

# To a Flower of Mystery

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

VEILED in a gossamer and fair device,  
O perfect flower, how delicate thou art!  
One breath of sullen heat, one touch of ice—  
Thou diest, who of life hadst little part.

Thou art not like to Charity, my flower,  
Whose life is a long, slow, resisting fight,  
Who hath not, as thou hast, one perfect hour,  
But for her life must battle day and night.

What art thou then? Not like young Courage, clad  
In long unbreaking mail, with sword unbent,  
Before whose eye may roll the carnage mad  
Yet leave it fiery still and confident.

Thou art not like to Hope, whose lovely brow  
Gleams with a light unquenchable and keen.  
Beneath the flail of life though blood may flow  
From her pale lips, her brow is still serene.

Nor art thou like to Faith, who lights the fires  
That guide the stumbling world upon its way.  
Assailed and fainting oft, she still aspires,  
Kindling the dawn-lights of the coming day.

There seems a fathomless abyss indeed  
Between thee and the struggling soul of man,  
Where Faith, Hope, Courage, Charity must breed  
A power the gulfs of life and death to span.

Yet thou, perchance, hast thy sufficing worth  
As timid little sister to the sun,  
Shining though he be hidden from the earth,  
And making fair the work that he has done.

And when thou diest we shall not think thee dead,  
Who had no skill thy silence to translate.  
But dream thee saying all thou hast not said,  
Dumb flower-soul, at last articulate.

# The Philosopher Walks Up-Town

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THERE is a friend of mine with an office near the Battery. I should like to describe him, but I suppose that this would be scarcely fair. And yet the temptation is hard to resist; and I think that I will succumb to it sufficiently to say that he is six feet three, with a large, distinguished face such as America in its best days used to make, and very long, swift legs that love to walk. I must not mention his profession or you might guess exactly whom I mean; but, whatever it may be, it is nothing to him compared with the armful of books without which he is never seen abroad—seldom less than four or five volumes, and volumes often of great size and weight, such as it would weary a less robust arm to carry all the way from the Battery to Morningside Park! For—here at last is the point—my friend makes it his habit sometimes of a spring or summer afternoon to walk up-town from his office to his home, as I understand other New York professional men are in the habit of doing. Personally, while I love walking in the country, and could be happy forever just walking with a stick and a knapsack from the morning star to the moon, with the sky and a bird or two and green leaves for companions, I don't, as a rule, care to walk much in town. I prefer the trolley-cars. But several times of late my friend has persuaded me to make an exception to my rule. I need exercise, he says. Most New-Yorkers do.

So I have joined him in his evening walk up-town. He is a wonderful companion, with an eye for character which nothing escapes, and with an eye for the evening sky. As well, he and I are one in loving New York, and that beauty of it which so many seem to miss, and which, as with all beauty, it is hardly worth while explaining; for any one who needs explanations is just as well off without them. Then, too, my friend is

attractively learned in the romantic lore of New York's early history, and, all the way up-town, has some forgotten landmark or sacred site of old achievement to point out to me.

We take varied routes, diverging here and there into side streets, and "quartiers" bodily imported from Europe—Turkish, French, Russian, Italian; but, as a rule, we walk straight up Broadway—paying a few minutes' call, before we start, at the Aquarium; for we are both still childish enough to love to watch those frilled and furbelowed fishes swimming forever in a rainbowed twilight of water-weeds, or the ghostly things that sleep and crawl at the bottom of the sea. And how strange it has been to me to think that in the old circular building where all those strange things swim and gleam, and where the silence of the shimmering tanks is only broken by the bark of the seal, Jenny Lind once sang with her bird-like legendary voice! How strange, as one stands outside, with the impatient water lapping all about one, as lonely in the sound of it as though it were breaking on some unvisited promontory—that lonely sound that the ocean can never lose, however near it may come to the warm habitations of men—how strange to think that here, where the great ships go down the bay, and the mighty buildings tower, and the broken outcast sits, with his sad heart and his battered face, on the inhospitable benches, not so many years ago was the distinguished haunt of fashion and frivolity, and crinolines once rustled where yonder tramp now sleeps.

Surely if there was ever a romantic city in the world it is New York; for in what other modern city will you find so many contrasts—contrasts of past and present, contrasts of race and character and condition; and in what other city can you hear the voice of the future calling with so unconquerable a cry?