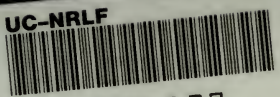


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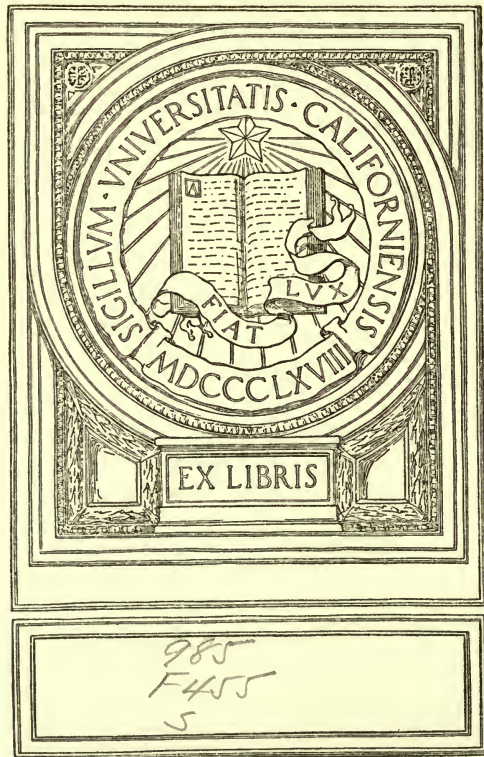
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Solitude

John Field

Letter

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Selections from Poems

by
Mary Field

THE UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

WITH

Biographical Sketches

This is life: the Shadow of Death always
overhangs, but earnest souls who love and
live the Truth do conquer death.

Bishop Vincent

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1914

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1914

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To that Choir of Sisters,
Carlotta, Isabella, Eugenie and Eloise Mabury,
acknowledgement of their helpfulness in
the making of this book.

M. F. H.

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Dedication

To

Sarah Trow Carter

*In Remembrance of a gracious Friendship
in age, in youth, through
sixty years*

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Biographical Sketches



If we could but keep our hearts pure this day, untainted by the many pettinesses, untouched by the things the world deems important, undiverted by the fictitious values and standards set up by various sections of mankind; who knows what vision—aye of Infinity itself—might be vouchsafed to us.

Richard Wagner.

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Mary H. Field

1890

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Mary Field

Biographical Sketch by Mabel Field Hastings

Mrs. Mary Field was born in 1833 in Niles, Michigan, when a few small settlements broke the wilderness between there and Detroit, nearly two hundred miles away. Her father, Nathaniel Bacon, then a studious young attorney, was later one of the first judges of the supreme court of Michigan. Her mother was of Scotch descent, and though she had grown up in her grandfather's luxurious home in New York, she was radiant with enthusiasm over the life of that far West. Mrs. Field (little Mary Hannah Bacon) was born in a log cabin, the first white child christened in southwestern Michigan.

Her maternal grandfather, Joseph Sweetman, a Scotch Presbyterian minister, was called to the Fifth Avenue "Brick Church" of New York City, but he declined the call choosing "the simple life" in Charlton, New York. Mrs. Field's great-grandfather was Judge Edward Savage: on his old slate tombstone in New York the record is that he was for twenty-one years a member of the New York legislature, for forty years an elder in the Presbyterian church. His father was Captain John Savage, an adventurous sea captain and stanch patriot who served in the French and Indian wars. Though long wounded and going with a crutch, he led his men at the storming of Ticonderoga. Mrs. Field's paternal grandmother was an ardent student, who in her youth, when the printed page was rare, walked

thirty-nine miles, or thereabouts, to borrow and return a bound volume of Addison's Spectator which she fairly learned by heart.

Little Mary was left motherless in her seventh year. Then came to mother the children, this grandmother whose strong character and intellectual fire left its potent impress throughout their lives. Mary was educated almost intirely at home. At the age of four she could read well in the Testament—and was ever an omnivorous reader. In her early home there were inspiring influences: the original mind of her eldest brother Edward, the fine personality of her elder brother Joseph, and a great love for the younger children. There were four sisters in the household and six brothers. All her brothers became attorneys. The house teemed with youthful energy, held within bounds by the austere puritanic ideals of the head of the house and by the invaluable influence of the stepmother, Caroline Lord Bacon, sister of Dr. John Lord, author of Beacon Lights of History. She was a woman of high education, refinement and spirituality. Mrs. Emily Hoppin, widely known in social, educational and philanthropic work, is her daughter. Frederick Bacon, the author of standard law books, is her son.

Mary Bacon was a student in New York City for one year, graduating at Brooklyn Heights Seminary. The editor of the publication which later became St. Nicholas Magazine, observing this intellectual girl on commencement day, called to see her and asked her to stay in New York and be on the magazine staff. She was then eighteen.

She returned to her home in Michigan, and four years later was married to Frederick Field. Their home was for seventeen years in the picturesque Vermont mountain town of East Dorset, birthplace of their six children. There came unspeakable tragedy in the death of three children in one month from typhoid fever.

Sketches

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Mrs. Field's life's story of mother-love she told in verses which are now in permanent collections and will live through centuries. Her literary work is reviewed in following pages of this volume. In 1874 Mr. Field brought his family to San Jose, California, which became their home for many years. Aside from swift and versatile literary achievement, Mrs. Field worked *con amore* for the church, for charities and philanthropies, lectured at Stanford University on sociological topics, was for many years director of the Monterey Summer School, and for twelve years was Pacific Coast secretary of the home reading circles of the Chautauqua Society, then of large membership and forerunner of university extension. Mrs. Field became one of the most popular women on the Pacific Coast, to which fact the accompanying extracts from letters show "so great a cloud of witnesses." This wide popularity was the more unusual as Mrs. Field was not of "popular" type: abstraction in thought was habitual, a spirit-like remoteness was characteristic of her gentle presence. She resembled her father, his rugged profile was developed in her face into tender, noble lines, the eyes were gray and deep-set, her brow was of intellectual beauty * * * * *

Biographical Sketches

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An editorial by Judge John E. Richards, on the eve of Mrs. Field's departure from San Jose for the East in 1891:

As has been announced in our social columns, Mrs. Mary H. Field will in a few days leave San Jose to make her home in the East. This means to us something more than the closing of a hospitable house, the absence of a pleasant family and the lack of the personal presence of a friend. It means that in many circles of work there will be missing hereafter an energy, an influence and a leadership that have been most potent and helpful in the past, and the withdrawal of which cannot but be accounted as a great loss. Mrs. Field has long occupied a unique position in relation to the various elements and cliques of our society, and when she departs will leave no one to take her place. In her church and its societies and work, in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in the Chautauqua classes, and the literary circles of the city, she has been not only a leader but an inspiration. Her versatility has enabled her to be unobtrusively masterful in all that she undertook, and having undertaken much, her daily life among us has been directly helpful to a greater variety of men and women and in more varied ways than that of any other one person among us. Her absence therefore will be sorely felt in many ways and at many times, and the loss cannot be made up until she herself returns to live with us again and reopen for us her hospitable home.

From the San Jose Mercury



MARY FIELD

Sculptured by T. B. Jackson, 1886



Monterey, California
Detroit Pub. Co.

Extracts from biographical sketch by Lucy M. Washburn

**** Mrs. Mary H. Field was for twenty years associated in varied ways with the very best of San Jose life, and her memory will long live in many hearts. **** Mr. and Mrs. Field and their children came to San Jose in 1874. Mrs. Field's personality, while modest and gentle, was of so high an order as to be quickly felt in San Jose. In the Presbyterian church, where her husband was an elder, Mrs. Field was foremost in every good work. Often she was president of missionary and other societies, but was equally ready to help in every capacity. Her religion, deep, thoughtful, yet joyous, full of a cheerful and steadfast faith, was the main-spring of her life, shown not only in her church loyalty and activity, but in every relation—in the family, the neighbor-

From the San Jose Mercury, July 1912.

Biographical Sketches

hood, the community. Her quick intelligence and her vital interest in every living question were equaled by her social charm, and she was sought in every circle. Her sense of humor played over her solid qualities and enlivened her quiet dignity most attractively, helping to make her a rare conversationalist.

Her ready pen disclosed the same qualities of her personality. It was at the service of every good cause, and generous to grace social occasions. Many a graphic report, or tenderly written personal tribute, charming poem or jeu d'esprit remains, the best history of the event that called it forth. Their merit made them constantly sought for publication, and thus many of them have happily been preserved by the Mercury and other periodicals. A missionary appeal would in her hands take the form of a quaint and moving story—"Ezra and Me and the Missionary Boards." Her gay little parody, "This is the Church Mrs. Cobb Built," preserves for smiles and tears the rollcall and the very spirit of the united effort that enlarged the building of the old pioneer First Church, afterward laid low by the earthquake. It is to her "Arboreal Song" that we must turn to realize the greatest beauty San Jose possessed—the noble triple lines of grand trees planted by the Mission Fathers between Santa Clara and San Jose, that made the broad avenue indeed, "The Alameda, the beautiful Way, the pride and joy of San Jose."

The copies of this poem still extant in the form of an illustrated booklet sold for the benefit of the Orphans' Home, to which Mrs. Field donated it, should be treasured by San Joseans, who have lost the glory of the ancient trees.

Everything Mrs. Field wrote had the literary touch. But her poetic gift was not limited to the service of occasions. Some exquisite poems of hers voicing the deeper experiences, particularly of motherhood, and appealing to the

universal heart have found their way through magazines and newspapers into general circulation, and have become a part of our permanent national literature.

Mrs. Field wrote valuable literary and historical studies, many sketches of life in Mexico, and in her seventieth year becoming interested in the language when sojourning in Mexico, she published a much needed English-Mexican book of household phrases.

As secretary of the Pacific Coast branch of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific circle Mrs. Field carried on a wide correspondence and exerted a large influence during the years when that society pioneered the way on this coast for university extension and other reading courses of study. This work made her the leader of hundreds of readers, gathered in "circles" or inspired in their solitary studies in the wide, lonely spaces of California. It also made her a central figure in the summer assembly at Pacific Grove, and eventually gave her a warm reception at the great parent assembly at Chautauqua Lake, New York, which she visited in the year of the World's Fair. Two of her best-known books were the outgrowth of this connection—"Kate Thurston's Chautauqua Circle" and "The Evolution of Mrs. Thomas." The latter book brought her warm recognition from that best judge of such writing in the land, Edward Everett Hale, who told her, as he grasped her hand, that it was the best Chautauqua book he had ever read. And crowning her Chautauqua work and intercourse with its leaders was her permanent friendship with the eminent founder of the institution, Bishop Vincent, whose appreciation of Mrs. Field has shown itself deep and lasting.

Although it is over twenty years since her home was in San Jose, the intervening time having led her far away with her daughter and sons—to Colorado, to New York City, to Mexico—she has been several times a guest in our

city, at the home of Mrs. S. R. Field, and has never lost touch with old friends nor with the progress of San Jose. Her last visit here, nearly two years ago, was made the occasion of an ovation by the Monday Club, of which she had been one of the foremost members. In 1903 Mrs. Field sent from New York City the following response to an invitation to attend a reunion with San Jose friends—when a continent lay between. It may well be published here, as if a last word from her to her many friends and to the San Jose she loved and adorned.

ANOTHER GUEST

Not as of old at the Egyptian board
The cerement-vestured dead
Stood in his wonted place with meagre form
And darkly mantled head

A shadowing presence, hushing youth's gay laugh,
Quenching the jest and song,
And whispering in the unwilling ear of life,
"Thou too, thou too, ere long!"

Nor as a ghostly comrade, wan and strange,
With gliding step, alone,
Claiming with upraised finger and cold eye
All that was once my own.

Nay, nay, not with unwonted garb or mien,
Nor with unsmiling face,
But just as in the days gone by I seek
The dear familiar place.

I stretch out friendly hands to meet your grasp,
My eyes with warm lights fill,
And to the music of your welcoming cheer
My heart is all athrill.

