

of an immortal existence. Oh, may my babe be one of Jesus' lambs! I scarcely dare form wishes for the future, but, *at present*, my mind needs cleansing. I do not feel the glow of Christian love to all; my affections are too much confined to a few objects. I am easily made impatient, and this was not the case formerly. I want the charity that thinketh no evil. My thoughts are too much on self. Alas! when shall I be like Jesus? In heaven? Yes, but the likeness must begin on earth. Oh that the breath of prayer may be fervent and unwearied!"

Shortly afterwards we find her a rejoicing mother. She says, "It opens a new, fresh, full fountain in the heart, and makes it, I think, kinder and more pitiful to everything that lives;"—"a new fountain," she writes again, "a love unlike what I feel for any other; but no *greater* than all other love, as I have heard some mothers say it is."

Her earliest anxieties were that her daughter might be made a child of God. "Oh, how my heart longs that this little one may be folded with the flock of Jesus, the loving Shepherd of helpless little children. And I have a cheering hope that so it shall be, for she is a child of prayer, and our Father is a God of love."

From this time we have but few of her own records. Her hands were engaged by her domestic duties, and when she was confined at home from the sanctuary with her little one, she would have the Bible laid open by her side, and from its living fountains she would catch, as well as she could, a few drops of the water of life. Her growth in grace was now most apparent to those who had the joy of being often with her, and the few passages of her diary discover her heart to us. "The year was closing and she writes, "How many mercies have gone over my head since last I wrote the expression of my anticipations here! Do I praise my God, by a life of holiness, remembering that *thanksgiving* is very good, but *thanksgiving* is far better?" "In my own frames I put no confidence; many times they have deceived me; and ardor, that at the moment of its height, seemed as if it would surely rise into a flame, that should not be extinguished till it melted into a blaze of celestial glory, has faded away, and left me poor, helpless, cold and stumbling. But, blessed be my God, my frames are not my Saviour. He stands firm amid all the fluctuations of the deceitful heart. He bears with my infirmities. He pities my weakness. He watches the feeble spark that seems about to expire, and pours in streams of oil, even his own precious love, so that it revives again, and shines forth to his praise." "I write with my lively babe upon my knee. May I get help to train this sweet gift of God for himself!"

We pass over a few months and come to the last entry in her journal, that precious mirror of her heart; "Beloved Saviour, I entreat thee to mould my spirit, as entirely to thy pleasure, as thou didst my frame at first. Let me feel thee near, and be thou to me the chief among ten thousand. When I see thee face to face, I shall love thee as I ought, and rejoice, being *satisfied* with thy likeness. Till then, oh! for a more prayerful spirit, and more zeal to work—more grace in my heart, to hallow my converse with"—

She left the sentence unfinished. A son was born. Her spirits were tranquil and patient, and her grateful love was like a flood that would overflow its banks during her recovery. Afterwards we have letters written to absent friends, full of the joy that she found in the nursery with her prattling babes. She speaks often of the intense responsibility, and of her ever increasing anxieties that they might grow up for God and heaven.

In these letters we find allusions to the daily duties that pressed upon her mind and hands, and they also disclose her desires for the spiritual advancement of those for whom she was called especially to labour. Occasionally, too, she would find time, in the midst of all her cares, to fasten on paper the thoughts that flowed in numbers; and some of them, especially those intended for her children's amusement or instruction, are among the happiest little poems we have seen. We have room but for one or two specimens.

A PRAYER.

Jesus, Saviour, pity me,
Hear me when I cry to thee!
I've a very naughty heart,
Full of sin in every part.
I can never make it good,
Wilt thou wash me in thy blood?
Jesus, Saviour, pity me!
Hear me when I cry to thee!

Short has been my pilgrim way,
Yet I'm sinking every day;
Though I am so young and weak,
Lately taught to run and speak;
Yet in evil I am strong,—
Far from thee I've lived too long:
Jesus, Saviour, pity me!
Hear me when I cry to thee!

When I try to do thy will,
Sin is in my bosom still;
And I soon do something bad,
That makes me sorrowful and sad,
Who could help or comfort give,
If thou didst not bid me live?
Jesus, Saviour, pity me!
Hear me when I cry to thee!

Though I cannot cease from guilt,
Thou canst cleanse me, and thou wilt;
Since thy blood for me was shed,
Crowned with thorns thy blessed head.
Thou who loved and suffered so,
Ne'er will bid me from thee go
Jesus, thou wilt pity me!
Save me when I cry to thee.

This is worth copying, that mothers into whose hands it falls, may teach it to their children. The little ones will also be pleased with the following, though it does ask them to "put their playthings all away."

PREPARING FOR SUNDAY.

Haste put your playthings all away,
To-morrow is the Sabbath day;
Come! bring to me your Noah's ark,
Your pretty tinkling music-cart;
Because, my love, you must not play,
But holy keep the Sabbath day.

Bring me your German village, please!
With all its houses, gates and trees;
Your waxen doll with eyes of blue,
And all her tea-things bright and new;
Because, you know, you must not play,
But love to keep the Sabbath day.

Now take your Sabbath Pictures down,
King David with his harp and crown;
Good little Samuel on his knees,
And many pleasant sights like these;
Because, you know, you must not play,
But learn of God upon this day.

There is your hymn book; you shall learn
A verse, and some sweet kisses earn;
Your book of Bible stories, too,
Which dear mamma will read to you;
I think, although you must not play,
We'll have a happy Sabbath day.

To me there is something exceedingly delightful in the contemplation of this pious and gifted mother, thus weaving sweet verses for her children; and if other mothers have not the faculty, which indeed very few possess, of amusing and instructing their little ones, with their own rhymes, they will find in the volume which enshrines the virtues of Mary Lundie, many precious songs which their offspring will be delighted to learn. Had we not already extended this article beyond our accustomed limits, we should be tempted to transfer several gems from this casket to set them in ours, but we must rest here from our pleasant labor, and in another article complete the picture, which our feeble hand has essayed to draw.

ROLLO PHILOSOPHY.

FIRE.—SLOW COMBUSTION.

The way in which it happened that Rollo's father first began to explain to him something about the nature of fire, was this: It was one evening early in the autumn. Dorothy was going away