

neighbouring Borderers, having irritated the king by reiterated complaints against this oppressor, he at length rather hastily exclaimed, 'Fient nor he were rodden and suppit in broot!' The petitioners, satisfied with this answer, which they choose to understand literally, proceeded with the utmost haste to execute the commission, and actually, it is said, boiled Souls upon the Nine Stane Rig—a declivity which derived its name from an old Druidical circle of upright stones, nine of which remained till a late period. Five of these stones are still visible, and two are particularly pointed out as those that supported the iron bar upon which the fatal cauldron was suspended.

[To be continued.]

From Hogg's Instructor.
LEGEND OF MARY MAGDALENE.
BY MRS. JAMESON.

Mary Magdalene was of the district of Magdala, on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, where stood her castle, called Magdalon, she was the sister of Lazarus and of Martha, and they were the children of parents reputed noble, or as some say, of royal race. On the death of their father, Syrus, they inherited vast riches and possession in lands, which were equally divided between them. Lazarus betook himself to the military life; Martha ruled her possessions with great discretion, and was a model of virtue and propriety—perhaps a little too much addicted to worldly cares; Mary, on the contrary, abandoned herself to luxuries, pleasures, and became at length so notorious for her dissolute life that she was known through all the country round only as 'the sinner.' Her discreet sister Martha, frequently rebuked her for these disorders, and at length persuaded her to listen to the exhortations of Jesus, through which her heart was touched and converted. The seven demons which possessed her, and which were expelled by the power of the Lord, were the seven deadly sins to which she was given over before her conversion. On one occasion Martha entertained the Saviour in her house, and being anxious to feast him worthily, she was 'cumbered with much serving.' Mary, meanwhile, sat at the feet of Jesus, and heard his words, which completed the good work of her conversion; and some time afterwards he supped in the house of Simon the Pharisee, she followed him thither, 'and she brought an alabaster box of ointment, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hair of her head, and kissed his feet and anointed them with ointment;' and he said unto her 'Thy sins are forgiven.' She became afterwards one of the most devoted of his followers, ministered to him of her substance, attended him to Calvary (Matt. xxvii. 56), and stood weeping at the foot of the cross. She, with the other Mary, watched by his tomb, and was the first to whom he appeared after the resurrection; her unflinching faith, mingled as it was with the intensest grief and love, obtained for her this peculiar mark of favour.

Thus far the notices in the Gospel and the suggestions of commentators; the old Provençal legend then continues the story:—After the ascension, Lazarus with his two sisters, Martha and Mary, with Maximin, one of the seventy-two disciples, from whom they had received baptism, Cedon, the blind man whom our Saviour had restored to sight, and Marcelle, the handmaiden who attended on the two sisters, were by the heathens set adrift in a vessel without sails, oars, or rudder, but, guided by Providence, they were safely borne over the sea till they landed in a certain harbour, which proved to be Marseilles, in the country now called France. The people of the land were pagans, and refused to give the holy pilgrims food or shelter, so they were fain to take refuge under the porch of a temple. And Mary Magdalene preached to the people, reproaching them for their senseless worship of dumb idols; and though at first they would not listen, yet being after a time convinced by her eloquence, and by the miracles performed by her and by her sister, they were converted, and baptised. And Lazarus became, after the death of the good Maximin, the first bishop of Marseilles.

These things being accomplished, Mary Magdalene retired to a desert not far from the city. It was a frightful barren wilderness in the midst of horrid rocks and caves; and here for thirty years she devoted herself to solitary penance for the sins of her past life, which she had never ceased to bewail bitterly. During this long seclusion, she was never seen or heard of, and it was supposed that she was dead. She fasted so rigorously, that, but for the occasional visits of the angels, and the comforts bestowed by celestial visions she must have perished. Every day during the last years of her penance, the angels came down from heaven and carried her up in their arms into regions where she was ravished by the sounds of unearthly harmony, and beheld the glory and joy prepared for the sinner that repenteth. One day a certain hermit, who dwelt in a cell on one of those wild mountains, having wandered farther than usual from his home, beheld this wondrous vision—the Magdalene in the arms of ascending angels, who were singing songs of triumph as they bore her upwards; and the hermit when he had a little recovered from his amazement, returned to the city of Marseilles, and reported what he had seen. According to some of the legends Mary Magdalene died within the walls of the Christian church, after receiving the sacrament from the hand of St Maximin; but the more popular accounts represent her as dying in her solitude, while angels watched over and ministered to her.

