

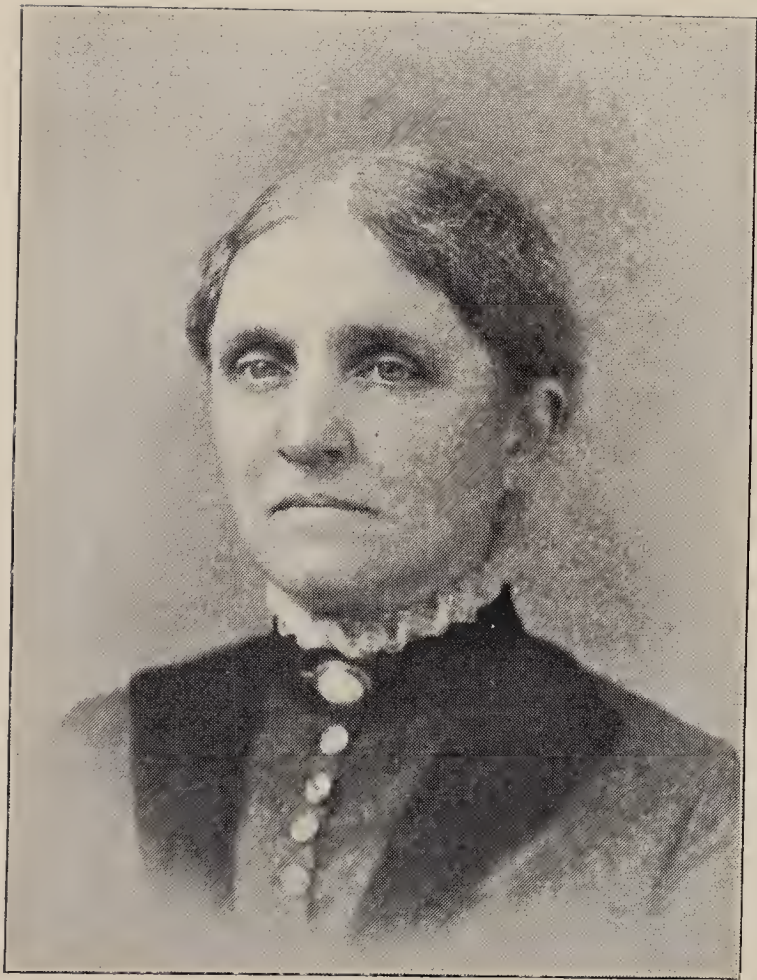
❁ POEMS ❁

by

Mrs. Harriet F. Baldwin.

摩師母詩





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Mrs. (Harriet F. Baldwin.
B. B.



MISSIONARY OF THE AMERICAN BOARD

IN

FOOCHOW, CHINA.

1847—1895.



FOOCHOW:

Romanized Press,

1898.

PREFACE.

It was years ago, and yet how fresh is the memory of a certain summer-afternoon when, wearied with play and with the ever recurring question on their lips, "What shall we do next?" a group of missionary children heard with delight "Auntie Baldwin's" voice saying, "Come children I've just written some poetry for you and want to see how you like it."

Eagerly we clustered about her knee and listened, with open eyes and ears, as she told us in rhyme of the little acorn that fell into the ground, and lay there sleeping till the time came for it to climb up into the sunshine, where it tried and tried a little every day, till at length it became a big tree, a pleasure and blessing to all around.

And funny little rhymes, too, she made for us—just to make us laugh and feel happy—out of mere trifles, making sunshine to drive away our childish tears.

Preface.

But, as the years rolled on, from the same fertile brain came fuller, sweeter thoughts of life, beauty, and the Heaven beyond,—such thoughts as would comfort and strengthen those same children and their many companions in their maturer years.

And now the gifted pen is laid aside forever; but we, who have known and loved her so long, dare to take the privilege, which her modest heart might not have granted, to share with others some of the scattered thoughts woven into poetic form which have been so helpful to us.

Speed on thy way little booklet! Comfort and strengthen whoe'er may read thy pages! So shall thy mission be fulfilled.

N. L. P. H.

Foochow, China,

April 25, 1898.

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"My work is wrought to the strand by a ^{divine} power,
and there's a hand ^{upon} the helm other
than mine"

These beautiful lines from an English author were given
(in substance) by
her at the
of her room.

POEMS

BY

MRS. HARRIET F. BALDWIN.

THE RAINDROPS.

Come, all the little children,
Be names whate'er they may ;
Come, black eyes, blue eyes, hazel,
And eyes of honest gray :
I'll tell you all a story—
A fable, if you please,—
It's all about some raindrops
That floated on the breeze.

I stood upon the mountain
And viewed the landscape fair ;
There was beauty in the valley,
There was beauty everywhere :
Rich fields of corn and clover,
Rich fields of wheat and rye,
And many a verdant meadow
Lay spread beneath the eye ;

The Raindrops

Tall trees were waving proudly,
And in the cooling shade
The gentle lambs were frisking
Beside their dams so staid ;
Then, too, the winding streamlet
Flowed merrily along,
I could almost see the pebbles,
And hear the tinkling song.

I viewed this scene of beauty—
The stream, the fields, the flowers,—
And I thought with bounding pleasure,
What a beautiful world is ours !
I thought of golden harvests,
Of the farmer's plenteous store,
Of Winter's well-earned pleasures—
I thought all this and more.

Again I climbed the mountain—
But here I change my tale ;
Another prospect met me,
There was drought all thro' the vale ;
I saw the honest farmers
Gaze at the burning sky,
Then at the drooping clover,
The corn—the wheat—the rye ;
The raindrops, too, were peeping
From out their safe retreat,

And they talked about the clover,
The corn and rye and wheat ;
Then I thought the fleecy cloudlets
Seemed half a mind to fall,
But the tiny raindrops whispered,
" 'Twould do no good at all " ;
Then, too, they said, " 'twas better,
Just like the air all free,
To roam above the countries,
And dance above the sea."

