

THE HAPPY MOTHER.

Two small, bright eyes, two little hands, two feet,
 A voice that croons so lustily—
 These were the gifts, flung from God's pure white
 hand,
 That made her crown of Motherhood complete.

Outside the walls of that lone stable, drear,
 The lambkins watched so drearily;
 The shepherd's prayer stole o'er the empty wold:
 "Be still, sad heart, yon Babe will quell thy fear."

The moon passed by, so silently and slow,
 He bowed his head so wearily
 To catch the music of that lullaby,
 So sweet it was and he was loath to go.

The stars stole in and kissed that little face,
 The winds sang, O so cheerily;
 A mother-heart was filled with ecstasy—
 It built its heaven in that lowly place.

And Mary took the op'ning rose so still
 To her warm breast glad, tenderly;
 Love was too sweet—she did not feel the thorn,
 So soon to sting her heart on Calv'ry's hill.