

Motherhood.

It was in the wee small hours of a quiet spring morning. The awful stillness was pierced by an infants' lusty cry--that first cry for freedom in this big world.

I roused from my slumber and my mother was standing beside me. She placed a tiny bundle in my arms with the words "Here is your dolly". I looked down and behold it was my own little one. But it was not like the red ugly piece of humanity I had often viewed in other mothers' arms. This one was more beautiful than an angel fresh from Heaven; I almost searched for the little wings that bore him to me.

The big blue eyes, so like the blue of the sky above us, looked straight into mine and the slumbering mother-love in my being was awakened. I clasped my baby in my arms and exclaimed--"O mother, did you love me like this!" I had often watched other mothers fondle their tiny babes and thought it was all done for effect. Alas! how blind we are until touched by the hand of the great physician.

I stroked the silken locks, I pressed the velvet cheek against my own and when the tiny hand clasped my finger a new and radiant life seemed to thrill every fiber of my being.

The whole world seemed rejoicing that outside my window sang as if their tiny bodies would burst with some new joy. Other mornings I had scarcely noticed them but on the ^{morning.} May morning they seemed to be vying with each other to proclaim my new found joy. *The living*

Everyone who came in ^{to} my room that morning seemed radiant with happiness. I do not wonder that the angels sang on that blessed Xmas morn; I think they sing when

sing when every child is born into the world.

But why should womanhood be so exalted as to help in the creation of a human being--an immortal soul. As I gazed, a faint smile crept over the face of the sleeping infant and I found myself crooning the old lullaby:

"Smile thou my darling, O smile in thy dreams
The angels are whispering to baby
Wonderful stories in dreamland they keep
While seraphs are whispering to baby".

A moment of sadness came stealing over me as I thought of the great responsibility, the care, the sickness, the sorrow, that might come to my little one; *the* and the prayer of the poet seemed to speak forth my inmost desire.

"Father in Heaven, thou'lt watch o'er me too
As I am now watching my baby
Guard me and shield me life's rough journey
through

As I am now shielding my baby,
Sleep, darling, sleep,
Sleep, baby, sleep,
Quietly, peacefully, slumber.

Bertha L. Harris