Across the severing mountains and wide plains
Flies my untrammelled soul—
O friends beloved, make room for me I pray,
Have I not reached my goal?



Suns-t Pub. Co.

Almond Orchard Near San Jose, Cal.

By Maria Holly Sheldon

* * * * Mrs. Field was a woman of unusual charm, and she threw a spell over all who came within the radius of her winning and gracious personality. The author, Elizabeth Prentiss, who was her friend in the old Dorset days, said of her, "She is a woman who has on her the touch of genius."

A delicate humor, a never failing optimism, the God-given intuition that found the best in everyone: these were distinguishing charms of hers. In a time of bitter religious controversy her nephew was heard to say to her, "Aunt Mary, what do you say to all this discussion?" "I would say," was her reply, "Little children, love one another."

In conversation, she drew on a fund of stories, and of personal experiences in times of trial and of joy. In corre-

In part from obituary notice in The Manchester Journal

Biographical Sketches

spondence she gave herself lavishly to her family and friends. Little packages of letters from her facile pen have been cherished it is safe to say, the world over—in Chinese fisher huts on lone Santa Calalina Island, and even in the White House. A letter from Mrs. Field to President Garfield after the assassination had the following reply from Mrs. Garfield, in part, “Your words to cheer the sufferer were not in vain. Your beautiful graphic descriptions gave the president a pleasant half hour” * * * * * The letter was sent from the White House to the New York Times. The poet William Henry Woods wrote to Mrs. Field’s daughter, “I had only a literary acquaintance with Mrs. Field but there was something individual and to me very pleasant in her letters. I shall await with interest the forthcoming volume of her poems. I recall the tenderness and delicacy of her preceding little book of verses.”

Children loved Mrs. Field and never forgot her wise and witty teachings. In early life she wrote several books for children, but her poems will stay longest in the hearts of her friends.

In Mrs. Field’s seventy-ninth year, after lifelong good health, the silver cords were loosed. She wrote to a relative, “I dare say I shall go through the operation safely. If not, I am in no wise to be lamented. All is well. Thank God for dear friends and children who will not forget me.” To another relative she wrote, “I hope I shall slip away some day and give little warning. My mortal part would soon be lying by dear ones in Dorset, and I, the real I, should home have gone and *ta’en my wages—not sad at all to my thinking.” To the last her mind was clear and unquenched as in youth. She found peace after a week of great suffering borne in strength of spirit.

Biographical Sketches

At the old home in the village of Dorset, Vermont, on the last day of July, 1912, a little group of friends and relatives strewed pansies with loving thoughts upon her grave. In accordance with the wish of our beloved, Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar* was read with beautiful expression by her relative, Dr. George Gilbert.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark,

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

One daughter, Mrs. Mabel Field Hastings is left in the desolated home in California. Three sons mourn the death of their mother, Arthur Field and Hubert Field of Guama-juato, Mexico, and Wilfrid Field of New York City.

**Dirge, Shakespeare*

In Remembrance

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE

Guanajuato, Mexico.

* * * * * Let us recall for consolation mother's pure and tranquil life. I wish my sons could have known her better. Her superior mind counted for naught the trivial things of life, she saw the good and almost entirely overlooked the evil. Surely such character does not die with the body. What delightful memories she has left us.

Arthur Field.

Brookwatson, Nenagh, Ireland.

* * * * * Her serene spirit was an inspiration to all smaller fretful souls. Write me more of her interesting life of striving and attaining. It is easy to picture her with her beloved in a better world for which no one I know was better fitted.

Elizabeth Miller Bernal.

San Jose, California

* * * * * Your dear mother's absence from this world makes it seem a less habitable place. You must know how much she was beloved, admired and honored. San Jose has never seemed fully itself since she left us. May you have a sense of presence in absence as the days go on.

Lydia S. B. Cox.

Berkeley, California.

* * * * * How precious is her memory—yet how we shall long for her dear presence here

Penelope B. Eyster.

Yolo, California.

* * * * * I often think of my short visit to your mother in Southern California in 1911. How she was enjoying her "Homelet" there, the glimpses of the ocean and the soft blue haze of the beautiful hills with their lights and shadows! She had me come often and stand with her at the window to watch the sunset glow or sunrise radiance—and the mocking birds, how they did sing! Once we spoke

to each other in the night, exclaiming over the enchanting songs. She cannot come back to tell us of the beauties of the other Land, and

We know not where His Islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
We only know we cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

Emily Bacon Hoppin.

San Jose, California.

* * * * * She was the dearest of grandmothers. Her life, and her sweetness to me, have been a benediction.

Sarah Richards Field.

St. Louis, Mo.

* * * * * For fifty years our affection for each other has been strong and abiding. My sister was a lovely character. He intellect was brilliant. Find consolation in remembering her long, useful, and kindly life.

Frederick Bacon.

Ashland, Oregon.

* * * * * I hope Aunt Mary did not suffer, but that her sweet symmetrical spirit peacefully went to its Maker. For her there will be so many "voices crying 'Hail!'"

Cornelia Goodrich Kirkpatrick.

New York City.

* * * * * She has laid the burden down. How cousin Mary would see the good side! She had earned Heaven.

Gertrude Sykes Child.

Chicago, Ill.

* * * * * No one loved her more than I—after living with her so long. We can have only pleasant memories of her. Dear, good Mary Field, the one I loved most among my husband's relatives and as if she were born my sister.

Mary Landon Bacon.

Purdys, N. Y.

* * * * * Her wonderful delightful personality charmed me. The blood tie seemed particularly strong. It is a deep personal grief to me to know she is gone into the Great Silence.

Anne Beeson Purdy.

Erie, Pa.

* * * * * So my husband's sweet sister is gone to the other side. But she is ours to love as much as ever.

Harriet Holly Bacon.

North Vernon, Indiana.

* * * * * We cannot wish her back to take up life's burdens and anxieties. I never thought of her as old. I cannot think of her as claimed by death—but as alive in the Garden of the Lord.

Mary Babb Taylor.

San Jose, California.

* * * * * I feel deeply for you, I loved your mother. May you have strength to pass through this deep sorrow.

Frances Sibley Williams.

San Jose, California.

* * * * * Your mother was beloved by so many who knew her only through what she had written. In blindness I am only waiting to go into the Eternal Light. Near the end of a long life, I have no friend whose memory is sweeter than that of your mother.

Mary Carey.

New York City.

* * * * * I cannot be too thankful that you could go with her to the end of life's journey. For her, dear saint, we can only rejoice. I love to think of her awakening to the other life. How fitted and equipped she was to enter the Heavenly Land.

Sarah Trow Carter.

Los Angeles, California.

* * * * * I cannot tell my grief.

Ada M. Gates.

San Jose, California.

* * * * * How we miss her life here among us, her living self, her true affection—words cannot tell. Those blessed old days will come no more, but love is fadeless.

Helen E. Beal.

San Jose, California.

* * * * * How earnestly we wish that our love, our long unbroken friendship, could help you to bear this unspeakable sorrow.

Flora E. Beal.

Santa Ana, California.

* * * * * We shall love to think of the old times, blessed memories! A help and comfort through the rest of our lives.

Etta Beal Miner.

Mills College, California.

* * * * * Accept my deep sympathy. Your mother was our valued friend these many years.

Amelia A. Keep.
(Mrs. Josiah Keep.)

East Dorset, Vermont.

* * * * * I shall miss her letters. She was so dear a friend.

Mary C. Harwood.

Indianapolis, Indiana.

* * * * * Wherever her gentle influence has been felt, there she will ever be very near, ever near. For she has left memories that shall not soon pass. And I rejoice that I am among those who came under the heritage of those memories. As gently as I can I ask you to accept for yourself and your brothers the tenderest sympathy.

Albert Garrett Small.

www.libtool.com.cn *Letters*

Redlands, California.

Aunt Mary had such rare intellectual and spiritual gifts, and her companionship was so delightful that all of us who knew her loved her and feel her death keenly.

Kirke H. Field.

Chicago, Ill.

* * * * * What Mrs. Field enjoyed in the wider, nobler, richer realm to which by natural endowment and early opportunity she belonged, she was eager to have others enjoy. I sympathize with you in your great bereavement, but I must congratulate you on having (for she is still yours) such an unusually wise gifted charming mother.

* * * * * I wrote you yesterday but rereading your letter for the fifth or sixth time other memories awaken. Mrs. Field was as enterprising as she was interesting. Her devotion to the Chautauqua work was always a source of delight to me. This is life: the shadow of death always overhangs, but earnest souls who love and live the Truth do conquer death.

John H. Vincent.

* * * * * Close to the Faith, she passed out of the world into the Eternal we so much desire.

Jose Guadalupe Medrano.

(The old priest of Calderones, Mexico)

Chicago, Ill.

* * * * * Our mothers are from first to last our heroines. Their loves and enthusiasms are ours, first because we follow them unseeing, but finally as our best output. Dear Aunt Mary has gone away from the suffering and from old age. I remember I loved to be with her when I was a little girl—and I have never seen Aunt Mary leave me without a grip at my heart, a sense of great loss.

Kitty Field White.



ONE LITTLE MEADOW

Reminiscence of the early home

By MARY FIELD

***** Year by year the grain fields of the homestead stretched farther into the forest, and orchards took the place of the "oak-openings," although many a stately father of the forest was left standing to adorn the landscape, and the house stood in a grove of them. But the little meadow was left untouched. Its few acres of rich soil blossomed on at their own sweet will, and all around it was also left a fringe of underbrush, with here and there a great oak or a tall unbranching hickory.

Ah, what a playground was here for the four children—two little sisters and two brothers! All summer here they raced and climbed and swung along with the squirrels and

Autobiographical Reminiscence

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the birds, and in the fall at nutting time shared amiably with them the unfailing harvest. Only the bluejays scolded.

The wise young mother turned this grove into an Academe, herself a modest and unconscious Plato. Here long before "nature study" had been urged from the house-tops, or "summer schools" been opened to gather in unwary holiday-takers, she invented the whole scheme.

She had a way of taking her little sewing chair and work-basket out under the trees, in the long sweet summer days, and thus made all outdoors seem homelike. With the sewing came always a book or two; often the children's own little orange-colored ornithology, full of pictures of their friends, the robins and meadow-larks and wood-peckers and whip-poor-wills, with their long names slyly tucked into parentheses—over which the children made wry faces and the birds themselves, from their leafy perches, seemed to look askance. It seems almost incredible that there should have been such a book out on the frontier at that early day, but there it certainly was. There too were all the volumes of Goldsmith's "Animated Nature." These with the Peter Parley books and the well worn botany, made up the Nature library of this little pioneer school. All were brought into use, and the young students—two of them mere toddlers who could hardly be trusted out of sight—were turned loose for original investigation and experiment, quite like university students of the present day. What patient watching went on of bee and bird and blossom! What careful handling of beetles and butterflies! What skilful and accurate counting of petals, stamens and pistils! A wonderful schoolroom, a model teacher, never to be forgotten lessons!

The flowers, on the whole carried off the palm with both teacher and pupils. They seemed to come in endless procession, and the meadow was almost always accessible to little feet. The winters were very mild and short. Deep snows and lasting storms were rare, and always there was

something to look for: some feathery dry grass or weed, some quaint rush or lichen, or valiant great cattail. And then, to the eye of faith, pussy willows were forever immanent and should be daily watched for. Neither did Bob White ever forsake the meadow as a visiting place, especially if small hands scattered corn among the dry grasses; and all winter long old father Crow, on sunny days preened his shining feathers atop of an old fire-girdled oak, giving challenge ever and anon to loquacious jays who also lingered through the year.

But oh, when spring really came up from the southland and dried up the pools and the miry places, how the meadow and the children welcomed her! A single week of mild March weather brought indisputably the catkins to the front, and set the little blue eyes of the hepaticas peeping out from their furry hoods. The child who came running home with the first of these was as welcome as the earliest bluebird and as flattered and distinguished as other lucky people are apt to be. Then Nan, the black cook, encouraged by these tokens, would set forth with pail and knife for the wet far side of the meadow where the cowslips (marsh marigolds) grew, and return, if successful, with the material for the first welcome dish of "greens." April came, and on a certain sunny southern slope near the meadow, where a thicket of saplings grew, wood anemones began to unfurl their white kerchiefs and set up a flirtation with the south wind. Then came the violets, half a dozen kinds, but, loveliest and most abundant of all, the great pale blue *viola pedata*. By May-day the children would be bringing in claytonias and bishop's caps and dandelions galore.

