

THE  
FAMILY TREASURY

For 1876.

CONTAINING CONTRIBUTIONS BY WELL-KNOWN WRITERS IN ALL  
DEPARTMENTS OF RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.



LONDON:  
THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;  
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

1876.



THE  
FAMILY TREASURY.

---

ON PILGRIMAGE.

**T**was a Puritan who saw in his dream a town called Vanity, where a Fair is kept all the year round; and who tells of two honest wayfaring men that were sorely maltreated by the people frequenting it. The men could not help passing through the Fair. They were on a journey, and their road traversed it. But they were thoroughly inoffensive, and in a better place they would have been allowed to hold on their way without molestation. The Fair folk, however, were self-conceited and intolerant. They thought it ridiculous and impertinent and unbearable that anybody should speak differently and dress differently from themselves, and should refuse to employ their standard of value; and so a great hubbub arose in the town, which ended in the ill-treatment of both the pilgrims, and in the ultimate death of one of them.

Vanity Fair still continues to be held. Through it, as of old, the road leads to the Celestial City. And travellers Zionward are yet to be found in its streets. But the times have changed since Bunyan wrote; and Christian and Faithful, if they had lived in our day, might have managed to get through the town without personal suffering, and even without a very great deal of trouble. Nor is this merely because Lord Hategood and Mr. Superstition have gone to their own place. That the alteration is owing in part to that, there can be no doubt. But other things

have combined to make the pilgrimage easier. We have brought our philosophy to the help of our religion, and are now disposed to be eclectic and accommodating. Disliking above all things to be suspected of narrow-mindedness, we have entered into a sort of truce with the world. Puritanism, we have confessed, carried things just a little too far. There is really no need for anything "outlandish" in our dress, nor for anything provincial in our manner of speech. To say to any man who civilly asks us to buy something, "*We buy the truth,*" is obviously irrelevant, if not incoherent. Let us get out of the mist, and speak about spiritual things just as we do about ordinary matters; and the men of the world will respect what is good underneath, while they will have no excuse for getting out of patience with our affectations. So we have reasoned, and we have acted accordingly. Vanity Fair has been met about half-way, and we have imitated the people in it with such success that it is often quite impossible to detect the foreign accent in a pilgrim, or notice anything out of the fashion in the cut of his clothes. In plain terms, things have got so "mixed" now-a-days, that among the crowds in our streets it is difficult to distinguish those who are "pilgrims and strangers."

And yet these two terms most appositely describe the conditions of the Christian life. Those who live that life are "strangers" here. *Ubi Pater ibi Patria*—"Where one's father is, there is

feels that the best of us has hardly got beyond the alphabet of the gospel. We have but dipped our feet in the shallows, and care to go no further. We take a dim and distant comfort from a sin-atonng death, instead of opening our souls to the fulness of the blessing. Kings unto God are we? Let us wield the sceptre our Lord has won for us and put into our hand.

## Thoughts in Verse.

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

### I.—DISTRUST.

BY E. S. THAYER.



**A**GAIN I faint. How oft, O Lord, how oft,  
I sink discouraged on this rough, dark  
road,  
So stung by briars, so stumbling o'er the  
stones,  
So tired of carrying sin's too heavy load.

Yet sometimes on the way a smoother spot,  
With green grass furnished, and between a cleft  
The warm sun shining through, can make me feel  
My path is not of every grace bereft.

And sometimes, all at once, I find a spring  
Of sweet refreshing water bounding free,  
As if 'twere sent to meet me on my way;  
And then thy pitying providence I see.

But when I journey onward, lacking all  
Sure light of sunshine, doubtful of my way,  
And that I may not die of burning thirst,  
Half doubting, half despairing, weakly pray,

I dimly see thy mercy and thy love,  
As some faint beacon-light that comes from far;  
Across my scanty bit of sky a gleam  
That seems the half a dream, and half a star.

'Tis then I faint; and yet I ne'er was left  
To die despairing, faithless, where I fell;  
Thou'st raised me up, yea, many a time and oft,  
When, where, and how, it would take long to tell.

In every dire distress thou hast been near,  
And yet I still despair at each new test,  
For fear thou lovest me not, and dost not mean  
To give me yet again refreshing rest—

To lead me safely through this wilderness  
Unto thy house, thy home, in that fair clime  
Whose fadeless sun thou art, where all is fair,  
Through that eternity which follows time.

### II.—TRUST.

I CANNOT see with my small human sight  
Why God should lead this way or that for me;  
I only know he saith, "Child, follow me:"  
But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at times  
So straitly hedged, so strangely barred before;  
I only know God could keep wide the door:  
But I can trust.

