

The Golden Legend, Part 2 A copy sold by Christies in for \$, About , the Archbishop of Genoa, Jacobus de Voragine, wrote a collection of hagiographies (saints' lives) which he called Legenda sanctorum ["Legends of the saints"].

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Chapter 2 : The Golden Legend Novel, The Golden Legend Part 25

Arthur Sullivan's complete "The Golden Legend" -- an adaptation of the text by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow -- was given two rare performances during The Longfellow Choral Festival in Henry.

So what does it mean when Gohan attends High School with Videl trying to track down his secrets. You said that there had to be smarter than Videl, however Videl knows that her father is paying her way through school. Therefore she takes the hardest subjects in order to show that she can do it. Most students that I know of take the easy road in order to get a better grade going into University, thus all students except for Videl and Gohan took easier subjects and that is why Gohan and Videl share all of the same classes. I hope that clears that up. Gohan had managed to avoid giving anything away for his lessons leading up to lunch although he could sense the piercing glare from a Miss Videl Satan. Honestly, he thought as he sat by a tree in the courtyard, I swear she stares at me more than she does her textbooks. I think she noticed in our lesson with Trunks that I acted completely differently around him than anyone else. His train of thought was broken as he sensed a few people walking up to him. Looking over his shoulder that it was indeed the blonde haired girl followed closely by Sharpner and Videl. Erasa sat down right next to him and cuddled up close which caused him to blush slightly. Outside his older friends he had never been this close to a girl before. Sharpner chuckled at the sight and Videl kept her usual scowl imprinted in her face as they sat down opposite the son boy. In all honesty the blonde had practically dragged her friends with her, she was too friendly for her own good. Videl eyed him off curiously. Gohan smiled a weak smile as he pressed the top and threw it in between of everyone. There was a brief puff of smoke before a picnic mat opened out to reveal an amount of food fit for a king Slowly she reached down and took a sushi roll as Videl and Sharpner watched on with stunned expressions. Regaining their composure, Videl and Sharpner picked away at the food in front of them before gorging in once they had had their first bite. Before long, whatever food there had been was gone. Videl only realised that they had actually managed to get through all of it but she had no idea how they had accomplished it. She only thought of how delicious the food was. Videl now glared at him. Videl simply glared at him, not truly believing his story. Before she could interrogate him further Erasa asked, "What lessons do we have next? Damn it, thought Gohan, How am I not going to show off in gym? Well at least I brought some long sleeved clothes which hide my muscles. As the bell rang, the group packed up and went to English and Gohan found Sharpner to be right, the teacher did spend the entire time talking. Not only that but she talked in such a monotonic voice which made it difficult to concentrate. Now the trio were on their way to gym. Sharpner and Gohan divided off into the male change rooms while Erasa and Videl went into the female rooms. Gohan pulled Sharpner close and whispered, "Why are we doing martial arts? Sharpner smirked at Gohan. They stepped through the doors to the gym to find that the room had been set up exactly like the setting for the world martial arts tournament. In the centre of the room was a square ring which would have been half the official tournament sized ring. Gohan swallowed deeply as the coach stepped forward. His face fell into his palms as the coach stepped forward. Nobody said anything, at least not until Sharpner stepped forward. Sharpner laughed a shrill laugh as the class quickly got into their seats, expecting Sharpner to destroy this small man. They all knew that Sharpner was one of the strongest people in the school, only a few spots underneath Videl. Krillen however remained motionless, standing perfectly calm facing his opponent. With that invitation Sharpner charged forth with a yell, his fist pulled back. Sharpner pivoted on his left foot and sent his right foot out at the monk but became frustrated as he hit nothing but air as Krillen back flipped over it. The crowd of students gasped at this new revelation as Sharpner swung blow after blow at his smaller opponent without dealing any damage. The students are stunned before erupting into an explosive applause. Sharpner grumbles as he gets to his feet and hanging his head in shame makes his way over to the stands. Krillen explains, "I am your martial arts teacher because I have entered three martial arts tournaments in my life. I have never won one but I have gotten as far as the semi-finals. This is incredible, she thought. Once I know the different power levels of all you students I can begin teaching basic, moderate and advanced fighting techniques to those who are able to learn. Now who would like to go first? Videl leapt the last few flights of stairs and bounced into the ring before introducing