After this there was no use trying to keep count! It was high time for the Summer School to open, and what a gala season it was! The green leaves over them "clapped their little hands in glee," the bluebells rang cheerily, and

Reminiscence

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Jack-in-the-pulpit stood up in his royal purple vestments to give them his benediction. In those days of lavish blossoming the teacher's basket used to lose itself in lychnidias and lupines, the children rolled down banks of moss-pinks, they made flower garlands and necklaces and girdles like young Hawaiians, they even pulled off shoes and stockings and decorated their toes with ladies' slippers! The teacher started a competition as to who could find most kinds of flowers, and thus beguiled, they discovered more than a hundred genera. Then of course herbariums came in fashion, and there was a commendable struggle to call the little flower neighbors by their scientific names. This feat could not be accomplished to any great extent, but there were quite a number of the simpler technical names which became familiar and were thus engraved for a lifetime on the impressible young memories.

Best of all, they learned to "consider the lilies how they grow," to know well each great flower family, and how there were tribes and kindred among those pretty wild-wood things, and that each had its appointed time and place—Law and Order everywhere and tender Care—not even tiny seeds forgotten, but equipped with wise forethought for their journeyings. The smallest child learned to see that "the meadow all over was lettered LOVE."

May was buttercup and daisy time. June brought the trilliums and columbines and clovers, the cranebills, the blazing-stars, the spiderworts and castellias and the beloved wild roses. In July the meadow was aflame with cardinal flowers and red lilies and blackeyed-Susans. In August the orchids arrived, the beautiful arethusa bulbosa first, and then the great yellow-fringed orchis lit its torches. Then came the asters and the goldenrods, and last the dear gentians. Only the great leaders in the procession have been named. There were trains of humble followers, as is the way of the world. It goes without tell-

Autobiographical Reminiscence

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ing that the meadow was a famous foraging place. There was always something to nibble, and children are as addicted to this as young lambs. Our little foresters were always perfumed with sassafras or wintergreen.

The latter was in evidence through the whole year. Its spicy young shoots were among the earliest of the "green things growing," and all summer the shining leaves were good munching. Then came the delightful wintergreen berries which stayed on all winter, and could be found on the lee side of old logs, when snow lay thick on the ground unfaded by frost and with undiminished flavor. Sassafras grew everywhere along the edges of the fields. What aromatic pungencies lay in leaf and bark and root! What grateful coolness and flavor the white pith gave to a glass of water!

All the mints flourished in this garden of simples: spearmint, balms of two or three kinds, pennyroyal, peppergrass, and watercress. Early in July great luscious strawberries abounded, and later came huckleberries and blueberries, dewberries and blackberries, each according to its season. The little Potawottimies must have had rare pickings there in the old days, but the Government had ere this moved the tribe to a new reservation far to the westward.

To the pale-face children also must come the inevitable changes of Time. Let us drop the curtain while all is well with them and leave mother and children among the flowers.

More than half a century has passed. Strangers live in the old home. The great trees have all disappeared. The meadow has been converted into a fruitful field. All who loved the wild-flower garden are far away, most of them in the Invisible Country—and the garden itself is irreparably and forever gone.

Gone, do we say? Nay, verily. It lives and shall live.

"God's colors all are fast."

Its blossoms take their place—beautiful, fragrant, immortal—among the asphodels.

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Frederick Field

Biographical Pages

By Mabel Field Hastings

My homesick heart would backward turn
 To find this dear familiar Earth,
To watch its sacred hearth fires burn
 And hear its songs of joy and mirth.

I'd lean from out the heavenly choir
 To hear once more the red cock crow
What time the morning's rosy fire
 O'er hill and field begin to glow.

To hear the ripple of the rain,
 The summer waves at ocean's brim,
To hear the sparrow sing again
 I'd quit the wide-eyed cherubim.

And yet, and yet, O dearest one,
 My comfort from life's earliest breath,
To follow you where you are gone
 Through those dim awful Gates of Death,

To find you, feel your smile once more,
 To have eternity's long day
To tell my grateful love—why then
 Both Heaven and Earth might pass away.

Celia Thaxter.



Photograph by
Huntington Gilbert

FREDERICK FIELD

Biographical pages regarding Mrs. Mary Field would be only partly true if but slight mention were made of Frederick Field, whose "dauntless hope and patient care and generous sacrifice" his wife commemorates in the first poem of this volume. His chivalrous mind maintained for his wife, freedom, a large measure of leisure, perfect health, opportunity for a joyful intellectual life.

In Dorset, Vermont, in 1820, in the old homestead of the broad elms pictured above Frederick Field was born to true love and care. O wise and kind, dearest old New England home! Your light still shines from many young faces of the third and fourth generations.

Frederick Field

About 1820, over in Stockbridge, Mass., Frederick Field's kinsmen were growing up: Cyrus Field, Stephen J., James T., David Dudley and Henry M., in one household, product of another good New England home.

The delicate, oversensitive face of Alfred Field, father of Frederick Field, looks forth from a clear old daguerreotype. Faithful eldest brother of thirteen children, he had seen long training and was grown swift and erudite in kindness. "Squire" Alfred Field was made administrator without bonds (and incidentally without fee) for uncounted widows and orphans. "Faculized" and "forehanded" (in good down East phrase) his stony stock farm prospered and endowed each of his four children. Frederick Field's great-grandfather gave his life in the Revolutionary War. Lest we forget, let it be set down that this patriotism left his son a fatherless boy who went barefoot to winter school. This son married Governor Huntington's granddaughter, who held a little teacher's certificate, unusual in that day (now an heirloom still outlasting). Her daughter, Saphronia Gilbert, Frederick Field's mother, was a thoughtful woman, who read far into the night through the arctic winters. She had seen "the great plague" sweep the Vermont valleys, when she had been called far and wide as a brave and skillful nurse in her thirteenth year.

Little Frederick even in the puritanic atmosphere of that time, so the record runs, never once required real "punishment." He was a friendly little one. We see him fondly clothed in apple green, the little trousers reaching to the ankle, a short-waisted jacket begirt with many small yellow buttons, white hose, strapped slippers, this at the age of six. His costume was topped off by a tall white silk hat such as is worn now only by "Uncle Sam" in all cartoons. There has been handed down one tale of his sixth year. Then, one morning, Frederick found a new baby sister in the house. Thereafter, all that spring, it was difficult to persuade little Frederick to set forth without a heavy plaid shawl, which all day he wanted to carry to wrap a sister in

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FROM THE FIELD FARM

From a painting by Mabel Field Hastings

Frederick Field

if he should chance to find another, in fresh-turned furrow or among small new leaves in the keen spring weather—kind little soul! In the Dorset home, his grandfather, Amos Field, sat at the good fireside and told his memories of “embattled farmers” in the great war for liberty. And told of a yet earlier day when a daughter of the house was captured by Indians at the Deerfield massacre. A wild story: the captive white girl loved her children of the forest and her young Indian husband, and though he would have joined the white settlement, she never could be persuaded to stay long in “civilization” with its torture of fanatic puritanism. Difficult alternatives were yours, Mary Field, plucky toast of our latter day Thanksgiving dinner!

Frederick Field was one of the many pale New England boys who went into the rough West as teachers in public school. He had then, and always after, a special interest in chemistry. Later and through life he was a dealer in marble and granite. He imported to Chicago the first granite foundations of the city. In 1855 when he brought home his bride, it chanced they came unexpected to the door of the old homestead. They overheard the voice of Mrs. Alfred Field within cheering on another daughter-in-law through devious ways of preserving wild berries: the caressing voice floated out across the hospitable, old threshold to the ear of the timid young Western bride without and thereupon she trusted her husband’s mother, unseen, with a trust undimmed to the end. They were a united family. Mr. Field was devotedly attached to his sister, Mrs. James Goodrich, his sister, Ellen Field, and his brother, Charles Field, who served with distinction as an officer in the Civil War.

Mr. Field’s home was in East Dorset, Vermont, from 1855 to 1873 when, soon after the completion of the transcontinental railroad, he brought his family to San Jose, California, which became their home for many years. He was a student of civics. In active service he upheld every public cause, yet with fine mental poise—no man was more sane. Dr. Henry Minton wrote of him as “challenging universal

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DORSET, VERMONT

Photographed by Huntington Gilbert

Frederick Field

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admiration, a champion ever mindful of the highest welfare of the community, the ready sharer of men's joys, the willing partner of their grief; yet with character of granite, not of sickly sentiment or of mere sediment of circumstance—a very father in the wisdom of his counsels, a brother in the loyalty of his affection, a man to love!" Socially his taste was flawless. The fortunate and the distinguished folk, many of whom knew him, were loath to leave the clear light of his presence. He was many an outcast man's most cheerful friend. He carried consummately well, a man's part. He bore through life the sore burden of a weak physique, and other daily loads too heavy for mortal, he endured with fortitude. His children say of him that he never spoke in haste and bitterness, or called his unceasing toil irksome or failed of dignified good cheer. He was a perfect disciplinarian of his varying boys: the youthful culprits were commonly rendered helpless in laughter by the tonic phrases of his ingenious wit. It was his skillful arm that fended his wife from knowledge of hardships that are the common lot of woman.

In his sixty-seventh year, still in his prime, when on duty as a member of the State Board of Trade in 1887, an accident caused Mr. Field's death. Concerning the tragedy, the following editorial was written by Judge John E. Richards:

"The death of Frederick Field is a mournful loss to the community. * * * * The manner of his taking off seems all unsuited to the quiet, careful method of his days. We think of such men as he going down the shady vale of life in gentleness, gradually withdrawing from the dusty high-ways of business to the retired and love-strewn footpaths of a good old age. It seems almost unkind of Providence to permit the grim Destroyer to exercise so harsh and cruel a method upon so kind and just a man. Yet after all there is a fitness behind it, for he fell in the direct path of duty and in the very midst of endeavor for the public good. * * *"

His wife wrote of him: "Memorial stones will crumble,

Frederick Field

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but his life of simple unostentatious right-doing has left its strong and abiding impress on all who knew him, and the influence of his sweet, pure, unselfish spirit is as deathless as the eternity of God."

John Vance Cheney wrote, in part as follows: "Among all the encomiums called forth by the life of Ralph Waldo Emerson, perhaps the highest was addressed not to the poet, not to the scholar and philosopher, but to the man—'a power tender and paternal has passed from Earth.' In other words, the thing men reverence most, remember first and last, is a right heart. Such a heart was Mr. Field's. It reached out to the great brotherhood of men. Of the many who sought his aid, not one left him without such aid as he could give. Rarely may one chance on a name so free from damaging criticism, proof against stain. I attended the funeral. As I entered the church a glance was sufficient to show that the respect and affection won by him in the little New England State had followed him to the Western shore: behind the altar and on either side was one mass of fresh white flowers set in green leaves, while against the altar rail leaned a sheaf of ripe wheat, pure gold—an emblem fitting as beautiful. A large concourse of mourners crowded the church."

Dr. Henry Minton said in public address: * * * * "The plain truth is the highest eulogy. God's best gift to men is a good man. Go not to the probate court to learn what such a man leaves to the world: ask the poor in their poverty, ask the sorrowing in their sadness, the struggling in their conflict, ask the men who knew him best and the neighbors who saw him most. Frederick Field leaves a memory of vastly greater value than a vault stuffed with bonds. We have a regal estate of Blessed Memory of a beautiful faithful life."

After the lapse of half a lifetime, the remembrance of him makes life dear.

Mabel Field Hastings.

