

"With her divine voice, the lovely Virgin, brighter than a star, thus spoke:

"—My child, my God, my dearest good, thou sleepest; and I am dying with love for thy loveliness.

"In thy sleep, O my treasure, thou lookest not at thy mother. But the air thou breathest is a fire that burns me.

"Thy eyes although closed wound me with their gaze; what shall become of me when they shall open?

"The graces of thy lovely face ravish my heart! O God! my heart is dying for thee.

"Thy rosy lips attract my lips. Pardon, O my loved one, I am helpless in thy presence.

"—The Virgin ceases speaking, and, pressing the child to her bosom, she imprints a kiss on the brow of Jesus.

"But the beloved Child awakes; and with his beautiful eyes full of love, he looks at his mother.

"O God! for the Mother, those eyes that look upon her, what a burning shaft that wounds and pierces her heart!

"And thou, my soul so insensible, dost thou not languish in thy turn, seeing Mary languish with tenderness for her Jesus?

"Divine beauties, too late I have loved ye! henceforth for ye I shall burn without ceasing.

"The child and the Mother, the Mother with the child, the rose with the lily, will possess all my love for ever!"

There are some delightful legends in the same strain. The following, written in the Provençal tongue, is by the *felibre* or troubadour of Our Lady. It is entitled the *Cradle-rockers of Jesus*.

The cradle-rockers of Jesus are the four seasons that come with their respective attractions to offer their services to the Infant Jesus.

SPRING.—Hail unto Thee, O lovely Child-God! I am the beautiful Spring that makes pasture, field and meadow to blossom with flowers. I bring you an