

as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. *Amen.*

Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women; and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now, and at the hour of our death. *Amen.*



THE following Legends translated from the French,—and as naively translated as they were simply written, will close; and with their child-like simplicity will crown the “Crown for our Queen.” Legends, sometimes, are based on facts;—but, perhaps, are more frequently, the beautiful imaginings of Faith. For, though Faith is the unquestioning assent of reason to truth, divinely taught—it, still, can, while believing, imagine many beautiful things which, like golden sun-lit clouds, float across the horizons of Truth;—and make the skies of Faith so beautiful. May I say it? I think I may. Legends in unison with Truth are the poetries of Faith. Legends are to the heart somewhat what doctrines are to reason. Irreligion has no legends; nor has Protestantism. We have. So,—just as they were written;—and just as they have been translated by a child-like heart,—they close and crown my humble work.

A. J. R.



*LEGEND OF THE FAMILY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.*

STOLLON also called Nathan, a virtuous Israelite, a descendant of the tribe of Levi and the priestly family of Aaron,—espoused in the first century before Christ a young Jewish maiden called Emerentiana. She was descended from the tribe of Juda and the royal race of David. They lived in Nazareth, a small town in lower Galilee beautifully situated on the summit of a hill. From their union blessed by Heaven three girls were born,—Mary, whose husband was Cleophas, and whose sons were those disciples of Jesus, called in Scripture “brothers of Christ;” Sobe, mother of St. Elizabeth who was to receive in her old age a visit from her young relative the Virgin Mary; and lastly St. Anne destined by God to carry in her womb, as in a couch perfumed by roses and lilies, her whom He had chosen to become His Mother! A great wonder attended the birth of Anne, and revealed to her parents the precious charge confided to their care and affection. A noble resident of Nazareth who was blind from his birth, inspired by God asked to be led to the child’s cradle; taking her two little hands in his own, he said in a trembling voice: “Child of the Most High open my eyes that I may see the glories of heaven.” His prayer was immediately granted and the first object which met his eyes was the sweet countenance of Anne smiling at his happiness. St. Anne espoused St. Joachim, like her of royal race. According to the prophecy the Messiah was to come from the tribe of Juda and the family of David. Joachim and Anne were called by Providence to realize the words of the oracles, in having for child the Mother of the Redeemer. Anticipating the distinctive character of the law of grace, the care of the poor, and the ritual of the house of the Lord, Joachim and Anne had divided their fortune into three equal parts: one destined for the relief of the poor, the other for the temple to contribute to the grandeur of its feasts; and with the third they lived very frugally.

*LEGEND OF THE NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.*

A PIOUS solitary whose life was unknown to men living in a desert heard every year on the night of the eighth of September angelic harmonies coming from heaven. Surprised at this miracle he prayed the Lord to reveal to him what was the meaning of this heavenly melody. An angel appeared to him and said: “The immaculate Virgin Mother of God was born this very night, men forget but the angels celebrate her Nativity in heaven.” Since this secret was given to the world the Catholic Church celebrates the eighth of September the day when the Virgin of Juda was born, and as that day is the Hebrew Sabbath it is not strange that Saturday has been consecrated in a special manner to Mary. Pious authors who have written the life of the Blessed Virgin do not agree as to the place of her birth. Some say she was born in Jerusalem, others in Nazareth in a house belonging to St. Anne’s parents. However it may be, in that moment of ineffable joy Joachim and Anna were filled with gratitude, and a voice from heaven was heard saying: “Blessed art thou in this world O my well-beloved! a heavenly choir thrilled with transports of joy, assists at thy birth:—may the Holy Ghost repose in thee! Heaven and earth will submit to thy power, and the angels will serve thee as their Queen.” It is not without a profound mystery, writes a chronicler, that Mary appeared on earth at the time of year when the grapes begin to redden and ripen—and when the grateful laborer sees his hopes at last realized; the vine whose sweet fruits are gathered in autumn—is it not Mary herself the sweet vintage giving joy to the world—expected by the patriarchs, announced by the prophets. On the anniversary of a loved mother children who love and respect their parents offer her the double tribute of their gratitude and affection.

