

Magdalena should be conveyed into the palace, he himself stopped to see her borne into the garden and followed anxiously.

Every means with which the leechcraft of the times was acquainted for the recovery of the apparently drowned, was applied in the case of Magdalena: and after a time, breath and warmth were restored—her eyes opened. But the respiration was hurried and impeded—the eyes glazed and dim—the sense of what was passing around her, confused and troubled. A nervous tremour run through her whole frame. She lay upon a mattress, propped up with a pile of cushions, in a lower apartment of the palace. By her side knelt the Bishop of Fulda, watching with evident solicitude the variation of the symptoms in the unfortunate woman's frame. Behind her stood the stately form of the Ober-Amtmann—every muscle of his usually stern face now struggling with emotion—his hands clenched together—his head bowed down; for he had learned from his brother the Prince, that the female lying before him—the woman whom he had himself condemned to the stake, was really the mistress of his younger years—the reduced wife of the man whom he had killed—his victim, Margaret Weillham. On the other side of the prostrate form of Magdalena bent a grave personage in dark attire, who held her wrist, and counted the beating of her pulse with an air of serious attention. In answer to an enquiring look from the Prince Bishop, the physician shook his head.

"There is life, it is true," he said; "but it is ebbing fast. The fatigue and emotions of the past day were in themselves too much for a frame already shattered by macerations, and privations, and grief; this catastrophe has exhausted her last force of vitality. She cannot live long."

The Ober-Amtmann wrung his hands with a still firmer gripe. The tears trembled upon the good old bishop's eyelids.

"See!" said the leech; "she again opens her eyes. There is more sense in them now."

The dying Magdalena in truth looked around her, as if she at length became conscious of the objects on which her vision fell. She seemed to comprehend with difficulty where she was, and how she had come into the position in which she lay. Feebly and with exertion she raised her emaciated arm, and passed her skinny hand over her brow and eyes. But at length her gaze rested upon the mild face of the benevolent bishop, and a faint smile passed over her sunken features.

"Where am I?" she murmured lowly. "Am I in paradise?—and you, reverend father, are also with me?"

In a few kind words, the bishop strove to recall her wandering senses, and explain to her what had happened. At last a consciousness of the past seemed to come over her; and she shuddered in every limb at the fearful recollection.

"And he! where is he?" she asked with an imploring look. "He! Karl!"

The old man looked at her with surprise, as though he thought her senses were still wavering.

"He carried me off, did he not?" she continued feebly; "or was it a dream? No, no! I remember all—how he flew through the air; and then the rushing waters. Oh! tell me; where is he?"

The bishop now comprehended that she spoke of the witchfinder; and said, "He is gone for ever, to his last great account."

Magdalena groaned bitterly, and again closed her eyes. But it was evident that she still retained her consciousness; for her lips were moving faintly, as if in prayer.

"Is there no hope?" enquired the bishop in a whisper of the physician. "Nothing that can be done?"

"No hope!" replied the leech. "I have done all that medical skill can do; I can do no more, your highness."

At a sign from the bishop, the physician withdrew.

Shortly after, the dying woman again unclosed her eyes, and looked around her at the strange room in which she lay. A recollection of the past seemed to come across her, slowly and painfully; and she again pressed her feeble hand to her brow.

"Why am I here?" she murmured. "Why do I again see this scene of folly and sin? O Lord! why bring before me thus, in this last hour, the living memory of my past transgressions?"

As if to complete the painful illusion of the past, a voice now murmured "Margaret" in her ear. The poor woman started, turned her head with difficulty, and saw, kneeling by her side, the heartless lover of her youth. She gave him one look of fear and shame, and then turning again her eyes to the bishop's face, exclaimed, "May God forgive me!—Pray for me, my father!"

"It is I who seek for mercy, Margaret!" cried the Ober-Amtmann. "I who need thy forgiveness, for all the wrong I have done thee!"

"Mercy and forgiveness are with God," said the dying woman solemnly. "All the wrong thou hast done me I have long since forgiven, as far as such a sinner as myself can forgive. My time is short; my breath is fast leaving me. I feel that I am dying," she added after a pause. "Father, I would make my spirit; and if God and your reverence permit me earthly thoughts to mingle with my last hopes of salvation, I would confide to you a secret on which depends the happiness of her I love, and you perhaps might secure her peace of mind. Alas, I cannot speak! O God! give me still breath."