I find no answer often, when beset  
With questions fierce and subtle on my way,  
And often have but strength to faintly pray:  
But I can trust.

I often wonder, as with trembling hand  
I cast the seed along the furrowed ground,  
If ripened fruit for God will there be found:  
But I can trust.

I cannot know why suddenly the storm  
Should rage so fiercely round me in its wrath;  
But this I know,—God watches all my path,  
And I can trust.

I may not draw aside the mystic veil  
That hides the unknown future from my sight,  
Nor know if for me waits the dark or light:  
But I can trust.

I have no power to look across the tide,  
To know, while here, the land beyond the river:  
But this I know,—I shall be God's for ever;  
So I can trust.

### III.—WHAT SHE COULD.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

In a quiet and darkened chamber,  
Shut out from the happy sky,  
And the pleasures that make it so sweet to live,  
And make it so hard to die,

Lay one with her meek eyes heavy,  
And her hands on her heart a-strain,  
Because she could do no more than bear  
Her burden of hopeless pain.

On the pillow of sleeping childhood,  
Harassed with the wearing day,  
A mother emptied her tired arms,  
And dropped on her knees to pray.  
A sob to her lips kept rising,  
That her strength had but sufficed  
For the needs of home, when, all the while,  
She had wanted to work for Christ.

At her seams, through the long, long summer,  
One sat with a drooping head,  
And sighed as she thought of her fresh young life  
Just slipping away for bread.  
But the tear that dropped on her needle  
Held in it a prayer:—"Ah, who,  
Dear Lord, hath laboured so little for thee?  
And there is so much to do!"

"They perish for lack of knowledge!"  
'Twas a maiden heard the call;  
And the sacredest things the soul holds dear,  
She freely renounced them all,  
To sit with the dusky Hindu,  
In her sad zenana's gloom,  
And tell her the story of Bethlehem—  
The manger, the cross, the tomb.

And yet unto each, as she suffers  
In patience, and prayer, and trust,  
As she ministers, lavishing life and love,  
Or toils for her daily crust,  
Or lays her soul on the altar,  
Alike will the Saviour say:  
"She hath done what she could;" and the spike-  
nard scent  
Shall never dissolve away.

#### IV.—EVER WITH ME.

BY REV. EDWIN F. HATFIELD, D.D.

EVER with me, Lord, thou art!  
In the crowded busy mart,  
In the lone secluded glen,  
Far from all the haunts of men.

Ever with me by the way,  
When in weariness I stray;  
Day and night, at home, abroad,  
Thou art with me, O my God!

Ever with me everywhere—  
All-pervading, like the air;  
Penetrating heart and soul,  
Bending all to thy control.

Ever with me, to sustain  
In the hour of grief and pain,  
Every rising fear to quell,  
All my sorrows to dispel.

Born of God, in him I live;  
All myself to him I give:  
Make me, Lord, for ever thine—  
Jesus, be for ever mine!

#### V.—FOUR MOTTOES.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. MASON.

"Look up, and not down!"—Do you mind how the  
tree-top

Rejoices in sunshine denied to its root?  
And hear how the lark, gazing skyward, is flooding  
All earth with its song, while the ground-bird is  
mute.

"Look out, and not in!"—See the sap rushing outward  
In leaf, bud, and blossom: all winter it lay  
Imprisoned, while earth wore a white desolation;  
Now Nature is glad with the beauty of May.

"Look forward, not back!"—'Tis the chant of creation,  
The chime of the seasons as onward they roll;  
'Tis the pulse of the world, 'tis the hope of the ages,  
This voice of the Lord in the depths of the soul!

"Lend a hand!"—like the sun, that turns night into  
morning,  
The moon, that guides storm-driven sailors to land:  
Ah, life were worth living, with this for its watch-  
word—

"Look up, out, and forward, and each lend a hand!"

#### VI.—MY REFUGE.

BY UNA LOCKE BAILEY.

LET me in the valley keep  
Where the Master leads his sheep,  
Where the stillest waters flow,  
Where the heart's-ease loves to grow;  
In the pastures of his choice,  
Following his tender voice,  
Never questioning his will,  
Ever drawing closer still.  
When the hills with tempest rock,  
When the wolf is in the flock,  
I so near him shall have pressed,  
He will catch me to his breast.  
Let me in his garden walk,  
Where the ring-doves softly talk,  
Where he notes his sparrows small,  
If they fly, or if they fall;  
Where the lilies, low and sweet,  
Fain would kiss his sacred feet;