Let us never fail to give Mary the tender token of our filial piety, and she will rejoice and reward her children.

*LEGEND OF MARY'S INFANCY.*

SOMETIME after the birth of the Blessed Virgin St. Joachim and St. Anne gave a banquet in their house at Nazareth at which were present the priests and chiefs of the synagogue and temple. Mary was presented to the priests who called down on her all the blessings of heaven. Afterwards they called her by her name *Mary*, which the angels had given her.

St. Anne brought Mary to the temple and renewed her vow of consecrating her to the Lord when she would reach her third year. Mary, enjoying all the fullness of her reason without showing any outward sign, interiorly ratified the promise. At that instant a light was seen surrounding the mother and her child. Mary concealed all her privileges, appearing always like a little child, she never was impatient nor did she cry over trifles so common at her age, but in her humility she concealed her admirable disposition, weeping often for the sins of men, in order to obtain their forgiveness and to hasten the coming of the Redeemer. Mary unlike all children was not deprived of the power of speech during the first months of her life, nevertheless she remained more than a year before uttering a word, and before using so dangerous a gift she entreated God to assist her, that she might not say anything to displease or offend Him. St. Bernard poetically calls her, "The Immaculate Lily exhaling the odor of Hope."

During this period of her life St. Anne would have the the Blessed Virgin stand beside her and holding in her lap the Scriptures, would have Mary follow with her eyes her hand while she pointed out to her the words of the Sacred Scriptures; thus initiating the little Mary into their mysteries. Sculptors and painters have often produced in their art this tradition. The picture of the calm face of Anne and pure features of Mary awakens in our soul memories of childhood's first impressions. How priceless are the beautiful beliefs

which bring back to the memory only the days of candor and peace. Holy religion of childhood, the heart that is false to thee is alas! guilty, but the heart that despises thee is a heart unhappy indeed!

*LEGEND OF THE PRESENTATION OF MARY IN THE TEMPLE OF JERUSALEM.*

THE time of parting from their darling child having come, St. Joachim and St. Anne said to each other—"Let us go to the temple with our Mary and give her to God according to our promise." Taking with them a few maidens of their tribe they departed. On their way to the temple they stopped to rest and Joachim pressing his darling child to his heart said to her with ineffable tenderness: "My child I will never see thee more." The holy child had on a blue robe and mantle, her little arms and neck were covered with flowers. Having arrived at the gate of the temple Mary without assistance mounted the fifteen steps which led to the house of God. Anne and Joachim watched her with anxiety, thinking that never again would their lonely hours be brightened by the presence of their sweet and gentle child. Mary was received by the high priest Zachary, who was to watch with so much care over the Virgin of Juda. Joachim offered a lamb as sacrifice, and while the victim was being consumed and the smoke of the holocaust ascended heavenwards, Anne and Mary remained in a precinct of the temple reserved for women. An altar was then erected and Mary knelt on the steps with Joachim and Anna. The priest cut off a few of her tresses and placed them in a thurible. The couple renewed the vow they had made of consecrating her to God. Mary then offered herself to God with such fervor that never since the beginning of the world had there ever been so pure an oblation. Zachary placed on her head a veil, and leading her to a place in the temple where she was met by six maidens the

priest gave the child to one of the matrons of the temple and went away. Mary then turning towards her parents, and falling on her knees asked their blessing which they gave her. Joachim and Anna departed in great sorrow for their only child. The prophetess Anne presented Mary to her companions. At night Mary was led to the cell prepared for her—the one nearest to the Holy of Holies. The attendant retired leaving Mary alone with her God, alone with the angels watching near the sanctuary. She who was to become the immaculate sanctuary of the Divinity; the Ark of the new alliance; the virginal propitiatory from which the Lord was to announce his pardon to the guilty world. The cherubims cover her already with their wings and greet her as the "Mother of the Redeemer."

