

**MOTHERHOOD.**  
**A POEM**

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Motherhood. A poem by Louisa Parsons Stone Hopkins

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**LOUISA PARSONS STONE HOPKINS**

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MOTHERHOOD

A POEM

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THE author hereby appeals to her readers and critics to respect the incognito of a poem which was written as an expression not of individual, but of universal experience, and from a desire to portray in its purity and holiness the most beautiful instinct of humanity.



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I.

### The Hope.



MYSTERIOUS joy pervades me ; from  
my pillow

I rise to look out on the starry night ;  
And dreams float in upon its mystic billow  
And yearnings infinite steal up the white  
Star-rays on which I climb ecstatic height.

O miracle of night ! ye orbs of glory  
Swinging along unseen meridian arc,  
Hymning the anthem of life's wondrous story,  
Voicing the sphered embrasure deep and dark,  
Sing in your chorals till the heavens hark!

(1)

Beat in the rhythm of these starry measures,  
My throbbing heart, and calm thy glowing  
fire ;  
Let bars celestial compass thy wild pleasures,  
In peaceful selahs chant with holy choir,  
Let reverent silence gird thy swift desire !



II.

### The Prophecy.



How still and hushed are all God's  
dwelling-places,

Yet full of meaning every stair and hall!  
Pictures of imagery and gleaming faces  
Start out from night's deep-vaulted gallery-  
wall,  
And unseen forms and silent voices call.

I answer low, responsive to your asking,  
Bright visions, quiet voices, glances sweet:  
Like sated honey bee at noon-tide basking  
In blaze of blessing fall I at your feet,  
O myriad spirits whom my soul doth greet!