But soon the sky grew darker,
Great clouds moved slowly on,
And sure I was of showers
Before the day was gone ;
And so, too, were the farmers,
As to and fro they went,
Preparing for the raindrops
That in those clouds were pent ;
And I thought the tiny streamlet,
The trees and fields and flowers,
Seemed all to feel more gladsome
As they waited for the showers.
But we were disappointed,
The clouds rolled far away,
For tiny raindrops whispered,
" 'Twould do some other day ; "
And others proudly murmured,
" We boast of noble birth,

The Raindrops.

And can *we* be expected
To mingle thus with earth ?
O no ! we'll float in ether,
With Venus, Jove, and Mars,
Who knows but soon or later
We may ourselves be stars ! ”

And so the clouds rolled onward
Toward the great ocean shore,
And the sun kept on his burning
Just as he did before ;
Then the patient, honest farmers
Said they had hoped in vain
For the million tiny raindrops
That help along the grain ;
And the corn and wheat and clover
Bent lower still the head,
And the gentle little streamlet—
Why it was almost dead !

And then I felt so sadly
To see such gloom and dearth,
That I thought I'd make a trial
What my poor words were worth.
So glancing far and upward,
I said, “Good Sol, my friend,
Pray what is your opinion
Where all this thing will end ?

The ground you see is cracking,
The crops seem like to fail ;
If things change not for better
A famine must prevail.”
Said he, “So *I've* been thinking,
And so I told the clouds,
But heedless of the warning,
They hurried off by crowds ;
But now—if so you like it—
I'll hasten on my car,
Perchance I may o'ertake them,
For I see them though afar ;
And I'll tell them all the gladness
It's in their power to give ;
I know they'll not regret it
As long as they may live.
And so he hastened onward
In his gorgeous car of light,
And I heard him hail the wanderers
As they sped their rapid flight ;
I could not hear the talking,
But I know 'twas not in vain,
For soon I saw the raindrops
Come danciug o'er the plain ;
They cheered the thirsty streamlet,
They kissed the withering flowers,

And they helped the toil-worn farmers
 To the utmost of their powers ;
 They thought not of the countries
 That lie far o'er the main ;
 They envied not the planets
 With all their brilliant train ;
 O no ! they all seemed happy
 As they poured their precious store,
 And only thought 'twere better
 If they had come before.
 And now, my little children,
 Learn from this fancied flight *flight*
 To do just all the good you can,
 And do it with your might ;
Defer not till to-morrow
 What should be done to-day ;
 To-morrow has *its* duties,
 Then why should you delay ?
 Do you boast of glittering riches ?
 Are you proud of noble birth ?
 Riches take wings to fly away :
Merit, not blood, makes worth.
 Have you *gone wrong* ? Be sorry,
 Turn *right the other way* ;
 And ever for the future
 Be sure to *watch and pray*.

THE AGNOSTIC.

Adrift upon the sea of Life—
A stormy sea with dangers rife—
No power to stem the swelling tide,
No friendly hand the bark to guide !
No sun, no moon, no pale star's light,
Nothing but dark and dismal night !
Like this the man who tries to doubt
All in this world and all without.

What though our little, finite mind—
So clouded, darkened, ay, so blind—
What though it cannot understand
The work of God's almighty hand ?
Why act not, trust not, rest not, till
Our freedom with His sovereign will
We reconcile ?

What matter if
The man who climbs the *highest* cliff
Sees nothing in the distant past—
That shadowy region vague and vast—
To show us if we lived or no
In those dim ages long ago ?
Now we live, we breathe, we act,
At least we treat Life as a fact.

We are out upon a troubled Sea,
Let us take God's word our chart to be :
If false, and there's no heaven, no hell,
No other world in which to dwell ;
If false, and we like brutes must die,
We still live out our day, then lie
Low 'neath the sod with kindred earth,
And never know we had a birth.

If true, and we shall live forever,
And death itself shall only sever
The tie that binds to earth and sense,
And then these longing souls go hence,
'Twill only be to a happier clime,
Unmarred by sin, unmarked by time.

There, there these souls unfettered, free,
May *know* what now we dimly see,
May visit every glittering world—
Now far beyond our vision hurled—
And measure mighty depths of space,
That lie beneath creatioun's base :
But still beyond us there will be
Infinite, Unfathomed Deity.

TOO HARD.

Too hard to bear almost—
This tearing from the heart
What seems and is
Of self a part.

Too hard to bear almost—
This longing for the joy,
But once to clasp our arms
Around our boy.

So hard—this waiting for the sound
Of footsteps on the floor—
Footsteps, alas ! our ear
Shall hear no more.

But still we murmur not :
Our Father knows the grief
Pent up within these hearts—
And sends relief.

WEIGHING THE BABY.

TO BABY'S PAPA WHO WAS ONCE *my* BABY

You say you have weighed the baby,
Even to half of a pound
You say you have measured the matter
In the form so plump and round :
But there are things you *did not* weigh,
Because they have no weight at all ;
Yet strange to say—marvelous wonder !
These things are greatest of all,

You did not weigh the mind,
Enshrined in the form so dear,
That mind without which the baby
Would be such a grief and care :
You did not weigh the life,
Hid, deep in the dark, away,
That life without which the baby
Would be but perishing clay.

No, you could not weigh *all* of baby,
There's a part you cannot see,
And you have this greatest portion
An unweighed mystery—

This unweighed mystery
You scan as a guarded fort :
And you stand awe-struck at the portal
Where the baby holds his court.

You may send your messages in
To this king in his royal state,
But you never, *never* can enter,
'Tis out at the portal you wait :
In vain you say "He is mine,
I'll force him to think as I will,"
In the recess deep of his castle
Baby is monarch still.

He thinks his own special thought,
He makes his own special plan :
He does it now as a *child*,
But sometime 'twill be as a *man*.

(CRAMBO, 1883 OR 1884.)

“WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL
BE PROUD”

I have thought and *thought* and am sure I
can't tell

Why the Spirit of mortal with pride should
swell,

When there is so much above and so much
below

He never can fathom, never can know ;

And his poor wrecked soul a ruin lies,

Till a soft voice comes from the pitying skies,

And a hand reaches down from the courts
above

With unpaid blessings, and unsought love,

To save him from self, and his cherished sin,

And to let from *without* the glory come in.

