

thoughts in the verses which follow, where the rising of her spirit from visible and created excellence, to the Divine hand, and to the perfections of the dwelling-place of the Creator, and her own hope of entering there, is, as usual, the theme. This journey, in common with all other exertions, terminated in a severe headache. She mentioned, in writing, shortly after this, 'My head is very bad sometimes, but my general health is excellent.'

"How pure the light on yonder hills,  
How soft the shadows lie;  
How blithe each morning sound, that fills  
The air with melody!

Those hills that rest in solemn calm,  
Above the strife of men,  
Are bathed in breezy gales of balm,  
From knoll and heathy glen.

In converse with the silent sky,  
They mock the flight of years,  
While man and all his labors die;  
Low in this vale of tears.

Meet emblem of eternal rest,  
They point their summits grey  
To the fair regions of the blest,  
Where treads our pilgrim way.

The everlasting mountains, there,  
Reflect undying light;  
The ray that gilds that ambient air,  
Nor fades nor sets in night.

Than summer sun, more piercing bright,  
That beam is milder too;  
For love is in the sacred light  
That softens every hue.

The gale that fans the peaceful clime  
Is life's immortal breath,  
Its freshness makes the sons of time  
Forget disease and death.

And shall we tread that holy ground;  
And breathe that fragrant air;  
And view the hills with glory crowned,  
In cloudless beauty fair?

Yes! for the glory is the Lord's,  
And he who reigns above  
Is faithful to the gracious words  
That breathe forgiving love.

Then on! then on! ye pilgrim throng,  
And even as ye run,  
Break forth in strains of heavenly song,  
Till home and rest are won.

Look up! look up! to yonder light  
That cheers the desert grey;  
It marks the close of toil and night,  
The dawn of endless day.

How sweet your choral hymns will blend  
With harps of heavenly tone;  
When glad you sing your journey's end,  
Around your Father's throne!"

We next find her hastening homeward, having heard that one of her little ones was sick. The mother's heart shines out in these lines from a letter to a friend: "I dared not even ask how my sweet Harry was. Great was my relief to find him pretty well. I thank the Giver of all good that he heard my cry out of the depths of dread, and sent relief. Oh, how sweet it is to know that there is a home for little children in the Saviour's bosom! That when they are taken home, they are taken from sin and sorrow that they have never known, to the full flood of joy and love, to the sweet gush of angel melodies, and all the bliss, and all the hidden things which are still seen but through a veil, by the oldest and most experienced pilgrims on earth. My babes are lent to the Lord, and I feel a delightful hope that, in life or in death, he will accept the offering, and then how can it be with them but well? Yet my heart is weak, and the bare whisper of parting rends it. Will you, do you, my dear friend, pray for them and for me?"

A glorious revival of religion, one of the same character with our American revivals, but such an one rare in Scotland, was now enjoyed in the parish of Cloish and the adjacent country. Mary, "to her power and even beyond her power," was abundant in hope, in prayer, and in holy converse. It seemed as if she were more fully enriched with the spirit of Christ, and would have extended her arms of love to embrace the universe. While she and many with her were rejoicing in the glorious things that were doing in Zion, he who holds the cords of life was quickening her spirit for that holy place,

"Where hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,  
Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss."

She described herself shut out from the moving world, "but tied by pleasant bonds to the nursery," which was her world. "It cannot be told," she adds, "how large an amount of thought, feeling and time it engrosses. I seem almost to forget other things sometimes, but never those in which my heart is interested." Her family, the parish, the church, the glory of Zion's King, these were the never-forgotten objects; and in caring for these her hours passed away; now and then weaving a rhyme, and again singing forth her thanksgiving in the presence of "the Lord her righteousness."

It was remarked by those who knew her well, that she never seemed so lovely in her loveliness as now. The presence of the Lord in the power of his Holy Spirit, called all the faculties of her soul into joyous action, so that while she prayed more fervently, and more ardently looked up expecting an answer, her pulses seemed quickened, and the daily duties of life were pursued with unusual delight. In the midst of the religious meetings that were held, she was permitted to enjoy a remarkable degree of the Spirit's influences, so that her faith and confidence in God were renewed and strengthened. "Her heart was full of divine love, her soul was much drawn out in prayer, and she spoke sweetly of Jesus to many. In one house where several females were assembled, she led in prayer, and the remark was made by some that heard her, that "she was filled with the Spirit, her heart burning within her, and giving eloquence to her tongue." Many were edified by her conversation, and one young person who had for a long time been in much distress of mind, was now led by her to the Lord Jesus Christ. Returning from one of the evening meetings, the damp air confirmed a cold which probably had its origin in her having continued till a very late hour the night previous in devotional exercises, and in making notes of what she had heard at church. But ten days elapsed before her health appeared to have sustained serious injury. Indeed she remarked, "if her body was harmed, her soul was refreshed." But there was no rest from her labors while any strength remained. On the Sabbath she met her Bible class, and poured out her soul in earnest entreaties to them that they would make sure work of their souls' safety by surrendering their now to Christ. During that week her hands were, as usual, full of work, ticketing and registering Sunday School library books, and making a list of those which had not been returned, visiting the sick, reading to the aged and teaching the young. She was incessantly occupied in devising or executing some plan for doing good. Her husband observed her increased activity, and when he urged her to delay various exertions till her cough should be relieved, she seemed as if she felt time to be short and precious—she must work to-day, for the night was coming. Even her delight in music was swallowed up in the pursuit of Christian duties and spiritual occupations, so that, for a long time, the evening hour was not cheered by her strains.

A friend returning from Dunfermline, brought the glad tidings that many there were anxiously inquiring the way of salvation. As he was mentioning the wonderful works of God, Mrs. Duncan sat with clasped hands and eager gaze, and for a time she could find no utterance. When she did, her lips poured out the emotions of a heart rejoicing in the glory of the Redeemer, and the rescue of the perishing; and she said among other things, "I have felt for some time past as if the business of my life was to pray for Christ's kingdom."

To the slight illness which she had suffered for some days, but not so severe as to restrain her from active service in the church, a fever succeeded, advancing rapidly, and in a few days depriving her of the power of commanding her thoughts, inducing convulsive effort and incoherent expression. In the earlier part of her illness she murmured words of her father, her mother, often of Jesus, his blood, and once when asked who Jesus was, she answered, "The