

an ante-room, and in the front is the dining-room, where the author's literary labors are carried on."

Miss Ingelow is extremely charitable and fond of children. Her life, like her writings, is devoted to doing good. Viewed from every standpoint hers has been an admirable career, pleasant to contemplate, and instructive to study.

N. H. D.

Boston, 1894.

POEMS.

DIVIDED.

I.

An empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom;
We two among them wading together,
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

Flusheth the rise with her purple favor,
Gloweth the cleft with her golden ring,
'Twi'x the two brown butterflies waver,
Lightly settle, and sleepily swing.

We two walk till the purple dieth
And short dry grass under foot is brown,
But one little streak at a distance lieth
Green like a ribbon to prank the down.

II.

Over the grass we stepped unto it,
And God He knoweth how blithe we were!
Never a voice to bid us eschew it:
Hey the green ribbon that showed so fair!

Hey the green ribbon! we kneeled beside it,
 We parted the grasses dewy and sheen;
 Drop over drop there filtered and slid
 A tiny bright beck that trickled between.

Tinkle, tinkle, sweetly it sung to us,
 Light was our talk as of faëry bells—
 Faëry wedding-bells faintly rung to us
 Down in their fortunate parallels.

Hand in hand, while the sun peered over,
 We lapped the grass on that youngling spring:
 Swept back its rushes, smoothed its clover,
 And said, "Let us follow it westering."

III.

A dapple sky, a world of meadows,
 Circling above us the black rooks fly
 Forward, backward; lo, their dark shadows
 Flit on the blossoming tapestry—

Flit on the beck, for her long grass parteth
 As hair from a maid's bright eyes blown back:
 And, lo, the sun like a lover darteth
 His flattering smile on her wayward track.

Sing on! we sing in the glorious weather
 Till one steps over the tiny strand,
 So narrow, in sooth, that still together
 On either brink we go hand in hand.

The beck grows wider, the hands must sever.
 On either margin, our songs all done,
 We move apart, while she singeth ever,
 Taking the course of the stooping sun.

He prays, "Come over"—I may not follow;
 I cry, "Return"—but he cannot come:

We speak, we laugh, but with voices hollow;
 Our hands are hanging, our hearts are numb.

IV.

A breathing sigh, a sigh for answer,
 A little talking of outward things:
 The careless beck is a merry dancer,
 Keeping sweet time to the air she sings.

A little pain when the beck grows wider;
 "Cross to me now—for her wavelets swell:"
 "I may not cross"—and the voice beside her
 Faintly reacheth, though heeded well.

No backward path; ah! no returning;
 No second crossing that ripple's flow:
 "Come to me now, for the west is burning;
 Come ere it darkens;"—"Ah, no! ah, no!"

Then cries of pain, and arms outreaching—
 The beck grows wider and swift and deep:
 Passionate words as of one beseeching—
 The loud beck drowns them; we walk, and weep.

V.

A yellow moon in splendor drooping,
 A tired queen with her state oppressed,
 Low by rushes and swordgrass stooping,
 Lies she soft on the waves at rest.

The desert heavens have felt her sadness;
 Her earth will weep her some dewy tears:
 The wild beck ends her tune of gladness,
 And goeth stilly as soul that fears.

We two walk on in our grassy places
 On either marge of the moonlit flood,
 With the moon's own sadness in our faces,
 Where joy is withered, blossom and bud.

VI.

A shady freshness, chafers whirring,
 A little piping of leaf-hid birds;
 A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring,
 A cloud to the eastward snowy as curds.

Bare glassy slopes, where kids are tethered;
 Round valleys like nests all ferny-lined;
 Round hills, with fluttering tree-tops feathered,
 Swell high in their freckled robes behind.

A rose-flush tender, a thrill, a quiver,
 When golden gleams to the tree-tops glide;
 A flashing edge for the milk-white river,
 The beck, a river — with still sleek tide.

Broad and white, and polished as silver,
 On she goes under fruit laden trees;
 Sunk in leafage cooeth the culver,
 And 'plaineth of love's disloyalties.

Glitters the dew and shines the river,
 Up comes the lily and dries her bell;
 But two are walking apart forever,
 And wave their hands for a mute farewell.

VII.

A braver swell, a swifter sliding;
 The river hasteth, her banks recede:
 Wing-like sails on her bosom gliding
 Bear down the lily and drown the reed.

Stately prows are rising and bowing
 (Shouts of mariners winnow the air),
 And level sands for banks endowing
 The tiny green ribbon that showed so fair.

While, O my heart! as white sails shiver
 And crowds are passing, and banks stretch wide,
 How hard to follow, with lips that quiver,
 That moving speck on the far-off side!