BESIDE THE MERCY SEAT.

(Copy of a rough draft.)

Methought I stood beside the Mercy Seat
And listened while Earth's wants rose up to
Heaven—

“Lord, I am poor : into Thy treasury
I cannot cast the gold I would : sometimes,
as now,

But two poor mites have I—none but these :
But take them, Lord : Thou knowest that I
love Thee.”

For answer this—“More than the rich hast
thou cast in :

They from their plenty give—thou givest from
thy want :

These two poor mites are widow's mites
And all thy living”.

“Lord, I have no robe in which to meet
Thee,
For *this* which I have wrought is torn and
soiled :

Unlike, as nigh to day, to garments clean
and white

In which Thy saints appear.”

Then came in softest tones of fondest love—

“I shed my Blood—I died on Calvary
To purchase this Pure Robe : most gladly
Do I with it wrap thy trembling form.”

“Lord, I am weak in intellect : 'tis true
I know somewhat of human ^zlove : but how
My puny thoughts tire and reel when
Causes I would grasp—subtile influences—
And when I step beyond creation,
Awe-struck I stand in presence of
Mysterious space—that dread something
Which no angle measures—no line can
sound—

Unfathomed—fathomless.”

“What I do thou knowest not now,
But thou shalt know hereafter—
Be still and know that I am God.”

“Am I to do Thy will—these powers
Lie shattered—prostrate—and Sin so well

Hath done its work, that Evil present is,
When I would do the good”

—Answer—

“Abide in Me : for without Me
There’s naught that thou canst do.”

“Lord, I am sorrowing : Trouble doth pass
In crested, angry waves over my soul,
Till I cannot longer stand the shock
And I must fall, when next the billows roll,
Engulfed beneath the maddening flood,
Except Thou help ! ”

“When thou passest thro’ the waters, I will
be with thee,
And thro’ the Rivers—they shall not over-
flow thee.”

And then came prayers so hushed I could
not hear them,
Unspoken prayers, known only to the Ear,
Which, bending, listens to the heart’s faintest
thought—

Mute looks of anguish, weary, waiting,
wistful looks—

—smitings of the breast—

More prayerful far than studied eloquence
or rounded periods,

And entering deep into the heart of the
Great Hearer,

And I heard the Voice reply, "Come unto Me.
All weary ones—all heavy laden—

And I will give you rest.

"Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all ye
Ends of the Earth."

"And the Spirit and the Bride say, 'come'.
And let him that is athirst come,
And whosoever will let him take
The Water of Life freely."

And so in ceaseless tide Earth's Wants
Rolled up to Heaven—never a vacant
Moment, never a time, when the great
All-Father refused His ear
And heart to His needy, suppliant ones.

GIVEN BACK IN BAPTISM.

What doing, tiny stranger,
Out on this ocean wild ?
Fearest thou never danger,
Venturous little child ?
Canst thou steer thy bark
Over the treacherous main ?
Canst thou ^{sc}stem and conquer
The dark, wild current's strain ?
Hast thou a hand so steady
That thou canst hold the helm
Midst every whirling eddy,
Which would thy bark o'erwhelm ?
And what wilt thou do when the polestar
Is lost to thy wistful sight,
And the sun withholds his shining,
And day seems turned into night ?

O venturous little stranger,
Sailing the sea of life
Courting this maddening danger,
Thou never couldst brave this strife !
But *Jesus* can be thy Pilot
Over this turbulent sea !
So *Jesus*, we bring our darling
With trustful hope to Thee,
Be Thou her Friend and Helper,
Send ever the cheering ray,
And guide with watchful love,,
To the harbor over the way ;
Where there's never a bit of sinning,
Where the glory is just beginning,
Where there's never a cloud of sorrow,
Never a shade of care,
Never a dreaded to-morrow,
To add to the burdens we bear :
Where the crystal river floweth,
And all is one long, sweet day,
For the light of the Lamb Most Holy
Keeps the darkness all away.

So we bring to Thee our darling,
For bliss, for purity ;
Thine now she is, and ever,
Through the long eternity,

LITTLE MAY'S REMONSTRANCE.

Call me not back, dear father,
To tread life's path with thee—
It seems so rough and thorny
In the tangled wild to be—
But here, in the glorious heaven,
In this peerless world of ours,
I find me ne'er a pathway,
That is not strown with flowers,

Call me not back, dear mother,
E'en to thy tender arms ;
Thou could'st not *always* shield me
From earth's rude, wintry storms :
But here, in the glorious heaven,
In this blissful land of rest,
I'm safe from the tempest ever,
On the loving Saviour's breast.

Call me not back, dear brother,
To join thy sports so gay :
There joy oft turns to sadness,
And clouds obscure the day :
But *here*, in the glorious heaven,
On this blessed, radiant shore,
Is a day that knows no shadow,
And pleasures ever more.

I know your hearts are weeping,
For the angels tell me so ;
I know they're torn and bleeding,
Crushed by the withering blow,
That the hours move on all wearily,
That birds and flowers and streams
Have lost their charming beauty,
And the sunlight darkness seems.

But *here*, in the glorious heaven,
Where saints and angels dwell,
And cherubim and seraphim
Their ceaseless anthem swell ;
Where the brightness ever gloweth,
And life's pure river floweth ;
Where blot of sin ne'er staineth,
And the triune God e'er reigneth ;

Where Love links each to other,
And joys are ever true :
Sweet father, mother, brother,
May waits to welcome you.

TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

AUGUST 1867.

Rest, mother ! sweetly rest !
Rest thou from earth,
Where grief and toil and care
All have their birth :
Where doubt and gloomy fear
Brood o'er the spirit drear,
And clouds are ever near,
Rest, mother ! rest !

Rest mother ! sweetly rest !
Rest thou in heaven—
Bright city of our God
Where bliss is given,
Whose streets are shining gold,
Whose walls, strong to infold,
Sparkle with gems untold,
There, mother ! rest !

To My Mother In Heaven.

Rest, mother ! sweetly rest !

By life's pure stream,
Bright from the great white throne
Its waters gleam :

Rest where no sun doth smite,
Where no dark shade doth blight,
Where God Himself gives light,
There, mother ! rest !