The traditional scene of her penance, a wild spot between Toulon and Marseilles is the site of a famous called La Sainte Beaum (which in the Provincial tongue signifies *Holy Cave*), formerly a much frequented place of pilgrimage. It is built on the verge of a formidable precipice; near it is the grotto in which the saint resided, and to Mount Pilon, a rocky point about six hundred feet above the grotto, the angels bore her seven times a day to pray.

The middle of the thirteenth century was an era of religious excitement all over the south of Europe. A sudden fit of penitence—'un subitò compunzione,' as an Italian author calls it, seized all hearts; relics and pilgrimages, and penances and monastic ordinances, filled all minds. About this period certain remains, supposed to be those of Mary Magdalene and Lazarus, were discovered at a place since called Saint Maximin, about twenty miles north of Toulon. The discovery strongly excited the devotion and enthusiasm of the people; and a church was founded on the spot, by Charles, count of Provence (the brother of St. Louis,) as early as 1279. A few years afterwards, this prince was vanquished and taken prisoner by the king of Arragon, and when at length set free from a long captivity, he ascribed his deliverance particularly to the intercession of his chosen patroness, Mary Magdalene. This was sufficient to extend her fame as a saint of power, and from this time we may date her popularity, and those visible pictorial representations of her, under various aspects, which, from the fourteenth century to the present time, have so multiplied, that scarcely any Catholic place of worship is to be found without her image, and numerous churches have been dedicated to her; as also to her sister Martha and her brother Lazarus. Perhaps the most sumptuous fane ever consecrated to her especial honour, is that which of late years, has arisen in the city of Paris. The church, or rather the temple of La Madeleine, stands an excellent monument, if not of modern piety, at least of modern art. It is built on the model of the temple of Jupiter, at Athens.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.
NOT TO MYSELF ALONE.

'Not to myself alone,'

The little opening flower transported cries—

'Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes:
The bee comes sipping, every eventide,
His dainty fill;
The butterfly within my cup doth hide
From threatening ill.'

'Not to myself alone,'

The circling star with honest pride doth boast—

'Not to myself alone I rise and set;
I write upon night's coronal of jet
His power and skill who formed our myriad host:
A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,
I gem the sky,
That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,
His home on high.'

'Not to myself alone,'

The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum—

'Not to myself alone from flower to flower
I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,
And to the hive at evening weary come:
For man, for man the luscious food I pile
With busy care,
Content if this repay my ceaseless toil—
A scanty share.'

'Not to myself alone,'

The soaring bird with lusty pinion sings—

'Not to myself alone I raise the song:
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings:
I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,
And God adore;
I call the worldling from his dross to turn,
And sing and soar.'

'Not to myself alone,'

The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way—

'Not to myself alone I sparkling glide:
I scatter life and health on every side,
And strew the fields with herb and flow'ret gay;
I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,
My glad some tune;
I sweeten and refresh the languid air
In droughty June.'

'Not to myself alone'—

Oh man, forget not thou, earth's honor'd priest!
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart—

In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part
Chiefest of guest's at love's ungrudging feast,
Play not the niggard, spare thy native clod,
And self disown;
Live to thy neighbour, live unto thy God,
Not to thyself alone.

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.
UNEARNED MONEY.

HOWEVER common may be the desire of

wealth, yet it may be safely affirmed that money is never so much enjoyed, nor so pleasantly and judiciously spent, as when hardly-earned. The exertion used in obtaining it is beneficial alike to the health and spirits. It affords pleasure in the contemplation, as the result of effort and industry, a thing which unearned money can never impart; and the natural alternation of labour and relaxation tends to preserve the body of health, and keeps the mind from the injurious extremes of either parsimony or prodigality.