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Poems

Wedded Love

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FREDERICK FIELD

From a painting by Mabel Field Hastings

TO FREDERICK FIELD

On his sixtieth birthday

We live in deeds, not years, the poet said—
O comrade mine,
If this be true and thy good deeds were weighed,
What age is thine!

With old Methusaleh's thy years compare
If of deep thought
And generous sacrifice and patient care
Long life be wrought.

But if we measure youth by warmth of heart,
By guileless joy,
By dauntless faith and hope, how young thou art,
My graybeard boy!

Why talk of birthdays? Like an oft heard chime
We'll let them pass.
Years touch not the Immortal—Father Time,
Put up thy glass!

**“SWEETHEART, FROM THIS MOST
FATEFUL HOUR”**

*To Metta Abbott Taylor on her wedding day in
December.*

Sweetheart, from this most fateful hour I pray
Your life may take such summer radiance on
That in your calendar the seasons may
Reversal find, so that when years have gone,
If one should question: “When does sunshine glow
Most brightly in this California air?
When sing the birds best? When do roses blow?”
Like a frank, happy child, all unaware
Of telling your sweet secret, you shall say:
“To me December crowns the golden year,
To me it is the songful blossoming May,
Of all the months its sunshine is most clear.”

GOLDEN WEDDING

*To Mr. and Mrs. James Goodrich.
(Read at their golden wedding day reception.)*

Sweet is the morn with dew and glowing bloom
And song of waking bird.
But evening is the time of firelight cheer
Clasped hand and thoughtful word.
And spring is sweet with promise unfulfilled
Of opening bud and leaf,
But autumn is the time of harvest-home,
Of vintage and of sheaf.

O Evening, dear to weary eye and hand,
O Autumn, end of fears,
O Harvest of immeasurable wealth,
O golden crown of Years!

BENEATH THE LAMP

Beneath the lamp their shadows blend and fall,
She plies her graceful needle art,
He reads of distant land and mart—
But far and faintly comes the great world's call,
The great world's joy and pain:
Their hearts beat one refrain,
"The world is wide, the world is wide
But you and I are side by side."

Beneath the lamp their shadows blend and fall,
She reads the storied page aloud
In low sweet voice, while round them crowd
The splendid groups that sweep through Fancy's hall,
Its world of joy and pain:
Their hearts beat one refrain,
"The world is wide, the world is wide
But you and I are side by side."

Beneath the lamp their shadows blend and fall,
Her fingers glance along the keys
And weave entrancing harmonies,
Sadness and gladness come in music's thrall,
Its world of joy and pain:
Their hearts beat one refrain,
"The world is wide, the world is wide
But you and I are side by side."

COMRADE MARY

www.libtool.com.cn
To Colonel and Mrs. Bennett.

(Read at their silver wedding day reception)

Let others sing of wedded love,
 Comrade Mary.
There's none will question what they prove,
 Nor even vary
From all their most romantic views,
Nor once a willing ear refuse.

But I have been where drum and fife
 Were loudly calling,
And where the brave in deadly strife
 Were nobly falling;
There side by side we comrades fought
And our dear land's long rescue wrought.

We shared each other's joys and cares;
 And ever brightly
To me the camp-fire's beacon flares
 Where then we nightly
Lay down upon our arms, with dreams
Of home's dear, peaceful hills and streams.

Since then it is the comrade-place
 Seems still the nearest;
The comrade-name bears truest grace,
 And ever dearest
To soldier hearts the song, I ween,
That tells about the old canteen!

Together we will forward go,
 Comrade Mary.
Thy loyal heart not weal or woe
 Doth ever vary.
How sweet the past, since shared by thee!
We'll trust the future's comradery.

Golden, Colorado, '92

KITTY FIELD

www.lib.ox.ac.uk (In a 'wedding day book')

Here's my blessing with my kiss
Kitty Field!
May the cup of wedded bliss
Only yield
Honeyed sweetness to your lip,
As its chalice deep you sip,
Kitty Field!

Well I knew your childhood's wile,
Kitty Field,
Brown bright eyes with tear or smile
Unconcealed—
Though I left your changeful face
And your dawn of maiden grace
Half revealed.

Be the same dear child for aye,
Kitty Field,
Honest-hearted, sad or gay,
And you'll wield
Such a scepter as a queen
Well might envy you, I ween,
Kitty Field!

CONGRATULATION

To Dr. and Miss Snowden on wedding anniversary.

Not to the fair young bride who trembling stands
Her footsteps touching new and doubtful lands,
Whose smiles pathetic, flitting come and go,
With soft eyes tear-filled, which must not o'erflow,
Her tender heart all loyalty and truth
Leaving the sweet allegiances of youth
To home and parents, and unquestioning
Pledging new fealties to her life's new king.
Oh, not on her your gratulations pour
And tell her happy fortunes o'er and o'er—
For long and shadowy stretch the coming years;
Fickle and frail is man, and bitter tears
Are often woman's portion here, where hearts
Estranged grow, or death their strong bond parts.
But give your words of warmest gladdest cheer
To her whose wedded bliss has grown each year
Till o'er her head a score of them have passed
Each brighter, sweeter, dearer than the last;
Whose love has no betrayal found, nor trust
Met cold response, its idol turned to dust;
Who stands serenely at her husband's side
Dearer to him than when a white-robed bride,
Wearing with matron grace her jewels rare,
Her brave bright boys and daughters good and fair;
Ruling a sovereign queen, o'er hearts most true,
The best of earth all hers,—and Heaven in view!

BIRD SONG

www.7libpool.com
To Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Robbins
(Read at their golden wedding day reception)

What a joyous pair of robins
Built their happy nest together
In the fickle April weather
In the sunshine and the snow
Long ago!

What a rapturous pair of robins
Saw the little birdlings come
To that pleasant, far-off home
With the breaking of a dawn
Later on!

What a busy pair of robins
Flew about in sun or rain
Just to rear those birdlings twain
And their every need to fill,
Later still!

What a serious pair of robins
Saw those nestlings fly away
With the coming of a day—
One that cometh soon or late,
Sure as fate!

But did ever pair of robins
Keep their happy nest together
Fifty years of changeful weather—
Tell us, you who know bird lore—
These before?

Such a wondrous pair of robins!
Dear John Burroughs, did you ever?
Olive Miller, sure you never
Had such robins cross your way.
Did you, pray?

Comes their answer: "Keep those Robins;
Never such were seen before.
Keep them! Prize them! For no more
Shall such birds of paradise
Greet your eyes!"

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Motherhood

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COMPENSATION

In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children.

Genesis III, 16.

I.

Dear mother of the race, when fell thy woe
With what rich counterpoise of blissful fate
Did heaven endow thy sorrowful estate!
How did thy bitter cup with sweets o'erflow,
Thy thorny crown with priceless jewels glow!
Out of thy curse was born the love most great,
The matchless love which naught can alienate,
Nay, which 'gainst darkness doth most brightly show.

Could smile of angel-babe such love e'er gain
As the sad wail that shares the mother's pain?
And ah, what pity folds the baby in
Whose stainless soul must hide some germ of sin!
Veiled in thick cloud still dwells the Supreme Good
And glory crowns the cross of Motherhood.

II.

If to each yearning mother-heart were sent
A shining angel who with reverent air,
As one who royal gift from king doth bear,
Gave to her arms a little Innocent
On whom her wealth of love could all be spent;
Or if, as the quaint legends tell, the fair
Dear babes were brought with gentlest care
Beneath their great soft wings, all down-besprent,

By solemn storks; or if in lily-boat
The seeker found each pretty waif afloat,
Such treasure-trove could ne'er the rapture bring
Or boundless love, born of deep suffering,
Of long, long vigils, prayer and tear and sigh
And travail pain—life's fiercest agony.

M O T H E R H O O D

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Across a troubled sea, far, far away,
My wistful eyes espy
A little tremulous sail, at set of day,
Unfurled against the sky.

So veiled in soft obscure, so faint to see,
Its quiet shimmering;
Sometimes it seems no human thing to me
But gleam of angel's wing,

And yet the current of my life so flows
Toward this vision fair,
I know, I know for me it pales and glows,
It cannot fade in air.

With my own heartbeats throbs the wavering sail,
My sighs the pennons move,
And hither seeks the magnet without fail
The pole-star of my love.

What precious gifts this shadowy barque do freight
There is no sign to show,
What frail, small mariner there enshrined doth wait
No mortal yet may know.

Still on the waters moves the Spirit now
As 'neath the olden skies:
Before this secret of the Lord I bow
With veiled and reverent eyes.

And vainly does my restless thought essay
To haste the coming sail;
But oh, from reef and wreck, dear Pilot, may
This love of mine avail!

So will I keep my vigil and in awe,
Like Mary, dwell apart;
Unshod toward God's mysteries we draw,
My brooding mother-heart.

Ah, heavenly-sweet thy recompense shall be
When, every fear at rest,
The little barque shall lie—home, home from sea—
Safe anchored on thy breast.

Dorset, Vermont, 1869.

From "L U L L A B Y"

Like a lily asleep on the broad Nile's breast,
A cradle of rushes swings at rest,
And the poor slave mother by night steals nigh
To sing little Moses his lullaby.
Lullaby, darling, lullaby.

Adown the ages soft rolls the strain,
Always at nightfall the same refrain,
Wherever is heard the baby's cry
There rises the mother's lullaby.
Lullaby, darling, lullaby.

Somewhere the first star glimmers down,
On fair little Thekla or Hinda brown,
Ever the dusk creeps over some sky
And the air is astir with lullaby.
Lullaby, darling, lullaby.

THE CONFIDANTE

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“Whom shall I tell my dream?” she thought,
As fled the night—

“My dream which to my heart hath brought
Such deep delight.

“For ’tis a gleam from Heaven, I wis—
No dream e’er pressed
With passion and with power like this
Upon my breast.

“And ne’er before hath midnight spell
Enthralled me so
That to some seeress knew I well
I straight must go!”

First to a sleep-sealed ear leaned she,
Murmuring above,
Bee-like, “Not yet, even to thee,
My dearest love!”

Then kneeling, whispered rapt and slow
Her matin prayer,
But found no words wherewith to show
Her secret there.

Tell Mary Mother! like a flame
Sprang up the thought—
But in her prayers that gentle name
Had ne’er been wrought.

So forth into the fragrant morn
Her way she took
Where welcomes breathed from flower and thorn,
From bird and brook.

Her snowy robe did her enfold
With tender care,
And round her beauteous head warm rolled
Her golden hair.

“Now I shall surely know,” saith she,
“By sign or spell,
Which of this goodlie companie
’Twere wise to tell.”

A questioning leaf above her head
Beckoned to her,
“Tell me! Tell me.” “Nay, nay,” she said,
“Sweet whisperer.”

Her garment’s hem, a flower, dew-wet,
Reached up to kiss—
“Nay, little maiden violet,
To thee, not this!”

And then she came to where a stream
Ran murmuring low:
“I’ve told thee much,” she said, “my dream
Thou mayst not know.

“Yet by thy luring side I’ll sit
And muse awhile;”
And now a blush her face uplit,
And now a mile.

Then sudden on her charmed ear
A bird call stole,
A note inviting, urgent, clear,
From soul to soul.

Swift to the tryst she answering flew—
Lo! on her nest
A brooding dove the secret knew
All unconfessed!

MADONNAS OF RAPHAEL

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How dear to Raphael the Madonna face!
With it he made his matchless frescoes glow,
And with his ardent brush taught men to know
Ineffable beauty and immortal grace.
Who were thy models, Master? In what place
Dwelt the supernal women thou dost show?
Couldst thou unaided make such beauty grow?
Who were thy Marys? What their wondrous race?
Perchance his own young mother o'er him bent,
A haloed saint. Or his Beloved One
Cradling in her dear arms a little son,
Moved through his dreaming and the vision lent—
Nay, in all mothers he saw Mary mild,
And in each innocent babe a Holy Child.

New York 1910.

O N C E

Ah, I remember how with shaded light
And quiet step I used to go my round
Among my little flock, all slumber-bound,
And grow so full of heart at the sweet sight
I scarce could pray, "God, keep them safe to-night,"
Till I had poured my thanks, too deep for sound of words.

