation for you; but you must repent, and you must flee to Christ.”

On reaching the church he gave out the hymn closing with the stanza,—

“A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall.”

The next day she came to see him, to tell him she had made a new discovery, and on his asking her what it was, she said,—

“Why, sir, the way of salvation all seems to me perfectly plain. My darkness is all gone. I see now what I never saw before. All is light to me. I see my way clear; and I am not burdened and troubled as I was. I do not know how it is, or what has brought me to it. But when you were reading that hymn last night I saw the whole way of salvation for sinners perfectly plain, and wondered that I had never seen it before. I saw that I had nothing to do but to *trust* in Christ:—

“A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall.”

I sat all the evening just looking at that hymn. I did not hear your prayer. I did not hear a word of your sermon. I do not know your text. I thought of nothing but that hymn, and I have been thinking of it ever since. It is so light, and makes me so contented. Why, sir, *don't you think that the reason we don't get out of darkness sooner, is that we don't believe!*”

Simple faith in Christ will always bring peace to the soul.

