

THE  
FAMILY TREASURY

OF

SUNDAY READING.

EDITED BY THE

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



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

MDCCCLXIV.

For 1119. J. 38

# THE FAMILY TREASURY

OF

SUNDAY



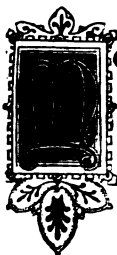
READING.

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

## THE FLAW IN THE LINK.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.



HE wedding was a pleasant one, and full of promise. The bride was as clearly formed for "attractive grace" as Milton's Eve. Her bright face glowed with the white and red which "nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on." The man at her side was every inch a man;—and his face flushed with honest pride when her softly spoken "Yes, I do," fell upon his ear. The link that day welded before God with prayer, seemed so bright, and firm, and strong that no eye could detect a flaw.

A few weeks after, when the bridal tour was over, we saw them at church, side by side. A good beginning, thought we. It was the Sabbath for celebrating the Lord's Supper. When the time came for distributing the bread and wine, the non-communicants either changed their seats or left the church; not all, but many of them. The young bridegroom rose reluctantly, halted a moment, then took his hat and went over to a side pew, and sat by himself. The bride was left to commemorate the love of her Saviour *alone*. It was their first separation, and in a moment a "great gulf" seemed to open between them! Ah, thought we, there is a flaw in that wedding link already; they are one toward each other, but toward God they are *two*! How can two walk together toward eternity when they are going in opposite directions? Which of them will draw the strongest? If God gives them a household to rear up, which will the children follow soonest, the praying mother or the irreligious father? Will it not be a house divided against itself?

Looking around the church, we saw other separations just as wide and melancholy as this one. Husbands and wives were there that day that during the previous week had dwelt lovingly together. They had sat at the same table at home; they had wept and rejoiced together in the sorrows and the joys of one common fireside. But at the table of their Divine Lord and

Redeemer *they parted*. To human eyes, but a narrow church-aisle divided them; yet in God's sight they were spiritually as wide asunder as the poles. Looking at this scene of separation, the question came up to our mind, "In the great day when Christ the Judge shall separate souls, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats, will the wedding-tie hold then? Or will there be found a fatal flaw in the link that will leave husband and wife to break asunder with a parting that shall never again be followed by a meeting?"

To many a loving wife who will read these lines, this is a sore and tender subject. What shall I do to save my husband's soul? has been the burden of her own soul for more than one anxious year. We would reply to such as she, You can *pray* for him. But to make your prayer of any avail, be careful not to contradict it by your life. Do not ask God to direct him to the Saviour, and then yourself stand in his way. You can do more than pray for him; you can *draw him*. By driving, you cannot move him one inch heavenward. You cannot force him to the church, to a prayer-meeting, to his Bible, or to the Saviour. But if, in the name of Jesus, you fasten the silken cords of affection to him, and apply the persuasions of earnest lips, still more of a holy, sweet-tempered, noble life, you may be delightfully surprised to see how he will "go after you." As the huge man-of-war on its way down through the Narrows seems to say to the little steam-tug, "*Draw me* and I will go along with you," so has many a resolute will and carnal heart been won along steadily toward Christ by the gentle power of a sweet prayerful woman's life. The positive efforts that you make for your husband's conversion must be made wisely. There is a sort of holy tact in this business. Watch your opportunities. Do not approach him with it when he is out of temper. Do not *worry* him with teasing talk, or with taunts; do not assume the tone of pity; it will only irritate. Watch your chances, and aim to co-operate with the Spirit of God when you see

the heart moved by the truth, or moved by affliction, or by any event of Providence; then *work with the Holy Spirit.*

One good illustration is often worth a hundred counsels. And an actual incident we have somewhere met with fits our case exactly. During a period of general religious interest in the city of B—, a wife of devoted piety persuaded her husband to go with her one evening to her church. He tried to think himself an infidel, and made sport of religion on every opportunity. "I will never go again," said he, angrily, to her. "I was provoked and insulted; that sermon against infidelity was aimed at me." She saw that the shots were striking, and said nothing. But prayer was made for him without ceasing by herself and a few friends.

One evening the wife kindly said to him, "Dear, will you grant me one little request?—go, with me to-night to meeting." "I will go to the door, and no further." With true womanly tact she says, "Very well, that will do." He goes with her, parts from her at the door, stays out in the cold, while she goes in and breaks into fervent prayer for him as soon as she reaches her

seat. She is trying not only the strength of her marriage link, but of that mightier link that binds her faith to the God of Promise.

Presently the door slowly opens; a man walks straight to her seat, and sits down beside her! He listens, goes home quietly; she meanwhile talking more with God than with her husband. The next evening, after tea, as they sit chatting by the fire, he rises, and with some emotion says, "Wife, isn't it 'most time to go to church?" She springs from her chair; it is entirely too early, but she will not risk delay; and hurrying on hat and cloak, they are off. A happy evening was that to her yearning, loving heart! For his stubborn soul melts down under the truth like wax in the flame; his infidelity is conquered where it only can be vanquished—at the cross of Christ!

From that evening he is a new man. His home is a new place. There is an altar at his fireside; behold, he prayeth! And ever after through their happy lives, there was *no flaw in the link* that bound them in their daily walk toward heaven. "What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?"

## BISHOP BUTLER AND THE "ANALOGY."

BY F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D.



HERE are very few works in all literature so widely and profoundly esteemed as the "Analogy," whose authors, in their personal characteristics and fortunes, are so little known as Joseph Butler. It is true that a process of close reasoning, like that contained in this treatise, is, to a considerable degree, independent of the common materials for a biography. It takes its place as a separate and clean creation of the brain, to be judged by itself, according to absolute standards of thought and the canons of impersonal criticism. And yet there is a higher philosophy, which teaches that no fruit of human thinking can stand wholly clear of the human organization it proceeds from. There is no composition and no study which does not take some strength or weakness, some soundness or disorder, some colouring or direction, from the secret quality and forces of the composer's or student's spirit. The laws of that supreme and central part of us execute themselves, unconsciously but irresistibly, into the style, method, and substance of what we speak and what we do.

Besides, "The Analogy of Religion with the Constitution and Course of Nature" is such a discussion of its august theme as requires every possible key, from an acquaintance with its author, from the opinions of competent interpreters as to its aim and scope, and from noticing the tendencies of speculation and habits of inquiry belonging to the age when it appeared. No new contributions to such an undertaking have lately appeared. Our purpose is simply to furnish, from those that have been long in existence and not unknown to scholars, a brief sketch which may possibly have some interest, at least to a portion of our readers.

Butler's life was one of too little incident to afford much encouragement even to a sanguine historian. Indeed, one of his biographers, who appears to have been under an impression that a memoir must necessarily be an octavo, resorts to the device of introducing into his account episodic sketches of all the principal persons that happen to be mentioned in connection with his subject, to make out his volume. The principal variations in Butler's external career were confined to a long to a quiet walk through a succession of dignities