herself to Krillen. Now that Videll was out in the centre however nobody seemed that keen to step into the ring. But I intend to. Then concealing his energy, Krillen snuck back up from behind Gohan and tore his shirt clean off. The only blemish to the body which the Gods would be envious of was the large scar located on the left shoulder. Gohan blushed crimson as love hearts appeared in every girl's eyes as they ignored the obvious defect. Videll stared at him open mouthed. She took her stance, somewhat more nervous than before. Gohan sighed as Krillen leapt from the ring to the floor. He looked slightly nervous about fighting Videll but his expression changed into one of no emotion. Videll charged forward and leapt into the air, driving her heel into the spot where Gohan once stood. While this attack was fast by human standards it was nothing out of the ordinary for the demi Saiyan. Videll viciously assaulted Gohan but failed to land a single blow. His fingers closed tightly around her hand and began slightly squeezing. Videll desperately tried to get her hand free from his grasp but found herself unable to do so. A blow which would have left any criminal breathing heavily had no such effect on Gohan. Startled she swung her hand forth and struck Gohan on the pectoral muscle but once again there was no sign of pain. She collapsed to her knees as she resumed her struggle to release her hand from the iron grip. As Krillen stepped into the ring Videll yelled, "Why did you stop the fight? I was only getting started. You should be happy that he took it easy on you. If he had been trying there is no telling what damage he could have done to you. Is he really that strong? I have to find out more about him. Gohan turned to Krillen. Gohan nodded and walked outside waiting for the monk. A few moments passed before the doors swung wide and Krillen stepped through, the door swinging shut behind him. As the fight between two new students was going on, Videll walked to the door to eavesdrop on the two warriors, nursing her hand all the while. Videll quickly backed away from the door and hid as Krillen walked through. He stopped and watched the fight a few metres away from Videll. Slowly she edged her way towards the door. Startled, she moved away from the door and stood next to Krillen. This creates a battle within him about doing what he is good at and what he wants to do. Videll stared at the door and wished she could see the body outside. Krillen said it would be difficult getting information out of you Gohan but I like a challenge, she thought with a devious smirk. After school had finished Gohan casually walked down the street, waiting to be out of sight before he could fly off. Turning around he was nearly bowled over by the leaping Erasa. Gohan quickly thought about this, he knew Chichi would disapprove him staying in the city longer than he had to, but if he said that it was while socializing with people his own age there was a chance she would be fine with it. They all hopped in, Gohan a little nervously as Sharpner started to drive off towards the mall. He could sense that he was getting death glares from Videll but so long as he was with a group he would be fine. Meanwhile high up in the air the two teachers watched as Gohan was taken hostage by the bubbly blonde teen. They smiled at one another before flying off in their individual directions. Next chapter is the Return of The Golden Warrior, so stay tuned for that. Your review has been posted.

Chapter 3 : Legend of The Golden Woolly Howl (Part 2) | School of Dragons | How to Train Your Dragon G

Welcome back to my blind Let's Play on Xenoblade Chronicles 2: Torna ~ The Golden Country for the Switch! In this episode, we go to meet up with Haze but run into some trouble! If you enjoy this.