Farther, farther — I see it — know it —
 My eyes brim over, it melts away:
 Only my heart to my heart shall show it
 As I walk desolate day by day.

VIII.

And yet I know past all doubting, truly —
 And knowledge greater than grief can dim —
 I know, as he loved, he will love me duly —
 Yea, better — e'en better than I love him.

And as I walk by the vast calm river,
 The awful river so dread to see,
 I say, "Thy breadth and thy depth forever
 Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

HONORS. — PART I.

A Scholar is musing on his Want of Success.

*To strive — and fail. Yes, I did strive and fail,
 I set mine eyes upon a certain night
 To find a certain star — and could not hail
 With them its deep-set light.*

Fool that I was! I will rehearse my fault:
 I, wingless, thought myself on high to lift
 Among the winged — I set these feet that halt
 To run against the swift.

And yet this man, that loved me so, can write —
 That loves me, I would say, can let me see;
 Or fain would have me think he counts but light
 These Honors lost to me.

[The Letter of his Friend.]

“What are they? that old house of yours which gave
 Such welcomes oft to me the sunbeams fall
 Still down the squares of blue and white which pave
 Its hospitable hall.

“A brave old house! a garden full of bees,
 Large dropping poppies, and queen hollyhocks,
 With butterflies for crowns — tree peonies
 And pinks and goldilocks.

“Go, when the shadow of your house is long
 Upon the garden — when some new-waked bird
 Pecking and fluttering, chirps a sudden song,
 And not a leaf is stirred;

“But every one drops dew from either edge
 Upon its fellow, while an amber ray
 Slants up among the tree-tops like a wedge
 Of liquid gold — to play

“Over and under them, and so to fall
 Upon that lane of water lying below —
 That piece of sky let in, that you do call
 A pond, but which I know

“To be a deep and wondrous world; for I
 Have seen the trees within it — marvellous things
 So thick no bird betwixt their leaves could fly
 But she would smite her wings; —

“Go there, I say; stand at the water’s brink,
 And shoals of spotted grayling you shall see
 Basking between the shadows — look, and think
 ‘This beauty is for me;

“‘For me this freshness in the morning hours;
 For me the water’s clear tranquillity;
 For me that soft descent of chestnut flowers;
 The cushat’s cry for me.

“‘The lovely laughter of the windswayed wheat;
 The easy slope of yonder pastoral hill;
 The sedgy brook whereby the red kine meet
 And wade and drink their fill.’

“Then saunter down that terrace whence the sea
 All fair with wing-like sails you may discern;
 Be glad, and say, ‘This beauty is for me —
 A thing to love and learn.

“‘For me the bounding in of tides; for me
 The lying bare of sands when they retreat;
 The purple flush of calms, the sparkling glee
 When waves and sunshine meet.’

“So, after gazing, homeward turn, and mount
 To that long chamber in the roof; there tell
 Your heart the laid-up lore it holds to count
 And prize and ponder well.

“The lookings onward of the race before
 It had a past to make it look behind;
 Its reverent wonders, and its doubtings sore,
 Its adorations blind.

“The thunder of its war-songs, and the glow
Of chants to freedom by the old world sung;
The sweet love cadences that long ago
Dropped from the old world tongue.

“And then this new-world lore that takes account
Of tangled star-dust; maps the triple whirl
Of blue and red and argent worlds that mount
And greet the IRISH EARL;

“O float across the tube that HERSCHEL sways,
Like pale-rose chaplets, or like sapphire mist;
Or hang or droop along the heavenly ways,
Like scarfs of amethyst.

“O strange it is and wide the new-world lore,
For next it treateth of our native dust!
Must dig out buried monsters, and explore
The green earth's fruitful crust;

“Must write the story of her seething youth —
How lizards paddled in her luke-warm seas;
Must show the cones she ripened, and forsooth
Count seasons on her trees;

“Must know her weight, and pry into her age,
Count her old beach lines by their tidal swell;
Her sunken mountains name, her craters gauge,
Her cold volcanoes tell;

“And treat her as a ball, that one might pass
From this hand to the other — such a ball
As he could measure with a blade of grass,
And say it was but small.

“Honors! O friend, I pray you bear with me:
The grass hath time to grow in meadow lands,

And leisurely the opal murmuring sea
Breaks on her yellow sands;

“And leisurely the ring-dove on her nest
Broods till her tender chick will peck the shell;
And leisurely down fall from ferny crest
The dew-drops on the well;

“And leisurely your life and spirit grew,
With yet the time to grow and ripen free:
No judgment past withdraws that boon from you,
Nor granteth it to me.

“Still must I plod, and still in cities moil;
From precious leisure, learned leisure far,
Dull my best self with handling common soil;
Yet mine those honors are.