Unearned money, on the contrary, as it is obtained without an effort, so it is often spent without a thought. There is no healthful activity used in acquiring it; no putting forth of those energies, the use of which tends so greatly to elevate and purify; no skill or perseverance called into action; and it is seldom that it is possessed to any great extent without injuring the possessor. It induces a distaste for labour and activity; it lulls to ignoble rest in the lap of circumstance; it allures to float along with the stream, instead of the healthful labour of stemming the tide of difficulty; and he had need be something more than mortal who can possess much of this unearned money without being in his moral nature somewhat paralysed and debased. Naturally rampant as are the weeds of sloth and sensuality in the human heart, that condition of life in which there is not only work to be done, but work which must be done, will be the safest and best.

And yet how often do foolish parents debar themselves of almost the necessities of life, and drudge on to the latest moment of existence, to send out in the world some pet son with a good supply of this unearned money! How often, in order to secure to one member of a family the coveted title of a 'gentleman,' the greatest illiberality and injustice are exercised towards the rest! Not unfrequently, however, does it happen that these 'gentlemen' turn out the ungentle of their family; and the poor, unprovided members, who had nothing but their own energy and industry to look to, rise to a level of respectability and usefulness far superior to the ready-made gentility of their envied relation.

In glancing over the glittering list of those who have made the greatest achievements, whether in art, science, or literature, how few of them we find, were possessed of unearned money! They were for the most part men of single purpose and patient perseverance; and this was their only wealth. Their genius was nursed in the cradle of toil; and we may safely assert that, with respect to the most of them, had they been born in the enervating lap of independence or abundance, the flame of their genius would have been either dimmed or extinguished, and the works of a Haydn, a Burns, and a Rembrandt, might have been lost to the world.

Among business men this thirst for unearned money often produces the most disastrous consequences. A bubble company makes out a plausible statement of certain profits, to an amount of double or treble those which the plodding tradesman obtains from his ordinary business, and he consequently despises those gains which have enabled him to bring up a family in sufficiency and respectability. Business is neglected, customers are offended: his thoughts and energies are bent in a new direction; and, too late, he wakes from affluence, to find his business gone, his hope a bubble, and his prospects ruined.

Even when speculations are successful how seldom is the unearned money acquired by them a real blessing! The mind becomes restless and unsettled; habits of gambling are formed; with the increase of money comes an increase of ambition; and generally the spirit of speculation so grows by what it feeds on, that the speculations become more rash and more hazardous, till the hundredth one, proving disastrous, dissipates in an hour the gain of ninety-nine preceding fortunate ones. Or if the speculator has that rare command over himself to stop at a given point, satisfied with his success, how seldom does his prosperity prove an increase to his respectability, comfort, or usefulness! Too often does the history of such men furnish a striking illustration of the sentiment of Coleridge—

'Sudden wealth, full well I know,

Did never happiness bestow.

That wealth to which we were not born,
Dooms us to sorrow or to scorn.'

Seldom is money so obtained spent wisely, and not unfrequently in some absurd manner, that only provokes the contempt and ridicule of all right thinking men, endued with better taste and sentiments of greater propriety.

In the disposition of property much harm is often done by thoughtless and ill-judging persons, in leaving a mass of unearned money to one individual, for the foolish gratification of keeping it together, or the selfish one of preventing it from going out of the family. How much more judicious, and, in many cases, more just, would be to consider the claims of poorer relations, to whom a small sum would be so great an assistance, rather than surround some one individual with what too often proves a temptation and a provocative to idleness and dissipation! As long as we can help others to help themselves, our help is a blessing; but when we help them in such a manner as to supersede the necessity of their own exertion, we injure them morally more than we assist them substantially.