With a single arch, from ridge to ridge, It leaps across the terrible chasm Yawning beneath us, black and deep, As if, in some convulsive spasm, the summits of the hills had cracked, and made a road for the cataract, That raves and rages down the steep! Lucifer under the bridge. I showed you in the valley a boulder Marked with the imprint of his shoulder; As he was bearing it up this way, A peasant, passing, cried, "Herr Je! Abbot Giraldus of Einsiedel, For pilgrims on their way to Rome, Built this at last, with a single arch, Under which, on its endless march, Runs the river, white with foam, Like a thread through the eye of a needle. And the Devil promised to let it stand, Under compact and condition That the first living thing which crossed Should be surrendered into his hand, And be beyond redemption lost. At length, the bridge being all completed, The Abbot, standing at its head, Threw across it a loaf of bread, Which a hungry dog sprang after, And the rocks reechoed with peals of laughter To see the Devil thus defeated! They pass on Lucifer under the bridge Ha! This is the highest point. Two ways the rivers Leap down to different seas, and as they roll Grow deep and still, and their majestic presence Becomes a benefaction to the towns They visit, wandering silently among them, Like patriarchs old among their shining tents. How bleak and bare it is! Nothing but mosses Grow on these rocks. Yet are they not forgotten; Beneficent Nature sends the mists to feed them. See yonder little cloud, that, borne aloft So tenderly by the wind, floats fast away Over the snowy peaks! It seems to me The body of St. Catherine, borne by angels! Catherine, and invisible angels Bear thee across these chasms and precipices, Lest thou shouldst dash thy feet against a stone! Would I were borne unto my grave, as she was, Upon angelic shoulders! Even now I Seem uplifted by them, light as air! What sound is that? Elsie How awful, yet how beautiful! These are The voices of the mountains! Thus they ope Their snowy lips, and speak unto each other, In the primeval language, lost to man. What land is this that spreads itself beneath us? Elsie Land of the Madonna! How beautiful it is! It seems a garden Of Paradise! Nay, of Gethsemane To thee and me, of passion and of prayer! Yet once of Paradise. Long years ago I wandered as a youth among its bowers, And never from my heart has faded quite Its memory, that, like a summer sunset, Encircles with a ring of purple light All the horizon of my youth. The days are short, the way before us long; We must not linger, if we think to reach The inn at Belinzona before vespers! Prince Henry Here let us pause a moment in the trembling Shadow and sunshine of the roadside trees, And, our tired horses in a group assembling, Inhale long draughts of this delicious breeze Our fleeter steeds have distanced our attendants; They lag behind us with a slower pace; We will await them under the green pendants Of the great willows in this shady place. Stand still, and let these overhanging branches Fan thy hot sides and comfort thee with shade! What a delightful landscape spreads before us, Marked with a whitewashed cottage here and there! It is a band of pilgrims, moving slowly On their long journey, with uncovered feet. Pilgrims chaunting the Hymn of St. Hildebert Me receptet Sion illa, Sion David, urbs tranquilla, Cujus faber auctor lucis, Cujus portae lignum crucis, Cujus claves lingua Petri, Cujus cives semper laeti, Cujus muri lapis vivus, Cujus custos Rex festivus! Lucifer as a Friar in the procession. Here am I, too, in the pious band, In the garb of a barefooted Carmelite dressed! The soles of my feet are as hard and tanned As the conscience of old Pope Hildebrand, The Holy Satan, who made the wives Of the bishops lead such shameful lives. All day long I beat my breast, And chaunt with a most particular zest The Latin hymns, which I understand Quite as well, I think, as the rest. And at night such lodging in barns and sheds, Such a hurly-burly in country inns, Such a clatter of tongues in empty heads, Such a helter-skelter of prayers and sins! Of all the contrivances of the time For sowing broadcast the seeds of crime, There is none so pleasing to me and mine As a pilgrimage to some far-off shrine! If from the outward man we judge the inner, And cleanliness is godliness, I fear A hopeless reprobate, a hardened sinner, Must be that Carmelite now passing near. Let them quietly hold their way, I have also a part in the play. Of a truth, it often provokes me to laugh To see these beggars hobble along, Lamed and maimed, and fed upon chaff, Chanting their wonderful piff and paff, And, to make up for not understanding the song, Singing it fiercely, and wild, and strong! Were

