

THE
FAMILY TREASURY

OF
SUNDAY READING.

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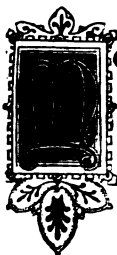
READING.

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

LIGHT-HOLDERS.

BY THE REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.



EVERY voyager through the British Channel will remember the famous light-house that stands near the gates of the Atlantic. It rises from a rock in the midst of the waves; its beacon-blaze streams far out over the midnight sea. The angry waves, for many a long year, have rolled in—thundering against the tower's base. The winds of heaven have warred fiercely around its pinnacle; the rains have dashed against its gleaming lantern. But there it stands. It moves not, it trembles not; it is founded on a rock. Year after year, the storm-tossed mariner looks out for its star-like light as he sweeps in through the British Channel. It is one of the first objects that meets his eye as he returns on his homeward voyage; it is one of the last which he beholds after his native shores have sunk beneath the evening wave. On the base of its tower is this inscription: "*To give light and to save life.*"

The tower of Eddystone is a LIGHT-HOLDER to all who come within its range. It does not create light, it only sheds it, and "giveth light" to every passer-by on his watery way. This image of a lighthouse may have been in the apostle's mind when he wrote to the Philippians of the surrounding heathen and idolaters, and said to them, "Among whom ye shine as lights in the world." Some translate the word *torch-bearers*. Others hold that it refers to stars in a dark night. All the interpretations look to the same idea, namely, that *Christians are Christ's light-holders to their fellow-men.*

The lantern of a lighthouse is not self-luminous. It has to be kindled by a hand from without itself. Neither natural heart nor stone-tower are self-luminous. A hand from without must bring them light.

Conversion by the Holy Spirit is a spiritual illumination of the soul. God's grace lights up the dark heart. Sometimes suddenly, as in the case of Paul. Sometimes, as in the case of John Newton, there is at first a feeble germ of light, like the little blue point of flame on a candle-wick, and this germ of light grows into a clear, full blaze. The beginning of true religion is in the first act of true faith—the first breathings of earnest prayer—the first hungerings after God—the first honest attempt to do right and to serve the Lord. God's grace, remember, is the only original source of the light that makes any man a luminary in society. And when a man has once been kindled at the cross of Christ, he is bound to *shine*.

And, in order to do this, he need not be conspicuous in society for talents, wealth, or intellectual culture. The modest candle by which a house-wife threads her

needle shines as truly as does the great lantern that burns in the tower of a City Hall.

A humble saint who begins his day with household devotions, and serves his God all day in his shop, or at his work-bench, is as truly a light-holder as if he flamed from a popular preacher's pulpit, or illuminated a theological class from a professor's chair. To "shine" means something more than the mere possession of piety, or the enjoyment of piety; it is the *reflection* of gospel-religion that makes the *burner*.

Martin Luther was an Eddystone-tower to bewildered Europe. On the other hand, the humblest tract-visitor or mission-school teacher is a lantern-bearer to guide some lost wanderers toward heaven. Harlan Page, the pious carpenter, never talked with a person for ten minutes without saying something to benefit his soul. He was a steady burner. Thomas Dakin, a poor pensioner of Greenwich Hospital, distributed over one hundred thousand tracts every year, and when at last death smote him down suddenly, his pockets were found filled with tracts entitled, "Are you prepared to die?" Dr. Nettleton carried his gospel-lamp from town to town—held it forth every evening to gathered companies of anxious souls—and during his lifetime guided many thousands to a knowledge of the Saviour. Oh, what a heaven Nettleton will have!

If every Christian who trims his lamp and keeps the oil of grace up to its full supply is such a blessed benefactor to others, what a terrible thing it is for a Christian to let his light go out! A traveller who once visited a lighthouse in the British Channel said to the keeper, "But what if one of your lights should go out at night?" "Never," said the keeper, "never—impossible! Sir, yonder are ships sailing to all parts of the world. If to-night my burner were out, in a few days I might hear, from France or Spain, or from Scotland or America, that on such a night the lighthouse in the Channel gave no warning, and some vessel had been wrecked. Ah, sir, I sometimes feel, when I look at my lights, as if the eyes of the whole world were fixed on me. Go out!—burn dim!—never, sir, never!"

