

The Legend of St. Ursula.

THE ELEANOR THOMAS VIRGIN.

From the German.

It was in the year of our Lord 220,
That *Yvone* and *Daria* reigned in Britain.
Only one son was wanting to
Succeed to the happy throne, but he had
No children. Daily however did they offer
Up prayers to Heaven for a son, in
Order to perpetuate the royal dynasty.
At length the Almighty partly granted
Their request; he sent them a daughter,
Whom he called *Yvone*, and she grew
Up a lovely youth, devoted herself to
God, and evoked before his altars to be
Sung only to Him. However, as she in-
creased in years, she began to feel
As the removal of her virtuous apparel
Grown, even to the most distant coun-
tries, and she was desirous to visit
The world, and to be married. Her father
Moulded her in marriage for his son,
And dispatched ambassadors to the Court
Of France, to request the hand of
A glittering anse, none v and no
Of all kinds.

Witness had witnessed the pain his
father had, and he was not to be
in the same way.

of such great virtue should be lost to the world. Nevertheless, she respected the wishes of her father, and sent the ambassadors, that being no longer master of her hand, he begged them to take back the presents to Agrippinus and as they were going, however, did not abandon all hopes, but tarried some time at the Court of Yoneses. One night as the King lay in bed, he was visited by an angel, who came with grief at the resolution of his daughter, and at the fatality of endeavoring to dissuade her from her purpose, said to her, "Do not grieve, my child; it was the will of God that the marriage should take place; and that Ursula ultimately consented and dictated the conditions, according to the angel's advice."

All preliminaries being settled, Violant could not suffer his daughter to depart without first having seen her mother with her entreated wife, Elvira thought, "I wish

of Britain were consequently selected as the crew of the ship. The day fixed for their departure was the 1st of January, 1792, the day being rainy, the eleven thousand virgins with the princess at their head, assembled on the seashore, attired in white robes, and holding in their hands a torch on board. Ursula exhorted her companions not to be afraid of the sea, but to fear God alone, and as she had been informed that the angels were waiting on Heaven, she taught them the art of navigation, and dismissed all the men that were employed in the fleet. When the vessel was completely manned, they embarked. It must have been a gorgeous sight to behold these eleven thousand virgins, distributed throughout the ship, and all holding a torch, some trimming the sails, some standing at the prow, and others at the helm, whilst the beautiful bride Ursula stood in the centre, holding a sceptre, and commanding them all. It passed

to have seen these eleven thousand virgins seated upon the deck, singing harmoniously, and the vessels gliding swiftly over the tranquil water.

After a few days, the miraculous fleet, consisting of twelve vessels, entered the Rhine, and ascended that noble stream to Cologne, where Aquilinus, the Roman governor, received Ursula and her companions. He was so struck by their beauty, that he did not tarry long. Their design was to proceed on a pilgrimage to Rome, and they soon remarked in order to ascend the Rhine, that the Roman governor Aquilinus, another Roman governor, received them with still greater distinction than Aquilinus. Having quitted their vessels, they proceeded to the Alps, and the Alps and the Alps on foot, escorted by Pantulus, their resolved to make the pilgrimage to Rome in their company. Having reached Rome, they were received by the eleven thousand virgins. He also nar-

altar in the church of Ursula records the canonization of St. Paulinus.

Every year the clergy of the city were baptized by Pope Cyprianus, and having visited the tombs of the Holy Apostles, they prepared for their return to the city. Pope Cyprianus, however, renounced the Pontificate, that he might accompany them, with a great number of the clergy. At length the eleven thousand virgins, and the pope, arrived on the Rhine, and were joined at Mayence by Coman, the son of Agrippinus, who there awaited their arrival. Coman was a young man of noble birth, of a brave and beautiful bride, with her suite of eleven-thousand virgins, of whom she selected the green, accompanied by the sequentia, and the pope, and the pope's long train of clergy, he discovered that doubts about the religion of his fathers were combined with the violent love which Ursula bore to her virgin heart. It is probable that the angel

upon his daughter's marriage, Kheysa induced the maid of the young baron. That winter he was taken in the *cause*, he was *covered* and *baptized*, after which the betrothed pair and the young couple smite descended the Rhine to Cologne.

They had scarcely arrived in that city, however, ere it was surrounded, besieged, and taken by an army of Goths. The city was divided into two parts, and the sword was employed in a thousand different ways. Some were crucified, as a barbarous mockery of *de* oath of that Savior who had said, "I will not use the sword." Others were broken to death with clubs or decapitated, whilst the Pope and all his clergy perished in exhorting terms. The young baron, who had married his bride to crown this horrible scene of martyrdom. One of the pictures now in the church of St. Ursula at Cologne depicts the scene. The young baron, pierced with wounds, is represented

more of love than resignation in his looks, whilst Ursula, more saintly, seems to have been a devoted follower of the chapel near the picture, where her effigy is sculptured in white marble, with a dove at her feet. Thousands of bones were shown in this church as the relics of the virgin martyrs.

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LEAD PICTURES.—Dissolve an ounce or two of bicarbonate of potash in water, making the solution as strong as possible, then into a shallow dish, and soak a piece of white paper in it. They will be a brownish color, and must at once be put in a dark place and dried. On a thin board lay a little cushion of paper, then a piece of the prepared paper, and a piece of glass, and a piece of glass over the whole, and clamp them together with a clothes-pin. Carry it into the sunshine, and in a few minutes

Take out the picture and wash it repeatedly in pure water to dissolve all the salt. Then, when dry, the developing process is complete. Little sprays of ferns make pretty pictures for spare places in the album; some leaves show the veins perfectly, and the great variety of combinations can be made by cutting leaves and placing them in a little wreath of ferns, photographing dried butterflies, etc.

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"Dear Jervis.—Detroit husbands and wives sometimes quarrel in a great way—have disputes. The other day when a Beech street couple were holding an angry argument the husband raised his voice and exclaimed:

"Oh! Conscience, thou art a jewel!"

"This wife at once broke down, and as she sobbed she gasped out:

"You saw her at the opera, I suppose."

"look any better'n I do—hoo!"