it not for my magic garters and staff, And the goblets of goodly wine I quaff, And the mischief I make in the idle throng, I should not continue the business long. In hac uibe, lux solennis, Ver aeternum, pax perennis, In hac odor implens caelos, In hac semper festum melos! Do you observe that monk among the train, Who pours from his great throat the roaring bass, As a cathedral spout pours out the rain, And this way turns his rubicund, round face? It is the same who, on the Strasburg square, Preached to the people in the open air. Good morrow, noble Sir! I speak in German, for, unless I err, You are a German. I cannot gainsay you. But by what instinct, or what secret sign, Meeting me here, do you straightway divine That northward of the Alps my country lies? Whence come you now? From the old monastery Of Hirschau, in the forest; being sent Upon a pilgrimage to Benevent, To see the image of the Virgin Mary, That moves its holy eyes, and sometimes speaks, And lets the piteous tears run down its cheeks, To touch the hearts of the impenitent. O, had I faith, as in the days gone by, That knew no doubt, and feared no mystery! Lucifer at a distance. I cannot stay to argue and convince. All hearts are touched and softened at her name; Alike the bandit, with the bloody hand, The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peasant, The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer, Pay homage to her as one ever present! And if our Faith had given us nothing more Than this example of all womanhood, So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good, So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure, This were enough to prove it higher and truer Than all the creeds the world had known before. Pilgrims chaunting afar off. Urbs ccelestis, urbs beata, Supra petram collocata, Urbs in portu satis tuto De longinquo te saluto, Te saluto, te suspiro, Te affecto, te requiro! It is the sea, it is the sea, In all its vague immensity, Fading and darkening in the distance! Silent, majestic, and slow, The white ships haunt it to and fro, With all their ghostly sails unfurled, As phantoms from another world Haunt the dim confines of existence! Upon a sea more vast and dark The spirits of the dead embark, All voyaging to unknown coasts. We wave our farewells from the shore, And they depart, and come no more, Or come as phantoms and as ghosts. Above the darksome sea of death Looms the great life that is to be, A land of cloud and mystery, A dim mirage, with shapes of men Long dead, and passed beyond our ken. Awe-struck we gaze, and hold our breath Till the fair pageant vanisheth, Leaving us in perplexity, And doubtful whether it has been A vision of the world unseen, Or a bright image of our own Against the sky in vapors thrown. Lucifer singing from the sea. Thou didst not make it, thou canst not mend it, But thou hast the power to end it! The sea is silent, the sea is discreet, Deep it lies at thy very feet; There is no confessor like unto Death! Thou canst not see him, but he is near; Thou needest not whisper above thy breath, And he will hear; He will answer the questions, The vague surmises and suggestions, That fill thy soul with doubt and fear! The fisherman, who lies afloat, With shadowy sail, in yonder boat, Is singing softly to the Night! But do I comprehend aright The meaning of the words he sung So sweetly in his native tongue? All things within its bosom sleep! Elsie coming from her chamber upon the terrace. The night is calm and cloudless, And still as still can be, And the stars come forth to listen To the music of the sea. They gather, and gather, and gather, Until they crowd the sky, And listen, in breathless silence, To the solemn litany. It begins in rocky caverns, As a voice that chaunts alone To the pedals of the organ In monotonous undertone; And anon from shelving beaches, And shallow sands beyond, In snow-white robes uprising The ghostly choirs respond. And sadly and unceasing The mournful voice sings on, And the snow-white choirs still answer Christe eleison! But I hear discord only and despair, And whispers as of demons in the air! The wind upon our quarter lies, And on before the freshening gale, That fills the snow-white lateen sail, Swiftly our light felucca flies. Between us and the western skies The hills of Corsica arise; Eastward, in yonder long, blue line, The summits of the Apennine, And southward, and still far away, Salerno, on its sunny bay. You cannot see it, where it lies. Ah, would that never more mine eyes Might see its towers by night or day! Behind us, dark and awfully, There comes a cloud out of the sea, That bears the form of a hunted deer, With hide of brown, and hoofs of black, And antlers laid upon its back, And fleeing fast and wild with fear, As if the hounds were on its track! I must entreat you, friends, below! The angry storm begins to blow, For the weather changes with the moon. Only a little hour ago I was whistling to Saint Antonio For a capful of wind to fill our sail, And instead of a breeze he has sent a gale. Last night I saw St. Brail up the mainsail, and let her go As the winds will and Saint Antonio! Do you see that Livornese felucca, That vessel to the windward yonder, Running with her gunwale under? She is a galley of the Gran Duca, That, through the fear of the Algerines, Convoys those lazy brigantines, Laden with wine and oil from

Lucca. Now all is ready, high and low; Blow, blow, good Saint Antonio! Now keep her head toward the south,
And there is no danger of bank or breaker. With the breeze behind us, on we go; Not too much, good Saint
Antonio! A traveling Scholastic affixing his Theses to the gate of the College. There, that is my gauntlet, my
banner, my shield, Hung up as a challenge to all the field! One hundred and twenty-five propositions, Which I
will maintain with the sword of the tongue Against all disputants, old and young.

Chapter 4 : Ocean King 2: Golden Legend Arcade Machine – Ocean King Arcade Machine Fish Hunter C

Part II. The Golden Legend. Epilogue The Two Recording Angels Ascending: THE ANGEL OF GOOD DEEDS, with closed book. GOD sent his messenger the rain.

Feb 27, Alison Kudlowski rated it it was amazing May be bias here Not always historically accurate nevertheless it makes for facinating anecdotes of life and attitudes in 13th 14th century Europe. It is an invaluable tool for art historians seeking as ever they do In total 71 Saints are itemised together with their related feast days. A treasure of a May be bias here A treasure of an historical find in its own right, it was regarded as one of the most widely available collections of medieval Europe completed in Apart form its invaluable material for art historians it is rich in myth which makes it entertaining for artists themselves However, to my surprise, it was quite interesting reading about the saints that I grew up learning about. It was interesting, insightful, and inquisitive. The writing is straightforward and understandable, which was a huge relief after we finished reading Having to read this for a college course, you can guess that I was not all that enthused. The writing is straightforward and understandable, which was a huge relief after we finished reading the Illiad. Though it is a challenge to keep all of the saints straight, I applaud you if you can without writing anything down. Each day was dedicated to a saint. The account of the martyr of each saints ought to be exemplary. Voragine did not hesitate, it is terribly gore, so much gore that it is almost funny. To read like a testimony of medieval piety. Mar 21, Mark Grago rated it really liked it If you want to know where most of the "legends" originated about the marriage of Jesus and Mary Magdalene,this is the book for you. There is a wealth of information on much Christian legend;however,nothing rooted in strong,historical fact. It can be argued that this work was an "early"bestseller as we know it today. A must for any serious Medievalist!