How closely this incident comes home to us all. Perhaps in eternity I may hear that some precious soul was wrecked, because my pulpit was not a faithful light-holder to my congregation. Some gospel-burners were neglected and grew dim. One man, perhaps, stumbled into a drunkard's grave, because I did not warn him soon enough against the peril of the first glass. Another broke God's Sabbath for want of keeping the fourth commandment trimmed and burning.

Before another was not held up the exceeding sinfulness of sin ; and Jesus, the Light of the world, may not have been set forth aright to wandering sinners. "Go out—burn dim!" God help me to say, "*Never—NEVER!*"

I know of certain households in which I fear the lamp is out. That lad would not be seen so often on his way to the theatre, or the drinking-saloon, if father and mother held up the torch of loving warning! That giddy daughter, who was once thoughtful about her soul, might now be a Christian, if there had been a light-holder near at hand, to guide her to Jesus. There was a lamp of profession in the house. It *did not shine*. The oil was out. Love of the world had extinguished it. That dark lantern left the house in midnight.

Thank God! some lights never go out. Death cannot quench them. They shine for ever. Luther's great lantern, "*the just shall live by faith,*" still gleams from Wartburg Castle. John Bunyan's lamp twinkles yet through the gratings of Bedford Jail. Old John Brown is still lighting ten thousand fugitive footsteps to liberty. Pastors, parents, teachers may be called home to heaven; but, like the good mother of the story, they "set a light in the window," to guide souls to the mansions of glory.

"Then gird your loins, my brethren dear,
That distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning!"

Miscellanies.

THE CHILD OF JAMES MELVILLE,

BORN JULY 9, 1586.—DIED ABOUT JANUARY 1588.

(See Engraving of "*The Two Doves.*")

"This page, if thou be a pater (parent-father) that reads it, thou wilt apardone me; if nocht, suspend thy censure till thou be a father, as said the grave Laecdaemonian Agesilaus."—*Autobiography of James Melville.*



ONE time my soul was pierced as with a sword,
Contending still with men untaught and wild;
When He who to the prophet lent his gourd,
Gave me the solace of a pleasant child!

A summer gift, my precious flower was given,
A very summer fragrance was its life;
Its clear eyes soothed me as the blue of heaven,
When home I turned—a weary man of strife!

With unformed laughter musically sweet,
How soon the wakening babe would meet my kiss;
With outstretched arms, its care-wrought father greet,
Oh! in the desert, what a spring was this!

A few short months, it blossomed near my heart,
A few short months, else toilsome all, and sad;
But that home solace nerved me for my part,
And of the babe I was exceeding glad!

Alas! my pretty bud, scarce formed, was dying—
(The prophet's gourd it withered in a night!)
And He who gave me all, my heart's pulse trying,
Took gently home the child of my delight!

Not rudely culled, not suddenly it perished—
But gradual faded from our love away;
As if, still, secret dews, its life that cherished,
Were drop by drop withheld, and day by day!

My gracious Master saved me from repining,
So tenderly He sued me for His own;
So beautiful He made my babe's declining,
Its dying blessed me as its birth had done!

And daily to my board at noon and even,
Our fading flower I bade his mother bring,
That we might commune of our rest in heaven,
Gazing the while on death, without its sting!

And of the ransom for that baby paid,
So very sweet at times our converse seemed,
That the sure truth of grief a gladness made,
Our little lamb by God's own Lamb redeemed!

—There were two milk-white doves my wife had
nourished,
And I too loved erewhile, at times to stand,
Marking how each the other fondly cherished,
And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand!

So tame they grew that to his cradle flying,
Full oft they cooed him to his noontide rest;
And to the murmurs of his sleep replying,
Crept gently in, and nestled in his breast!

'Twas a fair sight—the snow pale infant sleeping,
So fondly guardianed by those creatures mild;
Watch o'er his closèd eyes their bright eyes keeping;
Wondrous the love betwixt the birds and child!