These words were uttered in a low and feeble tone. With a hasty gesture the bishop signed to his brother to retire, and bent his ear over the mouth of the gasping woman.

After some time he rose, and first reassuring the dying mother that all he could do for

her child's welfare should be done, pronounced the sublime words of the church that give the promise of forgiveness and salvation to the truly penitent sinner.

"Oh, might I look upon her once more!" sobbed Magdalena with convulsive effort. "One last look! not a word shall tell her—it is—her unhappy mother—who gives her—a last blessing!"

The Ober Amtmann left the room. In a few minutes he returned, leading Bertha by the hand. But Magdalena was already speechless. The fair girl knelt by the side of the mattress, sobbing bitterly—she herself scarcely knew why. Was it only the sight of death of the last parting of the soul, that thus affected her? Was it affliction that her own error should have contributed to hasten that unhappy woman's end? Or was not there rather a powerful instinct within her, that, in that awful moment, bound her by a sympathetic tie to her unknown mother, and conveyed a portion of that last agony of the departing woman to her own heart?

Magdalena, although she could not speak, was evidently aware of the presence of the gently girl. She still moved her lips, as if begging a blessing on her head, and fixed upon that mild face, now bathed in tears, the last fading eyes. And now the eyes grew dim and senseless, although the spirit seemed still to struggle within for sight; now they closed—the whole frame of the prostrate woman shuddered, and Margaret Weillham—the repentant Magdalena—was a corpse.

Some time after these events, the Ober Amtmann retired from his high office, and after a seclusion of some duration with his brother, at Fulda, finally betook himself to a monastery, where he remained until his death.

Before his retirement from the world, however, he had consented, not without some difficulty, to the union of Bertha and Gottlob. The Prince Bishop, unforgetful of the unfortunate Magdalena, had urged upon his brother the duty of making this concession to the dying wishes of the wronged mother, as well as to the evident affection of Bertha for the young artist, which although unknown even to herself, was no less powerful. As Gottlob, although of a ruined and impoverished family, was not otherwise than of noble birth, the greatest difficulty of these times was surmounted; and the Prince Bishop, by bestowing upon him a post of honour and rank about his person in which the gentle youth could still continue the pursuit of his glorious art, and march on unhindered in his progress to that eminence which he finally attained, smoothed the road to the Ober Amtmann's consent.

On the day of Bertha's marriage, the good Prince Bishop promulgated an edict, that for the future no one should suffer the punishment of death for the crime of witchcraft in his dominions. But, after his decease, the edict again fell into disuse; and the town of Hamelburg, as if the spirit of Black Claus, the witchfinder, still hovered about its walls, again commenced to assert its odious reputation, and maintain its hideous boast, of having burned more witches than any other town in Germany.

THE OLD WORLD.

There was once a world and a brave old world,
Away in the ancient time,

When the men were brave and the women fair
And the world was in its prime;

And the priest he had his book,
And the scholar he had his gown,

And the old knight stout, he walked about
With his broadsword hanging down.

Ye may see this world was a brave old world,
In the days long past and gone,

And the sun it shone, and the rain it rained,
And the world went merrily on.

The shepherd kept his sheep,
And the milkmaid milked the kine,

And the serving man was a sturdy loon,
In a cap and doublet fine.

And I've been told in this brave old world,
There were jolly times and free,

And they danced and sung, till the welkin rung,
All under the greenwood tree.

The sexton chimed his sweet sweet bells,
And the huntsman blew his horn,

And the hunt went out, with a merry shout,
Beneath the jovial morn.

Oh, the golden days of the brave old world
Made hall and cottage shine;

The squire he sat in his oaken chair,
And quaff'd the good red wine;

The lovely village maiden,
She was the village queen,

And, by the mass, tript through the grass
To Maypole, on the green.

When trumpets roused this brave old world,
And banners flaunted wide,

The knight bestrode the stalwart steed,
And the page rode by his side.

And plumes and pennons tossing bright,
Dash'd through the wild melee,

And he who prest amid them best
Was lord of all, that day.

And ladies fair, in the brave old world,
They ruled with wondrous sway;

But the stoutest knight he was lord of right,
As the strongest is to-day.