Chapter 5 : The Golden Legend by Jacobus de Voragine

of over 4, results for "the golden legend" The Golden Legend: Readings on the Saints Apr 22, by Jacobus de Voragine and Eamon Duffy. Paperback.

Silvester is said of sile or sol which is light, and of terra the earth, as who saith the light of the earth, that is of the church. Or Silvester is said of silvas and of trahens, that is to say he was drawing wild men and hard unto the faith. Or as it is said in glossario, Silvester is to say green, that is to wit, green in contemplation of heavenly things, and a toiler in labouring himself; he was umbrous or shadowous. That is to say he was cold and refrigate from all concupiscence of the flesh, full of boughs among the trees of heaven. The correct derivation is alluded to in the text, but set out in parallel to fanciful ones that lexicographers would consider quite wide of the mark. Even the "correct" explanations silvas, "forest", and the mention of green boughs are used as the basis for an allegorical interpretation. Medieval view of Muhammad[edit] The chapter "St Pelagius, Pope and the History of the Lombards" begins with the story of St Pelagius, then proceeds to touch upon events surrounding the origin and history of the Lombards in Europe leading up to the 7th century when the story of Muhammad begins. Agatha to supernaturally repel an eruption of Mount Etna: And for to prove that she had prayed for the salvation of the country, at the beginning of February, the year after her martyrdom, there arose a great fire, and came from the mountain toward the city of Catania and burnt the earth and stones, it was so fervent. Then ran the paynims to the sepulchre of S. Agatha and took the cloth that lay upon her tomb, and held it abroad against the fire, and anon on the ninth day after, which was the day of her feast, ceased the fire as soon as it came to the cloth that they brought from her tomb, showing that our Lord kept the city from the said fire by the merits of S. Barbara , a virgin who turned to Christianity against the will of her pagan father, is mostly known from the Golden Legend. Many of his stories have no other known source. A typical example of the sort of story related, also involving St. Silvester, shows the saint receiving miraculous instruction from Saint Peter in a vision that enables him to exorcise a dragon: In this time it happed that there was at Rome a dragon in a pit, which every day slew with his breath more than three hundred men. Then came the bishops of the idols unto the emperor and said unto him: O thou most holy emperor, sith the time that thou hast received Christian faith the dragon which is in yonder fosse or pit slayeth every day with his breath more than three hundred men. Then sent the emperor for S. Silvester and asked counsel of him of this matter. Silvester answered that by the might of God he promised to make him cease of his hurt and blesure of this people. Silvester put himself to prayer, and S. Peter appeared to him and said: Our Lord Jesus Christ which was born of the Virgin Mary, crucified, buried and arose, and now sitteth on the right side of the Father, this is he that shall come to deem and judge the living and the dead, I commend thee Sathanas that thou abide him in this place till he come. Then thou shalt bind his mouth with a thread, and seal it with thy seal, wherein is the imprint of the cross. Then thou and the two priests shall come to me whole and safe, and such bread as I shall make ready for you ye shall eat. Peter had said, S. And when he came to the pit, he descended down one hundred and fifty steps, bearing with him two lanterns, and found the dragon, and said the words that S. Peter had said to him, and bound his mouth with the thread, and sealed it, and after returned, and as he came upward again he met with two enchanters which followed him for to see if he descended, which were almost dead of the stench of the dragon, whom he brought with him whole and sound, which anon were baptized, with a great multitude of people with them. Thus was the city of Rome delivered from double death, that was from the culture and worshiping of false idols, and from the venom of the dragon. Perception and legacy[edit] Legenda Aurea, Editions and translations[edit] Saints Primus and Felician , from a 14th-century manuscript of the Golden Legend The critical edition of the Latin text has been edited by Giovanni Paolo Maggioni Florence: In , the Caxton version was updated into more modern English by Frederick Startridge Ellis , and published in seven volumes.