Rest, mother ! sweetly rest !

Where angels dwell,
And to the Great Triune
Their anthem swell :
Where all the holy dead
Still live with Christ their Head,
Praising the Lamb that bled,
There, mother ! rest !

Rest mother ! sweetly rest !

Rest thou in Him,
Of whom all loveliness
Is shadow dim :
His hand will wipe thy tears,
His love will quell thy fears,
And span the endless years,
Rest, mother ! rest !

LITTLE MARY'S SKETCH.

1859.

Full many a *trifle*, many a *toy*,
To thought of grief or thought of joy
Gives birth :

This sketch so rude and worn doth seem,
A stranger's eye could scarcely dream
Its worth.

To *me* a deeper charm it hath
Than works, that strew a Raphael's path
With flowers :

For the little one who patient toiled
To trace the sketch so rude and soiled
Was *ours*.

The little hand that traced this tower,
And shadowed forth an artist's power
Self-moulded,
Did weary grow and stop to rest,
And with its mate upon her breast
Is folded.

The eye that watched with embryo skill,
To guide and check that hand at will,
Grew weary,
And now is closed its rest to take ;
But, ah ! no call on earth can wake
Our Mary.

THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

FROM A PENCILED SLIP,

APRIL 20th 1859.

They droop—these fragile flowers—
To bloom in heavenly bowers,
Where ne'er a storm-cloud lowers :
Why do I mourn ?

They cross life's ocean o'er,
To gain a peaceful shore,
Where tempests are no more :
Why do I mourn ?

Through gloom and desert blight,
'They pass to homes so bright
That e'en our Sun is night :
 Why do I mourn ?

Here none are fully blest,
There weary ones find rest,
Leaning on Jesus' breast :
 Why do I mourn ?

My darksome journey through,
Dear ones ! I'll fly to you—
If to my Savior true—
 And cease to mourn.

EVENING HYMN.

Lord, we come to ask Thy blessing
Ere in sleep we seek our rest :
Fervent prayer to Thee addressing,
For the good Thou deemest best.

For Thy mercy now we praise Thee,
Shown to us thro' out the day :
Lord, Thy mercy high doth raise Thee,
Higher far than sweetest lay.

May that mercy still abiding
Pardon all our fearful guilt :
Lord, we come to Thee confiding
In the Blood on Calvary spilt.

May Thy gracious benediction
Rest on friends beyond the sea :
Or in joy or deep affliction,
May they find their all in Thee.

Ditties.

THE LITTLE PINE LADDER.

Three things hang over the mantel—
With *one* we measure the air :
No, not the air exactly,
But we measure its *heat*—all fair :
When the warm breath of Summer comes,
The silvery line grows long,
And honest and true it shortens,
As wintry blasts grow strong :
This measure for *heat* shows mind,
Some one has thought and planned,
Something ne'er comes from *nothing*
Without a creating hand :
Somebody fashioned the wood,
And some one marked off the lines,
And the quicksilver somebody got
By delving deep down in the mines :

The *glass-blower* blew the tube
 With exquisite skill and care,
 And the *brazier* wrought out the brass,
 And the *painter* comes in for a share :
 I know not the labor required,
 Nor of skill, how great the treasure,
 To make *number one* o'er the mantel—
 This instrument called a *heat-measure*.

Number *two* is a *bracket* made by a boy—
 A boy that can run and climb,
 Swim like a fish through the water,
 Darn stockings, braid mats, make rhyme,
 Play music, solve problems, do well
 A host of things I may not stop to tell :
 He carved out each leaf and each vine.
 And gave me the *bracket* so fine.

And now number *three*—what is it ?
 A poor *little ladder of pine*—
 And some perchance may question
 The taste that would thus combine
 A toy of such rude construction
 With the *Measure* and the *Bracket* so fine !
 But list while I tell the story !
 Some things that but trifles seem

Hide 'neath the seeming a *wealth*
Far greater than jewels that gleam !

'Number *three* that hangs o'er the mantel
Is *only* a 'ladder of pine',
But the dear little girl who made it
Was part of this life of mine ;
And the tossing, seething ocean
Rolls between her and me,
And I know not if e'er I shall see her
Till we stand by the jasper sea.

So I look at the little pine ladder,
And think of the years gone by,
Of the kind, winsome ways of our darling,
Of her helpless infancy,
Of the loving words of her childhood
Of her hand linked with mine in prayer :
And I wish on the ladder from heaven,
Let down to this world of care,
The holy, bright angels may come ;
And I wish to them may be given.
Thro' gladness—it may be thro' fear—
In this world, so dark and sin-laden,
To watch o'er the steps of the maiden,
Our Agnes, our darling, our dear.

TWO BROWN ACORNS,
OR
ASPIRATIONS AND RESULTS.

Two little hard brown acorns
I just by chance espied,
As I took a morning ramble
Down by the river side :
I found them gaily chatting—
As acorns sometimes will—
About the various projects
That did their visions fill.

Said one, "*My* aspirations
Would covet fame's grand sound :
Could I but reach the river
I'd sail the wide world round :
I'd brave the furious tempest,
Dance on the wild wave's crest,
Visit the larger kingdoms,
And the isles on ocean's breast ;

That *Open sea* I'd traverse
 Unsailed by Doctor Kane,—
If the good man now were living,
 He'd feel his glory wane—
And then I'd come back home
 To tell my wondrous story,—
Cheer up! so closely we're allied,
 My fame will be *your* glory—
And all the other acorns
 Will think me very grand;
In fact I think my praises
 Will sound throughout the land.”
He paused and proudly looked,
 Looked round upon the other,
As if to say “How well for you
 That I was born your brother!

Then thoughtfully the other spoke
 Words chosen free from boast,—
People with brains well-filled
 Don't often brag the most—
“Acorns,” he said’ “twould seem
 Were hardly formed to travel,
Indeed the place *I* wish
 Would be 'neath earth and gravel,
'Tis in this way, I've heard,

We burst our prison wall,
And so, at length, become
Great oaks, widespread and tall ;
Thus I might be of use,
Might hope to count as one
Among the trees required
Under this rolling sun."