---

*LEGEND OF MARY'S ESPOUSALS.*

---

THE young maidens who were brought up in the house of God only remained until the age of fourteen years. The high priest would then solemnly announce to them this news; and tell them to return to their parents to become faithful spouses and happy mothers after having been obedient and submissive maidens. All of Mary's companions who like her had attained that age obeyed the priest's order. Mary alone modestly declared she could not obey. The high priest knowing the vow she had made to the Lord found himself in the alternative of annulling a sacred engagement or of authorizing a usage against the custom of the Hebrews. Not willing to decide such a question alone he convoked a council of the principal men of the people and the doctors of the Law. They all began to pray. Their High Priest went to the altar to be enlightened from on high. Suddenly a voice from the Propitiatory was heard saying: "The oracle of Isaiah must be fulfilled. There will rise a branch from out the roots of Jesse and a flower will bloom

from the stem. Let all the family of David lay each their rod in the temple, and the one whose branch will bloom will be the chosen one to espouse the Blessed Virgin."

The command of God was made known by the sound of trumpets; heralds went all through the city proclaiming the command; and rumor brought the tidings into the confines of Judea. All the young descendants of the family of David came to deposit their rods near the altar. They offered sacrifices to the Lord. But the next day none of the rods had blossomed. The high priest again consulted the God of light and truth. He was answered as the father of David was answered by the prophet Samuel: "Here are not all your sons." Immediately new search was made and one named Joseph was found who had not appeared in the Temple with those of his tribe.

The priests sent for him. Joseph came. When he was brought into the presence of the priests they gave him the testing rod on which they wrote his name; it was then laid near the altar and the following day it was found covered with flowers. Mary was called, and she appeared in the midst of the assembly with her modest grace, her angelic beauty. On learning of the prodigy she adored the mysterious designs of the Lord and as a sign of consent placed her pure hand in the hand of the poor artisan. What a moment for the holy patriarch, how unworthy he deemed himself, with what respect he received from the hands of the High Priest the Lily of Israel, and with what joy he heard from Mary that from her earliest infancy she had consecrated herself to God; he who had made a similar vow. Before leaving the temple, where she had spent such happy hours, she bade farewell to her companions, her superiors and the holy old priest Zachary. Mary left in sadness, but her sorrow was softened by the knowledge of accomplishing the will of God.

*LEGEND OF THE NATIVITY.*

IN the vast empire governed by Augustus, the clashing of swords was heard no more. He had quelled seditions in Rome, and revolutions in the world. After waiting more than four hundred years, God at last announced in low, solemn tones the word of eternal peace, and celestial messengers were soon to sing the grand "*Gloria in Excelsis Deo, et in terra pax,*" sublime summary of the religion that the God-man will give to the universe to redeem it.

Mary enclosed some wearing apparel for the child Jesus in a coffer, which she carried with her to Bethlehem. Nazareth, destined to possess so long the God hidden from its eyes, was not to see Him born. That honor was reserved for Bethlehem, the city of David, the smallest of all the towns in Judea, as the prophet Michael had foretold. The Emperor of Rome in ordering a census of all his subjects, was to be an unconscious agent in realizing the prophecy, foretold many centuries before, in bringing back to Bethlehem, whence they came, St. Joseph and the most holy Virgin.

The journey lasted several days. The holy patriarch procured a small animal used to fatigue and eating very little. It was bitter cold in the valleys, surrounded by mountains. The homes were few and uncomfortable, the road was filled with people, but the angels walked before them and lightened by their pious hymns their sufferings. The holy travelers arrived at Bethlehem on Saturday at sunset. They sought in vain for lodgings, no one would receive them. Mary knew by revelation all these refusals, but to practice humility and patience, she followed her spouse from door to door.