“Mine they are called; they are a name which means
‘This man had steady pulses, tranquil nerves;
Here, as in other fields, the most he gleans
Who works and never swerves.

“We measure not his mind; we cannot tell
What lieth under, over, or beside
The test we put him to: he doth excel,
We know, where he is tried;

“But, if he boasts some further excellence —
Mind to create as well as to attain;
To sway his peers by golden eloquence,
As wind doth shift a fane;

“To sing among the poets — we are naught:
We cannot drop a line into that sea
And read its fathoms off, nor gauge a thought,
Nor map a simile.

“ ‘It may be of all voices sublunar
The only one he echoes we did try;
We may have come upon the only star
That twinkles in his sky.’

“ And so it was with me.”

O false my friend!

*False, false, a random charge, a blame undue:
Wrest not fair reasoning to a crooked end:
False, false, as you are true!*

But I read on: “ And so it was with me,
Your golden constellations lying apart
They neither hailed nor greeted heartily,
Nor noted on their chart.

“ And yet to you and not to me belong
Those finer instincts that, like second sight
And hearing, catch creation’s under-song,
And see by inner light.

“ You are a well, whereon I, gazing, see
Reflections of the upper heavens — a well
From whence come deep, deep echoes up to me —
Some underwave’s low swell.

“ I cannot soar into the heights you show,
Nor dive among the deeps that you reveal;
But it is much that high things ARE to know,
That deep things ARE to feel.

“ ’Tis yours, not mine, to pluck out of your breast
Some human truth, whose workings recondite
Were unattired in words, and manifest
And hold it forth to light,

“ And cry, ‘Behold this thing that I have found.’
And though they knew not of it till that day,

Nor should have done with no man to expound
Its meaning, yet they say,

“ ‘ We do accept it: lower than the shoals
We skim, this diver went, nor did create,
But find it for us deeper in our souls
Then we can penetrate.’

“ You were to me the world’s interpreter,
The man that taught me Nature’s unknown tongue,
And to the notes of her wild dulcimer
First set sweet words and sung.

“ And what am I to you? A steady hand
To hold, a steadfast heart to trust withal;
Merely a man that loves you, and will stand
By you, whate’er befall.

“ But need we praise his tendance tutelard
Who feeds a flame that warms him? Yet ’tis true
I love you for the sake of what you are,
And not of what you do: —

“ As heaven’s high twins, whereof in Tyrian blue
The one revolveth; through his course immense
Might love his fellow of the damask hue,
For like, and difference.

“ For different pathways ever more decreed
To intersect, but not to interfere;
For common goal, two aspects, and one speed,
One centre and one year;

“ For deep affinities, for drawings strong,
That by their nature each must needs exert;
For loved alliance, and for union long,
That stands before desert.

“And yet desert makes brighter not the less,
For nearest his own star he shall not fail
To think those rays unmatched for nobleness,
That distance counts but pale.

“Be pale afar, since still to me you shine,
And must while Nature’s eldest law shall hold;” —
*Ah, there’s the thought which makes his random line
Dear as refined gold!*

*Then shall I drink this draught of oxymel,
Part sweet, part sharp? Myself o’erprised to know
Is sharp: the cause is sweet, and truth to tell
Few would that cause forego,*

*Which is, that this of all the men on earth
Doth love me well enough to count me great —
To think my soul and his of equal girth —
O liberal estimate!*

*And yet it is so; he is bound to me,
For human love makes aliens near of kin;
By it I rise, there is equality:
I rise to thee, my twin.*

“Take courage” — *courage! ay, my purple peer.
I will take courage; for thy Tyrian rays
Refresh me to the heart, and strangely dear
And healing is thy praise.*

“Take courage” *quoth he, “and respect the mind
Your Maker gave, for good your fate fulfil;
The fate round many hearts your own to wind.”
Twin soul, I will! I will!*

HONORS.—PART II.

The Answer.

As one who, journeying, checks the rein in haste
Because a chasm doth yawn across his way
Too wide for leaping, and too steeply faced
For climber to essay —

As such an one, being brought to sudden stand,
Doubts all his foregone path if ’twere the true,
And turns to this and then to the other hand
As knowing not what to do, —

So I, being checked, am with my path at strife
Which led to such a chasm, and there doth end.
False path! it cost me priceless years of life,
My well-beloved friend.

There fell a flute when Ganymede went up —
The flute that he was wont to play upon:
It dropped beside the jonquil’s milk-white cup,
And freckled cowslips wan —

Dropped from his heedless hand when, dazed and
mute,
He sailed upon the eagle’s quivering wing,
Aspiring, panting — ay, it dropped — the flute
Erewhile a cherished thing.

Among the delicate grasses and the bells
Of crocuses that spotted a rill side,
I picked up such a flute, and its clear swells
To my young lips replied.