Just then a troop of boys
Came rushing toward the river ;
They doffed their caps to me,
Then played as hard as ever.
Our aspirant for fame,
They tossed him to the tide,
While the humbler, wiser acorn
They 'neath the ground did hide :
'Twas all done in a trice,
And only just for fun,
But I thought how easily
Each friend his wish had won.

And then in dreams I wandered
Adown the future dim,
Part seemed like sober truth,
And part like fancy's whim :

I thought I saw our traveler
Sail 'mid polar ice,
Then drift down toward the tropics,
Then round the wide world twice :
And then he came back home
A *blasted, withered thing*,
Nor did a single acorn
His praises think to sing.

And then my mind moved on,
Down many a year of time,
And I saw our wiser friend
Just in his beauteous prime—
Not now a humble seedling,
But a noble, giant *oak*,
And all the people round
His praises sang and spoke :
Here the children came to frolic,
And the young folks came to sing,
And the old men sat in council
With the wisdom age doth bring :
And here on quiet Sundays
Would the good man lead his flock,
And point them far from earthly streams
To the Fountain from the Rock.

Hard by I saw a *forest*,
 “Oak”—so ’twas told to me—
Whose proud descent was traced
 Back to our noble tree :
’Twas said wood from this forest
 Was wanted far and wide—
First in the native land,
 And then beyond the tide—
Wanted for lowly cottage,
 Wanted for towering mast,
Wanted for cheering fire
 In the cold of Winter’s blast :
And for other things—a thousand—
 Which I may not stop to tell,
Save the dear old *oaken bucket*
 That hangeth in the well.

Ditties and Fables.



KUSHAN MONASTERY AND VIEWS

Sound of lazy Bonzes,
 Droning out their prayers :
Senseless, lifeless Buddha,
 Neither knows nor cares :
Bell and book and candle,
 Beads and scrolls and flowers ;
Incense ever rising,
 All the passing hours ;
Chants, prostrations, kneelings,
 Marchings to and fro,
Folded hands, drooped eyelids,
 Hearts without a glow.

Sound of merry waters,
 Tinkling o'er the stones ;

Sound of gentle zephyrs,
 Borne in whispered tones ;
Shadows coming, going,
 Quivering here and there,
Like so many fairies
 Flitting thro' the air :
Wonder if the fairies
 Do come out and play !
Tipping each a leaflet,
 Each a tiny spray !

Peaks of misty blueness,
 Islands of the main ;
Hills like giant monsters,
 Sleeping on the plain :
Streams of molten silver,
 Threading every where ;
Odors of the pine trees,
 Scenting all the air.

Clouds athwart the blue ether,
 Floating like bridal veil,
Concealing—no, only half-hiding
 With the mist so fair and so frail :
And then from beyond that blue ether,
 Where the white-winged angels dwell,

Methinks there comes floating downward
The song that the angels tell—
“Peace upou earth from Heaven,
Good will from Heaven to man,
Glory to God in the highest.”
Even so the glad tidings ran.

So thanks to thee, long loved Mountain !
Adieu to thy beauties rare !
Thanks to thine upward pointing,
As I travel this world of care.

SOMETHING NEW.

On the ocean wide
Where the azure tide
Meeteth the azure sky,
There is oft a sight
That causeth delight
And pleaseth the eager eye.

There are *whales* that roam
Thro' the snowy foam
And play at will a fountain :

And *winds* that rave
O'er the dashing wave
And heap up many a *mountain*.

There are *fish* that fly,
And *birds* that ply
Their oars on the restless ocean,
With the white-winged ship
That fieth to sip
The sweets of a foreign nation.
But these I had seen,
And scarce could glean
Aught new this side our haven,
Till I saw one day,
Mid the glittering spray,
A "reindeer" chase a "raven."

“ THERE'S A WILD CAT DOWN HERE ! ”

SHARP PEAK—BY THE SEA.

AUGUST 15. 1888.

Who wouldn't be *wild* I'd like to know—
When *city* cats eat up my rats,
And *city* dog comes down below
And hunts me up with bravest show !
And a Rev'd man from far Shaowu
With his mincing '*hang*' and '*hieu*' and '*hu*',
Sets wily trap, If I may hap,
All desp'rate with the famine sore,
To enter in thro' tilted door,
And humbly nibble the bait he set
And then get caught in the cruel net !
But I've fixed them all—

That *city* dog and those *city* cats
These last—the ones that ate my rats—
Don't like to argue with my claws,
Don't like the teeth that arm my jaws ;
They've gone far hence to old Foochow
Nor dare henceforth to come, I trow—
“And the trap ? ” O yes, I did get in—
But out I got ! for *wedge*, my *chin*.

THE DUODECIMO SOLUTION.

Good biddy flew up to her nest one day,
And perched on its edge in a comical way,
Just to count the nice eggs the boys did
arrange,

In hope of some chickens to furnish them
“change”.

She turns her head this way, she turns
it that,

She squints and she cackles — pray what
is she at !

“One, two, three, four—five six, seven—
Eight, nine, ten—only *eleven* !

Absurd to think of my strutting around
With five-and-a-half pairs over the ground !
Why in the world couldn't they give me
one

To make *even count*, as I view my chicks o'er !
There's good Mrs. Walker—I supposed that she
Was just as wise as wisdom could be,
But perhaps—O yes, I guess she was out,

Went to see Mrs. Gordon or wander about :
She should have been home to attend to
this matter,—

My friends far and near know I'm not one
to flatter—

But then there were Carrie and Deanie
and Fred,

Joe Herrick and Albert and Hattie and Ned,
Julia Harding and Ruby and dear little Nell,
Put them all together and I'm sure they
might tell

That hens never like to be spending their
strength

Sitting for chickens, and then at length,

Have only one—three—five—seven,

Eight—nine—ten—only eleven !

I'll fly on my nest—an egg I'll lay—

I'll do it—I'll do it this very day !

I'll show them I've spirit ! I'll have the round
dozen !

And not that absurd droll figure-*eleven* !