It was nine o'clock at night; Joseph, not knowing where to direct his steps in this inhospitable town, went with Mary towards a grotto outside the walls of the city, where shepherds, during stormy days, would come and seek shelter. As soon as they entered this miserable place, they went on

their knees, thanking God for the double gift of poverty and humility which He deigned to give them. They both took a little food. The Blessed Virgin filled a crib with straw and hay on which the infant God was to rest. The beast of their travels and an ox that was in the stable were placed so as to warm by their breath that cold and damp couch. All these preparations finished, Saint Joseph retired to pray. The hours went by, and night had completed half of its course when the Saviour of the world was born. Mary wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and after embracing Him as her son she adored Him as her God. She then placed Him on the straw, when suddenly the stable was filled with a marvellous light. Saint Joseph, contemplating his God in the form of a little child, wept tears of joy and kissed the little hands which seemed to open as if to caress him. Joseph and Mary are thus models of all real worshipers of Jesus; after them come the shepherds. Warned by the angels, they fly to the stable and pay to the new-born child their simple and humble worship; they return full of joy to the care of their flocks, praising and blessing God for what they had heard and seen. And Mary was keeping all these things and treasuring them in her heart.

*LEGEND OF THE MAGI.*

THE birth of Christ so hidden and humble, was signalized by different wonders. At Jerusalem all the writings of the Sadducees were scattered here and there through the temple. In Rome, one of the fountains which watered the city bore to the Tiber for a whole day wavelets of pure and limpid oil. A statue of Jupiter crumbled to dust. And the Emperor Augustus saw above the Capitolian Mount a woman bearing in her arms a little child. Three Magi who were watching and praying on Mount Victory, saw a new star in the heavens shining with wondrous light. They were descend-

ants of Seth, and knew that a resplendent star would one day rise in the heavens to announce the birth of the Saviour. On perceiving the prophetic sign they were filled with joy and announced the glad tidings to the other wise men who like them were awaiting the coming of a divine King. The happy Magi who were favored by the celestial vision were called Gaspard, Melchoir, and Balthazar; and though young they were renowned for their profound wisdom and knowledge. The miraculous star, came shining nearer and nearer: and lo! they saw in the midst of its rays a child of heavenly beauty bearing on its head in a halo of light the form of a cross. At the same time they heard these words: "Go to the country of Judea; there you will find the King who has been promised, and who has just been born." The Magi descended the mountain and began their journey towards Palestine. The star preceded them. Mounted on the dromedaries of Madian they carried to the Lord the riches of their country. When they reached Jerusalem the star disappeared. "Where," they asked, "is the new-born King of the Jews; for we have seen His star in the East and we have come to adore Him." The priest opening the Book of the Prophets, said to them: "In Bethlehem of Juda the Messiah is to be born."

The ambitious Herod fearing the loss of his throne, exacted a promise from the Magi to return to Jerusalem and tell him where they had found the Child, that he also might go and adore Him. The Magi departed joyous and confident. The star which had guided them towards Jerusalem reappeared and led them to the place where they found the Child with Mary its Mother. Prostrating themselves before the Infant they adored Him, then opening their treasures they offered Him gold, frankincense and myrrh. The most Holy Virgin touched by their faith placed her son in the arms of Gaspard the oldest of the three: then taking the veil which enveloped her person, she gave it to him. The Magi bowed down, and their hearts were filled with gladness and gratitude for the Virgin's gift.

LEGEND OF THE PRESENTATION AND THE INFANCY OF THE LORD.

