

The Tendril's Faith.

Under the snow in the dark and the cold
A pale little tendril was humming;
Sweetly it sang 'neath the frozen mold
Of the beautiful days that were coming.

"How foolish your songs," said a lump of clay;
"What is there, I ask, to prove them?
Just look at these walls between you and the day--
How can you have power to remove them?"

But under the ice and under the snow
The pale little sprout kept singing,
"I cannot tell how but I know, I know, --
I know what the days are bringing.

"Birds and blossoms and buzzing bees,
Blue, blue skies above me,
Bloom on the meadow, and buds on the trees,
And the great, glad sun to love me."

Then a pebble spoke up: "You are quite absurd,"
It said, "with your song's insistence;
For I never saw a tree or a bird,
So of course there are none in existence."

But "I know, I know," the tendril cried
In beautiful, sweet unreason
Till lo, from the prison glorified
It burst in the glad spring season!

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX in *Munsey's Magazine*.

Reflections of Young Lawyer in New England.

CONCLUDED.

Another striking feature of New England is the enormous accumulation of material wealth. That of course is not true of it all, but in a very general sense it is of a great part. The rapid development of the West and South since the war have no doubt induced capital to be largely invested elsewhere. But Boston, with only half a million people ranks second among the cities of the union in point of assessable wealth. The buildings may not be as large as those of Chicago or New York, but taking the thousand and one ramifications of production and distribution—the factories, the railways, the street cars, the shops, the foundries, and the general abundance of the necessities of life—you are sometimes led to wonder how all this complicated and hydra-headed result came to be. An enthusiastic republican would most likely tell you that it was due to the wise and judicious application of the protective system for the past thirty years, and thereupon he would reason himself into a mental paradise. The socialist would declare that it was the creation of selfish capitalists, who have plundered the rest of the community. And so we might canvass the leaders of extreme movements all around. But the real genuine