

# **THREE LEGENDS OF THE CHRIST CHILD**

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Three Legends of the Christ Child by Fiona Macleod

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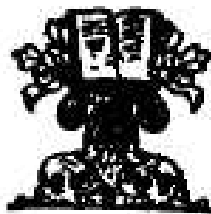
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**FIONA MACLEOD**

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THE CHRIST CHILD**



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BY FIONA MACLEOD



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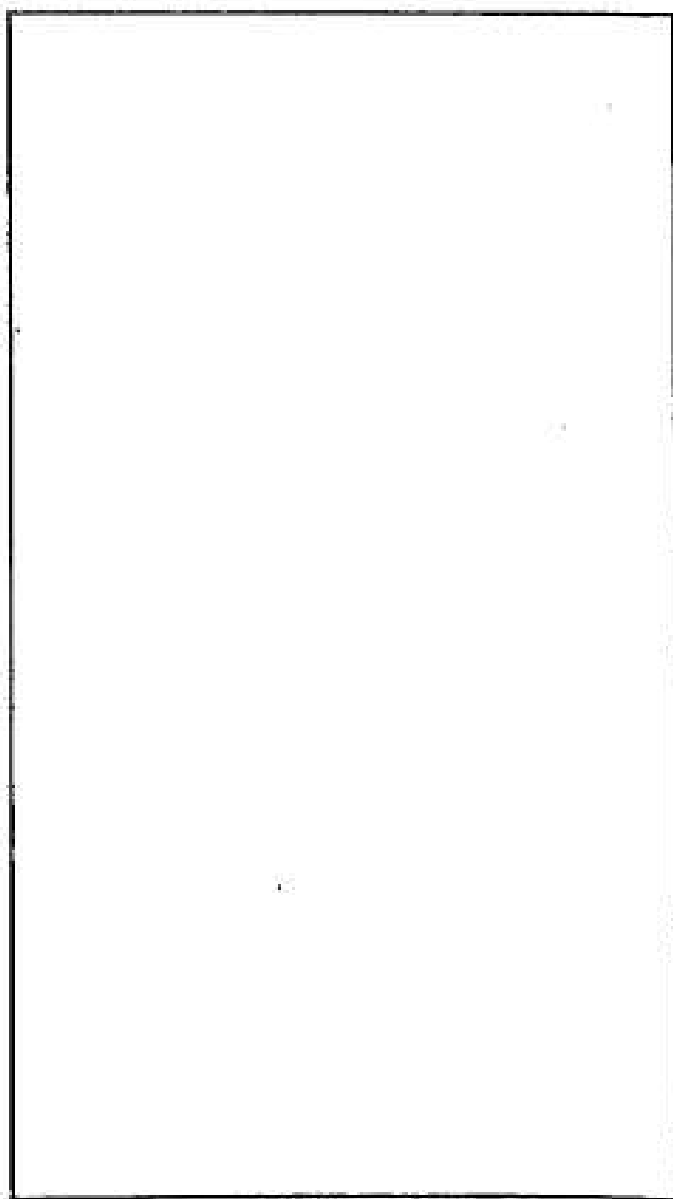
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## FOREWORD

**I**T is true that there are those who, wakeful, live out their days in this world of sight and sound, and die and are hidden away forever; and there are those who, escaping the various vicissitudes of life, dwell perpetually upon the Hills of Dream. These latter do not die. And of one such I am writing,—of one who has conjured forth from the mysterious regions of imagina-

*tion, wondrous beauties of thought and expression; such vague, half-lost, wholly indefinable melodies of the soul; of one who has plucked, for our delighting, a beautiful and fragrant bouquet of poesy from those immortal dream-fields, and given them to us as a perpetual love-offering,— of Fiona Macleod I would speak my little word of praise and admiration.*

*To that elect few who journey through this world of ours, finding the best in books as in everything else, I hardly need to address myself in this brief Foreword, for they already know those lovely songs and memories, those deathless echoes From the*

Hills of Dream, and to them these lovely Legends of the little lad of Nazareth, written in all the fulness of charm for which Fiona Macleod is well known, will be but one more golden thread to weave into the web of pleasure, and they will find in them all the delicate imagery, all the lilt of birds and dream-tunes whispered through the scarcely moving leaves at twilight, which are breathed into the simple, tender, perfect pages contained in everything she ever wrote, whether of poetry or prose.

There will be those who take up this little volume asking "And who is this stranger, Fiona Macleod?" I believe