THE time having come for Mary to perform the ceremony of Purification and to present her Son to the priests, the Holy Family left Bethlehem and went down to Jerusalem. The cold was so excessive that it made the Infant weep. Affected by His sufferings, the Blessed Virgin used the power God had given her over creatures and changed the rigorous weather into a mild one for her infant Son—but she never made use of this supernatural power in her own favor. Arrived at the Holy City, she enters the temple with Saint Joseph, carrying in her arms her Divine Son, that celestial treasure, all the wealth and happiness of the world. "O Eternal Father," says she, "Creator of the universe, Behold thy Divine Son and well-beloved, whom you have made my own. I give Him to thee now to accomplish thy divine will." She then gave to the priests the five shekels demanded by law,—fruit of the labor of Saint Joseph, and two doves, the gift of poverty. The old man Simeon had received interiorly the promise of not dying before seeing with his own eyes the consolation of Israel. Warned by the spirit of God he entered the temple at the same time that Mary was entering with the Infant. The dazzling rays which emanated from that glorious circle attracted the attention of the people, and whilst the other witnesses of that scene remained unmoved, Simeon is not mistaken by this marvel and recognizes in the child the desire of his old age, and the Rest of his heart. He approaches with delight the Blessed Virgin, who placed the Infant in his arms. He then recites in a touching voice the hymn *Nunc Dimitis*, the last which was to come from his lips. Simeon then predicted to Mary that her soul would be pierced with a sword of sorrow! These words, which were a prophecy of Calvary and its unutterable sorrows, begin the martyrdom of the celestial Queen by lifting the veil which hid from her view the most heart-rending

mysteries. Hereafter the gentle Mother of the Saviour will have to suffer. The prophetess Anna, who had been Mary's directress, was also inspired to go to the temple at that hour of peace. On recognizing the gentle Virgin and at sight of the miraculous light which surrounded the divine Infant, her eyes filled with tears, and after having adored her Lord, animated with a holy enthusiasm she began to speak of His glory to all those who were expecting the redemption of Israel. Nevertheless Mary in her humility shone like a celestial rose. Saint Joseph then distributed the presents which the Magi had given them. One half he gave for the decoration of the temple, and the other half destined for the rearing of the poorest maidens brought up in the house of the Lord. The poor had already received theirs. All which being accomplished, the Holy Family went back to Nazareth. Jerusalem, the grand, the populous, the noisy city, was not to become the home of the poor artisan whom Jesus was to call Father. The days and months went by rapidly in that solitary and blessed home. After having enjoyed the return of spring, winter came, and with it the anniversary of the birth of Christ. The wind blew with violence, the most-holy Virgin, holding her child on her bosom was warming Him with her maternal breath. Suddenly two angels appeared in Mary's humble home: "It is the first year of the Redeemer's birth," said they with their melodious voice, "we come to bring Him an offering," and prostrating themselves before the Child they offered Him a small cross. His Mother grew pale on seeing this sign, but Jesus received it smiling. Immediately the walls of the holy house of Nazareth shone like a palace of heaven, and the two angels slowly reascended towards the empyrean amid a shower of lilies and roses of fire, which in falling were consumed like burnt incense at the feet of the Virgin.

*SOJOURN OF THE HOLY FAMILY IN EGYPT.*

---

SYRA was the first of the towns of Egypt which the Holy Family entered. The descendants of Pharaoh who lived in the time of Joseph, had built a temple in which were all the gods, objects of their superstitious worship. The exiles sought shelter under the portico of the majestic edifice; but hardly had the child Jesus placed His foot in the temple than all the idols, by a sudden impulse, fell down with a great noise. The priest who had charge of the temple had them replaced on their pedestal but the following night they fell down again. This commotion was spread throughout Egypt, whose soil was covered by the "débris" of the mutilated idols. It is thus that carried in the arms of its Mother the Infant God triumphed over the devil and strewed on this pagan earth a harvest rich with blessings, which will bloom in silence, peopling this earth with angels whose life will recall the life of the angels of heaven.