The baron bold he kept his hold,
Her bower his bright ladye;
But the forester kept the good greenwood,
All under the forest tree.

Oh! how they laughed in the brave old world,
And flung grim care away!
And when they were tired of working
They held it time to play.

The bookman was a reverend wight,
With a studious face so pale,
And the curlew bell, with its sullen swell,
Broke duly on the gale.

And so passed on, in the brave old world,
Those merry days and free;
The king drank wine and the clown drank ale,
Each man in his degree.

And some ruled well and some ruled ill,
And thus passed on the time,
With jolly ways in those brave old days,
When the world was in its prime.

GEORGE LUNT.

AND LET THE WHOLE EARTH
BE FILLED WITH HIS GLORY.

Consider the universal extent of this request. Little minds confine their zeal within a contracted circle, which excludes all but the adherents of their own class. For a party they labor, and in the success of a party they rejoice. If they pray for rain, it is only to refresh and fructify their own gardens. They are strangers to the sublime and diffusive spirit of the Gospel. Wretched bigotry—allow me a figure of speech, allow me to suppose for a moment, that Being in existence whose death we have attended, and whose epitaph we have sung—wretched bigotry, what is their language?—Let the Dissenting interest prevail—let Independents multiply—let the Baptists swell their annual lists with numbers—let the Methodists swell on every side—let Tottenham Court Chapel be "filled with his glory."—But give me the language of the text, "and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and amen." I love to see an expansion of soul, which, free from the speckles of party rage, includes all, like the goodness of God.

I pass from religious denominations to countries. It does not satisfy us to say, "let England be filled with his glory." It has frequently been charged upon the Scripture as a defect, that it does not sufficiently inculcate patriotism, or a love to a particular country; a virtue celebrated among all nations of the globe; a virtue which so long secured Greece, and so highly exalted Rome; a virtue practised in former days, and professed in our own; a virtue of which we have nothing left, but "loaves and fishes." The charge is partly false and partly true, and as far as it is true it will be found not a reproach, but an honor to the Gospel. If we look into the Old Testament, we shall find this sacred injunction: "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper that love thee." Never was love more sincere and ardent, than that which the Jews exercised towards their native land. Jerusalem was the centre of their happiness, the seat of all the endearments of life. To adorn it they esteemed nothing too costly; to defend it, they cheerfully shed their blood. Its prosperity satisfied them; its prosperity made them forget their sorrows. When they saw it destroyed by the hands of the Babylonians, they abandoned themselves to grief, and found life a burden; they "hung their harps upon the willows," "the voice of mirth was heard no more, and all the daughters of music was brought low." But even in its reduced state they retained the same affection, prizing its ruins above the superb palaces of Babylon: "they took pleasure in her stones, and favored the dust thereof," each saying, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." And where does the New Testament enforce the wild idea that the whole world is to be our country, and mankind our fellow citizens? Jesus Christ was a patriot; he loved his country, notwithstanding the ingratitude and cruelty of his countrymen. He first went "to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." As he drew near the devoted metropolis, "he wept over it." He commanded his Apostles "to preach repentance and remission of sins to all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." The Gospel does not destroy the useful feelings of nature, but corrects and sanctifies them; it inspires us with sentiments becoming our condition, and never forgets that we are creatures of limited faculties. But after all, what is patriotism? Is it such a partial attachment to a particular country, as leads us to disregard the liberty and happiness of every other nation? Is it such an exclusive attachment as would lead us to oppress every other country, for the sake of our own, and destroy thousands who would not acquiesce in our opinion, avarice and ambition!—What was a Roman? A proud, unfeeling tyrant, who placed right in power, who triumphed remorselessly over undefended weakness, who gloried in proportion to the number of cities or provinces he had taken or destroyed. What was the patriotism of a Roman? A false virtue, the destruction of all justice and benevolence—and this false virtue has always been admired, because it conceals self-interest, under the mask of public spirit, and gives license to inflict injuries, not only with impunity, but with applause. It is the glory of the Gospel to say nothing of such patriotism. It is the glory of

the Gospel to set us above the prejudices which have so long and unhappily kept men at variance—and to teach us that God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth, that men are not our enemies because they live at the other side of a channel or a mountain—that they are not to be bought and sold as slaves because the sun has jetted their complexions—that we are "debtors to Jews and Greeks"—and that, "as we have opportunity," without exceptions, "we are to do good unto all men." Christianity commands us to love all the human race, and to regard as our neighbours the inhabitants of the remotest regions.—Rev. William Jay

From Bartlett's Walks about Jerusalem.

