

THE
FAMILY TREASURY

OF
SUNDAY READING.

EDITED BY THE
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(FORMERLY EDITOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN TREASURY.")



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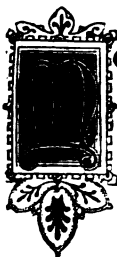
READING.

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

Miscellanies.

AN OLD LETTER FROM THE REV. JOHN NEWTON TO MR. JOHN LESLIE.



DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your very kind letter; the perusal gave me very much pleasure. I wished to have answered it sooner; but my engagements will not permit me to write when I please.

I care not what name you bear, and I have no reason to object to that of a Seceder, for however strict they may be deemed in some particulars, I have not met with more liberality and enlargement of views respecting the great common cause, than I have found in most of the Seceders with whom I have corresponded and conversed. The Seceders first made me known in Scotland, and undertook a publication in three volumes of what I had then printed, when no bookseller there would have ventured upon it. However, I regard you, and wish to be regarded by you as a Christian.

I trust we are fellow-members of the one true mystical Church, which is composed of all who are united by faith to Jesus their head, and who live by his life and Spirit. They are built on the same foundation, sustained by the same food, opposed by the same enemies, and agreed in the same hopes, views, and end. These, however, scattered far and wide, and distinguished by different names upon earth, are one in Christ, and constitute that flock which are under the sure care and protection of the Great Shepherd. They were wandering till he called them, lost till he found them. He bought them with his blood; made them willing in the day of his power to commit themselves to him; and he will suffer none to pluck them out of his hands.

The Church of Scotland has been eminent for the spirit of its ministers and the piety of its members. But I understand the glory is much declined. I rejoice that the Lord has still a people there, and multitudes in the Secession, and other branches of Dissenters from it. With us, religion is, I hope, rather upon the revival in our Established Church. I can remember when we could not count ten parochial ministers who preached the gospel, so as to be publicly known and spoken of under that character. I trust there are now in different parts of the kingdom more than three hundred faithful zealous men, some of them honoured with great usefulness. And their number is increasing every year. In this city, including both Lord's-day service and lectures in the week-days, the gospel is preached in about twenty churches, and most of the preachers are able and respectable men.

The irregular preachers (as they are called) including the Methodists of all sorts, are very numerous, and some of their places of worship very large and well

filled. These deviate from the rules of our Church, yet do not profess themselves Dissenters from it. Many of the preachers are laymen, and some of them, I hope, are called and owned of the Lord, though not sent forth by human ordination. But the sentiment which seems much to prevail—that any man may preach who thinks himself qualified—is productive of great inconveniences. Some undertake to preach who much need to be taught themselves. Some are very warm and loud, who yet understand not what they say, nor whereof they affirm. Offences abound, contentions and divisions are multiplied, the weak are stumbled, and the wicked laugh. We have in London, as I trust, much good wheat; but there are likewise many tares. But it was so in the beginning. However, upon the whole, Christ is preached, and I desire to rejoice.

One large body of Dissenters, called Presbyterians (though they have no classes), are in general far departed from the doctrine and spirit of the old Nonconformists. The Congregational Churches (Independents and Baptists) are for the most part sound and evangelical. But there is not much increase among them.

We have abundance of good preaching, and many are willing to hear. But we have cause to pray for more of that power to accompany the word, which breaks the hard heart. We seldom have a day of Pentecost, a day of great awakening and conviction. But some are called. The fishers of men here seldom catch them with a net. We are but anglers, and take, now and then, one. However, to convert one sinner from the error of his way is a great work, and worth living a whole life for. One soul is of more value than many temporal kingdoms. Your letter deserves an answer of equal length, but I have not time to enlarge. Accept the little I have written. Accept my thanks and my best wishes, and your prayers, which I beg you to continue for me and mine. I hope to pray for you. I do now. May the Lord bless you and keep you, guide you by his counsel, guard you by his providence, cheer you by his Spirit, make you useful in life, triumphant in death. May we meet in glory, to join in praises to Him who loved us. Amen.—I am your sincere friend and servant,
(Signed) JOHN NEWTON.

COLEMAN STREET BUILDINGS,
13th March 1789.

THE HEART-HOUSE.

THAT is a lively scriptural figure which represents the soul of a believer as a DWELLING inhabited by the Lord Jesus, who "dwells in" it "by faith." When Christ

first enters the heart-house, he finds it fearfully filthy and out of order. It needeth cleansing, and he cleanses it. *Pride's* stately chamber is purified. The foul pictures that disgrace the walls of *Sensuality's* room of wantonness are removed. The deserted and cobwebbed chamber of *Conscience* is entered by the key of truth, and thrown open to the daylight.