There is also a satisfaction and relish, so to speak, about money hardly earned, which can never be found in unearned money. The wealthy merchant, whose income has scarcely a limit, will sometimes look back with some-

thing like a sigh on the time when he was an apprentice, and feel less pleasure in a hundred-pound note than he then derived from the bright silver sixpence which he had earned with such difficulty. How it was looked at again and again; how carefully it was deposited in a place of security; and how, ever and anon, it was anxiously visited, to see that it had not by any strange chance escaped from its snuggerly! And then the pleasurable anxieties as to the most desirable way of spending it—the book, the cakes, the present—how difficult to choose between claims so equal; how many resolves and re-resolves were taken before the important point was satisfactorily settled! Oh, the possession of that hardly-earned sixpence produced far greater pleasure than any hundred-pound note since! Such a fresh sweetness is there about the 'wholesome air of poverty,' for which the luxurious atmosphere of independence and competence is a poor substitute; and the period of life when money was hardly-earned, will generally be found, in the retrospect, the purest and pleasantest of existence.

Undoubtedly the prevalence of unearned money in old countries is one principal reason of the greater amount of profligacy, luxury, and effeminacy of character found in them than in newer ones; and is also consequently one great hastener of their downfall. In young countries men have to earn before they can spend, and the habits of daily toil give a robustness to the body, and independence to the character, and an elevation to the mind, highly beneficial to the community. In old countries, however, where there are always numerous individuals who are above the necessity of toil, and who live only to spend, habits of luxury are insensibly formed, dissipation fills up the unoccupied hours, and society becomes listless and enervated. Such are the effects, both on men and nations, of unearned money.

Money seldom makes men better, either physically or morally, and makes them worse. Seldom does a man become more healthy in his body as money increases; seldom does his mind become more powerful as his purse becomes heavier; not always does his heart beat more benevolently as his wealth accumulates. But if money, even when laudably gained by wholesome exertion and enterprise, be of doubtful or injurious effect upon its possessor, doubly hazardous and baneful must be the possession of that money which is unearned and untold for, and which only leaves the disposal of time at the mercy of the idle dreaminess or ingenious mischief, and cherishes the growth of those rank weeds of the heart which are most successfully checked by wholesome exercise and occupation.

CURRENTS OF THE AIR AND OCEAN.

We are too apt, perhaps, to form our notions of the great atmospheric currents from the character of the winds to which we are exposed upon the surface of the earth; but a little consideration and observation will enable us to correct this prejudice. The lower strata of the inferior currents are perpetually opposed by fixed obstacles—mountains, hills, rocks, forests, and the works even of men—against which they expend most of their force, and by which they are deflected and reflected, and broken into whirls and eddies, producing, by their momentum, fitful rarefactions and expansions, which impress us with their character of unsteadiness and irregularity. But it is not so with the upper strata or with the superior current. Even in stormy weather, the eye can often penetrate through breaks in the clouds, when it may be observed that the wind aloft is blowing with such steadiness and smoothness, as not to break the form of the lightest cloud that floats in its bosom, and indicates the velocity of its course. The passage of balloons invariably indicates the same steadiness of course; and the experience of every aeronaut confirms the fact, that whatever may have been the velocity of his passage, in the upper regions of the air all around him was perfect calm. A conflict indeed appears to take place at times, at the junction of two opposing currents; but these are rare exceptions to the general rule. This state of the upper and under surface of the atmosphere, is not unaptly represented to us by the state of the two surfaces of the fathomless ocean, only that the situation of their great disturbances is reversed. The currents of the great deep flow in opposite compensating streams, like those of the atmosphere. The hot water of the equatorial regions flows with various deflections towards the poles, and is replaced by an under-stream of cooled water from the polar regions. The disturbing forces which are perpetually acting upon the surface, often mask this movement; but they extend not to the lower current, which flows on undisturbed by the most furious storms and the mighty billows which oscillate above. *Daniell's Meteorology.*

PRICE OF LAND IN GERMANY.

The pride of the German peasant is to be a small land owner. The sacrifices made to gratify this longing are incredible, as is the tenacity with which he clings to his land in all changes of fortune. The price paid for small lots of land in the valley of the Whippert and the adjoining districts would frighten an English farmer. From 500 to 700 dollars per morgen, or £117 to £150 per acre, is no unusual price for arable and meadow land. What interest he gets for his investment seems never to cross a peasant's mind. The rent of small patches adjoining these houses is not proportionately high, although dear