Chapter 6 : Golden Legend - Horse

*He was the author, or more accurately the compiler, of *Legenda Sanctorum*, also known as the Golden Legend, a collection of the legendary lives of the greater saints of the medieval church that was one of the most popular religious works of the Middle Ages.*

Glossary , The History of Joshua After Moses, Joshua was duke and leader of the children of Israel, and brought them into the land of behest, and did many great battles. For whom God showed many great marvels and in especial one; that was that the sun stood still at his request, till he had overcome his enemies, by the space of a day. Joshua was a noble man and governed well Israel, and divided the land unto the twelve tribes by lot. And when he was an hundred and ten years old he died. And divers dukes after him judged and deemed Israel, of whom be noble histories, as of Jephthah, Gideon, and Sampson, which I pass over unto the histories of the kings, which is read in holy church from the first Sunday after Trinity Sunday, unto the first Sunday of August. And in the month of August is read the Book of Sapience, and in the month of September be read the histories of Job, of Tobit, and of Judith, and in October the history of the Maccabees, and in November the book of Ezechiel and his visions. And in December the history of Advent. And this is the rule of the temporal through the year, etc. The History of Saul. This history maketh mention that there was a man named Elkanah which had two wives, that one was named Hannah, and the name of the second Peninnah. Peninnah had children and Hannah had none but was barren. The good man at such days as he was bounden, went to his city for to make his sacrifice and worship God. In this time Hophni and Phineas sons of Eli; the great priest, were priests of our Lord. This Elkanah gave to Peninnah at such times as he offered, to her sons and daughters, certain parts, and unto Hannah he gave but one part. Peninnah did much sorrow and reproof to Hannah because she had had no children, and thus did every year, and provoked her to wrath, but she wept for sorrow and ate no meat. To whom Elkanah her husband said: Hannah, why weepest thou? Why is thine heart put to affliction? Am I not better to thee than ten sons? Then Hannah arose after she had eaten and drunk in Shilo and went to pray unto our Lord, making to him a vow if that she might have a son she should offer him to our Lord. Eli that time sat tofore the posts of the house of our Lord. And Hannah besought and prayed our Lord, making to him a vow, if that she might have a son she should offer him to our Lord. And it was so that she prayed so heartily in her thought and mind, that her lips moved not, wherefore Eli bare her on hand that she was drunk. Nay, my Lord, I am a sorrowful woman, I have drunken no wine ne drink that may cause me to be drunken, but I have made my prayers, and cast my soul in the sight of Almighty God. Repute me not as one of the daughters of Belial, for the prayer that I have made and spoken yet is of the multitude of the heaviness and sorrow of my heart. Then Eli the priest said to her: Go in peace, the God of Israel give to thee the petition of thy heart for that thou hast prayed him. Would God that thy handservant might find grace in thy sight. And so she departed, and on the morn they went home again in to Ramatha. After this our Lord remembered her, and Elkanah knew her, and she conceived, and at time accustomed brought forth and bare a fair son and named him Samuel for so much as she asked him of our Lord. Wherefore Elkanah, her husband, went and offered a solemn sacrifice and his vow accomplished, but Hannah ascended not with him. She said to her husband that she would not go till her child were weaned and taken from the pap. And after when Samuel was weaned, and was an infant, the mother took him, and three calves and three measures of meal, and a bottle of wine, and brought him unto the house of our Lord in Shilo and sacrificed that calf and offered the child to Eli, and told to Eli that she was the woman that prayed our Lord for that child. And there Hannah worshipped our Lord and thanked him, and there made this psalm which is one of the canticles: Exultavit cor meum in domino, et exaltatum est cornu meum in deo meo, and so forth, all the remnant of that psalm. And then Elkanah with his wife returned home to his house. After this our Lord visited Hannah, and she conceived three sons, and two daughters, which she brought forth. And Samuel abode in the house of our Lord and was minister in the sight of Eli. But the two sons of Eli, Hophni and Phineas were children of Belial, not knowing our Lord, but did great sins against the commandments of God. Samuel served and ministered our Lord in a surplice before Eli. And on a time as Eli lay in his bed his eyes were so dimmed that he might not see the lantern of God till it was

