

little Barbara Ann died. She had felt depressed and uneasy all day. Bob had tried to kid her out of it, saying she was probably tired and nervous; and she had felt that perhaps he was right. The baby was five months old then, and they both adored her. Never, as long as she lived, would Mariann forget that fateful night. She had been awakened suddenly by the baby's piercing little screams. She was at the crib instantly, gathering the infant up in her arms, supposing that she was just frightened and that she would be all right in a few minutes. But the cries did not cease, and Mariann knew that something terrible was wrong. Bob had hurried to the phone and called Doctor Barton while Mari-

could never forget his quiet, soothing voice as he talked to her about the subconscious mind, or the inner voice. Later, a feeling of gentle calmness possessed her. She seemed to have a better understanding of herself and, as the weeks passed, she gradually felt better. Her baby was a beautiful and precious memory that neither time nor eternity could ever erase.

By
Susan Rose

Unto You

ann gently wrapped a blanket around the trembling little form of her child.

In a few minutes the doctor had arrived. Slowly she had laid the baby in her crib, and he swiftly, but accurately, had made an examination. The doctor had turned, and looked from Mariann to Bob and to Mariann again before saying anything.

"Mariann, Bob, I'm afraid you have a very sick baby."

She felt her heart pounding against her ribs; her hands were cold and numb. Bob had walked over to where she stood beside the crib, and put his arm protectingly around her shoulders. . . . In three days the baby was gone.

For awhile after that she had wanted to die, too. Afterwards, she knew that if it hadn't been for Bob's love and faith, she could never have pulled herself out of the deep shadows of grief. She was grateful, too, for the kind, comforting words of Father Johnson. She had told him about her fateful premonition and how depressed she had been before the baby's death. She

Now she was remembering when they were first married. She could still see Bob's laughing brown eyes, always twinkling, the unruly dark hair that he just couldn't keep in place, no matter how often he combed it. He was so lovable, yet so boyishly stubborn at times. He had taken such a firm stand the time, shortly after they were married, when she had wanted to go to work. He had *stubbornly* refused to let her, saying that her place was at home, not in some office or factory. He wanted his wife at home when he came in at night; he didn't want to see her come in all tired and haggard after a day's work. So she had given in because she loved him too much to hurt him.

Mariann smiled as she recalled that he would sometimes come and stand by her when she was brushing her hair. He would lean his dark head against her fair one and remark

about the contrast. "Gee," he would laugh, "but aren't we a handsome pair?" To which she would always reply, "Yes, we really are!" And she would glance up in time to catch the mischievous gleam in his eyes. He would pull her to him and kiss her so tenderly that even now, in just recalling it, she could feel the thrill. He would push her hair back and whisper in her ear, as if afraid someone might hear, "And someday, my sweet, we'll have a little girl who'll look just like you; she'll have blonde hair and blue