My God, Thou knowest I never found
Heart to rejoice because my path was bright
While other mothers bent o'er empty beds
And mourned for just such little golden heads.
But filled with tender ruth for their great woe
I cried, "God help them." Then with swift o'erflow
Of shuddering fear, because of too great bliss,
I prayed, "Let this cup pass me! Spare me this!"

ANNIVERSARY

*(Anniversary of the death of three children in
the fall of 1870)*

A year ago! How long ago it seems—
Light, love and joy were ours in boundless store.
Then Azrael stretched his wing across our sky,
And darkness fell upon our sunny home.
Quenched was our little lamp, and on the hearth
Not even an ember glowed to cheer the gloom,
But patient still and with sad hearts of trust
We held each other's hands and said through tears,
"It is the Lord, He does what seems Him good—
Joy cometh in the morning, let us wait."

But when the morn should come—athwart our sky
There stretched a drear eclipse most like a pall.
Oh, will it ever lift? Will turn of sphere
Or swift-revolving years give back our light
Or clear our heaven of that penumbra vast?

It fell upon us in the autumn time
And now again down drop the dying leaves.
With tender ruth, dear friends who love us well,
Reach out to us kind hands and say low words,
"God pity you, in this heart-breaking time!"
"Heaven help you through these anniversaries!"

My God! My God! How little do they know
There are no times and seasons to our grief,
No ebb or flow to this great ocean flood,
All days and hours are our memorial time,
Each new recurring day or month or year
Makes but another day or month or year
Of sorrow, not revived but still prolonged.
Thou only knowest, Thou who knowest all—
Through the thick darkness still we grope for Thee.
O, speak to us, our God, for we are blind
By reason of our tears. As once beside
The still, dark sepulchre there cried a voice,

Real, audible, "Behold the Lord is risen!";
So send some pitying angel, not too bright
For our poor vision, who shall say to us,
"Your dead are risen! Lo they are not here!"

Then might our sky be radiant once more
A glorious Easter morn should end our night,
And all our days of earthly pilgrimage
Be blessed Easter anniversaries.

P A R T E D

Unto our cottage door one morn there came
Two wandering cherubs innocent and sweet,
No dust of travel on their small bare feet,
Spake not our language, answered to no name.
Straightway we bade them welcome, took them in,
Clothed them and fed them, grudged no added care,
Nor entertained our angels unaware,
But sought to fold them safe from harm and sin.
Each was most lovely in his own dear way,
One claimed our love because he was so brave and bright,
And one because a lingering heavenly light
About his gentle face and mien did stay.
We made them ours, and human-wise began
To paint their blended future rainbow hued,
Two pleasant pathways lying side by side
Nor ever once diverging as they ran.
For see, we said, how plainly we can read
The good Lord's thought for these His little ones,
The unity which through their being runs,
How each conforms unto the other's need.

One in life's field will boldly do and dare
And cheer his brother with his dauntless eyes,
While one will humblest things idealize
And fold both lives in atmosphere of prayer.
Forth fared the little pilgrims hand in hand,
And all our cherished hopes did prove most true;
The pleasant years on noiseless pinions flew,
Each blessed the other even as we had planned.
Then fell a woful darkness on our day,
The gentle boy turned heavenward his look,
Spoke mystic words, how he "must cross a brook,"
Laid his frail hands in ours, then went away.
Leaving us, ah so desolate!
Our joy a wreck, our hopes dashed down to earth,
And the poor child so favored in his birth
Now doubly wretched in his lonely fate.
Father in heaven! Hear Thy children's moan,
Open our grief-blind eyes that we may see
A ministering spirit sent by Thee
Wearing our darling's shape immortal grown.
Still let us catch a gleam of his dear face
Helpful and sweet, a heavenly guiding star
Soft shining on his brother's path from far
And making sacred each familiar place.
The way is short though seeming long, we know
A thousand years are in Thy sight a day,
The paths will only part a little way
Even if to life's far bound this child should go
And if at last, a worn old man, should come
Unto "the little brook" so long before
His brother crossed, upon the farther shore
Will not two rapturous souls seek one blest home.

INDIAN FUNERAL

"On a low pile of logs lay the dead form of Sally, the old squaw. Upon her heart was placed her papoose basket."

"Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevadas" by King

Around the waiting pile
The women wail and moan,
She has wandered long with them,
Now she goes forth alone.
What parting gift shall they place
Within her clay-cold hand?
What will she yet hold dear
Afar in the spirit-land?

She loved her slender spear,
Her bow so lithe and strong
And her toil's rude implements
Which had served her well and long.
Dear to her woman's heart
Her blanket's gaudy fold
And her shining ornaments
Of rude barbaric mould.

But are these the treasures heaped
Above the pulseless breast?
For these do the dumb lips plead
As her dearest and her best?
Nay, holier instincts far
Run with their wild swift blood,
And their untaught souls are rich
In the lore of motherhood.

On her quiet heart they lay
Her papoose basket small—
For this in the hour supreme
They hear the still voice call,
The quaintly beauteous thing
Her wild sweet fancy planned
And wrought with the patient skill
Of her cunning artist hand!

The pale-face mother shapes
Robes for her darlings' wear
Broidering her tenderness
In the garments soft and fair;
And the Indian mother weaves
Her papoose basket fine,
Writing love's heiroglyph
In willowy curve and line.

It has held her dusky babes
As she roamed over vale and hill,
Been their bough-hung breeze-rocked nest—
To her it holds them still.
With hers shall its ashes blend
And its pale shade float above,
Shrine of her dearest joys,
Type of her deathless love!

Thou hast made all mother-hearts,
Lord of the living and dead,
Thou hast made them of one blood
Even as Thy Word hath said:
Deep calleth unto deep
In the soul's unfathomed sea—
I would that my babies' cradle
Might moulder to dust with me!

Dorset, Vt., 1869.

MATER DOLOROSA

www.libtool.com.cn

Because of little low-laid heads all crowned
 With golden hair,
Forevermore all fair young brows to me
 A halo wear;
I kiss them reverently, alas, I know
 The pain I bear.

Because of dear, but close-shut, baby eyes
 Of heaven's own blue,
All little eyes do fill my own with tears
 Whate'er their hue;
And lovingly I bend their innocent
 Clear depths to view.

Because of little pallid lips which once
 My name did call,
No childish voice in vain appeal upon
 My ear doth fall;
I count it all my joy their joys to share
 And sorrows small.

Because of little dimpled cherished hands
 Which folded lie,
All little hands henceforth to me do have
 A pleading cry;
I clasp them as they were small wandering birds
 Lured, home to fly.

Because of little death-cold feet for earth's
 Rough roads unmeet,
I'd journey leagues to save from wrong or harm
 Such little feet,
And count the lowliest service done for them,
 Most sacred-sweet.

FROM "CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR"

(A fragment)
www.libtool.com.cn

* * * * *
Once I clasped my little baby
In its mortal agony;
Saw the sweet light fading, fading,
From bright lip and azure eye,
Called from 'mid the whelming billows,
"Father, spare my little child!"
Only heard for sign or answer
Voice of winds and waters wild,

Only held the waxen casket
Where my priceless gem once shone,
Veiled my face before its whiteness,
Uttered neither word nor moan:
For the whiteness awed my weakness,
And the stillness breathed a hymn
Crying, Holy, Holy, Holy!
Like the song of cherubim.

EL DIA DE LOS CHIQUITOS
(THE DAY OF THE CHILDREN)
www.libtool.com.cn

There is a beautiful tradition in Mexico that on the day preceding All Saints' Day, the spirits of all little children who have died return to visit their homes, where a small feast is spread for them. Tiny candles are also made ready for the small guests to use in the evening when they form a procession and go to the church to attend the Hallowe'en midnight mass. At daybreak they return to Paradise.

At the dawn of the day, each her bundle of linen bearing
On her motionless head,
The Mexican lavanderas are riverward faring
With their Juno-like tread.

Juanita leads the procession, the beautiful maiden,
Yet with daughterly care
Guides the steps of her grandmother Petra, who loves,
though year-laden,
Their toiling to share.

Josefa and Concha and Carmen come talking together
While, clear through the din,
Rise voices which cannot but sing in the heavenly weather
That folds them all in.

Beside them run tireless the children, now flocking with
others,
Now darting away,
With teasing and laughter beguiling the hearts of their
mothers
To join in their play.

From his safe shoulder-perch little Pablo is shouting with
gladness,
He is king of them all;
And yet there is one whom his glee cannot win from her
sadness,
One whose tears slowly fall.

Ramona goes lonely and grieving—ah, silent forever
To joy and to pain,
Will slumber her own little Pablo, awakening never
In sunshine or rain.

Only a week since he left her, so fresh is her sorrow;
Old is Petra's, the wise,
And she comforting speaks: "Our angels will come back
to-morrow.
Like birds from the skies."

To her words swift responded the thought of each listening
mother,
And all the day long
With murmurous tones, mid their work, they talked thus
with each other
In their speech, which is song:—

Josefa:
"Sweetest of all the fiestas is this of the children;
When, dropping down with the sunbeams or adrift on
zephyrs,
The dear little wandering spirits flit silently homeward."

Maria:
"I fancy to-day they are busily planning their journey—
The pretty, the venturesome darlings!"

Carmen:
"All dimpling and smiling
And gay at their daring, they'll slip from their heavenly
guardians
And leave their bright comrades the cherubs and starry-
eyed seraphs,
Who never knew earth and its mothers."

Ramona :

www.libtool.com.cn "Ah, sadly they'll miss them
Up there in the heavenly places, for how a day lengthens
Lacking the joy of their presence!"

Manuela :

"Not ever forgetting
How long I have mourned my Benito!"

All :

"No never forgetting!"

Mercedes :

"Oh my chiquita Abrama, my precious Dario,
In a moment swept from me, the terrible day of the earth-
quake!"

Many voices :

"The terrible day of the earthquake! The roar and the
shrieking!"

Concha :

"And the time of the famine and fever, how woful the
memory,
When in every house there was wailing for children who
perished."

Petra :

"Let us speak no more of their going, it but brings back the
anguish.
Mother of angels! Talk now of their coming to-morrow."

Josefa :

"Crowding in at the doorways and hovering over the tables
That are spread with fruits and with sweets for their inno-
cent feasting,
Shall we not almost see them, our beautiful darlings?"

Juanita:

"Surely that which pleased them when here must ever delight them;

I have a melon zapote to offer my brother,
Our little Luis who was drowned in this treacherous river."

Petra:

"'Tis the fragrance and beauty they covet and chiefly the loving,
Which incense-like breathes from the fond preparation."

Josefa:

"Nor will we
Forget the small candles they need for the evening paseo.
How lovely must be that little angelic procession!
All the Saints guard them, and surely a blessing must follow
As they wind through the streets and around the plazas
familiar
'Till they hear the deep bells for the midnight mass out-
pealing."

Carmen:

"Adown the still aisles how sweet to know they are passing
With their folded wings, their white robes, and shy glances
down dropping,
And each with his mystic invisible taper soft glowing!"

Manuela:

"At the sacred stations and pictures they linger low-kneel-
ing,
And ever the Holy Child seems longing to join them,
And ever the Blessed Mother doth yearn to embrace them."

Many voices:

"Oh that our eyes could behold them, our fond arms enfold
them!"

Ramona:

"Alas, alas, they are not for our mortal embracing!"

Petra:

~~“But we know that they come and we know that still do they~~
love us,
And love the poor homes of Earth once blest with their
presence.”

Ramona (weeping):

“With the daybreak they leave us.”

Petra:

“Ah yes, but enriched by their coming;
It is a foretaste of heaven this day with our angels.
Hear us, sweet Mary Mother, when toiling and sorrow
Are ended forever, oh then let us go to our children!”

All:

“Let us go at last to our children!

Amen, ah, amen!”

Guanajuato, Mexico, 1907.

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Poems of Faith

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ULTIMA THULE

www.libtfoot.com.cn

The last poem written.

