

Legions of victorious angels
Guard her with their wings outspread ;
Purer light than theirs is streaming
From her little star-crowned head.

Gabriel there beside her kneeleth,
Sent as herald of the Dove ;
There the mighty heart of Michael
Throbbeth with its new-found love :
Seeing God they give their worship,
To the Babe o'er whom they bend ;
While with them in songs of morning
Earth and heaven their praises blend.

Not as Jesus came, came Mary,
In the wintry days of snow ;
But amid the yellow harvest,
In the autumn's golden glow :
Thus September, heavy-fruited,
Clad in russet brown and green,
Gave the world its sinless Daughter,
Gave the Church her sun clothed Queen.

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THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY CROSS.

I.

THE legend of the Holy Cross has always been popular among Christians, but it is generally found only in fragments. Even James de Voragine, who in his "Legenda Aurea" put together these fragments, made of them two separate legends: The Finding of the Cross and the Exaltation. During the Middle Ages, and until far into the eighteenth century, this legend furnished subject-matter for artists. The poet sang it and the copyist reproduced it in his splendid miniatures ; it formed the subject of frescoes on the walls of the churches ; and even the chisel of the sculptor, as well as the delicate instrument