But stop, I'm spared the delay and the
trouble,

For, 'sure 'as I stand here, there's an

egg double!

So Biddy hopped on sat the long three weeks,
And came off in 'triumph with *twelve* peeping
chicks.

THE SPARROW'S SOLILOQUY.

TO A—AND A—SEPTEMBER, 1874.

I'm hopping about on the porch, chip, chip!

I'm hopping about with a skip, skip, skip!

I want some bread, and I want some cake,

O my, how I wish they'd hurry and bake!

At *nine* I saw him go out to the street—

Ka-ku, I mean—I wish he'd be fleet!

I watched him as far as I could see—

Watched from the top of the banyan tree:

O! here he comes with his basket full!

Wish he'd come nearer and let me pull.

A few '*yellow bullets*' from out of the bunch!

Just to make for me a nice little lunch!

O, well, he's gone—gone to bake, I suppose,

So I'll hie me off to where the crows

Will sing me to sleep with their *caw!*

caw! caw!

And kitty can't come with her sly little paw.
There ! I've had my nap, and now I'll go.
For two little girls are about to throw
Some crumbs of cake and some crumbs
of bread
Out on the porch—they heard what I said !
Chip, chip ! skip, skip ! nip, nip !

GERTIE.

Dainty little maiden,
With thy shapely head,
With thy curls all golden,
Tell me what was said
To thine inner spirit,
To thy very self,
Causing smile to ripple ?
Was it sunny elf,
Whispering of thy play-dreams,
Beckoning thee to come
Out mid ferns and streamlets
To the fairies' home ?
Thou didst dream of chasing
Butterfly and bee,

Through the scented clover
To the shady tree :
Thou didst dream of launching
Tiny little bark
Out on sparkling waters
For some destined mark :
Thou didst transport cargoes—
Loads and loads of sand,
Twigs of silver maple,
To that distant land :
Bits of shining china
That should serve for tiles,
Heaps of chosen pebbles,
To those Emerald Isles :
And then, beneath thy fingers,
Busy little sprites !
Rose there towers and turrets
On the dizzy heights :
Neat and cozy dwellings ,
Church and mansion fair,
Very like the castles
Men build up in air :
And they all were peopled
By thy fancy free,
With just the the loveliest dollies

Ever eyes did see :
And then, mid shouts of laughter,
They all came tumbling down
At touch of tiny fingers—
Castle and tower and town.

Do I wrong thee, blue-eyed maiden,
Thou of the soft gold curl,
Thou of the rosy mouth,
Do I wrong thee, dear little girl ?
Perchance some shining seraph,
At bidding of God the while,
Just wreathed thy baby-face
With print of an angel's smile—
O, brighter and fairer is earth
For the children who dwell therein !
Beautiful flowers of Eden,
Blooming midst thorns of sin—
No, I know not what caused the *smile*
On thy erstwhile thoughtful face,
But I draw from the story told
A lesson for thee to trace.

Thou truly art building, dear little one,
Ever from day to day,
Nay, rather from moment to moment,
And the building will last for aye :

Each act is making thy character,
Each word is helping it on,
And e'en the thoughts of thy babyheart—
Known but to thy God alone—
Working in buried stillness
Working by day and by night,
Give color and stamp to thy building ;
Shall the tinting be *dark* or be *bright* ?
Let the pillars be firm and unyielding,
Like palace be polished the stone,
So that Jesus when viewing thy work
Will be glad He can call it His own,
Will be glad He can welcome thee upward,
Where only the holy have trod,
To the beautiful radiant city,
Whose builder and maker is God.

OUR OLD CAT.

Kitty ! kitty ! just came here,
All is peaceful—needn't fear !
Sit close by me, good old cat,
Don't be sleepy, have a chat !
Now just tell me, once for all,
Was it for food you jumped the wall ?
Teacher ! teacher ! glad I own
'Twas for food and food alone :
I just saw a fine young rat,
Sleek and shining, round and fat ;
Could I let slip *such* a prize ?
Let him off before my eyes ?
But alas ! I ran too slow,
He gained the house—a sheltered foe !
In that house are lots of food,
Bits of chicken, gr^and and good,
But I did not dare pursue—
Feared those *Misses*, would not you ?

But just give me once a chance,
Won't I make that young rat dance !

Kitty ! kitty ! much I fear,
When such talk from you I hear ;
Fear you'll meet with some sad fate,
So I warn, *don't turn too late !*
Promise me to mend your ways,
That so in peace you end your days.
Teacher ! teacher ! please attend !
I seek wisdom from my friend ;
Men kill sheep and cows and fowls,
Cats kill rats and mice and owls :
Both want food, and now in verse,
Tell me, friend, which is the worse ?

THE GRAY KITTY.

SHARP PEAK SANITARIUM

JULY 30, 1885.

Little gray kitty
Came from the city
 Down to the sea :
She is frisky and fussy—
This little gray pussy—
 And she frightens me—

When I'm not looking,
She seems to be cooking,
 In merry bright glee,
 A dish up for me :
And when I'm all snug,
Wrapped up in my rug,
 In the old long chair ;
Why ! the gray little thing
Just gives such a spring,
 Like a sprite of the air.

O, you naughty gray kitty
That came from the city,
 How do you dare !

THE BOY NORMAN.

IN SIX ACTS.

Norman trudges round the floor.
Norman watches keen the door,
Says by acts we cannot doubt,
“Grandma ! now do let me out,
Grandma ! grandma ! don’t you see.
All the wide world was made for me ?
But —seems to me.— I’m like my *fish*,
Prisoned in that small glass dish,
Or like a *prisoner* in his cell,
Or like a *frog* down in the well :
So, grandma ! do let me out,
To see what *my big world’s* about.”

So grandma opens wide the door,
Norman treads the threshold o’er :
With eager eyes and cheeks a-bloom,
Goes trudging toward the dining room :
Then knocks a bit. “Come in ! come in ! ”
Sounds forth a cheery voice within.
Norman enters—looks around,
Then makes his mind up at a bound.

“Norman ! Norman ! Don’t go there !
That, you see, is the organ-chair.
Its tidy, gray of Quaker tinge,
Conceals a tempting, pretty fringe—
’Fraid you’ll break it, little man !
So try now, make some other plan”.