(Dated New York, Easter 1908)

O sacred Past, whose sorrows now seem vales
Softened by mists that o'er them ebb and flow,
Whose joys are like far peaks where sunlight fails
Only to melt in evening's alpine glow.

O peaceful Present! Storm and stress are past.
We are like mariners who as skies grow dim
And tides set shoreward, turn their prows at last
To harbor lights on the horizon's rim.

O blessed Future! Faith and Hope are ours,
Around us earth is growing green with spring,
Birds are exultant, wake the happy flowers:
Shall there not be for us new bourgeoning.

H Y M N O F L A B O R

O patient Christ of Galilee,
Our yoke by Thee was borne,
Thy meek brow wet with toil we see,
Thy garments poor and worn.

'Neath heavy loads Thy form is bent,
Thy hands are hard and brown,
And at day's close all sad and spent
Thy gracious head bows down.

We bless Thee that each toiling life
May know this life of Thine,
May feel through weariness and strife
Thy company divine.

The lowly roof of Nazareth
Becomes our own rooftree,
Our burdens fall before Thy breath,
Brother of Galilee!

MINISTERING SPIRITS

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(Dated 1888)

In olden days it brought no deep surprise
Nor fright nor guilty shame
If unannounced adown the fresh young skies
God's glorious angels came.

They spake with men as loving brothers speak
With tenderest look and tone,
They comforted the poor, upheld the weak,
Guided the wanderer lone.

So sweet it seems that as we read the tale
We wonder, are we then
So far estranged, or doth our faith so fail?
Care they no more for men?

Ah no! Above the world's wild sorrow still
Throbs the great heart of love.
God's messengers still haste to do His will,
Still o'er us broods the Dove.

But in dear human form the angels hide,
They use familiar speech,
Their voices to our own are near allied,
Their hands to ours they reach,

Their warm tears fall with ours above our dead,
They whisper words of cheer,
And all that shining ones e'er did or said
In them we see and hear.

O friends beloved! I lift my tear-stained face,
I bless you in my prayer—
How could I ever thus have entertained
My angels unaware!

BIRTHDAY GIFT

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I saw an angel, gracious-browed and calm,
Float down from the blue heaven,
His left hand bore all lovely gifts and rare
Which unto men are given.

Beauty and strength and wealth and rank and fame
Dropped from this hand like rain,
To some he gave unasked, unsought, unearned,
To some gave power to gain.

But in his strong right hand he bore aloft
Far other gifts than these:
Poverty, pain and loneliness of heart,
Wan death and dire disease.

Yet with a brow as fair, as sweet a smile,
These right hand gifts he gave,
With love-lit glance to one sent life-long woe,
To one an early grave.

I saw him bend above your golden head
And in strange wise he smiled,
While like far music fell the heavenly voice,
"Your birthday gift, dear child!

"And all because you are so dear, so dear,
Your soul so white and pure,
I lay on your young life the heritage
Of sorrow to endure.

"Then shall your broken heart feel others' woe,
And like a healing balm
Upon all stormy griefs your sympathy
Shall lay a heavenly calm.

"And so your life shall flow with blessedness,
Your heart be glad with love,
Each birthday bring you deeper depths of joy
Till you are born above."

“UNTO ME”

I bend to help a little straying child
And soothe away its fears—
When lo! the Wondrous Babe, all undefiled,
Looks at me through its tears.

Beside a cot I kneel with pitying eyes,
A dying brow I fan—
The pallet seems a cross and on it lies
One like the Son of Man.

The way is long, and when I pause to share
My cup, my crust of bread
With some poor wanderer—O vision rare!
A halo crowns his head.

O'er sin's dark wave there comes a drowning cry,
The woful tide I stem
And grasp for one who sinks—the Christ is nigh,
I touch His garment's hem.

O Presence ever new and ever dear,
My Master! Can it be
In Thy great day of coming, I shall hear:
“Thou did'st it unto Me”?

ALMOND BLOSSOMS

Flowers are poems. On their fragrant pages
Pure thoughts are traced addressed to eyes unsealed,
Hid from the wise and prudent through the ages
But unto babes revealed.

Lyric and ballad waiting the musician
Shine in these leaflets decked in blue and gold,
Long has their language been a sweet tradition
In folk-lore sung and told.

Within the orange blossom's waxen whiteness
The madrigal of youth must ever glow
But from the almond's tenderer, clearer, brightness
The song of age doth flow.

Not words but vision: lo, a summit hoary
To which a soul hath climbed through night and day,
Whose silver sheen foretells a crown of glory
Which shall not fade away.

O blessed heights! O surcease of life's dreaming!
Past are the nights from which one weeping wakes;
Past winter, like these blooms with spring foregleaming—
The Spring eternal breaks!

LENTEN PRAYER

If every staining thought
Struck out with staining trace,
If like a leprous spot
It shone upon the face,
If sins but dreamed, not wrought,
Should mar some outward grace:
Ah, who could tell our shame!
What blanchings of wild dread,
What shrinkings of the frame,
What hidings of the head—
All for poor human blame
What longings to be dead!

O Thou, our frailty's stay,
All, all is known to Thee:
Abased, forespent, we pray
Ourselves no more to see,
But oh, that Thy Love may
Our Shield and Refuge be!

RESURRECTION

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Upon her little pallet, cold and fair,
The Ruler's darling lay,
More still than the white lilies near her there,
More white and still than they.

The wailers o'er and o'er bemoaned her fate,
And in her anguish wild
The mother sobbed: "Her father brings too late
The Healer to our child."

Then Christ spake there: "She sleeps, she is not dead."
Hushed were the clamorous cries;
And taking the small hand He gently said,
"Maiden, I bid thee rise."

She hears His voice even in Paradise,
The starry eyes unclose,
To pallid lip and cheek the warm blood flies,
And the dear child arose!

Raptured they clasped her and adoring fell
Low at His feet to stay,
But He, with grave sweet face inscrutable,
Turned to His lonely way.

Upon His heart still lay the great world's pall,
Still weighed its grief and loss,
While near He saw Gethsemane's darkness fall,
And shadowings of a Cross.

O Love divine, as by our graves to-day
Our sorrowing watch we keep,
Speak to the ear of faith and once more say:
"They are not dead, they sleep."

CHRIST AND WOMAN

www.libtool.com.cn
*To Harriet Lewis on her departure as a missionary to
Canton, China*

As in an ancient missal every leaf
With heavenly hues doth glow,
And seraph faces shine mid halos, wrought
By Fra Angelico;

The women of the Gospels, high and pure,
Yet with meek downward look,
Divinely sketched, with pearl-like rays illumed
The pages of the Book.

They throng the Master's footsteps day by day,
They share His grief and scorn,
Deepen the shadows of the Cross, and light
The Resurrection Morn.

No tint e'er fades, each word and look abides
In that immortal air;
The alabaster box forever gleams
Through Mary's golden hair.

And down the ages sacred beacons shine
Lit by pure woman souls,
Where saints and martyrs kneel on altar stairs
Crowned with bright aureoles.

Still on the blessed feet they daily pour
Their priceless hoards of love,
And the sweet incense of their offered lives
Ascendeth yet above.

While from the cloud the Master's voice yet speaks,
"This deed which she hath wrought
Shall still be told in memory of her
Where'er my Truth is taught."

H O M E - C O M I N G

www.libtool.com.cn
(*At the grave of Frederick Field, Dorset, Vermont*)

Here in God's acre, room for this dear dust
 We ask, O Mother Earth;
He loved you well, green hills, and seeks once more
 The land that gave him birth.

Trees that he planted, wave your leafy joy,
 And fleck with shine and shade
This peaceful home, that 'neath his native sky
 Our reverent hands have made.

Dear kindred dead, we know that you would fain
 Swing wide each green tent door,
As in the days gone by with unchanged smile
 To welcome him once more.

And little hands, folded so long ago,
 Dear little hands! it seems,
When he lies down beside you, you reach out,
 As if in pleasant dreams.

Dear faithful mountains, still keep watch and ward
 Our blessed dead above;
Till the great day of rising they are left
 Unto your sheltering love.

O Sharer of Earth's graves! Our tear-blind eyes
 We lift at last to Thee;
Write Thou Thy resurrection promise here
 And give us faith to see.

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EAST DORSET, VERMONT

Photograph by Miss Brophy

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Occasional Verse

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TO STROTHER BEESON PURDY

*(On receiving in Mexico a baby relative's
photograph, unlabeled)*

Who cometh this sunny morn
From the far north-land to me?
Oh whom from the treasured past
Shall quickly my glad eyes see?
Ah, kinfolk and friends beloved,
What memories crowd my heart
As I watch for the old-time face
That shall bid my fond tears start!

So I muse as with eager hands
I loose the wrappings thta hold
The mystery hid from my eyes,
Till gone is each hindering fold—
And lo, 'tis a baby's face
That looks forth bravely and clear;
Bold little rover indeed
To seek me alone, and here!

But tell me your name, my sweet,
And where is your home, I pray?
Comes never a sign to reveal
And never a word does he say!
Yet O, let me kiss you, dear,
Let me clasp you close to my breast,
Birdling from out of the north
So far from your cradle nest.

For I'm finding the old home look
In your brow and your eyes of blue;
The generations ago
Are meeting and blending in you.
Darling, I claim you as mine,
In your telltale face I see
You are mine to have and to hold,
Bright flower on the ancient tree!

Mexico City, November, 1906.

“WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR”

www.libtool.com.cn
To William Richards Field, in his seventh year

Frederick is little but troubles are tall;
Mother's gone shopping and lost is the ball,
His new red balloon has gone up out of sight,
Kitty's a crosspatch and nothing is right.

William the Conqueror! Come to our aid,
Gentlest of heroes but never afraid,
Never a battle too doubtful for you,
Never a tangle you cannot undo.

What's a big brother for if not for this?
Drive all the blues away just with a kiss,
Whisper of cookies, of frolic, of fun—
WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR! Victory's won!

WHAT AILS GRANDMA?

To Frederick Field, in his fifth year.

What makes Grandma Field so gay,
Smiling to herself all day
In a sweet, mysterious way?
Frederick loves her!

What does Grandma whisper low
To the winds that westward blow
(Just as if the winds could know!)
Frederick loves her!

Ah, to-day a letter came—
If she's silly, who's to blame?
It was signed with Frederick's name,
Frederick loves her!

THE IMPRISONED SMILE

www.libtrick.com.cn To the portrait bust of a child*

Here's a little wandering baby
Out of dreamland straying,
One of Raphael's cherubs maybe
Come to earth amaying,
With the Paradisic radiance
Round his head still playing.

Young bright eye, that drops its curtain
At our earnest glances,
Fair broad forehead, with a certain
Gleam of deeper fancies,
Dimpled contours where are written
Childhood's sweet romances.

Can he be a little mortal
To be praised or chidden,
Slipping from some human portal
After fruit forbidden,
All the ancient Eden story
In his small heart hidden?

Vain are all our thoughts and guesses,
Naught can coax him nearer,
Nothing that veiled eye confesses
Shows the mystery clearer;
Yet his very silence even
Makes him dear and dearer.

Ah, the art that thus can capture
Childhood's flying hour
And imprison its swift rapture,
Hints a Higher Power,
Which may give to Earth's brief passion
An immortal flower!

*Sculptured by T. B. Jackson, 1886

TO FLORA BEAL

www.libtool.com.cn

Over her cradle the mother said,
“Now what shall I name my little maid?
Would Lily or Rose or Violet,
My bud of promise best befit?”

“Nay, I will name her for all the flowers
Of wayside or woodland or garden bowers,
Then she may bloom at her own sweet will,
‘Flora’ will match with my blossom still!”

Oh wise young mother to read so well
The secret that only the years could tell!
For lily and rose and violet
In her gracious womanhood are met.

TO MY VALENTINE

To Dorothy Gilbert, Dorset, Vermont

Little Dorothy blithe and gay
Sent her heart to me to-day—
Surely she’s not far to find,
She’ll not heartless lag behind.