THE POOL OF SILOAM.

A little above the fountain of En Rogel, which leads up the valley of Jehoshaphat, there is a mulberry tree of unusual size, with a raised terrace, a favorite halting place for wayfarers and shepherds, who repose under its ample shade, while their flocks are drinking from a channel filled with water, conducted from the pool of Siloam, which is a few paces above. It was not without emotion that we descended the steps of the fountain, worn and polished by ages, and seating ourselves under the cool moist arch, a delicious shelter from the burning noon day beams of a July sun, reposed our weary limbs, listening to the gentle current of the "waters of Siloam that go softly," and drinking, from the palm of our hand, from the refreshing and limpid stream. As the Arab women of the valley came down to fill their pitchers, we remembered that the daughters of Judah frequented it two thousands years ago; that kings and prophets have drank of its consecrated waters; and that perhaps Jesus and his disciples have often reposed on these very steps, in the course of his walks about the city. To describe the view before us—the path to the fountain is seen above the edge of the pool, on the right, and figures are descending the steps under its arch, down to the water, which flows out by a small orifice into the square pool, and thence by a channel into the valley below, as before stated. The remains of pillars at the side and in the basin seem to indicate that, at a former period, it must have been wholly or partially covered; and it has been supposed that this is also the "Bethesda," with five porches, where at certain hours an angel, according to the popular tradition, troubled the waters, which were then supposed to possess a healing power. This receives some countenance from the fact, that there is a singular ebb and flow in the stream, noticed by many travellers, and lately witnessed by Dr. Robinson, but beyond this there is nothing to support the conjecture. It has been ascertained, by the persevering research of Doctor Robinson, that the water is brought to the pool from that of the Virgin, higher up the valley, by means of a channel cut through the rocky hill of Ophel, a work of great, and unless both fountains were within the city, of useless labor: its length, as measured by him, is 1750 feet.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

Hark! I hear it now: surely it must be; that terrific roar; this growing grandeur of wildness and desolation where one would have thought it impossible that anything in this upper world could be more grandly wild and sublimely desolate than the spot whereon we had stood a few minutes past! There is a wall of rock right before us, rising perpendicularly, which must defy the most daring foot and the steadiest brain. Down its black shoulders there is a broad river of spray, through which I can discern, dimly traced, the outline of a bridge. Hurrah! there it is! Onward, friends, your steps are upon a spot that has witnessed the most terrible strifes. In this narrow path, on the brink of the abyss, the foaming waters below and armed bands of men, more pitiless, above the Austrian and French armies met in mortal combat. Hurrah! we stand at length upon the Devil's Bridge. I hear nothing but the roar of the cataract; I see nothing but a cloud of spray I look down into the abyss; it is a depth of gloom that makes one giddy to gaze upon. Above, the river, like a sheet of white foam, comes pouring down from the rocky height. Black barren crags hem it in on the other side, with scarce room for the narrow road way and the bed of the tumultuous torrent on its brink. Far as the eye can strain down into the gorge, the same wilderness of horrors is visible. No life, not so much as a shrub, or a straggling bramble greets the traveller's gaze. I had paid homage to Nature in her loveliness amid the Paradise scenery of the Rhine, in her grandeur upon the summit of the Rigi; and now I felt the influence of her desolate places, and worshipped the sublimity of her wilderness.

From the Science of Trade.

THE STARVING MILLIONS.

Cheapness is an apparent boon to the very parties it is trampling under foot. The starving man fancies that if bread were cheaper it would come within reach, and does not perceive that it is the very cheapness that has altered his own position so lamentably. Food is almost beyond his reach; he ought to strive to raise his own position, and not to cheapen bread; for cheapness increases the disproportion between his wages, and the price of his food. The great mass of the people, and particularly the petty shopkeepers, men who before were in trade and comparatively wealthy but who now earn but a scanty and precarious living, clamour for cheap food, not perceiving that cheapness has caused their ruin, and that cheap food will further reduce their profits.