quenched and put out. Samuel slept in the temple of our Lord whereas the ark of God was, and our Lord called Samuel, which answered: I am ready, and ran to Eli and said: I am ready, thou calledst me. I called thee not my son, return and sleep, and he returned and slept. And our Lord called him the second time, and he arose and went to Eli and said: I am here, thou calledst me, which answered: I called thee not, go thy way, and sleep. Samuel knew not the calling of our Lord yet, ne there was never revelation showed him tofore. And our Lord called Samuel the third time, which arose and came to Eli and said: I am here, for thou calledst me. Then Eli understood that our Lord had called him, and said to Samuel: Go and sleep, and if thou be called again thou shalt say: Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth thee. Samuel returned and slept in his place, and our Lord came and called him: Say, Lord, what it pleaseth, for thy servant heareth. And then our Lord said to Samuel: I make my word to be known in Israel that whoso heareth, his ears shall ring and sound thereof. In that day I shall raise against Eli all that I have said upon his house. I shall begin and accomplish it. I have given him in knowledge that I shall judge his house for wickedness, forasmuch as he knoweth his sons to do wickedly, and hath not corrected them. Therefore I have sworn to the house of Eli that the wickedness of his house shall not be made clean with sacrifices ne gifts never. Samuel slept till on the morn, and then he rose and opened the doors of the house of our Lord in his surplice; and Samuel was afeard to show this vision unto Eli. Eli called him and asked what our Lord hath said to him and charged him to tell him all: He is our Lord, what it pleaseth him, let him do. Samuel grew, and our Lord was with him in all his works. After this it was so that the Philistines warred against the children of Israel, against whom there was a battle, and the children of Israel overthrown and put to flight. Wherefore they assembled again, and took with them the ark of God which Hophni and Phineas, sons of Eli, bare, and when they came with a great multitude with the ark, the Philistines were afraid. Notwithstanding they fought against them manly and slew thirty thousand footmen of the children of Israel and took the ark of God. And the two sons of Eli were slain, Hophni and Phineas. And a man of the tribe of Benjamin ran for to tell this unto Eli which sat abiding some tidings of the battle. This man, as soon as he entered into the town, told how the field was lost, the people slain, and how the ark was taken. And there was a great sorrow and cry. And when Eli heard this cry and wailing he demanded what this noise was and meant, and wherefore they so sorrowed. Then the man hied and came and told to Eli. Eli was at that tide ninety-eight years old, and his eyes were waxen blind and might not see, and he said: I am he that came from the battle, and fled this day from the host. To whom Eli said: What is there done my son? The host of Israel is overthrown and fled tofore the Philistines, and a great ruin is made among the people, thy two sons be slain and the ark of God is taken. And when Eli heard him name the ark of God he fell down backward by the door and brake his neck and there died. He was an old man and had judged Israel forty years. Then the Philistines took the ark of God and set it in their temple of Dagon by their god Dagon, in Ashdod. On the morn the next day early, when they of Ashdod came into their temple, they saw their god Dagon lie on the ground tofore the ark of God upon his face, and the head and the two hands of Dagon were cut off. And there abode no more but the trunk only in the place. And God showed many vengeancees to them of the country as long as the ark was with them, for God smote them with sickness in their secret parts, and wells boiled in towns and fields of that region, and there grew among them so many mice, that they suffered great persecution and confusion in that city. The people seeing this vengeance and plague said: Let not the ark of the God of Israel abide longer with us, for his hand is hard on us and on Dagon our god, and sent for the great masters and governors of the Philistines, and when they were gathered they said: What shall we do with the ark of the God of Israel? Let it be led all about the cities, and so it was, and a great vengeance and death was had upon all the cities, and smote every man with plague from the most to the least; in such wise that the nether parts of them putrified and rotted off them, and that they made to them seats of furs and skins to sit soft. And then they sent the ark of God into Acheron and when they of Acheron saw the ark, they cried saying: They have brought the ark of the God of Israel to us, for to slay us and our people. They cried that the ark should be sent home again, for much people were dead by the vengeance that was taken on them in their secret parts, and a great howling and wailing was among them. The ark was in the region of the Philistines seven months. After this they counselled with their priests what they should do with the ark, and it was concluded it should be sent home again, but the priests said: If ye send it home, send it not void, but what ye owe pay for your trespass and sin, and then ye

shall be healed and cured of your sicknesses. And so they ordained after the number of the five provinces of the Philistines, five pieces of gold and five mice of gold, and led to a wain and put in it two wild kine, which never bare yoke, and said, Leave their calves at home and take the ark and set it on the wain, and also the vessels and pieces of gold that ye have paid for your trespass, set them at the side of the ark and let them go where they will, and thus they sent the ark of God unto the children of Israel. Samuel then governed Israel long, and when he was old he set his sons judges on Israel, whose names were Joel and Abiah. And these two his sons walked not in his ways, but declined after covetise and took gifts and perverted justice and doom.