What dear little girl is this
Tripping in with smile and kiss?
Ah, I very plainly see,
This is my sweet Dorothy G.!

Is it a dream? Well then I’ll try
Not to let it quickly fly;
Into my heart to stay with me
Enter little Dorothy G.!

San Diego, California, February fourteenth, 1912.

VIDA'S BAPTISM

Like dew upon a flower the chrismal drops
Gleam mid her golden hair,
Above her little head low vows are breathed
And tender words of prayer,
While o'er and o'er we say her precious name,
Her name so sweet and rare,
Vida, beloved.

Tears steal into our eyes all unaware,
And smiles shine through our tears,
Fears tremble through our brightest hopes for her,
Hopes waver mid our fears—
Our little stricken lamb, whose early cross
A thousand fold endears,
Vida, beloved.

Peace troubled souls, if our poor human love
Deepens through sympathy,
How dearer far to the great Heart of God
His wounded ones must be!
Accept His chrism of pain, His seal of love
For all eternity,
Vida, beloved.

TO BERTHA BRUCE

(In a child's "autograph album")

O little maiden with southern tints
In your starry eyes and cheeks aflame
But with northern hints in your sturdy ways
And your grand old Saxon name.

Keep your heart aglow with the tropic warmth
That mantles your lip and cheek;
But when brain and soul need truth and force,
Let the brave old Norse blood speak!

SANTA MARIA

www.libtool.com/en
To Maria Holly on her betrothal

In far off lands by summer seas,
The sweetest tones borne on the breeze
In words of fervent prayer are these:
Santa Maria!

Whate'er befalls the dark-eyed race
They have one cry for help and grace,
One name for succor's hiding-place:
Santa Maria!

And strange howe'er may seem the tale,
I know a green New England dale
Where the same worship doth prevail—
Santa Maria!

At her dear shrine bow man and maid,
The children seek her unafraid,
The lowliest soul is undismayed—
Santa Maria!

Nor doth the church disturb her reign,
The cause to every eye is plain,
Parson and deacons swell her train—
Santa Maria!

Higher than pope's or bishop's art,
This sweet saint-making of the heart—
Ah lonely vale, if thou depart,
Santa Maria!

TO MABEL FIELD HASTINGS

www.libtool.com.cn

If by her cradle side a form had stood,
Unearthly fair and girt with heavenly light
Yet not too blinding for my raptured sight,
And in his hands all gifts our thoughts hold good,
Beauty and Strength and that wide Love which should
Hold hearts in sway, Wit, Grace, Discernment bright,
With Wisdom all high power to use aright—
Bidding me choose from these, in gracious mood:
And I with infinite desire aflame,
Breathless with haste yet hesitant with fear,
Had reached out trembling o'er her little head,
Dear God! not even my love had made such claim
On Thy best gifts, such choice, such mingling clear,
As Thy good Hand upon her life has shed.

TO BETTY TISDALE

(In a child's "autograph album")

I knew your mother, dear, in auld lang syne
When she was but a merry little maiden,
And now her youth comes back to me in thine
And I forget the years with changes laden.

What better can I wish for you, my dear,
Than that your life, like hers, may be made beautiful
With love and home, and (maybe you'll smile here)
A little daughter ever dear and dutiful.

TO LUCY WEBB HAYES

(Read at the reception in San Jose to President and Mrs. Rutherford Hayes, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., of which Mrs. Hayes was a devoted member.

Far off where the dear world of English song
Lies in the shadow of its dim gray dawning,
On her white palfrey Lady Una moves,
Pure, solitary, like the star of morning.

Fair type of truth and stainless innocence
And singleness of purpose, high and fearless;
While by her side meek-tamed by her soft touch,
A mighty lion paces slow and peerless.

So through our modern times our Una goes,
White-panoplied with truth and courage holy.
Lays her fair hand upon a giant wrong,
And at her gentle feet it crouches lowly.

Well may they paint her on historic walls
*And write her own fit name to tell the story;
Lit by her torch a brighter dawn doth glow,
And the long years shall but enhance its glory.

Hail to her footsteps when they tread our ways!
To all your golden fields and sunny bowers
Hasten, young Daughters of the West, and bring
Sweet offerings of rarest fruits and flowers!

Rain sunshine on her gracious head, O sky!
With banners and with songs let childhood meet her,
And womanhood go forth with cordial hands
And beaming eyes and grateful hearts to greet her!

Hark while we pledge her, not with sparkling wine,
But in our sweetest, purest, brightest water:
Long life and all good gifts of God be hers,
Our Lady of the Light, our Nation's Daughter!

*Lucy, from the Latin lux (light).

IN THE HERBARIUM

www.libtool.com.cn
Oh not shut in by walls are we,
Nor through dim windows need we peer,
The dear blue sky is our rooftree,
The blessed outdoor world is here!

We breathe the fragrance of the pine,
The odor of the spruce and fir,
While flower and fern and trailing vine
With wild-wood dreams our senses stir.

Above us droop the clustering cones,
From mountain height or wave-beat shore;
Oh hark, what songs and antiphones,
Of murmurous woods and ocean's roar!

This is the camp fire's cheerful play;
No bonds or forms shall here hold good
Where gentle outlaws hold a sway
As free as that of Robin Hood.

Dear Mother Nature, take our praise!
So fold us all to thy great heart
That all our evening hearth fire's blaze
May seem, like this, of thee a part.

FORTY YEARS

*To Rev. P. S. Pratt on the fortieth anniversary of his pastorate
in Dorset, Vermont.*

How like the Holy Book the record reads!
Our hearts must needs recall
The days of Moses and of Joshua,
Of David and of Saul.

Before us Hermon rears his snowy head,
Above us softly shine
Judean skies, and bloom around our feet
Lilies of Palestine,

As that dim, old-time boundary is placed
Our sea of life beside,
Marking for us one mighty ebb and flow
Of its slow moving tide.

And not unmeet to us it seems to write
Another, later name
Among the saints and heroes there enrolled
For long and sacred fame.

Dear Shepherd, who hast led us forty years
With love that never fails,
Through calm and storm, on sunny heights or down
Through shadow-haunted vales.

Thy voice has fallen in blessing on our babes,
Our joys have all been thine,
And to our sorrows thou hast ministered
With comfort all divine.

Oh, linked to us by every tender tie,
With eyes made dim by tears,
We turn the pages and bless God for thee
Through these dear forty years.



“SANS DIEU RIEN”

The legend on the Field coat of arms

Oh wise and reverent legend, traced
The old armorial signs among!
Fit motto for a noble line,
“San Dieu rien! Sans Dieu rien!”

No idle boast of brave deeds done,
No vaunt of wealth or rank or fame,
No haughty menace to a foe,
No arrogant imperial claim.

But simply true and simply grand
And couched in language briefly strong,
They wrote the story of their faith:
“San Dieu rien! Sans Dieu rien!”

O favored ones who trace your blood
Adown this good ancestral line,
Claim the escutcheon’s pictured scroll,
Of knightly deeds the honored sign.

But best inheritance of all,
That strain like Eden’s morning song
Ah, hand it down from sire to son:
“San Dieu rien! Sans Dieu rien!”

The crest was won by John Field, English astronomer, who corrected the calendar.

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Humor

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AS WE RIDE
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Berkeley College Song

Oh be gay, my boys, be gay
As we ride, as we ride!
For the world's a jaunting-car
And we're spinning round a star,
So 'tis all a holiday,
Let's be jolly while we may
As we ride, as we ride!

Not a carriage shall we spy
As we ride, as we ride,
That can match with this of ours
All bedecked with trees and flowers,
Nor can any pass us by
With a scornful lip or eye
As we ride, as we ride!

If we seem to be at work
As we ride, as we ride,
'Tis because it's better so,
For the way is long, you know,
And not one of us would shirk
Though he's lordly as a Turk—
As we ride, as we ride!

• **TREASURER'S APPEAL**

When I was young my teachers said
That it was very plain,
Whate'er I lacked, I surely had
The mathematic brain.

Mrs. Field served as treasurer for the W. C. T. U.

I used to sit upon a bench
And figure out my sums
At close of school, while other babes
Searched their small pails for crumbs.

And when we long division reached
And others wept full sore,
My pencil through the problems flew
And then I asked for more!

No wonder when my years were ripe
And Treasurers were sought,
They snapped me up. Who wouldn't do
Such easy work? I thought.

How little dreamed I that the times
So very hard would grow
That blood from turnips could be made
Much easier to flow

Than dimes from purses! Ah, my friends,
'Twould melt a heart of stone
To hear the tales that I must hear,
Enforced with sigh and groan.

I didn't once suppose that dues
Were personal to me,
And that I'd have to ask for them
With meek humility.

Our landlord knows no day but one,
The salaries fall due—
But where, oh where, to get the cash
I wildly ask of you!

Would that the Klondike nearer were,
I'd seize a pick and go,
And every nugget that I found
Would help to ease my woe.

Or might a fortune fall to me
From relatives afar,
I'd never mention dues again
But buy our stock at par.

Oh could I learn the secret sought
By alchemists of old,
I'd turn my worn out pots and pans
To marketable gold!

An awful thought my soul doth seize—
I'll learn to silver fuse,
I'll buy some stamps and dies and things
That counterfeiters use!

I see my father's frowning ghost,
I see a grated door!
Oh, friends, make haste to save me, ere
I fall to rise no more!

THE MONDAY CLUB OF SAN JOSE

A consolatory prophecy

They were a band of gentle dames
With noble ends in view.
Young? Oh, of course, though each did own
Some spectacles, 'tis true.

They give one dignity, you know,
And that reflective look
The scholar has whose midnight lamp
Lights his beloved book.

If Time had sprinkled silver hair
Above their placid brows,
He'd also lightened many a care
Of children and of house.

So now the intellectual fires
Which years had smothered down
Rose fresh and free, their spirits burned
For deeds of high renown.

They met in conclave long and full,
They laid their plans right well,
But all they said and all they did
Transcends my power to tell.

Suffice it—that they longed to know,
And ever more to know,
To know and know and know and know,
And still to know and know!

As Emerson advised, they hitched
Their wagon to a star,
And where that star careered along
They followed fast and far.

They quaffed the mighty literatures
Of modern days and old,
Just lived on Shakespeare's tragedies
And Milton's measures bold.

Great Dante's flights they reckless took
Down spaces vast and dim,
Then heard old Homer's clanging lyre
And breathless followed him.

They solved the problems Goethe raised,
The riddles Browning framed,
And tackled other mystic bards
Too numerous to be named.

Then History their zeal invoked,
They knelt at Clío's shrine,
And quite like bacchanals they drank
Of her Pierian wine.

Where falls the shadow of the Sphinx
They stirred the mummy dust,
And peered through every grated door,
Quite undeterred by rust.

They camped among Assyrian mounds,
They dwelt in Greece and Rome,
In England, France and Germany
They made themselves at home.

Old China yielded all it held
Before their tireless quest,
Then India spread its hoary scrolls,
But still they took no rest!

Long time they wrestled with the Czars,
And then wore out their shoes
(To speak in figures) traveling round
Among the ancient Jews.

At last they struck our own dear land
Like locusts from the east,
With appetites omnivorous
They hied them to their feast.

Of the poor aborigines
They made a lengthy meal,
Then sped them on to watch intent
Each old Discoverer's keel.

They gloated o'er the tales that grew
Beneath Colonial skies;
Our statesmen, scholars, poets, all
They viewed with critics' eyes.

No institutions, no events,
Escaped their watchful ken—
Such zeal methinks would take the kinks
From any writer's pen!

They are my friends, my dearest friends,
These women sweet and strong,
And o'er their swift advance I paused
In meditation long.

Greatly I feared an end they'd reach—
Ah, who could paint their woe
If all the fields of earth were gleaned
And naught were left to know!

I thought of Hegel and of Kant,
Of Spencer—name for doubt—
Would they attack the UNKNOWABLE,
If all the Known gave out?

My anxious heart this burden bore
Till, frankly I confess,
It haunted me by night and day,
A boding and distress.

