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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A POEM

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TRIDEN FOUNDA HONE.
1899.

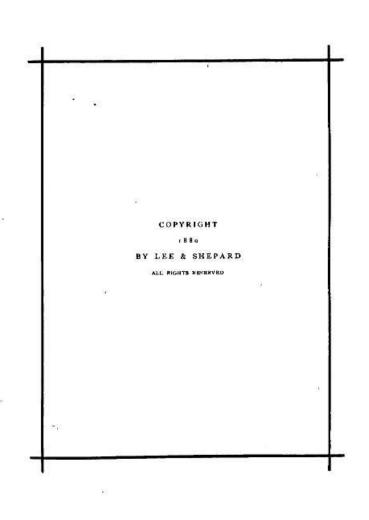
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BOSTON:

LEE AND SHEPARD

NEW YORK : CHARLES T. DILLINGHAM

1881





HE 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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MOTHER AND CHILD.			3577			23	43

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The Bope.

T,



STERIOUS 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 whi

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!

(3)

Beat in the rhythm of these starry measures,

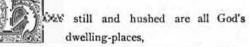
My throbbing heart, and calm thy glowing

fire;

Let bars celestial compass thy wild pleasures, In peaceful selahs chant with holy choir, Let reverent silence gird thy swift desire!



The Prophecy.



Yet full of meaning every stair and hall!

Pictures of imagery and gleaming faces

Start out from night's deep-vaulted gallerywall,

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 moon-tide basking

In blaze of blessing fall I at your feet,

O myriad spirits whom my soul doth greet!