The Golden Legend Novel, The Golden Legend summary, The Golden Legend Novel, The Golden Legend Part

Here is the part 2 of the story. Sheyla followed the Golden Woolly Howl through the night until they came accross an island. Where did it go?! They flew a bit more to the ice when RotomDex suddenly stopped himself, growling. Is there anything wrong Rotom? Rotom turned around and Sheyla noticed a Death Song quickly diving to them. RotomDex was about to fly away when the Death Song suddenly popped in front of them. Sheyla hearsd someone speaking to the Death Song. Woah, calm down Symphony! Symphony calmed down a bit. RotomDex does the same and back away a bit from Symphony. Sorry for that sudden appearance of Symphony My name is Sheyla. My name is Evelyn. And this is Symphony, my Death Song! This is RotomDex, my Titan Skril! Nice to meet you! Nice to meet your too, Sheyla! The two smiled to each other but Symphony started growling at RotomDex. A silent moment happened until Evelyn asked Sheyla a question. I was at berk when I saw a Titan Woolly Howl flying to this island. But when I saw it, it was glowing from a very bright golden. A Golden Titan Woolly Howl? I never have seen or heard of it before. They decided to land on the ground so the dragons could rest a bit. Suddenly, a powerful water blast almost hit Sheyla. But it misses and touches the ice wall behind her. But if you do help me, thanks a lot! I am someone that play School of Dragons for now four years almost five and know many different things about it. I enjoyed playing the game with them. But two years ago, my account suddenly got hacked and the password have been changed

Chapter 8 : Daily Medieval: The Golden Legend, Part 2

Okay I don't really answer many questions in the lead up to my stories but for some reason I had to answer this one. UltimateGohan You said that there had to be smarter than Videll, however Videll knows that her father is paying her way through school.

So what does it mean when Gohan attends High School with Videll trying to track down his secrets. He stood there, smiling with a pristine smile. The teacher told him to go find a seat which, luckily for Erasa, the only spare seat was next to Erasa. Videll thought it was a disgusting habit but she wanted to know more about Gohan. The one and only Hercule Satan, the man who helped defeat Cell. Gohan was furious but he knew that he had to keep his anger under control in order to hide his powers. A few minutes before the bell signalling the end of class rang, Erasa was curious to what Gohan was writing. Looking over his shoulder she gasped at the expertise of the picture. Gohan had drawn the landscape of a beautiful mountain range and for a black and white picture it looked almost alive. Little did Erasa know but this was the landscape he awoke to every morning and had memorised every tree and mountain. It was also identical to the view he had from his window when Chichi forced him to study. When either he finished or got bored he would stare out the window. Most of the time then he would draw what he saw and as such had become a fine artist. The bell rang and the students filed out to their next class. Erasa managed to stick near Gohan. She quickly took it and squealed in delight before vanishing down the corridor. What was that about he thought idly walking down the corridor towards his next lesson. When he entered the classroom, he was a little shocked by the number of people in there. There were only half a dozen computers and a few workbenches. Unlike the history teacher he looked a lot more laid back. "I must say though your essay was one of the most extraordinary things I have ever read," admired the teacher. The teacher brushed his lavender hair out of his face. He nodded his head and Gohan leapt from his seat to embrace his friend in a hug, leaving Videll bewildered. Videll now was starting to get pissed. Now you may begin and feel free to talk to one another while I go to get some coffee. She could see that he was already scribbling down notes. Spotting one note that confused her slightly she asked, "What does that mean? If only you knew, thought Gohan as he continued to scribble away. Late into the lesson Trunks returned to see that both of them were hard at work. Relieved, Videll began packing up her gear as Gohan walked over to Trunks. Being unprepared for this, Gohan struggled to find an answer but thankfully the bell rang. Quickly he turned back to Trunks. He walked out of the class after gathering all of his stuff, happy to know that he had his friend here with him. Part one of the first day of school complete. Still to come is the favourite lunch break and gym class. Progress is going to drop rapidly since I am getting off of my uni break. Still please leave reviews and suggestions to where you think this should go. Your review has been posted.

Chapter 9 : Full text of "The Golden Legend: Or, Lives of the Saints, Volume 2"

The Golden Legend or Lives of the Saints. Compiled by Jacobus de Voragine, Archbishop of Genoa, First edition published Englished by William Caxton, first edition