And then by chance Du Maurier came
My guiding light to be,
I read his "Martian" and in sleep
A Martian came to me!

"O friend," she said, "your Earth is young,
Its power not half revealed,
Behold in days at hand the sky
Its treasured hoards will yield.

"Your little 'phones will, wireless, throb
Along the ether's flow,
Alcyone will one day hear
Your far and faint 'Hello'!

"And every glimmering speck that shines
Against the endless blue
Has its own literature and art
And history, like you!"

I woke, I smiled, I seemed to see
The Monday Club begin
Its studies on the Martian folk,
As nearest us of kin.

And then their flying steps I trace
Where Milky Ways do flow—
Oh joy, they'll never pause nor tire
But know, and know, and know!

POLLY'S THEOLOGY

To Polly Carter

Winsome little Polly flits about the dwelling,
Hither, thither go her footsteps small;
Every one must listen to stories of her telling,
Answers to her questions she must have from all.

And of these responses to her brisk demandings
Nothing seems to suit the little maid so well
As an "All right, Polly"—then no misunderstandings,
Only full assurance in her heart can dwell.

When this eve at twilight she knelt for her brief praying,
Like a little cherub gowned in softest white,
Folded palms and eyes close shut while she was saying,
"Bless us all, dear God, and keep us safe to-night"—

Suddenly she waited, turned her pretty head as trying
Some assent from heaven at least to faintly hear,
Then gave up the puzzle, just did her own replying,
Said in cheerful accents, "All right, Polly dear!"

O our little darling, your sunny wisdom teach us:
What though clouds and silence shut out the far-off sky
Still our own great longings drop blessings that shall reach
us,
Prayers include their answers, echoing backward to our
cry.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

www.libtool.com.cn
(For celebration of the birthday of the missionary, Mrs. Mary S. Carey,
February twenty-second, 1882.)

Fair dawns the day that gave to us
The father of our nation,
And full of patriotic zeal
We join the celebration.

The air is rife with drum and fife,
Out float the starry banners,
Each woman dons her best attire
And her most charming manners.

The happy children, freed from school,
Make all the air hilarious,
While old and young and rich and poor
Rejoice in fashions various.

And now to give an added zest
To all our merrymaking,
We find we have a double cause
For thus our pleasure taking.

To save its ammunition still
The Yankee heart is willing—
Who has not heard the saw about
Two birds with one stone killing?

Lavish is nature; little George
Was doubtless a fine baby,
But just as nice ones have been born
Upon his birthday, maybe!

And henceforth on this festal day
Our program we will vary—
Three rousing cheers for Washington,
And three for Mrs. Carey!

What though our gentle heroine
Has set no trumpets blowing;
Stronger than fame the bands which she
Round human hearts is throwing.

Better than war are love and peace,
And heroes' deeds shine faintly
Beside the bloodless victories
Achieved by women saintly.

We know how oft her name is breathed
In broken prayer and lowly
How fondly cling to her the lives
She leads in pathways holy.

And far away in alien lands
Sweet Christian homes are growing
And sending out their shining rays
From love-lights she set glowing.

There poor Sing Ling clasps close and fond
Her darling little Mary,
And says the sweet name o'er and o'er
Of dear godmother Carey.

The wide world 'round, so sailors tell,
Where'er the storm cloud thickens,
There safe and joyous skim and whirl
The Mother Carey chickens.

Thus far and wide this mother sends
A brood like sea gulls flying,
They'll sing her songs in storm and shine
In living and in dying.

Heaven crown the loving life with years
To match its generous sweetness,
And send to more historic days
Such new and fine completeness.

And so we bring our birthday gift,
Its value slight confessing,
Save that its worth is in our love,
Its sweetness in our blessing.

BIDDY HIGHFLY

(For a child's recitation at a church banquet)

I had a little hen
And she had a cropple-crown,
I think you must have seen her
As she wandered round the town.

Such a cunning little hen
With feathers on each leg,
And every day she laid me
The nicest little egg.

I called her Bidy Highfly—
Perhaps you think that's funny!
I sold her eggs to papa
And made a lot of money.

I bought some candy with it
And I bought my doll some shoes,
And I put some out at interest
That I didn't want to use.

Now if you have a hen
And through winter cannot keep her,
The next best thing to do
I'm sure is just to eat her.

So we've cooked my little hen
And brought her here to-night—
I love to share with others
For that is kind and right.

DEACON'S BOY

www.libtool.com.cn
(A parody)

(The author was only ten years old when she composed this naughty parody on Moore's heroic strains—the occasion being the discomfiture of her eldest brother under bungling remodeling of an old-fashioned tailoress.)

(The minstrel boy to the war is gone.)
The deacon's boy to the church is gone.

(In the ranks of death you'll find him.)
In his father's pew you'll find him.

(His father's sword he hath girded on.)
His father's coat he hath girded on.

(And his wild harp slung behind him.)
And his breeches sag down behind him!

INCONSTANCY

(Berkeley College Song)

Ah, once I had a sweetheart dear,
Her name my heart is on—
But here I've had to give my thoughts
To little Polly—gon,
Stiff little polygon!

And once I knew a maid who seemed
Of other maids the gem—
But here I bow my head in awe
To stately Theo—rem,
Cold, stately theorem!

And once the power of Katie's charms
Made evening hours to flee—
But here I burn the midnight oil
With Etta—mology,
Old etymology!

IMPROMPTU on receiving a gift of cake, with love from
Mrs. L. A. Kelley, San Francisco, 1900

Dear Mrs. Kelley,
We thank you really!
In our finances
(Whate'er mischances
Befall the nation's)
The heart's dear coinage
Shall never fail—
And oh the sweetness,
The full completeness
Of your bestowal,
With joy we hail!

That gift was ample,
But you can never
(Or "hardly ever")
Be less than lavish
To those you love,
And so you added
This choice confection
Of rich perfection
All praise above!

Its luscious slices
We'll eat like mices
From day to day
And praise your cooking
While—"How good-looking
And nice and clever
She is!" We'll never
Forget to say.

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Madrigals

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ALOHA NUI

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(*Hawaiian Salutation: "Much Love to You"*)

Oh sweet our English greetings are,
Dear love of mine! Dear love of mine!
But I will teach one sweeter far
To those bright docile lips of thine:
"Aloha Nui!", "Love to you!"

I learned it in a happy isle
Afar amid the tropic seas,
Whose language caught its tender wile
From fervid sun and balmy breeze—
"Aloha Nui!", "Love to you!"

Too fond for this cold speech of ours
Which shaped itself in cloud and storm,
In lands where grow no passion-flowers,
And warmest love is not too warm—
"Aloha Nui!", "Love to you!"

But thou and I, dear, thou and I,
We dwell in love's enchanted isle,
A cloudless sun is in our sky
And starry nights above us smile—
Aloha Nui!, Love to you!

A MADRIGAL

www.libtoll.com.cn To Maria Middlebrook

Oh, who can with my love compare?
Such gentle grace
Of form and face—
Yet she hath silvery shining hair.

Her brow is written o'er and o'er
With little lines
Of quaint designs
That speak of thoughts, a golden store.

And, oh, the love-light in her eyes
That sweetly tells
What kindness dwells
Deep where her heart's pure fountain lies!

Let others praise the young and fair,
The hair of gold,
The cheek's soft mould,
Give me my love with silver hair!

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*Descent
and other poems*

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FROM THE FRENCH (TRANSLATION)

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Fathoms deep beneath the ocean yawn the craggy sunless
caves,
Over them the dreaming sailor lightly tosses on the waves;
Far above us heaven's spaces ever deepen to our view,
And the worlds, like golden galleons, float adown the mystic
blue:
But more deep than sea abysses, more remote than vaulted
skies,
Glow or gloom our veiled spirits, part of God's eternities.

TO FRANCES WILLARD, OUR
COLOR-BEARER

How oft have men faced death on bloody fields,
Or up the frowning ramparts heedless flown,
Or led a hope forlorn in fatal charge,
If but the banner that they loved there shone!

How oft has the poor captive taken heart
If suddenly upon the far-off shore
He saw the flag of his dear native land
Its gracious, starry folds unfurl once more!

No wild alarm of war is in the air,
No trumpet calls to deeds of high emprise;
Yet is there waged a battle fierce and long,
And hearts stand still for news of victories.

Still are there strongholds to be stormed, and oh,
What rescues to be made ere day shall close!
Through fen and forest, up the rugged steep,
Oh, follow, follow where our Leader goes!

BY AN ANT-HILL

Whither away, small neighbor, and what is thy frantic quest?

Why such a hurry and skurry with never a thought of rest?
What wild compulsion or longing possesses thy little breast?

Brief is thy want, mad racer, surely thou shalt be fed,
Well has the bountiful mother scattered thy wine and bread,
Nor should winter needs oppress thee, hushed in thy dream-
less bed.

Pray why dost thou build thy dwelling this crowded way be-
side,
Where any footstep may crush thee or bring to thee ruin
wide,
Wrecking the secret chambers where thy helpless brood
doth hide?

And why dost push thy comrade so fiercely against the
wall?

Why dost thou plunder and murder when earth has room
for all?

Why lead forth armies to battle, thou Alexander small?

Never a glance responsive, thou givest no word or sign,
Nor stayest an instant thy fury for any pleading of mine—
Yet comes to my soul an answer graven with a seal divine.

“Lo! a symbol and warning set here that the runner may
read—

Look at thyself, O Mortal, such is thy haste and greed,
Such is thy frenzied grasping, careless of others' need!

“Vainly the daily miracle passes before thine eye,
Vainly the ocean thunders, vainly the zephyrs sigh,
Vainly above thy moiling arches the starry sky!”

Lookers from out high Heaven! Are we such before your
ken?www.libtool.com.cn
Then is there a day of judgment for the ant-hill swarm of
men
When the tread of God's great angels shall leave Earth bare
again.

WINTER SUNSHINE

In San Jose, California

Is this mid-winter? In my pleasant room
I throw the casement wide. The generous sun
Gives me a summer greeting; pours his sweet
And wholesome rays unstinted down, as kings
Of old tossed gold and gems to kneeling crowds.
I take the gift with joy. Better than mines
Of Ophir is this golden shower.

The air:

Is like new wine. O rare intoxicant!
For once I turn abacchanal and quaff
Deep and inspiring draughts. Nor are the birds
Gone from us for I hear the merry notes
Of little sparrows welcoming the sun
With happy roundelays. And here beside
My window trellis, see the climbing rose,
Undaunted by the frost, throws fearless out
Its long pink pennons to the morning breeze.

O heart of mine be glad! Be glad indeed
That 'neath such skies, and mid such scenes as these
Your lot is cast. Mourn not for your lost youth;
Banish the winter of your discontent;
Your thoughts and words and deeds should match
these skies.

Where'er you go, whate'er your task to-day,
Carry God's sunshine in your face, and let
Your love be all-embracing as these airs
Of heaven. Be of good cheer as is yon bird,
And like this sweet brave rose you too shall turn
Your life's December into blossoming May.

DESCENT

Oh not the warm red blood makes closest tie
Of kinship. Occult cells of being flow
Along its pulsing life-tides and thereby
The strong sweet bonds of family upgrow.
As in a glass face answereth to face,
And side by side in peace or war, the clan
Responds to roll-call, and for love of race
Would proudly die to the last dauntless man—
Yet, ah how oft, even by the full hearth-side
There dwells a stranger, yet among them born,
Alien in spirit though by blood allied,
Remote and solitary and forlorn!

Not thus, not thus is the soul's kinship tried.
On what strange ichor floats its germinal seed!
Full well it knows o'er trackless wastes to glide
And Time's millenniums hinder not its speed.
Far off it finds its lodgement, being new,
A soul to welcome it with joy divine,
And springs to life unharmed, immortal, true
To its great source—the sovran heavenly line!
The young seer lifts his head and reverent knows
His father's house: ah, with what rapture wild
He cries, "I am of David's seed!" or, "In me flows
Great Plato's blood!" or, "I am Shakespeare's child!"



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