Leaving Syra, our holy travelers advanced towards the East, in the interior of the country, where the inhabitants of a burgh offered them hospitality, according to the patriarchal traditions, which they had faithfully continued to practice. The family which welcomed them to their hearth was celebrating a wedding; but joy, the faithful handmaiden of all such feasts, was not seen on the face of the partakers. Beneath the crown of roses which decked her young brow, the bride had felt a strange sensation. Her tongue refused to articulate a sound, she had suddenly become dumb. The bright smiles had been replaced by stupor and horror on the lips of the guests.

But this afflicted woman had drawn near to Mary. She was contemplating with an ineffable look of tenderness the marvellous child sleeping on the bosom of the stranger. His ineffable grace, His innocent charms moved deeply every heart. Taking the infant Jesus from the arms of the Virgin, she embraced It with respect and tenderness,

and while the daughter of Egypt bestows on the Eternal Word these demonstrations of love her tongue is loosed, she suddenly recovers her voice and speech.

In another town of Egypt, a child who was possessed by the devil, took from the child Jesus a robe which he had and placed it on his head. Immediately the demon left the pagan child. His father being present said: "It is possible that this child may be the Son of God, because since he has been here all of our idols have been overthrown." The poor exiles lived then in Heliopolis. The wretched hovel in which they lived is often pointed out to travelers.

---

*LEGEND OF THE RETURN FROM EGYPT.*

---

BEFORE the massacre of the innocents, St. Elizabeth hid her son John the Baptist in a grotto whose entrance could not be discovered by the agents of Herod. The angels revealed his place of security to the Blessed Virgin, who gave thanks to the Lord for it.

The hour of Divine vengeance was near for King Herod. He was seized with a violent fever, worms gnawed his entrails, causing him horrid pains; he uttered despairing shrieks; his whole being was a prey to unutterable suffering. He died from so much tortures, carrying to his grave the curse of the Jews and the indelible stain of innocent blood. An angel then appeared to St. Joseph telling him his exile was ended. The holy patriarch went immediately to Mary and announced the glad tidings.

They gave their tools and few articles to Jesus to distribute among the poor of their neighborhood, and many were the words of comfort and hope spoken to them by their friends when bidding them good-bye. Mary mounted a beast similar to the one that had brought her into Egypt. She held the child Jesus in her arms—and Joseph walked before them.

When they arrived at the border of the desert they met St. John the Baptist, clothed in his garment of camel's

hair. He shared some roots with them which was all he could offer them for their meals. The precursor's joy was indescribable on seeing the child Jesus, but it was of short duration. Immediately after resting a few hours the holy travelers crossed the Jordan leaving St. John in the desert. He was scarcely eight years old and lived alone in the desert, his father and mother being both dead.

St. Joseph had taken the road to Bethlehem, thinking to continue to Jerusalem and live there; but an angel had warned him that Archelaus, a son of Herod, reigned in Juda. He continued on to Nazareth which was governed by another man. When they returned to their country the Infant Jesus mingled with all the children. One day helping St. Joseph with his work the Divine Child cut his hand—the wood was red with His blood. The Blessed Virgin was called out to Him. The Child reassured her with a sweet smile, but she perceived a small cross on the wood He had been cutting. She turned away her head to hide the tears that silently fell down her pale cheeks. The cross is a present of the Child Jesus to us, and when He gives it to us dyed with His blood, cut by Himself—we ought to receive it with gratitude, embrace it with joy,—as being a token of Christ's sufferings and of an eternal love.

---

*JESUS LOST AND FOUND.*

---

THE grand feast of the Pasch brought back every year Joseph and Mary to Jerusalem. Being twelve years of age Jesus accompanied by His parents and friends went to celebrate this great day. The days of this feast over, Mary and Joseph with a few of their companions returned to Nazareth. According to the Hebrew custom the men walked together and the women followed with their children. Joseph thinking that Jesus had remained with His mother did not feel uneasy at His absence, and Mary not seeing Him near her, thought that the Jesus-God had gone with Joseph. At night