

**MEMOIR OF MRS. MARY  
LUNDIE DUNCAN:  
BEING RECOLLECTIONS  
OF A DAUGHTER**

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Memoir of Mrs. Mary Lundie Duncan: Being Recollections of a Daughter by Mary Grey Lundie Duncan

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**MARY GREY LUNDIE DUNCAN**

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OF A DAUGHTER**



*By the Author,*

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN:

BEING

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DAUGHTER.

BY HER MOTHER.

*1847, 1848, 1849*

*Mary Dundas*

FROM THE SECOND EDINBURGH EDITION.

NEW-YORK:

ROBERT CARTER, 58, CANAL-STREET.

M DCCC XLII.

*R.*



No tears for thee—though our lone spirits mourn  
That thou with spring's sweet flowers wilt ne'er return.  
No tears for thee—though hearth and home are blighted,  
Though sadness clouds the scenes thy love has lighted.  
No tears—for, while with us, thy soul, opprest,  
Of longed for refuge in thy Saviour's breast.  
No tears—for thou hast found thy home above.  
No tears—thou'rt sheltered in the arms of love.

J. C. L.

R. EDWIN PAINTER,  
73 Vesey-st., N. Y.

★ HOSP. BK. & NEWS. SOC.

## P R E F A C E .

THIS little Work treats of the initiatory steps of an immortal being—steps, feeble and insignificant if viewed alone, but assuming value and importance when considered as terminating in an eternal destiny. By such steps is each human course commenced—and such is the solemn result involved in its mortal termination. The chief benefit derived from Christian biography, is its exhibiting to the eye, the image of Christ in the character of his servant; the manner in which that blessed image first began to be formed—and the various means and incidents which contributed to its advancement towards perfection.

Growth is the only sure token of healthy spiritual life. The soul has its winter and its spring times, its seasons of seeming check and deadness, and its seasons of shooting upward from the earthly toward the heavenly character. A faithful writer remarks, that ‘the soul may suppose itself acquainted with its corruption in its length and breadth, while, perhaps, it has only moistened its lips at the bitter cup, and may subsequently be constrained to drink much more of it.’ And thus it is that the Christian must travel the same path more than once. Soul searchings must be renewed—repentings require to be repented of. Love to the Mighty Deliverer, who has performed the wonderful rescue, may at first be ardent and grateful—afterwards, it will become humble and intelligent, with the increasing perception, that not only the first deciding movement from death to life, but each particular step of the journey through the wilderness, must be guided and upheld by Him who bestows the temper of strangers and pilgrims, and who

keeps his people by his own power, through faith unto salvation.

The experienced reader may find both pleasure and improvement, in tracing the various seasons of spiritual growth in the subject of this memoir. Should the example of her early piety awaken any careless spirits to inquire why they have not yet set out to seek the Lord, or should her evident advancement in the divine life, and her greatly brightening graces, as she drew near to its most unlooked-for consummation, be the means of stirring up any to examine whether their souls are slumbering in the frosts of winter, or shooting upward in the breath of spring, the writer will have a blessed return for the trial endured in laying more wide a wound which only reunion can finally close; and, in unlocking those fountains of tears, which, however, have flowed, during the compilation, more in thankful submission and gratitude, than in selfish mourning. It becomes her to own, with humble praise, the refreshment that her own soul has received, by means of researches among those remains, a small portion of which is here tremblingly presented. To the chosen friends of the dear departed one, the book will be welcome, for the love of herself, and of Him whom she sought and followed, while amongst them. To strangers, may the Holy Spirit make it welcome as a messenger of PEACE!

JULY 26, 1841.



## NOTE TO SECOND EDITION.

AMONGST the various remarks relative to the first edition of this little Work made by friendly critics, some have been jealous for the memory of the departed, when they observe the very measured exhibition which is permitted, of her personal attractions. Others, with a more exalted perception of spiritual beauties, have zealously demanded the expunging of each sentence which described transient charms, and the blandishments to which they subjected their possessor. To these last the author was most willing to listen, on the ground that the moral elevation of the character described was such as to make herself hold in light estimation, what the worldly-minded deemed her chief excellencies. Such passages have accordingly been expunged. Yet, after it has been accomplished, there arises a question if it be just to conceal the degree of temptation to which the heart was exposed, in consequence of the thickly strewn attentions and flatteries, not of friends only, but of strangers. Is it not more to the praise of His grace, by whom, in the midst of snares, she was preserved, to admit that those snares were many, complicated, and alluring? It will, however, be more in keeping with the tone of the character to leave what these were to conjecture. We therefore only quote in the Appendix two letters of condolence for her loss, from clergymen who had opportunity of comparison with their own daughters, and therefore may be supposed to have passed the age of enthusiastic admiration, except upon strong excitement.—

They pretty fairly represent the general impression made by her appearance and demeanour.\*

The privilege is also yielded of appending a sketch of her character, drawn by the discriminating school-fellow to whom so many of her letters are addressed.†

In the Appendix will be found several poems, not immediately connected with the incidents of her life, which, as introduced in the first edition, appeared unnecessarily to interrupt the narrative. Some additional matter, both in prose and verse, has been introduced.

There is prefixed to this edition a sweet and characteristic poem by Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, who was admired and loved by the subject of the memoir (though personally unknown,) and whose recent visit to Britain, added the charm of feature and of voice to that acquaintance which had been formed by thousands with her mind, through the medium of her works; and perhaps by none with greater pleasure than that parent in whose bereavement she so kindly sympathizes.

APRIL, 1842.

\* Appendix, No. XXIV.

† Appendix, No. XXV.

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