Memory is another apartment of the mind which the Holy Spirit renews for a higher and holier use. Ranged on its shelves he finds the general stores which were brought in through the five doorways of the senses. Many of these accumulations are worse than rubbish. Christ does not destroy the faculty; he simply appropriates it to himself, and makes it a granary of truth. A sanctified memory is the soul's store-room, even as a sanctified conscience is its armoury. Happy the man whose memory is piled full, tier upon tier, with Bible-texts well assorted, with experiences of good men, with carefully treasured recollections of God's special mercies, and his own special weaknesses and causes of failure! We pity him whose memory is an empty garret, or a confused lumber-room heaped to the ceiling with accumulated good and evil things so hopelessly intertangled that its owner can never lay hands on what he needs at the moment. What a memory David had! It was a cabinet of the curiosities of Divine love. How the apostles, too, exhort to "good remembrance" of God's Word; and to "stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance." In no apartment of a converted heart doth Jesus love more to dwell than in the chamber of a grateful memory.

We cannot go through all the interior of the heart-house in one brief article. There is a chamber of *Taste*, from whose window the Love of Beauty looks out on magnificent landscapes; and after nightfall points its telescope up into the heavens, sown thick with stars

"Burning like cressets in the blue depths."

There is a Watch-Tower, also, where Vigilance keeps guard to espy the coming of spiritual foes. Woe unto the Christian when the sentinel falls asleep on his tower! Over the door that leads up to this turret, the Holy Spirit has written, "Watch unto prayer." "Blessed is he whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching." From this tower Faith often looks out through the spyglass of the promises, and catches enrapturing glimpses of the heavenly inheritance incorruptible and fading not away.

"For glimpses such as these
My willing soul will bear,
All that in darkest hours it sees
Of toll and pain and care."

We must not overlook one room in a renewed heart, though it be so small or so secluded. It is the closet of secret devotion, where, within closed doors, Faith holds sweet fellowship with God. It is fragrant with the presence of the Master. The mercy-seat stands within

this hallowed spot. To this interior sanctum Faith keeps a golden key inscribed, *Pray without ceasing*. Over the door she readeth the inviting words, "Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." On the walls are records and inscriptions written in moments of favoured intercourse with God, when the meditations of him were sweet, and his promises were like the droppings of the honeycomb. Some of these inscriptions are written with trembling hand in seasons of dark calamities; occasionally, as on the stone wall of the martyrs' cell in the old Lollards' Tower, the agonizing cry has been etched with point of iron, "Quosque, Domine?"—"O Lord, how long?"

What thy throbbing heart is to thy bodily frame, that, my brother, is thy closet of prayer to thy heart mansion. Death *there* is death everywhere. Silence in that room bespeaks a paralysis of spiritual life. That is Faith's stronghold; the birthplace of all the graces. Leave not that door to rust on its hinges, or the dust of neglect to settle on that mercy-seat. For when that chamber is deserted, the heart-house is soon surrendered to Satan. But while thy inner life is "hid with Christ" in constant communion, thou art the "habitation of God through his Spirit."

T. L. CUYLER.

A T H E N S.

(See Engraving.)

We cast anchor at half-past eleven o'clock in the oval land-locked basin of the Piræus. We were somewhat astonished to find fiacres in waiting, apparently of German manufacture; and in one of them we were soon on our way along a Macadamized road to the city of Athens, a distance of six English miles.

This drive was accompanied by sad feelings. The day was cloudy, cold, and cheerless. The plain and mountains around, the scenes of so many thrilling associations, were untilled and desolate; and on every side were seen the noblest monuments of antiquity in ruins, now serving to mark only the downfall of human greatness and of human pride. Nor did the entrance to the city tend to dissipate these feelings. Small dwellings of stone, huddled together along narrow, crooked, unpaved, filthy lanes, are not the Athens which the scholar loves in imagination to contemplate. Yet they constitute, with a few exceptions, the whole of modern Athens. Even in its best parts, and in the vicinity of the court itself, there is often an air of haste and shabbiness, which, although not a matter of wonder under the circumstances in which the city has been built up, cannot fail to excite in the stranger a feeling of disappointment and sadness. This, however, does not last long. The force of historical associations is too powerful not to triumph over present degradation; and the