Norman peers again around,
And makes his mind up at a bound,
Gets grandpa Baldwin’s shining cane—
“Take care! take care!! the window pane!!!”

‘Grandpa lays aside his book,
And with a happy, cheerful look
Stands him on the dining table,
Arms spread round him like a cable.
Hear ‘grandma’ Baldwin’s frantic call !
“Careful now ! don’t let him fall ! ”

—Norman thinks the matter o’er,
And then says “Strange ! not one can see
The *whole wide wold* was made for me”

And then he leaves with cheeks more ruddy,
And goes to grandpa Hartwell’s study :
Grandpa rides him on his shoulder,
Norman feels both bigger, older—
Says “Thank you, Grandpa, now I see
More of the world that’s made for me”

MOTHER BIRD.

Mother bird ! mother bird ! now tell me why
All the day long you back and forth fly,
 All the day long you never stop to sit,
 All the day long you never rest a bit ;
Over there the banyan tree grows tall
 and staid,
Thick are the green leaves, dense is the
 shade ;
 Plenty of insects to furnish you with food—
 Seems to me to stay there would just be-
 for your good.
Plenty of little birds to make you feel all
 cheery,
Never need you pine alone, feeling sad and
 dreary ;
 So, my little feathered friend ! I counsel
 you to be,
Now and on henceforth, a tenant of that
 tree.

Then mother bird bent low, as, poised, she
stopped quite near me,
It seemed to please her little heart to wait a
trice to hear me ;

And then she said, replying,
I've something very nice, Sir,
But I can well opine

You'd never guess the price, Sir ;
At the side of your house, *up, up*, very high,
Where *cats* can never come. however they
may sigh,

I've built the coziest nest in a safe and
secret place,
It's just the loveliest house that ever bird
did grace :

In *that* I have three birdies

As dear as dear can be

I bear them on my heart,

They' re just like life to me :

I flit past back and forth

Throughout the whole day long,

While some who have no nestlings

Can spend the time in song—

It matters not—be it rain, be it shine,

I'm gathering up food for these birdies
of mine.

Grandma B—

WAS WILLIE GRAY A COWARD ?

POETIC SCINTILLATIONS FROM "THE LITTLE CORPORAL."

The above was prepared for a class in English. It is founded on a piece in the Little Corporal, Hie-chu, the only girl in the class, recited it at Examination in the Boys' school, Muk-li drew the various scenes on the Black board, and they remained far into the next term.

H. F. B.

Foochow Home, Christmas, 1893.

Once on a time small Willie G.

Sat studying 'neath an old oak tree :

Firm in his hand he held a book,

From which his eyes he never took ;

Till, bounding up came Johnny Lent,

And panted out with breath half-spent.

"O Willie gray ! small Willie Gray !

Let's go and have some sport to-day !

In yonder field is tiptop fun

Let's mount that horse and make him run."

Says Will, "O no, I cannot go
This lesson's very hard, you know ;
Then too, the teacher's quite precise,
So now please leave me in a trice"
Says John "That's not the reason why
You will not go ; so do not try
To make me think you're not afraid,
Tis but a thin excuse you've made ;
Sure now I've found you out to-day,
You're just a *coward*, Willie Gray !

So Willie went. was tossed on stones,
And left that field with broken bones
And tears and moans and dreadful groans,
And now himself a coward owns—

Ah, Willie Gray !

Don't mind
er,
eve

FOOCHOW CHRISTMAS MORNING. 1875.

Dear Children, I've come brimful of my glee,
And have planted for you so splendid a *tree*,
That I think the Wee One on the great
 Dragon throne
Might count himself rich, could he call it
 his own.

What fruit do you fancy my tree doth bear?
Not peaches, nor apples, nor cherries
 so fair :

But strange to tell, in this bristling pine,
With cones so somber, needles so fine,
Are dollies and candies; and, dearie-dear-me!
I'll end the list up with an *e-t-c.*

This tree is for *you*, my fairy friends gay,
From *Santa*, bent over and wrinkled and gray:
For—take care! be careful! I'll lose the
 tally!—

Bert Osgood the judge and blue-eyed Hallie,
 For Katie and Mabel,
 Sweeter than fable ;

For the trim little tottie,
Dark-eyed Lottie,
For Allie and Johnnie, Charlie and Ban,
A bright little row from a brave Scotch clan ;
For tootsie Runnell, Jennie and Lena,
For Alice and Agnes, Josie, and Tina ;
For Ruthie and Emmie, the two merry girls,
Who skip all about, tossing their curls ;
For Mamie and Ervin, Gracie and Gertie,
Abbie and Eddie, Lulu and Bertie :
For you, little May with your wide-awake brain,
For Maudie, the darling, bright link of the
chain ;
For Annie and Charlie and all the wee dears,
Whose ages have never been counted by years—
You must stand and survey with all your bright
eyes
The beauty and grace of your wonderful prize :
And if you don't mind—give a *ring*, loud and
clear,
For the evergreen tree, so full of good cheer,
And my darling old pack, so quaint and so
queer,
And then a 'Hurrah' for the ^aD~~h~~one, and the Czar,
The Queen, and the land of the Stripe and the
Star.

Now I'm off ! for your dear ones over the sea
 In a telegram say "We are waiting for thee ;"
 If not asking too much for a bright Christmas
 day,
 Send a message to tell if you are sorry or gay ;
 Now I'm off like the lightning—only making a
 pause
 To dash down my name— Your friend,
 Santa Claus.

FOOCHOW, CHRISTMAS AFTERNOON. 1875.

Santa, Dear Sir.
 You left in a hurry,
 Such a fearful flurry !
 'Tis painful to think,
 How over the brink
 Of the jumping-off place
 That circles the space
 We call our world,
 You were planning to dash
 As quick as a flash
 Of lightning is hurled !

 We hope our good friend
 Met with no dreadful end,

That the darling old pack
Never whirred from your back
As you sped o'er the depths of old ocean :
That you perched without stop
On some broad chimney top,
With a tiptoe bound
And never a sound
To wake people round,
And stir up a prying commotion.

Now, soon as we're able,
By submarine cable,
We tender true thanks
From all our gay ranks,
And gladly confess
The brilliant success
Of the evergreen tree
Planted by thee :
Thro' out the long years
We shall cherish—

But stop ! some people do allege
That Santa Claus is Mr. Hedge !
It's a *ruse* ! he never went over the sea,
But has been here all the while, watching
the tree !

And *himself* has measured our thanks by
the joys

Of this frolicsome troop of girls and boys!

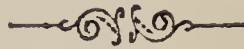
So our telegram we'll not prolong,

And join our merry *Friend of Song*

In —————

(Here, in comes Mr. Walker with)

“Up on the house, no delay, no pause.”



Later Poems.

THE SOUL.

I saw a ship— a lonely ship ;
They called her the *Advance*.
So desolate that frozen sea,
I said “she’s here by chance” :
But no ; amid the twilight gloom,
Betokening months of night,
Two dusky forms went shivering past
My weary, wondering sight :
They talked about their ice-bound ship,
About their need of food,
Of fearful sufferings they endured,
But all in patient mood :
'Tis nothing, so they bravely said,
If we but reach the goal,
If we but prove an open sea
Doth truly flood the pole :
'Tis nothing, so we haply find
Brave Franklin and his men,
Or if in science we may add
Somewhat to human ken.
And so I found as I looked abroad,
That life of man on earth

Is a ceaseless round of weighing
What this or that is worth :
All things are weighed—opinions, time,
Pain, pleasure, motives, gold :
Within these mental scales are tried
Things varied, things untold :
The farmer hopes for golden sheaves
As he patient tills the soil,
And the merchant puts his shining gain
'Gainst risk, and care and toil ;
The warrior wears his laurel crown
For fiercest conflict given,
And the martyr dieth joyfully
For God and truth and heaven.
And then I thought, "There's a jewel fair,
Whose worth 'twere well to try ;
To me it seems more precious far
Than aught beneath the sky."
And so into one scale I put
A living human soul,
And in the other all the gems
E'er found from pole to pole ;
They naught availed, no, naught,
So void of worth, so light ;
Nor did this spacious globe of ours
Weigh e'en a single mite :
And then I put in heaven—its love,

Its holy, blest employ,
Its sinless beauty, wondrous peace,
And all that makes its joy :
Then next I added hell—its gloom,
Its tears that vainly flow ;
Its deep remorse, its lone despair,
And all that makes its woe :
Then to these each—these elements
Of deepest pain and pleasure,
A long duration I affixed,
Eternity its measure—
Eternity ! Eternity !
Exponent vast of power,
Whose involutions infinite
Beyond all numbers tower !
I looked—the scales were equal poised—
Not through the long forever
Should I comprehend the priceless worth
Of the soul that dieth never.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

I wander in the valley,
 The way seems dark and drear :
 I cannot see my Savior,
 But sure He must be near :
 For He His help hath promised ;
 His Word—it cannot fail !
 And oft the soul He cheereth,
 Crossing the darksome vale.
 Oh, the clouds are breaking, breaking !
 I see the the azure sky,
 The radiant land beyond it,
 The blessed home on high !
 “Jerusalem, the golden” !
 Thy walls with jewels bright,
 Thy battlements and towers
 Are bursting on my sight !
 O holy, wondrous City !
 Thou art passing fair within,
 Thou hast no shade of sorrow.
 Thou hast no thought of sin !
 Zephyrs from life’s pure river
 Float round me even here,

And songs of the countless ransomed
Fall on my listening ear :

I see the holy angels,
I hear their chorus grand :
O sweet, O rapturous music
Of that thrice blessed land !
There dwells the loving Savior.
His pitying face I see,
And oh ! He kindly looketh,
Looketh down on me !

Farewell all doubt and sorrow,
Farewell, all anxious fear ;
Enough for me that Jesus,
That Jesus sees me here !
Farewell my precious loved ones
Now threading sorrow's night ;
Oh, say you'll surely meet me
In the blissful world of light !

Now the angels wait around me
To bear me to the sky,
To the radiant land of glory,
The blessed home on high.
Jesus, I'm coming, coming !
O sweet, O heavenly day !
Ye loving, waiting angels,
Now bear my soul away !

DEATH OF THE MISSIONARY'S
DAUGHTER.

“With great sorrow I have to inform you that our dearest Sarah has passed away.”

“Passed away”—such the words that came
to us

From o'er the restless sea—came after weeks
Of weary waiting for some line of love—

“Passed away”—the flower plucked, the
young life fled!

The child, so full of happiness, entombed!

We might not bathe the burning brow, nor
press

The cooling draught to those hot, fevered
lips:

We might not read to her the Word of Life,
Nor bid her keep fast hold of Jesus' hand,
As thro' the darksome vale of death she
walked!

We might not deck with flowers her lowly
bed,

Nor follow to that spot where lie our
treasures!

No, months had passed and winter's snow
had draped

Her tomb, ere came the tidings, “Passed
away.”

Death of the Missionary's Daughter. 7

I cannot tell the anguish of that hour,
When all seemed so at variance with our
grief;
No hush of footstep nor of voice prepared
Our hearts for coming of those death-fraught
words;
Life's current hurried on with wonted stir:
'Twas like the arrowed lightning singling us
From out the busy crowd, and scathing
hearts
Oft scathed before--

Oh why this added grief?
God chastens whom He loves; enough if e'en
With stripes He brings us to Himself—Life's
Fount,
The Sum of all that's wise or good or just!

But why this *waste*? Nay, 'twere wrong to
call it *waste*:

This universe is God's, and if a transfer
He would make from Earth's domain of sin
To Heaven's wide realm of bliss, where the
glad soul
Unfettered plumes its wings to flight beyond
All reach of mortal ken or earth-born
thought,
Where all its powers, ransomed from thrall
of sin,
Do service to the utmost for its God—
Why call it *Waste*?

We trust our Flower still blooms,
Blooms in the heavenly fields; we trust our
child
Has joined the countless throng of holy ones
Before the great white throne. And would

